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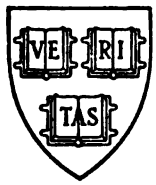

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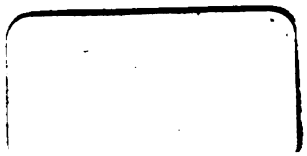

THE CENTURY

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

November 1895, to April 1896

THE CENTURY CO., NEW-YORK.

MACMILLAN AND CO. LONDON

Vol. LI *New Series Vol. XXIX*

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VOL. LI, No. 1. NOVEMBER, 1895. PRICE, 35 CENTS.

THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

MACMILLAN AND Co · BEDFORD St · LONDON
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Kirk Munroe

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LI. NOVEMBER, 1895. No. 1.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

NAPOLEON I., EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

DECLARATION OF THE EMPIRE—«THE DESCENT INTO ENGLAND»—THE CORONATION OF NAPOLEON I.—THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH CROWNED KING OF ITALY—THE EXPANSION OF FRANCE AND THE THIRD COALITION—NAPOLEON'S GRAND ARMY AND GRAND STRATEGY.

DECLARATION OF THE EMPIRE.

STEP by step, laboriously and painfully, by guile and prudence, in the exercise of consummate genius as soldier and politician, Napoleon Bonaparte had now climbed to the pinnacle of revolutionary power. Turbulent in his childhood and nurtured in rebellion on catchwords of liberty, his school years were embittered by privation, and by the taunts of stripling aristocrats who refused recognition to his own vaunted but dubious nobility. His mind turned in disgust from the husks of scholasticism presented as learning by his incapable teachers, and his imagination roamed at will among both the ideals of classical antiquity and the theories of the eighteenth century, Plutarch being his solace and Rousseau his guide. Out of such materials he constructed a concept of living all his own, at once practical, yet visionary, ruled by natural affection, yet dictatorial, bounded by a large horizon, yet limited by imperfect knowledge.

Insubordinate as a subaltern under a worn-out system, he found for his soaring ambition no fitting sphere in the country of his birth, the only fatherland he ever knew; and in that limited field he was both ineffectual as an agitator and unsuccessful as a revolutionary. But with keen insight he studied and apprehended the greater movement as it developed in France. Standing ever at the parting of the ways, and indifferent to principle, he carefully considered each path, and finally chose the one which seemed easiest for his footsteps, and likeliest to guide them toward the goal of his ambition. Fertile in resources, he strove always to construct a double plan, and in the failure of one expedient passed easily to another. His career was marked by many blunders, and he was often brought to a stand on the verge of some abyss which threatened failure and ruin: yet, like the driver of a midnight train, he kept the headlight of caution trimmed and burning. Careless of the dangers abounding behind the walls of revolutionary darkness which hedged his track, he ever paused before those immediately confronting him, and

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sometimes retreated far to find a devious but hazardless circuit. Brumaire was almost the only occasion of his larger life on which, unwary, he had come in full career upon an opening chasm. Fate being propitious, he was saved. Lucien, with presence of mind, opened the throttle, and, by releasing the pent-up enthusiasm of the soldiers at the critical instant, safely drove the machine across a toppling bridge.

Sobered for the moment by contemplating a past danger which had threatened annihilation, and by the crowding responsibilities of the future, the better side of the First Consul's nature was for a time dominant. So far as consistent with his aspirations for personal power and glory, he put into practical operation many of the most important revolutionary ideals, failing only in that which sought to substitute a national for a Roman church. But in this process he took full advantage of the state of French society to make himself indispensable to the continuance of French life on its new path. Incapable of the noble self-abnegation which characterized the close of Washington's career, by the parade of civil liberty and a restored social order he so minimized the popular, representative, constitutional side of his reconstructed government as to erect it into a virtual tyranny on its political side. The temptation to make the fact and the name fit each other was overpowering, for the self-styled commonwealth, with a chief magistrate claiming to hold his office as a public trust, was quite ready to be launched as a liberal empire under a ruler who in reality held the highest power as a possession.

The murder of the Duc d'Enghien was virtually a notification of this fact to all the dynasties of Europe as well as to the French nation. The behavior of both was conclusive evidence that they understood it as such. Death was the fate destined not merely for the intestine and personal enemies of the First Citizen, but for the foreign foe, prince or peasant, who should conspire against him whom the French delighted to honor. It is entirely possible that Bonaparte believed himself, and a dynasty proceeding from his loins, to be the best, if not the only, conservators of the new France; that he conceived of a purely French empire which should be the depositary for that land of all that had been gained by the Revolution; and that he believed he could overcome the inertia of the tremendous speed with which he had entered upon his career of single rule. But it is not probable; for no one knew the French better than he did, appreciating as he did most fully their zeal, their enthusiasm, their devotion, their pride, and especially their passion for leadership among nations. It was because the Bourbons had failed to represent these qualities that they despised the Bourbons; it was because they saw their incarnation in Bonaparte that they had assisted him to climb, and were fairly indifferent to his dealings with the Duc d'Enghien. He must have known very well that, having mounted so high, he must mount still higher.

He also understood the dynastic exclusiveness of Europe. In a sense the houses of Hanover, of Hohenzollern, and of Savoy were parvenus in the councils of royalty; yet they were ancient princely stocks, and their accession to supreme power had not shocked ancient prejudice; the dubious and blood-stained title of the Czar did not diminish his influence, for his succession was not more irregular than that of many of his predecessors on the semi-oriental Russian throne. But to substitute for the Bourbons, the oldest divine-right dynasty of Europe, and in the enlightened West, a citizen king of low descent, who based his claims on popular suffrage, and successfully to assert the place of a plebeian among the Olympians, was to brave the infleshed prejudice of all conservative Europe, and to hurl defiance at the old system, than which to millions of minds none other was conceivable. To reach the goal fighting was not a voluntary choice, but an absolute necessity; for the French must be left in no doubt but that their popular sovereign was quite as able to assert his peerage among kings as any one of royal lineage and ecclesiastical unction would be.

These were the conditions under which the bark of liberal empire was to set sail. It does not seem possible that any pilot could have saved her amid such typhoons as she must encounter. Bonaparte was more likely to succeed than any other, and for years his craft was taut and saucy; but she had no friendly harbors in which to refit, she rode out one storm only to enter another more violent, and at last even the supernal powers of the great captain failed him. Even at the outset the omens were not as propitious as they appeared to be, since the defiance contained in Enghien's murder was better understood abroad than at home. For the moment the mistake appeared of little importance. The French public began almost immediately to discuss whether the consular power should not be made hereditary, and within a week

DRAWN BY E. BOUTIGNY.

THE DEPUTATION FROM THE SENATE OFFERING THE CROWN TO BONAPARTE.

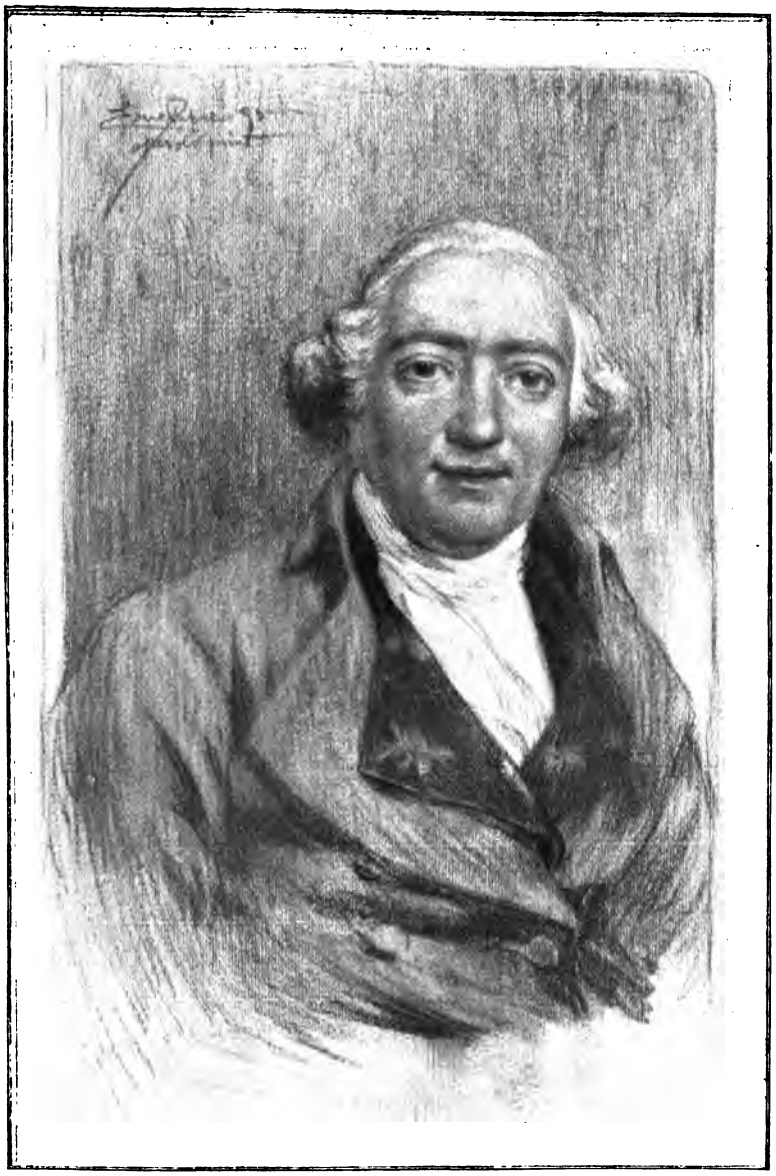
after its occurrence relegated the affair of the duke's death to apparent oblivion.

For this there were numerous reasons. The discontent in the army virtually disappeared with Moreau's disgrace, and thereafter both generals and men were entirely docile. The Bourbons at once returned to their conspiracies, but so ineffectively that neither the cabinets of Europe nor the French people felt any active interest. Royalism in France was thus temporarily crushed. The France of 1803 was the new France. Her church had been reconstructed; her army was devoted to Bonaparte as the man of the nation; her revolution had been partly pruned and partly warped into the forms of a personal government, her laws revised and codified, her old orders of chivalry replaced by a new one, her financial administration purified and strengthened, her educational system renovated, her social and family life given new direction by the stringent regulation of testamentary disposition, her government centralized,—in short, the whole structure from foundation to turret had been repaired, restored, strengthened, and given its modern form.

The people, composed of successive alluvia of immigrants and conquerors since the days of Julius Cæsar, had been thoroughly unified by the spirit of the French Revolution. They wanted the gains of the Revolution secured by the hereditary power of a house which represented the principles of that event. It is absurd to point out the few smoldering fires of discontent as if they were the characteristic feature of the time. Far from it. The nation, leveled and unified, was proud of its institutions, eager to enjoy them, and anxious that nothing should occur to disturb its peaceful occupancy of the new house it had built. All but a few sincerely believed that the patriotism which now passionately adored the new France was in large measure only another name and form for devotion to the man who presided at its birth and claimed to be its progenitor. For some time past the phrase «French empire» had been used by orators and writers to designate the majesty and beauty of its institutions. As early as May, 1802, the Austrian ambassador heard the First Consul spoken of as «Emperor of the Gauls,» and in March, 1803, an English gentleman in Paris recorded the same expression in his journal.

There was, therefore, neither shock nor surprise anywhere in the nation when on March 27, 1804, the senate presented to the First Consul an address proposing in the name of the people that he should take measures «to keep for the sons what he had made for the fathers.» This was the moment of Bonaparte's greatest unpopularity—not a week after the execution of the Duc d'Enghien; while yet the blundering and irregular trial of Moreau was incomplete, and a few true friends were representing their hero as the victim of Bonaparte's hate; before Georges had been condemned, and while Pichegru was yet alive. Every one expected the event, most desired it, partly for the reason given by the senate, partly for the dramatic effect, partly because they wanted neither the Bourbons nor the Terror again. The senate was now known as the satellite of the First Consul: in spite of changes the tribunate still retained its popular character and the national respect. It was desirable that the formal initiative should come from the latter. During the three weeks or more which elapsed between the address of the senate and the end of April, Bonaparte had made certain that neither Austria nor Prussia would oppose, and that army and people were willing. On the 25th, therefore, he seized once more the shield of the Revolution, and told the senate that he had heard with interest their plan «to insure the triumph of equality and public liberty,» and would be glad to know their thoughts without reserve. «I should like on July 14 of this year to say to the French people: 'Fifteen years ago by a spontaneous movement you ran to arms, you secured liberty, equality, glory. To-day these chiefest treasures of the nation, assured beyond a doubt, are sheltered from every storm; they are preserved for you and your children.'»

On April 30, 1804, a member of the tribunate who had been richly bribed brought in a complete project. In the interval a committee had inquired of the future incumbent of the new hereditary office what title he would like to have—consul, stadholder, or emperor. His prudent choice fell on the last. The word has acquired a new significance in our age; but then it still had the old Roman meaning. It propitiated the professional pride which had taken the place of republicanism in the army, and while plainly abolishing democracy, it also bade defiance to royalism. Accordingly, the tribunes voted that Napoleon Bonaparte be intrusted with the government of France as emperor, and that the imperial power be declared hereditary. There was only one man who dared to interpose his negative vote—Napoleon's earliest protector, the grim and veteran republican Carnot. In a calm and moderate speech he admitted that



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE. FROM THE PRINT IN THE CARNAVALET MUSEUM.

FRANÇOIS DE NEUFCHÂTEAU, WHO DREW UP THE ADDRESS PRESENTED BY THE DEPUTATION FROM THE SENATE.

there was a temporary dictator, and that the republican constitutions of the country had been unstable, but he thought that with peace would come wisdom and permanency, as in the United States. Bonaparte was a man of virtue and talent, to be sure, but what about his descendants? Commodus was the son of Marcus Aurelius. Whatever might be the splendor of a man's services, there were bounds to public gratitude, and these bounds had been reached; to overstep them would destroy the liberty which the First Consul had helped to restore. But if the nation desired what he conscientiously opposed, he would retire to private life, and unqualifiedly obey its will.

The legislative body was quickly summoned to a special meeting, and, according to the constitution, made the resolutions law by its approval. As soon as decency would permit, a new constitution was laid before the council of state, discussed under Bonaparte's direction, and sent down to the senate for consideration. On May 18 the paper was adopted in that body with four dissenting

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON. FROM THE PAINTING BY ANTOINE-LOUIS GROS, IN THE COLLECTION OF THE PRINCE OF WAGRAM.

LOUIS-ALEXANDRE BERTHIER, PRINCE OF NEUFCHÂTEL AND OF WAGRAM.

voices, including that of the Abbé Sieyès, who hated all charters not of his own making. On the same day the decree of the senate constituting the empire was carried to the First Consul at St. Cloud, where it was duly approved by him, and was formally promulgated. It was found that the difficulty concerning heredity, where there were no children to inherit, had been evaded by giving to Napoleon, but to none of his successors, the right of adoption; and in the event that there should be neither a natural nor an adoptive heir, by settling the succession first in the family of Joseph, then in that of Lucien, both of whom were declared to be imperial princes. As there was to be no more fear of military upheavals and popular terrorism within the nation, all chance was thus removed for the return of a dynasty likely to disturb the existing conditions of property.

The changes in the constitution were radical, and many of them were not made public except as they were put into operation. The tribunate was untouched; but the legislature was divided into three sections, juristic, administrative, and financial. Its members regained a partial liberty of speech, and might again discuss, but only with closed doors, the measures laid before them. The senate became a house of lords. Six great dignitaries, sixteen military grandees called marshals, and a number of the highest administrative officials were added to its numbers. Referring to the imperial state of the great German whom the French style Charlemagne, the imperial officers of Napoleon were designated, some by titles from Karling history such as the «Great Elector,» the «Arch-chancellor of the Empire,» the «Arch-chancellor of State,» the «Arch-treasurer,» others by ancient French designations such as the «Constable» and the «High Admiral.» These, with the imperial princes, were to be addressed as «Monseigneur,» or «Your Highness,» either «imperial» or «most serene,» as the case might be. The Emperor himself was to be addressed as «Your Majesty» or «Sire.» His civil list was 25,000,000 francs; the income of each «arch» dignitary was a third of a million. Cambacérès was made Chancellor; Lebrun, Treasurer; Joseph Bonaparte was appointed Elector, and Louis, Constable; Fouché was reappointed Minister of Police; Talleyrand remained Minister of Foreign Affairs. The heraldic device chosen for the seal of the Napoleonic dynasty was the favorite symbol of the Holy Roman Empire, an eagle «au vol» —that is, on the wing.

There was nothing original in the idea and constitution of all this tawdry state except the institution of the marshals, which was altogether so. In prosperity this military hierarchy gave strength to the empire, but in adversity it proved a serious element of weakness. The list was shrewdly chosen to assure the good will of the army. Jourdan, who as consular minister had successfully pacified Piedmont, was named as having been the victor of Fleurus (1794); his republicanism was thus both recalled and finally quenched. Berthier was rewarded for his skill as chief of staff; Masséna for his daring at Rivoli, his victory at Zurich, his endurance at Genoa. Augereau, another converted democrat, was remembered for Castiglione; Brune was appointed for his campaign in Holland against the Duke of York; Davout for his Egyptian laurels; Lannes and Ney for their bravery in many actions; Murat as the great cavalry commander; Bessières as chief of the guards; Bernadotte, Soult, Moncey, and Mortier for reasons of policy and for their general reputation.

The «lion couchant» had been suggested as the heraldic device of the new empire, but Napoleon scorned it. In all his preparations he carefully distinguished between the «State,» which was of course France with its natural boundaries, and the «Empire,» which was evidently something more; the resting lion might typify the former, the soaring eagle was clearly a device for the other, which, like the realm of Charles the Great, was to know no «natural» obstacles in its extension.

The most immediate and visible sign of the new order of things was the changed life at the Tuileries. The palace was thronged no longer with powerful but maladroit persons who did not know how to advance, bow, and recede, and who could not wear their elegant clothes with dignity; nor with others who, more refined in their training, laughed in their sleeves at the imperfect manners of the former. A thorough court was organized with careful supervision and rigid etiquette. Soon everybody could behave with sufficient grace and dignity. Fesch was the Grand Almoner; Duroc was Grand Marshal of the Palace; Talleyrand, Grand Chamberlain; Berthier, Master of the Hounds; and Caulaincourt, Master of the Horse. Already many of the returned emigrants had pocketed their pride and their prejudices to accept office under the consulate; these and others equally pliable now thronged the court to fill the minor places of imperial dignity. The perfection of ceremonial was assured by the appointment, as the arbitrator of etiquette,

of Ségur, once minister of Louis XVI. in Russia. Everybody who hoped to shine was expected to study the rules and be present at numerous rehearsals. Mme. Campan, formerly a lady in waiting to Marie Antoinette, was summoned to lend her assistance, and, in order to comply, she abandoned her recently organized finishing-school for young ladies. There were scores of the old aristocracy, as well as of the new, anxious to profit by her instruction.

Finally the now traditional formality of seeking the popular approval was not forgotten. To be sure, the question put was merely whether the imperial succession should remain in the Emperor's family. The reply was a thunderous yes; there being, out of three and a half million votes all told, only two and a half thousand in the negative. It was a sign of the times that among the latter were those of all but three of the Paris lawyers.

The Paris populace, indeed, was undemonstrative, but it was rather because the idea had ceased to be novel. In a portion of the army, also, there was coolness, but not exactly from conviction. Paul Louis Courier, who was then an artillery officer in the army at Naples, graphically described the reception of the news by his regiment: «The colonel summoned the officers, and with no remarks or preamble asked them to vote on the question: emperor or republic—which? For a quarter of an hour all were silent. At last a young lieutenant blurted out, ‹If he wants to be emperor, all right—but for my part I don't like it.› ‹Explain your meaning,› said the colonel. ‹I don't wish to.› ‹Very good.› Silence again, and the officers stare about as if they had never seen one another before. We should be sitting there yet if I had not taken the floor. ‹Gentlemen, it seems to me, but I speak under correction, that this is no business of ours. The nation wants an emperor; are we to discuss their conduct?› This argument was so to the point that the company rose, signified their assent, and adjourned below to play billiards! ‹Upon my word,› said an officer, ‹you talk like Cicero; but why do you want him to be emperor?› ‹To get through and play our game; did you want to stay there all day—don't you want him?› ‹I don't know,› was the reply, ‹but I thought he was made for something better.› The reply was not stupid. A man like him, Bonaparte, general, the greatest captain in the world—that is the man they are going to call ‹Majesty.› To be Bonaparte and to turn himself into ‹Sire,› he wants to sink in the scale. But no, he thinks he is rising by putting himself on a plane with kings. He loves a title better than a name. Poor man, his ideas are far below his fortune.» Such are the comments of the brilliant Hellenistic scholar to whom we owe the discovery of the fine Greek fragment, «Daphnis and Chloe.» Another illustration of how votes were manipulated in that day is given in a letter of Fabrier, later an excellent general of the First Empire, written from Metz, where he was a student in the military school. The authorities proposed that the cadets should sign a document inviting the First Consul to declare himself emperor. The majority refused, but in referring to the paper signed by the minority the commandant used the word «unanimously.» A committee was appointed to protest, but on the technical charge of approaching the general without the mediation of their colonel, they were imprisoned. To secure their comrades' release the other recalcitrants gave in and signed.

«THE DESCENT INTO ENGLAND.»

WHEN Pepin the Short asked Pope Zacharias in 752 whether the name or the fact made the legitimate king, the reply was, «He is king who has the power»; and in token of this doctrine it was the papal sanction which sealed the legitimacy of the Karlings in Boniface's crowning Pepin as king. Half a century later Pope Leo III., acting by an arrogated but admitted authority, likewise established their imperial dignity by setting the imperial crown on the head of Charles the Great. This event occurred on Christmas day of the memorable year 800. Early in May of the year 1804, a millennium later, word came that the occupant of St. Peter's chair must once more empty the little vial on the head of another Western emperor, and this time not of his own volition, nor in eternal Rome, but by the Emperor's demand, and in Paris, inheritor of classic glory and renown. The feeble Pontiff was made wretched indeed by the summons. He had wept for the death of Enghien; could he sanction the substitution of this masterful newcomer for the ancient and faithful Bourbons? But the Concordat was recent, and doubtless other much-longed-for advantages might be secured by compliance; the legations once his, but now forming the fairest provinces of the Italian republic, were still outside the pale of his temporal power; moreover, no adequate compensation had ever been received for Avignon and Carpentras, lost to him since the peace of Tolentino in 1797.

At last a consenting answer was given: the Pontiff would come «for the welfare of religion,» if the Emperor would invite him on that pretext. Besides, he hoped there would be a reconsideration of the organic articles of the Concordat, if, as head of the Church, he should demand the expulsion of the «constitutional» bishops. One minor stipulation was that under no circumstances would the Holy Father receive Mme. Talleyrand. Out of gratitude for the Concordat he had, to be sure, removed the ban of excommunication from the sometime bishop, and had given him leave «to administer all civil affairs,» but the interpretation of this clause into a permission to marry had been intolerably exasperating. The Emperor in reply recited all his own services to the Church and to the papacy; and what might not hereafter be expected of one who had already done so much? The Pope was obliged to content himself with this indefinite pledge, and made ready to obey the behests of the man who was now the most brilliant figure of his day, and who, as emperor of the West, might be an invaluable ally. The coronation ceremony was to take place on December 2, in the mother church of Paris, the splendid Gothic fane of Notre Dame.

But festivities and activities alike began immediately after the declaration of the empire on May 18, 1804. A most successful ceremonial of inauguration was held in June at the Hospital of the Invalides. The Tuileries blazed with candles and jewels; the extravagance and heartburnings of a court began again at once. Thanks to Ségur, the exterior at least was gorgeous. That the cup of the aristocracy might overflow, the clemency of the empire was first displayed in the pardon of all the nobles who had been implicated with Georges. The Emperor's first journey was in July to his camp at Boulogne, where a distribution of decorations and the swearing of allegiance by the army were made the occasion of a second magnificent ceremonial. The ancient Frankish warriors were accustomed to set up their kings on a stage formed of their own bucklers. Napoleon received the acclamations of his troops seated in an iron chair, which was said to have been Dagobert's, while he gazed seaward to the cliffs of Albion.

On this notable journey, which was intended to have political as well as military significance, he was accompanied by Josephine. Her position was far from comfortable. As will be remembered, she had deceived her husband when he was first in Italy by a false hint that she was soon to give him an heir, and her intrigues at Milan were the cause of frequent quarrels between them. Bonaparte had justified his public and scandalous association with a certain Mme. Fougé in Egypt by a suggestion that if he could but have a son he would marry the child's mother; the reconciliation of Brumaire was an act of expediency, and while it did a perfect work for the consulate, the discussions which had been rife about the line of descent ever since the talk of empire had become general showed the instability of the relation between the imperial pair; even the formal regulations of the new constitution had inspired little confidence in the Beauharnais party. The new Empress, therefore, was the embodiment of meekness, but for the present she was, according to the old Roman formula, «Caia» where her husband was «Caius.» Side by side, and apparently in perfect amity, they proceeded from Boulogne to Aachen, the ancient capital of Charles the Great, on the German frontier.

As if to mock the Roman and German claims of Francis, Napoleon and his consort held high court in that historic town, whose memories were redolent of European sway, and whose walls had been the bulwarks of that medieval Roman empire which, though itself an ineffective anachronism, was about to be renewed in modern guise. The dukes, princes, and kings of Germany, either in person or by their ambassadors, came to do homage; even Austria had a representative. Constantine had made a capital for his reunited empire by building a new Rome on the banks of the Bosporus; Paris and France could see how easily Napoleon might do likewise. They did observe, and not without dismay.

But while the princes of the earth were jostling each other to honor this new monarch of monarchs, the underground currents of feeling were doing his work. Already the «empire» meant war; but the war so far was with England alone, and must necessarily be either a maritime conflict or else a costly and risky invasion. Pitt's return to power on May 12 signified the resistance of a united England to Bonaparte and all his works: on her own soil, if necessary, but preferably by the renewal of the premier's old policy of Continental coalition against France. It was the irony of fate that, thanks to the intricacies of party politics and the king's imbecility, the strong man was brought back to power with a contemptible and feeble cabinet. For the first, therefore, he could only fortify the island kingdom. Signs soon began to appear, however, that his enemy would meet him at least half-way in provoking a new coalition;

the union of western Europe for war would give Napoleon the Emperor a new hold on France, that second string to his bow which he had always wanted to have by him, and of which he now had greater need than ever. Moreover, success would mean to him the immediate realization of a French empire so transcending the boundaries of France herself that men would forget the old nation in the splendors of a new inclusive French political organism, destructive of nationality as an influence in the world. Alexander of Russia, though dazzled at first by the concept of Bonaparte as a type of modern liberalism, had been alienated by the appointment of his hero as consul for life, and, beholding in him now a dangerous rival, was on the verge of rupture with the land which had made him so; Prussia was cold and distant; Austria was smarting under her compulsory position of inferiority. On the suggestion of Francis, and probably at the instigation of the czar Alexander, the German Diet sitting at Ratisbon asked, but in vain, that Napoleon should declare his conduct in the execution of the Duc d'Enghien to have been dictated by secret motives which he could not yet divulge to the cabinets of Europe. Was this a moment haughtily to refuse such slender satisfaction? Was this a moment to cast contempt on the German and Western imperialism of the house of Austria by holding defiant court at Aachen?

In July, Russia, whose ruler cared little for the death of Enghien, and was actuated by an unbounded ambition for Oriental empire, made a formal protest against France's foreign policy, demanding the evacuation of Naples and an indemnity for the King of Sardinia. Talleyrand replied roughly that France had asked no explanation of the suspicious death of the Emperor Paul; that Russia had naturalized notorious French emigrants; that she had sent to Paris in the person of Markoff a distasteful diplomat, who, by the sarcastic disdain of his manners, clearly showed his master's animus toward France; and that, moreover, she had occupied the Ionian Islands. «The Emperor of the French wants peace,» said Talleyrand, «but with the aid of God and his armies he need fear no one.» Taken in connection with certain high-handed acts already committed by Napoleon, —as, for example, the expulsion from their posts, by his command, of Spencer Smith and Drake, the English envoys at Stuttgart and Munich, who had imprudently plotted with Mehée de la Touche; and the much more arbitrary seizure at Hamburg of Rumbold, the recently appointed minister of England to Saxony, while on his way to assume his diplomatic duties,—these words of Talleyrand meant nothing less than defiance to the whole Continent, as well as to England. Russia had protested in vain against the violation of Baden's neutral territory by the seizure of Enghien; Prussia was successful in her remonstrance with regard to Rumbold, but in view of the continued occupation of Hanover by a strengthened French garrison, this scanty grace did not reassure her ministers.

These provocations seem to furnish cumulative evidence that the ostentatious preparations for invading England were little more than a feint. It may have been that, as ever, the colossal genius of the man who knew that he was a match in military strength for the whole Continent was making ready for either alternative. The romance of his imperial policy knew no bounds: thwarted in crossing the Channel, he might confirm his new position by overwhelming the coalition which, as a result of his conduct and of Pitt's time-honored policy, was sure to be formed at once; or, on the other hand, checked on the Continent, he might retrieve all by one crushing blow at England. But this is the most that can be conceded, even in view of his great preparations and his apparent earnestness.

The autumn of 1803 and the spring of 1804 had seen a steady development of resources at Boulogne. It was tentatively arranged that a French fleet of ten sail of the line under Latouche-Tréville should leave Toulon on July 30 as if to reoccupy Egypt, and thus tempt Nelson to follow with the hope of repeating his victory in the scenes of his former exploits. But the French admiral was to turn and appear at Rochefort on the Bay of Biscay, increase his armament by the addition to it of six first-rate vessels with a number of frigates, and then, by a long detour, arrive in the Straits of Dover, as if doubling Cape Clear from the west. «Masters of the Channel for six hours, we are masters of the world,» wrote the Emperor. This scheme was thwarted by the untimely death of the admiral.

However, a much grander one was evolved in September. Napoleon's policy of conciliating Spain by gifts and promises to the Duke of Parma had made the queen of that country his friend, and her criminal intimacy with Godoy, the Prince of the Peace, being already notorious, both she and her paramour paid the price of toleration by abject servility. At the First Consul's nod Spain invaded and humiliated Portugal, whose ships had aided Nelson in the Levant, and whose fine harbors were invalua-

ble to England. At the peace of Amiens he gave the Spanish colony of Trinidad to England without consulting its owner, and he sold Louisiana in utter disregard of the right of redemption reserved by Spain. He now forced his ally to a monstrous treaty whereby she was to keep Portugal neutral, and increase her subsidy to the exorbitant sum of six million francs a month. This alliance made Napoleon absolute master of the Spanish maritime resources, when, in December, 1804, as was inevitable, war broke out between England and Spain: he commenced even earlier to act as if the French mastery of the seas were to be not for six hours, but forever. A feverish activity began in all his dockyards and arsenals; press-gangs ranged the harbor cities and seized all available sailors, and in a few weeks the imperial marine was nearly doubled in ships, guns, and men. Its efficiency unfortunately diminished in the direct ratio of its unwieldy size. Villeneuve, the new commander at Toulon, though capable in many ways, was only too well aware of the utter demoralization in French naval affairs. He was consequently destitute of all enthusiasm, and shy of the task imposed upon him.

This mattered little, for his and the Rochefort squadron were now destined to sail for the West Indies separately, in order to draw away the English; incidentally they were to recover San Domingo, if possible, and to strengthen Guadeloupe, Martinique, and Santa Lucia. Ganteaume, the commander at Brest, was to bring out his squadron of twenty line-of-battle ships with Augereau and 18,000 men on board, sail westward half-way to Newfoundland as a feint, then, returning, land the soldiers in the north of Ireland, and, sailing thence, enter the Channel from the north to coöperate with the flotilla of invasion which, with great expense, had been got together at and near Boulogne. How little in earnest the Emperor was in this showy plan is shown by his carefully studied letter of January 16, 1805, in which he proposes attacking England in the East Indies with this same Brest squadron and a force of 30,000 men. This proposition was seriously made even before Villeneuve had put to sea; it should not be considered as one of the occasional divagations which such a man may either claim as revealing a genuine state of mind, or which may be ridiculed by himself, and forgotten by others, as chimerical, according to the turn of affairs. The Rochefort squadron succeeded in passing the English blockaders, and reached Martinique in safety. Villeneuve left Toulon on January 17, 1805, under cover of a storm, which he hoped to use in running from Nelson; but it so dispersed his ships as to make any concerted action impossible, and the separate vessels returned with some difficulty to their port of departure. Ganteaume did not even make an effort to run the English blockade before Brest.

Three months later a third preposterous scheme for mystifying England was divulged, the Indian expedition being held still in reserve. This time the apparent object was to effect a union of all the French naval forces in the West Indies, and orders were given accordingly. Thence under the command of Villeneuve the vast fleet, forty ships of the line, should return by the tremendous detour around Scotland and through the North Sea to sweep the Channel clear and keep it so until the flotilla of transports could cross. The whole scheme has been stigmatized as a landsman's conception. In fact, viewed as a serious design, it makes every quality of Napoleon's mind the reverse of what it really was. The monstrous expense of sustaining for such a length of time, and without the usual war indemnities, both a fleet and a large army entirely disproportionate to the demands of invasion; the theatrical character of all these arrangements; the apparent carelessness of indefinite delay; the calmness with which the news of Trafalgar was heard by the great captain—all these are considerations which cumulatively lead to the conclusion that he was in earnest neither with the maritime campaign nor with the invasion, and that his real armament was the costly land force which was prepared for the purpose of conquering Austria, the enemy against which, in the following year, it was actually used; while the naval armament, including the Boulogne flotilla, was intended to prevent, as it did, the active interference of England to destroy his own so-called blockade of the Continental ports, and thereby to renew her commerce. On any other theory Napoleon was at this one epoch of his life a dreaming visionary, careless of his own reputation for sound common sense; a tyro, underestimating his great enemy's resources, power, and capacity; a gambler trusting for success to some hazard or cast of the dice to paralyze his foe and lift himself at one stroke to the stars.

This last hypothesis is ridiculous. His generals, whose ability was as remarkable as the feebleness of his admirals, were interested, as their own memoirs and those of other keen observers prove, in an empire of Europe by which their dignities were to be perpetuated and strengthened. Joseph told the Prussian minis-

ter that his brother's strength with the army was in the new laurels which they hoped to pluck, and in the wealth which would follow as a result. The Emperor had revealed the truth to his favorite brother when he said that he himself would never attempt a landing on British shores, but that he might send Ney to Ireland. It is a significant straw that when Robert Fulton offered to make the flotilla independent of wind and wave by the use of steam, Napoleon, the apostle of science, friend of Monge and Volney, member of the Institute, displayed very little scientific interest. For some time past he had been coquetting with the American inventor, granting him inadequate subsidies to prosecute his schemes for applying steam power to various marine engines of destruction. He probably intended to keep others from using Fulton's inventions; that he made no fair trial of them himself would seem to show that he had no real use for them.

Reference will be made again, as it has been before, to this much-discussed historical question, for it must be viewed in all lights and in every connection. For the present it is well to recall that if the whole Egyptian expedition was intended by Bonaparte and his friends in the Directory to mystify the French, the naval preparations, made as if both to meet England on her own undisputed element, and likewise to invade her soil, may well have been made with similar intention regarding the English. The one hypothesis requires no greater credulity than the other. Having driven the Addington ministry from power, and facing the responsibilities of war with the half-hearted support of a reluctant opposition, Pitt said, on May 23, 1803, that France would base her hope of success either on the expectation that she could «break the spirit and shake the determination of the country by harassing us with perpetual apprehension of descent upon our coasts,» or on the supposition that she could «impair our resources and undermine our credit by the effects of an expensive and protracted contest.» There is no reason to regard this as other than a prophetic utterance, except that the preparations of Napoleon for invasion assumed such dimensions as to give the whole scheme for «harassing» England the appearance of a real purpose. But it must be remembered that no other course would have deceived a people so astute as the English, and this fact, taken in connection with the Emperor's ever-increasing determination that neither Spain, nor Portugal, nor Holland, nor, in fact, any power within the sphere of his influence, should remain neutral, but that all should furnish either money or troops, and close their doors to English commerce, is very strong proof that Napoleon was fighting England in both the ways indicated by Pitt.

It is also pertinent to inquire what would have happened had Napoleon been successful in landing an army on English shores. In the first place, his mastery of the seas would have been quickly ended by the combined efforts of the English war vessels then afloat, and he would have been left without base of supplies or communication. In the second place, he would have met a resistance from a proud, free, enlightened, and desperate people which would have paralyzed all his tactics, and would have worn out any army he could have kept together. Did Napoleon fail to understand this? Of course not. He had said before that an army which cannot be regularly recruited is a doomed army. He had seen this theory verified in Egypt, and he knew very well that a permanent mastery of the seas was out of the question with the fleets and flotillas at his disposal. It would appear in the case of any other man than Napoleon that the proof was complete, in view of what actually did occur—namely, the attack by land on Austria. The impression which Metternich received in 1810 that this had been the Emperor's intention from the first, and the lavishness with which Napoleon, throughout his public career, made use of any and every form of ruse, even the costliest, in order to mislead his foes, are complementary pieces of evidence which furnish the strongest corroboration.

THE CORONATION OF NAPOLEON I.

PARIS had not been agreeably impressed by the spectacle of the imperial court held at Aachen, and when there appeared in the «Moniteur» a shrewd reminder that the seat of Roman empire had been permanently transferred to a Greek city, the feeling of disquiet was heightened to the desired point. The Parisians were therefore not disinclined to exhibit an enthusiastic loyalty on the unique occasion of the coronation. The sometime atheist, later Oriental hero and son of heaven, quasi-Mohammedan and destroyer of papacy, but now for some years past the professed admirer of Christianity, had recently been addressed by Pius VII., in the form used in addressing legitimate rulers, as his «son in Christ Jesus.» Having gone so far as this climax, the Pope's scruples finally dis-

appeared, and on November 2 he set out for his winter journey to the French capital. It is said that he drew back at the last moment, alleging, not, as he might well have done, that Napoleon had violated every tradition of Europe and broken all the commandments, but that the Emperor's letter had been irregularly delivered by General Caffarelli, instead of being duly transmitted by the hands of two bishops! No wonder that the distracted but tenacious man was drawn two ways: as a temporal prince he must bow as others had done; as the vicar of Christ upon earth how could he give the sacred unction to one who so violated the Ark of the Covenant? But perhaps one office might give assistance to the other; if neither secular nor spiritual restitution could be obtained in completeness, partial satisfaction for wrongs of both sorts might be got.

In due time the venerable traveler reached Fontainebleau. As the Pope had come to Paris, and the Emperor had not, as of old, gone to Rome, so by another reversal the prodigal son had this time come out to meet his spiritual father. He was in hunting costume, and seemed by accident to meet the Pope's carriage as it traversed the forest. Against his loud protestations the successor of St. Peter alighted with satin shoes and robes of state upon the muddy ground. But the Emperor, though a prodigal, was not repentant, for after his first effusive greeting little acts of contemptuous discourtesy—such, for example, as himself taking the seat of honor in the carriage which they entered together—showed that this late successor of Charles the Great was no second Henry IV., who thought a crown well worth a mass, but an Otto or a Henry III., determined to assert the secular supremacy against any assumption recalling the pretensions of Gregory VII.

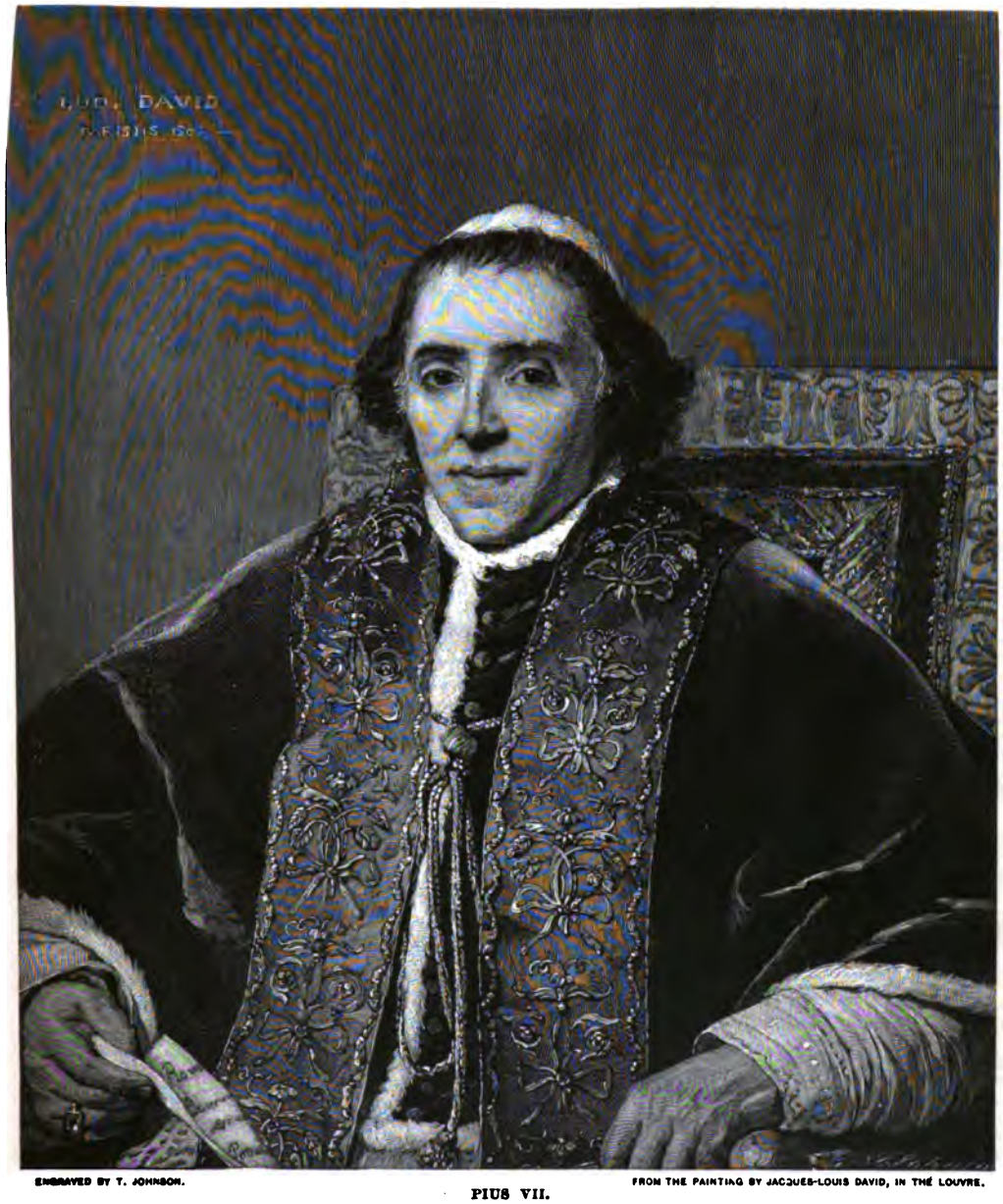
Nations, like families and individuals, have their hereditary weaknesses. Napoleon understood that of France, which is the passion for great thoughts, great words, great display, great deeds. The symbolism of acts as a power with the populace he also appreciated, but he had little sense of artistic restraint and proportion. Ridicule and chaff are dear to the French spirit. Already the immensity of time and space traversed to seek, in an age of faith and sentiment, for precedents concerning the coronation was in dangerous contrast with the sordid realities of a materialistic, irreligious, unpoetic present; profession and practice, means and ends, sound and sense, were everywhere arraying themselves in ticklish opposition, and an inopportune joke is a serious thing in France. Thus it happened that the spectacle of the coronation was an equilibrious combination of the sublime with the commonplace, the balance verging at times to absurdity. Eye-witnesses declared that the tension was painful, so near was the multitude to expressing open ridicule of the heavy and oppressive pomp.

The day before the ceremony a delegation of the senate had formally announced the result of the plebiscitum, and the Emperor not only had guaranteed the popular rights as secured by the Revolution, but had promised to transmit them unimpaired to his children—but where were they? That same night, at the last hour, the Empress, who in the eyes of the Church had so far been only a concubine, obtained by the Pope's insistence what was the chief desire of her heart, but what had so often been refused by her husband—a secret marriage to him by ecclesiastical rite. Would this work a miracle and remove the reproach of her barrenness? In any case it removed the bar to her coronation by the Pope, of which nothing had been said in the preliminary negotiations. This act completed the preparations. The great church had been renovated and gorgeously decorated; the brilliant costumes, the imperial scepter, the jeweled crown, were all in readiness; rehearsals, too, had been held; and still further, by means of ingeniously devised puppets every participant had been carefully taught his exact movements. It had been suggested that, like former sovereigns, Napoleon should, on the eve of his coronation, repair to the sanctuary, confess, and receive absolution; but he drew back as before a sacrilege. In the official program of the ceremonies it was also arranged that «Their Majesties» should receive holy communion; but the article was dropped, and it was currently reported that the reason was Napoleon's fear lest the Italian prelates should poison the elements. The Holy Father was not urgent, for he feared a more serious rebuff than any he had yet received. At the outset he had inquired whether, according to immemorial custom, he was himself to set the crown in place on the head of the sovereign. «I will arrange that,» had been Napoleon's reply, and the imperial decision was still unknown.

The morning of Sunday, December 2, 1804, was cold and cloudy as the gorgeous procession passed from the Tuileries to Notre Dame. The streets were lined and the houses decorated; but the people of Paris, sated with ceremonials, were, in spite of self-interest,

silent and critical. On the other hand, the presence of the German princes in the train, and the glittering costumes of the court, threw the provincial deputations, and the throngs of office-holders who had come up from all France, into a delirium of enthusiasm. The irreverent tittered when the papal chamberlain ambled by on a mule at the head of His Holiness's court, but immediately fell on their knees and received the papal blessing. Clergy and choristers intoned the hymn, «Tu es Petrus» as the Pontiff entered the majestic cathedral from the transept, and proceeded to his throne in the center of the choir to the right of the high altar. After an interval of an hour or more appeared the Emperor's attendants, Murat leading at the head of twenty squadrons of cavalry. Then followed the imperial chariot, surmounted by a crown, and drawn by eight superb and richly caparisoned steeds. Facing the Emperor and Empress sat Joseph and Louis; the other brothers were in temporary disgrace, and Madame Mère remained stubbornly with Lucien at Rome. Then, as the artillery salvos resounded, there advanced eighteen six-horse carriages with the court, all moving to the sound of triumphal music. Passing in a burst of sunshine to the archiepiscopal palace, and entering the vestry, the Emperor donned his coronation robes and a crown of laurel leaves. Thence, with the Empress at his side, he proceeded in state to the place prepared for them in the lofty nave, facing the high altar. Joseph, Louis, Cambacérès, and Lebrun were his pages, and supported the train of his mantle, heavy with gold and embroidery. The yet empty throne had been erected in the heart of the choir. From twenty thousand throats burst the cry, «Long live the Emperor!» as the slow and stately march proceeded. At last the entrance of the choir was reached, and the Pope, descending from his chair, began to intone, amid the deep silence of the throng, the majestic chant of «Veni, Creator.» This ended, the personages of the court found their appointed seats, the regalia were laid on the altar, and Pius, holding out a copy of the Scriptures, demanded in the Latin tongue whether the Emperor would use all his powers to have law, justice, and peace reign supreme in the Church and among his people. The Emperor laid both his hands on the book, and «Profiteor» came the solemn answer. Pope, cardinals, archbishops, and bishops began the litany, and the sovereigns kneeled. As the closing strains sounded forth, the imperial pair advanced under priestly conduct to the steps of the high altar, and kneeled again. The Pope, pronouncing the customary but long-disused prayer, then solemnly anointed both in turn with the triple unction on head and hands. Returning to their chairs, the two chief actors seated themselves, and high mass began. Midway in its solemn course there was a pause; the Emperor stepped forward to the altar as if to be invested at the papal hands with all the insignia of power—ring, mantle, and crown. The last of the consecrated baubles to be lifted was the crown. At the pregnant instant, just as the Holy Father, doubting but hoping, lifted it aloft, the Emperor advanced two paces downward, and, firmly seizing it in his own hands, set it on his own brow. Without a movement of hesitancy he then crowned the Empress, and the two, stepping upward, seated themselves in the great throne of the empire. The Pope recovered his self-control, if, indeed, he had momentarily lost it, and said, «May God confirm you on this throne, and may Christ give you to rule with him in his eternal kingdom.» Then, giving Napoleon the kiss of peace, he cried, «Vivat imperator in æternum!» The throng shouted in antiphony with deafening acclaim. Then the ritual proceeded, and the religious ceremonial was soon ended. At its close the presidents of the great assemblages of the State advanced. The Emperor, with his hands on the Bible, said, «I swear to maintain the principles of the Revolution, the integrity of French territory, and to govern for the welfare, happiness, and glory of the French people.» Other particulars, equally radical in their nature, were added according to constitutional requirement. The hierarchical clergy must have shuddered as they listened. Then the chief of the heralds' college stood forth and cried: «The thrice glorious and thrice august Emperor Napoleon is crowned and enthroned. Long live the Emperor!» At this moment the cannon outside proclaimed the consummation of the ceremony.

Had history returned on its steps to the coronation of Charles the Great? Was this again the festival of a thousand years ago held in the old Basilica of St. Peter's? There was much to suggest it; but there were differences all too significant. Then the coronation was the Pope's will; now it is the Emperor's. Then the imperial domain was almost conterminous with the spiritual sway of the Pope; now that dominion remains to be conquered by the Cæsar. Then the symbol of power was bestowed by the Pope; now it is arrogated by the secular authority. Then the significance was medieval; now it is mod-



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON. FROM THE PAINTING BY JACQUES-LOUIS DAVID, IN THE LOUVRE.

PIUS VII.

ern and revolutionary. In short, then it was Rome; now it is Paris. Then it was a German prince and a Latin pontiff; now both are of Latin blood. Then it was political order and religious sanctity; now it is ecclesiastical subjugation and military despotism. Not that there was a clear contrast any more than there was a plain historical continuity; the chain of causation in history has its links interconnected like a coat of mail, and cannot be so analyzed. There was superficially more of a parallel than of a difference; so much so that the multitude was deceived by it. «I have gained a battle,» said Napoleon to Joseph, speaking of the ceremony. «You have made me a French knight,» he said to the painter David, speaking of the great canvas on which the former Jacobin had delineated the scene in which the monarch crowned his consort. Both remarks were true. So perfect were the setting and the movement of the tragicomedy that all the incongruities passed unobserved; the moments when a single misstep would have raised a laugh passed,

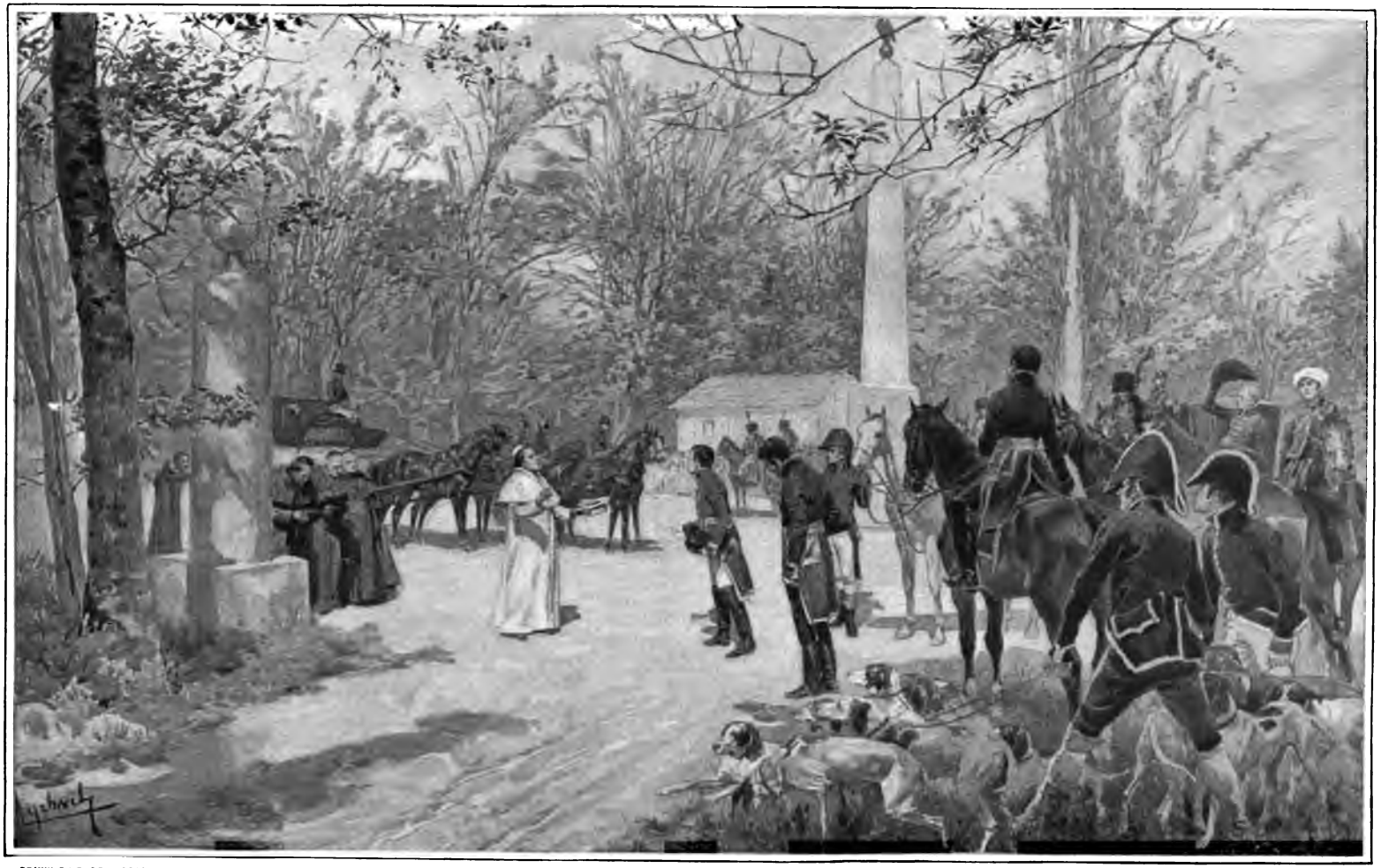
after all, with dignity. The masquerade was accepted as a significant solemnity. The French nation and the Napoleonic empire, it was believed, were wedded in the fusion of Church, State, and army, for the loyal support of what the masses were sure was now France—«one and indivisible,» as the motto of the Revolution expressed it.

Pius VII. was one of the few disenchanted. He claimed that the Emperor had broken an express promise in seizing the crown, and was silent only because the official journal called no attention to the incident. For several months he remained a suppliant in Paris. One demand after another was perforce abandoned. He had hoped to destroy the last vestige of Gallican liberties, and to see the Roman Church recognized, not as a privileged sect, but as the national ecclesiastical organism. His temporary secretary, Cardinal Antonelli, found in Napoleon's minister of public worship, Portalis, an adversary as learned in ecclesiastical matters, as polished, adroit, and unctuous, as himself, and spent his diplomatic arts in vain. Two small concessions were indeed made. The statesman promised to restore the Gregorian calendar, and the Emperor, with a half-ironical, half-superstitious feeling, dated the course of the empire after January 1, 1806, not by the Revolutionary reckoning, but by the Christian. It was likewise ordered that the bishops and priests who had sworn to the civil constitution should take the ecclesiastical oath, and thus return to the fold. In the field of temporal negotiations the Roman prince was quite as unsuccessful as in the spiritual. It was in vain that he pleaded the gift of Charles the Great, which made him a sovereign prince. Talleyrand replied that what God had given to the Emperor the Emperor must keep, but an opportunity might offer to increase the States of the Church. The successor to St. Peter left Paris wounded and disillusioned, considering, says his memorialist Consalvi, that the Emperor must have intended, by the poverty of his gifts, to show the light estimate he put on the papal services. Weakened in dignity and general esteem, outwitted at every turn, the Pope returned to Rome, a bitter and secret enemy of the empire he had sanctioned.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH CROWNED KING OF ITALY.

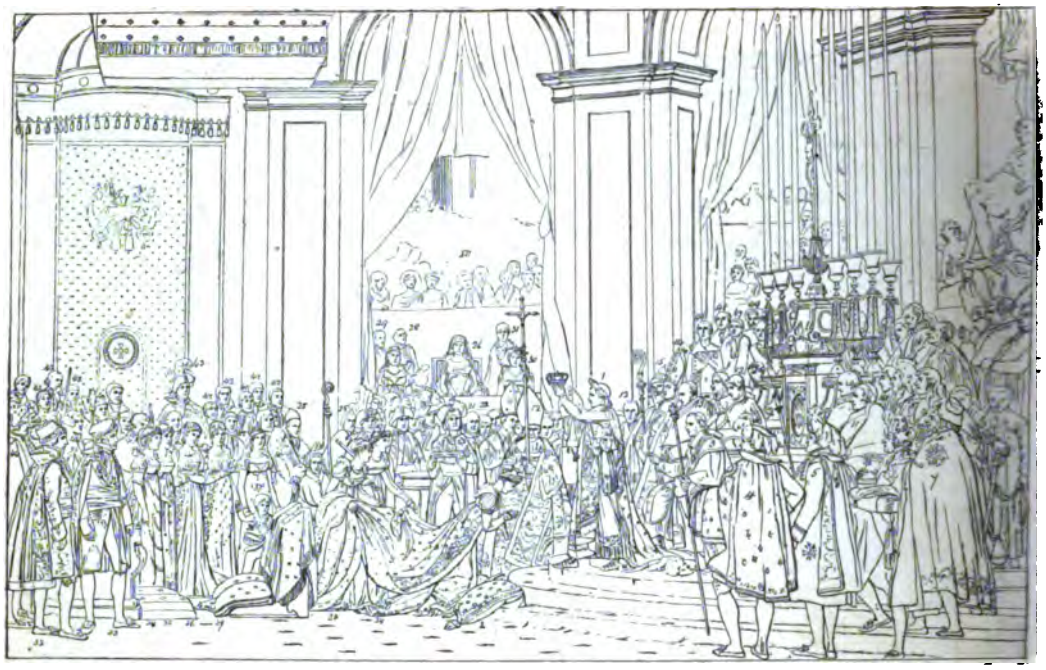
AMID the brilliant festivities in Paris, inaugurated and continued to celebrate the new régime, grave thoughts and weighty purposes filled Napoleon's mind. He was at times so somber that his oldest friends shrank from any exhibition of intimacy, while the Empress herself began to use the distant language of a subject and address her husband as «Majesty» and «Sire.» Nor could she ever discontinue the practice. The ecclesiastical calendar with all its saints' days and feast days was soon to be restored, and the glad Christmastide was at hand. But when the legislature assembled, two days after the great festival of peace, and the Emperor opened its session with a state proportionate to his new dignity, his speech from the throne was not merely an enumeration of what France owed to the new dispensation,—the civil and other codes, prizes for the encouragement of letters, industry, and the arts, the achievement of splendid public works,—it was also an ominous exposure of the European situation. He declared that Italy, like France, needed a definite organization; that Austria was recuperating her strength; that the King of Prussia was the friend of France. Turkey, however, he said, was pursuing with vacillation and timidity a policy foreign to her interests, and he dragged in an expression of his desire that the spirit of Catherine the Great would guide the councils of the Czar Alexander. «He will remember,» said the Emperor, «that the friendship of France is a necessary counterpoise for him in the European balance. . . . Set far from her, he can neither touch her interests nor trouble her repose.» These were clearly words of warning. They meant that Russia must abandon her new Oriental policy, forget the anxiety she felt about French control in Italy and Naples, and forbear to chafe under the limitations of her trade with England, necessitated by the closing of all harbors in western Europe to English commerce. In the light of subsequent events there is nothing forced in the conclusion that this language was a presage of war. Home duties were evidently not in question; a great empire could confirm its existence only by the performance of transcendent exploits.

A not unnatural sensitiveness has confirmed in most English historians the belief that Napoleon's forecast saw a successful invasion of their country, and Great Britain as a consequence disgorging a vast war indemnity wherewith his invincible legions could be recruited and the Continental powers could be reduced to subjection. Englishmen have always felt that it was a deed of high enterprise for Britons to overawe the Corsican ogre by the magnitude of their preparations to resist him, and have by constant iteration con-



DRAWN BY F. DE MYRBACH.

THE MEETING OF NAPOLEON AND PIUS VII. AT FONTAINEBLEAU.



DRAWN BY AUGUST WILL.

KEY TO THE PICTURE OF THE CORONATION ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

1. Napoleon; 2. Josephine; 3. Pope Pius VII.; 4. Arch-Treasurer (Lebrun); 5. Arch-Chancellor (Cambacérès); 6. Marshal Berthier; 7. Talleyrand; 8. Eugène Beauharnais; 9. Master of the Horse (Caulaincourt); 10. Marshal Bernadotte; 11. Cardinal Fesch; 12. Italian Priests; 13. Cardinal-legate Caprara; 14. Cardinal Braschi; 15. Greek Bishop; 16. Marshal Murat; 17. Marshal Serrurier; 18. Marshal Moncey; 19. Marshal Bessières; 20. Master of Ceremonies (Ségur); 21. General d'Harville, Senator; 22. Treasurer-General of the Household of the Emperor (Estève); 23. Mme. de la Rochefoucauld; 24. Mme. de la Valette; 25. Archbishop of Paris and his two Vicar-Generals; 26. Madame Mère (Napoleon's mother); 27. Mme. de Fontanges; 28. M. de Cossé-Brissac (Chamberlain); 29. M. de la Ville; 30. Mme. Soult; 31. Master of the Horse (M. de Beaumont); 32. Joseph Bonaparte; 33. Louis Bonaparte; 34. Caroline Bonaparte Murat; 35. Pauline Bonaparte Borghese; 36. Elise Bonaparte Baccicocchi; 37. Mme. Joseph Bonaparte; 38. Prince Napoleon; 39. Hortense Beauharnais (Mme. Louis Bonaparte); 40. General Junot; 41. M. de Rémusat, Prefect of the Palace; 42. Chamberlains; 43. Grand Marshal of the Palace (Duroc); 44. Marshals Lefebvre, Kellermann, and Pérignon; 45. Admiral Gravina; 46. Count Cobenzl; 47. M. de Marescalchi; 48. United States Minister; 49. Turkish Ambassador; 50. Various celebrated men, Painters, Sculptors, Antiquaries, Poets, etc. (This picture was painted by order of Napoleon, and is not historically accurate in all respects; for instance, Madame Mère was not present.)

vinced large numbers that this among other honors is also theirs. It will, of course, never be known how serious the Emperor's much-paraded purpose was during 1803 and 1804. But a more significant sign even than those already enumerated is the fact that in January, 1805, while the council of state was discussing the budget, he declared that for two years France had been making tremendous sacrifices. «A general war on the Continent,» he said, «would demand no greater. I now have the strongest possible army, a complete military organization, and am this moment on the footing which I generally have first to secure in case of actual war. To raise such forces in time of peace—20,000 artillery, horses and trains complete—there was need of a pretext in order to levy and bring them all together without rousing suspicion in the other Continental powers. This pretext was afforded by the project for landing in England. Two years ago I would not thus have spoken to you, but it was nevertheless my sole purpose. I am well aware that to maintain such an equipment in time of peace means throwing thirty millions out of the window. But in return I have the advantage of all my enemies by twenty days, and can take the field a whole month before Austria can even prepare her artillery.»

Even within the labyrinthine turnings of the most tortuous mind there is a clue, and this time Napoleon probably spoke the truth. The inherent probability is further strengthened by the evidence of what followed. Some weeks later he said in a moment of frankness: «What I have so far done is nothing. There will be no peace in Europe except under a single chief, under an emperor who shall have kings for officials, who shall distribute kingdoms to his lieutenants, making one king of Italy, another of Bavaria, this one landamman of Switzerland, that one stadholder of Holland—all charged with duties in the imperial household. . . . You may say there is nothing new in this, that it is only an imitation of the plan on which the German Empire was founded; but nothing is absolutely new: political institutions revolve in an orbit, and it is often necessary to return to what has been.» «We were soon aware,» wrote Miot de Mélito in August, 1804, referring to the demonstration against England, «that the Em-

FROM THE ORIGINAL BY JACQUES-LOUIS DAVID, IN THE LOUVRE.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

DAVID'S PAINTING, "THE CORONATION OF NAPOLEON I."

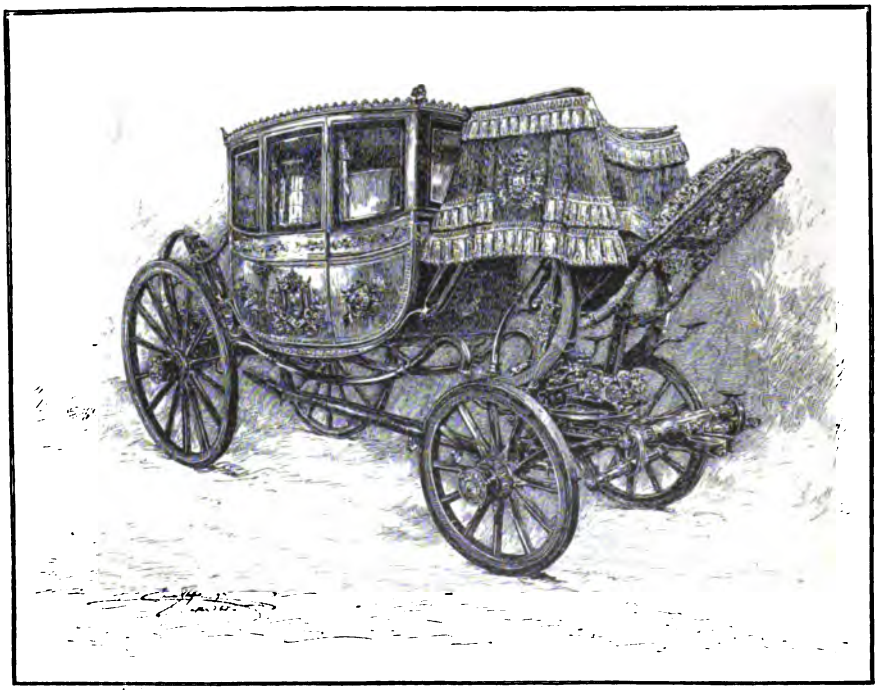
DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

ESCUTCHEON FROM PANEL OF THE CORONATION COACH.

peror, in the execution of a plan already abandoned, had made such demonstrations only to increase the security of the Continental powers, and lure them to some decisive step which would permit him to speak out and act.»

The feeling arose, and at once became general, not only in France, but in Europe, that every word and action of the Emperor meant an appeal to force. The Revolution had claimed to have a world-wide mission in protecting the oppressed and establishing justice. The nations had felt a solemn awe when they saw this task intrusted to the greatest general of his day. But now in a twinkling all was changed: here was a new kind of monarch; not a king, but a king of kings; and headstrong, wilful, and selfish, just as kings were, with no more respect than they for the rights of man. The greatest general of Europe was now its most ambitious and ruthless sovereign. It was a powerful argument for the peoples of the Continent that their old kings, whom they knew, were better than a new and unknown tyrant.

It is a trite remark that as one era is verging to its close the elements of another are already stirring. However rapidly events may move, no gulf or cleft separates two epochs either of national life or of general history. The germs of that national uprising which later overwhelmed Napoleon can be observed as early as 1805. The tide of his success was still to flow high before the turn, but his alliance with a great idea began to dissolve before he struck the first blow for his dynasty. It was with a light heart and a new enthusiasm that Europe went to war in 1805. Even the Russian peasants, peering into the misty diplomacy which strove to conceal the Czar's Oriental ambitions and dynastic pride under irrelevant complaints about the Duc d'Enghien, and demands for indemnity to Piedmont, a kingdom almost extinct,



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

CORONATION COACH OF NAPOLEON I.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS GÉRARD, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

GÉRARD'S PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON AS EMPEROR (SHOWING THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE CANVAS).

saw dimly that the principles of eternal justice and right were no longer on the side of France, but on theirs. Clearer heads perceived that there was an altogether new international question of a purely moral nature. So far as Russia was concerned, the separation of the Bourbons from France had put the Duc d'Enghien on the level with any private individual; she could have protested and intervened for an imperial prince of her own house, but to protest on his behalf as a Bourbon prince was logically absurd. Nevertheless, the territory of a neutral state had been violated to secure his person, and his high birth made that violation appear more flagrant. While it would have been useless in the revolutionary epoch to take a stand against the militant French revolutionary republic for such a cause, the establishment of the consulate and empire had restored France, as the public of Europe supposed, to her old place in the state system, and therefore again had given general validity to the old principles of international law. If that country was to live henceforth under monarchical rule, her ruler must be made to keep his

place in the former political equipoise and abide by the law. This fact constituted the moral strength of Russia's position when she somewhat hastily dismissed the French envoy from St. Petersburg. In every land the men of sense and feeling began to apprehend that, for the triumph of those very principles which the republic had so loudly proclaimed, the nations must now rise against Napoleon as the incarnate Revolution. For many years a wide-spread devotion to ideals by the people, and the narrowness of their absolute dynasties, had combined to weaken the national sentiment, but now it was only by courageous independence and serious patriotism that the new millennium could be ushered in.

While this change of sentiment, elemental in the history of the time, was gradually taking place outside of France, that nation was interested in itself as rarely before. Commerce and industry were rising and developing under a sense of security. The chief magistrate had laid under contribution for the welfare of the people both science and literature. In particular, trade and engineering had received a mighty impulse by the inception of those splendid public works which still make the First Empire illustrious,—the superb highways of the Simplon, Mt. Cenis, and Mt. Genèvre, the great canals of St. Quentin, Arles, Aigues-Mortes, in France proper, with those of even higher importance in Belgium,—and by the improvement of every land and water route which made intercommunication easy. Besides all these enterprises of general utility, every commune received the minutest attention. Where the Emperor's interest made it seem best public buildings rose like magic. Labor was abundant, and prosperity almost commonplace. While thus the land was strong and beautiful, the spell of Napoleon's name and dynasty, together with the imperial policy for which they stood, fascinated men to an ever-growing degree. There were shadows: the budget for 1805 was alarming, for the last harvest was bad; the American payment was spent, Spain could not be asked for a further subsidy when arming herself for French support, and the prohibition of English trade diminished the customs revenues. The price of French bonds fell for a time at a tremendous rate. But the ingenuity of the Emperor was still fecund. A new tariff, a new syndicate of bankers to scale the public debt, a new tax laid on litigants, such were his expedients; and they temporarily succeeded, for the French people cared as little then as now for the joys and woes of the capitalists and financiers who gamble on the Paris exchange. Nothing short of a panic which reaches their own doors serves to awaken their interest. When the senate adjourned in March, the members of that high assembly were requested to report how the new machinery was working in their respective homes. It appeared to be working very well.

At the same time the imperial masquerade was further continued in a proclamation which it pleased the imperial writer to date from Aachen, the capital of Charles the Great. Rome reëstablished in France, the land of science, literature, and art, the glories of the coming century should eclipse those of the past. To this end were established prizes, some of ten thousand, some of five thousand francs, which once in ten years, on the 18th Brumaire, the Emperor with his own gracious hand would distribute in state to successful competitors in the race for scientific, artistic, and literary honors. The best book in each of the physical, mathematical, and historical sciences respectively would then be crowned; so, too, the best play, the best poem, the best opera, the best mechanical invention, the best painting, the best statue. The administration of the scheme was intrusted to the minister from whose department the funds were to be raised, namely, the chief of the police! The Muses were to be escorted to the Pierian spring by platoons of the public guardians, and there, under the menace of the policeman's club, they were to drink for the refreshment of their devotees! Unfortunately the notion contravened human experience. The brightest spirits of the nation, like Staël and Constant, were now living for their own safety in Germany, and could not contest. Chateaubriand, the great rhetorician, on receiving the news of Enghien's murder, at once resigned his diplomatic position, and set out for Jerusalem in quest of new stimulus for his imagination. Signs of decadence in French art are visible in the over-nice finish and daintiness of form which characterize those productions of the old régime just antecedent to the Revolution. There is little or no serious thought or earnest purpose underneath the elegant exterior. Neither consulate nor empire could make a renaissance. The inspiration of those who worked under fear was but a scanty rill, and the French intellectual life of the Napoleonic age was feeble and uncertain. Not that the output was meager, for it was not; but the censorship was applied to newspapers and books with ever-increasing rigor, and what did appear in books or on the stage

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF. FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT LEFÈVRE, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

LEFÈVRE'S PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON AS EMPEROR.

was in general utterly colorless and vague. The only exceptions were those pieces which summoned historical illusions to bolster the existing government. The censors smiled approval on the story of «William the Conqueror» as told by Duval, on the tale of «Peter the Great» in the words of Carrion-Nisas, on M. J. Chénier's «Cyrus,» or Raynouard's «Templars,» on anything which, in the Emperor's own words, set forth the «passage from the first to the second race,» provided only the theme was from days sufficiently distant. The career of Henry IV., founder of the Bourbon line, who became king by the victories of the Protestants and by the consent of the people, was not to Napoleon's liking, even though he traced in that career a resemblance to his own. The daily papers could publish no news except such as redounded to the credit of France, and dared not discuss religious matters at all. In the whole country there was but one unfettered genius, that of the painter Prud'hon, and he was free because he moved in the orbit of antiquity, within limits which did not intersect the public life of his day. Gros might perhaps rank near him, but David's talent and André Chénier's muse were alike enthralled in fetters, light but strong. Some high authorities have but lately claimed immortality for Sénancour and the subtle abstractions of «Obermann»; but they are caviar not merely to the multitude, but to many of the initiated.

With France at his back and his great army perfectly equipped, the Emperor was now ready for the Continental war which was to give permanency to his system. In the eyes of all Europe the rupture with England had been due to British bad faith in refusing to evacuate Malta according to the treaty of Amiens. Napoleon in a second personal letter to George III., written with his own hand on January 2, 1805, deprecated the consequences of this fact; he felt his conscience awakened by such useless bloodshed, and conjured his Majesty «not to refuse himself the happiness of giving peace to the world, nor to put it off to become a sweet satisfaction to his Majesty's children. It was time to silence passion and hear the voice of humanity and reason.» The answer was evasive. England must first consult the Continental powers with which she had confidential relations. As Parliament had in February voted five and a half million pounds sterling for secret purposes,—that is, as a subsidy to Austria,—there could be no doubt of what this answer meant.

The war with England was therefore just. Russia was in a state of hostility, but quiescent because she had meddled with what was not her affair. If she began a war, that likewise would be a conflict on Napoleon's part for French independence. How could Austria be put in the same position? The answer was not difficult for a man of such encyclic grasp. It was clear that those states dependent on France, which, following her example, had adopted in turn the forms and constitution of a directorial, and subsequently of a consular, republic, must still follow their leader and accept the rule of a single man. They could not be imperial commonwealths except as part of France, for there could be but one emperor: they could accomplish the end only by giving a new meaning to kingship. The Italian republic was not averse to securing constitutional monarchy if only it might be rid of French officials and the payment of subsidies. Taking advantage of this, Napoleon determined to make the change, and bestow the crown either on Joseph or on the child which was accepted by the world as Louis's eldest son. On this infant he had always lavished the attentions of a father. Both brothers flatly refused the proposal on the ground that it would prejudice their rights in the imperial succession. Their sovereign appeared to be very angry, but soon suggested to the Italian delegation which he had summoned to Paris that he might himself accept the dignity, a hint which was a command. Late in March, with a suite comprising the chief courtiers, Napoleon began his progress toward Milan. The Emperor of Austria—for to this title Francis was reduced by the dismemberment of Germany—was told in a gracious personal letter that with Russian troops at Corfu and English soldiers at Malta the two crowns of France and Italy could not be kept apart, except nominally, but that «this situation would cease the moment both these islands were evacuated.» The attention of all Europe was momentarily diverted from Boulogne to the spectacle at Milan. On May 26 the Emperor of the French was crowned King of Italy in the cathedral by his own hand, and with the iron crown of Lombardy, a diadem considered the most precious on earth, for it was said to be made from the nails which pierced the Saviour's feet and hands. It was with perceptible defiance that as he set the emblem on his head he uttered the traditional words: «God hath given it to me; let him beware who touches it.» The attendant festivals surpassed in splendor anything yet seen in Napoleon's career.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF. FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS GÉRARD, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

GÉRARD'S PORTRAIT OF JOSEPHINE AS EMPRESS.

THE EXPANSION OF FRANCE AND THE THIRD COALITION.

THIS spectacle was in itself sufficient to startle cabinets and kings; but the sequel was in their eyes a downright menace. Piombino, and Lucca were a few weeks later erected into principalities for the two Bonaparte sisters, who, like their brothers, must be of such nobility as befits imperial blood. Parma and Piacenza were then endowed with the new French code. The climax of audacity seemed reached when the entire Ligurian Republic was incorporated at a stroke, like

Piedmont, with France. The Emperor had only a short time since informed the world through an allocution to the legislature that Holland, Switzerland, and three fourths of Germany belonged to France by right of conquest, but that, such was his moderation, the two former lands would be left independent. The partition of Poland and the conquest of India, as he had previously remarked, prejudiced France in the European balance; but again, such was French moderation, Italy was to have remained independent, the two crowns separate, and no new province was to have been annexed to the empire. But now it was otherwise ordered, and by no fault of his he had been forced to unite the two crowns; this being so, Genoa had become essential to the unity of the empire. To this language he gave a characteristic climax. Austria might well ask what the word «Italy» in the royal title was intended to mean. No sooner were the measures for incorporating Genoa taken and the coronation ceremonies ended than half of the sixty thousand troops which had either accompanied Napoleon or had been summoned from near were stationed opposite the so-called sanitary cordon of Austria on the old Venetian boundaries. The merry monarch of «Italy» sent to Paris for the worm-eaten coat and battered hat which he had worn at Marengo, and on the memorable field which had witnessed his agony of doubt, fear, and joy, rehearsed with the remaining thirty thousand the events of that decisive day. At Castiglione a few days later the other contingent repeated in sport what they and their predecessors had done in awful earnest, under the daring leadership of Augereau.

There is something satanic in these sports of a «statesman,» so ingeniously conceived that to human weakness they appear at first blush, if not innocent, at least innocuous. It is now known, and probably Napoleon suspected at the time, that Pitt's exertions had already been half successful. On November 6, 1804, Austria and Russia, through the personal influence of their sovereigns, had, in fact, signed a defensive treaty like that which had been concluded between Russia and Prussia. Then, as now, the cabinets and peoples of the two lands heartily disliked each other. But Alexander was a dreamer and a schemer. His notorious plan for the redistribution of European territory, printed only a few years ago for the first time in the memoirs of Czartoryski, his minister for foreign affairs, is conclusive evidence of his character. By this plan he himself was to have the whole of Poland as it was before the first partition, together with the provinces from which the kingdom of Prussia takes its name; and besides, Moldavia, Cattaro, Corfu, Constantinople, and the Dardanelles! Austria was to get Bavaria, France the Rhine frontier, Prussia a slight compensation in Germany, and so forth. England was clever enough to use this dreamer for her own purposes, leading him to hope for some concessions to such of his visionary schemes for the rearrangement of western Europe as were known to her, but putting her own propositions in such a form as would to a certainty be unacceptable to Napoleon: for example, she would not promise to evacuate Malta. The Czar assented conditionally. He would mediate with the Emperor of the French for peace, not now as a solitary rival, but in the name of all Europe, except, of course, Prussia, which was negotiating with France for Hanover. He would thus become a general arbitrator of the Continent. The powers concerned listened and finally agreed, but with certain reservations. This was the first step toward a coalition.

It was with a sanguine spirit that Alexander despatched his envoy in May to ask from the court at Berlin a safe-conduct into France, with which Russia had broken off diplomatic relations, rashly, as it now seemed. Napoleon received at Milan a letter from Frederick William notifying him of the circumstance. He replied in what appeared a conciliatory tone; but enumerated among other terms that any peace with England must bind her cabinet not to give asylum to the Bourbons, and compel them likewise to muzzle their wretched writers. «I have no ambition,» ran one clause; «twice I have evacuated the third of Europe without compulsion. I owe Russia no more explanation concerning Italian affairs than she does to me concerning those of Turkey and Persia.» These last words were to show how thoroughly he understood Alexander, whom he considered to be a man of boundless ambition, but uncertain and feeble. The news of what had been done with Genoa, Lucca, and Piombino reached St. Petersburg in due time, and emphasized the grim sincerity of the French Emperor.

As time passed by it was also claimed by him that the city of Naples was a focus of anti-French conspiracies, and that by the queen's influence Russia had occupied Corfu. The independence of Etruria, under the so-called protection of the French troops quartered in the kingdom, was already a phantom; that of Naples was, in spite of existing treaties, not

ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL. FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN-LOUIS-ANDRÉ-THÉODORE GÉRICAULT, IN THE LOUVRE.

A WOUNDED CUIRASSIER QUITTING THE FIELD.

more substantial. The king was the obedient servant of his masterful Austrian consort, Maria Carolina, who was the real ruler. She had been told in January that the existence of her power depended on her attitude. If she would dismiss her minister, Acton; expel the French emigrants; send home the English resident; recall her own from St. Petersburg; and muster out her militia,—in short, «show confidence in France,»—she might continue to reign. At Milan the Neapolitan representative who had come to present his mistress's congratulations was treated with the utmost indignity. No one could doubt that this foretold the speedy end of the Italian Bourbons, the last royal house in Italy connected by ties of blood with that of Austria, by interest with that of Russia. The Czar at once recalled his peace envoy from Berlin,—for he had not journeyed farther,—and immediately Russia

and Austria put aside their conflicting ambitions as to the Orient in order to meet their common enemy of the Occident before he could seize the whole of Italy. These natural foes could overlook the occupation of Hanover, the violation of neutral territory in Baden and Hamburg, the proclamation of the Western empire, even the execution of Enghien, with a host of minor aggressions, and continue their rivalry; but they could no longer do so when Austria felt Venice slipping from her grasp, and Alexander saw his Oriental ambitions forever defeated, as would be the case if, as rumor represented to be probable, Italy and the western shore of the Adriatic should fall into Napoleon's hands.

So evident was all this to the world that early in May the treaty between England and Russia, which had been signed as provisional, was already rumored to be definitive and binding. The French papers denied the report, and denounced it as another English snare; their St. Petersburg correspondence, written, of course, in their own Paris offices, declared that the coalition had collapsed. The Emperor still lingered in Italy, carefully observing and noting the Italian and Austrian dispositions. It was not until July that at last he hastened to Paris, leaving his stepson Beauharnais, the «Prince Eugène,» as viceroy at Milan. There was no longer any doubt as to the existence of the new coalition. England had failed in securing Prussia, for Hardenberg's influence was temporarily paramount, and he desired, by observing the old neutrality, to secure the consolidation of the Prussian territory through the acquisition of Hanover from the French.

Austria was in a serious dilemma. Relying first on the treaty of Lunéville, then on the preparations at Boulogne, as likely to assure a long peace, she had fallen into Napoleon's trap, and had begun a series of important army reforms. The old system had been abolished; but the new one, modeled on that of France, had not yet been perfected. There were only 40,000 men under arms, and artillery there was none. The Archduke Charles might well shrink from taking the field with such an insignificant armament. But England promised cash and Russia offered men in case the Emperor would fight at once. It was no slight inducement that Italy and perhaps Bavaria were to be won. Yes, more perhaps; for should Prussia fail to assert her neutrality, and declare for France, the house of Austria might retrieve its ancient prestige, and recover Silesia. On July 7 the cabinet yielded, and orders were given to mobilize the troops. General Mack, who enjoyed a swollen reputation as a great organizer, was intrusted with the task of making ready.

This was the condition of affairs, almost certainly known to Napoleon through his emissaries, at the time when he thought best to announce with unusual emphasis that the invasion of England was fixed for the middle of August. In April Nelson had finally been enticed to the West Indies, and Villeneuve, eluding him, had returned in May to European waters. Nelson, mistaking his enemy's destination, sailed in pursuit to Gibraltar; but one of his detached cruisers learned that the united French and Spanish squadrons were to meet at Ferrol, and by the middle of July the English admiralty was fully informed as to the whereabouts and plans of the French fleet. On the sixteenth of that month the Emperor issued orders for Villeneuve to unite the Spanish vessels with his own, and then to reinforce himself with the French squadrons of Rochefort and Brest, and appear in the Channel. On July 22 a British fleet under Calder met Villeneuve off Cape Finisterre in a dense fog. The former had fifteen ships of the line, the latter twenty, with seven frigates; but the numerical superiority of the French was offset by the comparatively excellent discipline and equipment of the English; and while Calder captured two Spanish vessels, the skirmish was really indecisive, since Villeneuve was not checked in his passage to Vigo. By August 2 Villeneuve had carried out his instructions, and, having touched at Vigo, found himself at the head of a Franco-Spanish fleet numbering no fewer than twenty-nine ships of the line, which were assembled in the harbors of Ferrol and Corunna.

But the hasty and inadequate equipment of the French navy had shown itself both in battle and in sailing the high seas. Villeneuve complained that he had «bad masts, bad sails, bad rigging, bad officers, bad sailors.» Conceiving himself to be only the tool of a feint, he lost the little enthusiasm he had, and became sullen. The hostile fleets, which had been temporarily thrown off the track, were now in Europe. Nelson had joined Admiral Cornwallis before Brest, and, leaving his best eight ships to strengthen both the guard and the blockading fleets, made for Portsmouth. Calder, too, had reinforced the blockaders, so that by August 17 there would be eighteen vessels before Ferrol; eighteen remained before Brest, while a third squadron, under Sterling, was cruising with five more, prepared to join either. Villeneuve was not ready for

sea until the 13th. Were his orders, in view of the changed situation, still valid? After an effort to beat northward against a violent storm the French admiral received false news from a merchant vessel that an English fleet of twenty-five sail was approaching. He thought himself in the exercise of due discretion when he turned and made for Cadiz. If not strictly, he was at least substantially, in the line of duty, for the Emperor's orders contained a clause authorizing him, in case of unforeseen casualties which materially altered the situation,—«which with God's help will not occur,»—to anchor in the harbor of Cadiz after liberating the squadrons of Rochefort and Brest.

This was, of course, an end to any demonstration in the Straits of Dover, even if the Emperor had been in earnest about the invasion, as he still appeared to be. The successive bulletins of disaster at sea found him at Boulogne. It was no feigned anger with which he received them. What a contrast between the efficiency of his land force and the utter incompetency of his shipbuilders, sailors, and naval officers! If he had really hoped to rival England by sea, this would have shown how futile was his expectation; if he had really hoped to throw an army on her soil under the momentary protection of his fleet, that project, too, was ended: but if at heart he despised that Revolutionary legacy, the «freedom of the seas and the invasion of England,» if he always intended to destroy Great Britain, not by direct attack on land or sea, but by isolating her through the destruction of her Continental allies, he might still be furious that his best efforts had resulted in so trivial a display, and that not only England, but her allies, would look upon this fiasco by sea as a presage of similar results in the coming land campaign. History must accept this dilemma: either England or France was the author of the Russian and Austrian alliance which brought in those wars that drenched European soil with human blood. Either Pitt, by his subsidies and diplomacy, turned an army intended for the invasion of England against his Continental allies, or else Napoleon taunted and exasperated them into a coalition for his own purposes. If the latter be true, then all the thousand indications that the French Emperor was never serious about the invasion are trustworthy—the rest is but the dust behind which he was manœuvering. His diplomacy, his stratagem, his own statements to this effect, his notorious Continental blockade, are all in perfect accord as coherent parts of one plan.

NAPOLEON'S GRAND ARMY AND GRAND STRATEGY.

THE first distribution of crosses after the institution of the Legion of Honor took place in July, 1804, with great pomp, at the Hospital of the Invalides; the second had occurred at Boulogne just a year later, when the «Little Corporal» had appeared among his men to distribute the coveted decorations with his own hands. So skilfully was the distribution managed that no man, however illiterate or mean, despaired of one day attaining the distinction of his favored comrades. The common soldiers and officers alike were thenceforward the Emperor's devoted slaves, and obeyed without question or murmur. Glory or profit, or both, were to be had in his service. They were therefore neither eager for the duty they believed was before them, nor the reverse, but, like fine machines, the companies, battalions, and half brigades performed their daily manœuvers of embarking, disembarking, landing, and making good their footing on the shore, while Napoleon from time to time swept the horizon with a field-glass.

Meanwhile his purposes were steadily realizing themselves. By the middle of July it was agreed with the King of Prussia that the French army of occupation in Hanover should be relieved by Prussian troops. This freed Napoleon from all fear of the 250,000 soldiers which Frederick the Great's successor could put into the field, a force considered throughout Europe to be quite equal in efficiency to that of France. On the 31st the Emperor wrote to Talleyrand that the Italian news was all for war; on August 2 the Paris newspapers began to abuse Austria and Russia in unmeasured terms; on the 12th the «Moniteur» summoned Austria to desist from arming, and threatened an advance of the great army at Boulogne from the ocean to Switzerland. Next day the Emperor wrote to Talleyrand that if the court at Vienna gave no heed to his demand, he would attack Austria, be in her capital by November, and thence advance against Russia. He instructed him to communicate this to the Austrian minister, and to have an answer from the Emperor Francis before the end of the month. This was but the culmination of a series of hints which had been repeatedly given in his private correspondence with both Talleyrand and Cambacérès.

On August 23 the declaration of war was composed and held in readiness. The same day Napoleon again wrote to Talleyrand that

his resolution was taken: if the fleet appeared in the Channel there was still time, and he would be master of England; if not, he would start for Germany. «I march to Vienna, and do not lay down my arms until I have Naples and Venice, and have so enlarged the territories of the Elector of Bavaria that I have nothing more to fear from Austria.» Two days later in the same correspondence he wrote, «The Austrians have no idea how quickly my 200,000 will pirouette.» On the 24th, Marmont received orders to hasten by forced marches from the Texel to Mainz; on the 27th marching orders were issued to the Army of England, the camp at Boulogne was broken up, and the swift columns were hurrying eastward before Europe understood what had happened. Duroc was already on his way to offer Hanover to Prussia as the price of a threatening demonstration against Austria. Bernadotte was to mass the army of occupation at Göttingen. Eugène was instructed to collect the troops from northern Italy under Masséna on the banks of the Adige, and Saint-Cyr to make ready for the occupation of Naples.

The merest layman can not only see the colossal proportions of this plan, but he must recognize as well the symmetry of its parts. It is a matter of opinion whether Napoleon devised it in the few days between the receipt of news that Villeneuve had failed him and the departure for Germany, or whether its combination was the result of a long-studied and carefully concealed design. Either hypothesis borders on the miraculous, and yet, paradoxical as it may appear, it requires less strain on one's reason to believe that both are in a measure correct; the test imposed on the navy having failed, the alternative which was long foreseen and always preferred became imperative. «Fesch,» said the Emperor one bright noon to the cardinal, interrupting a homily on politics, «do you see that star?» «No,» was the reply. «Well, then, as I alone can see it, I will go my own way and tolerate no remarks.» Such is the significant anecdote told by Marmont, and if its truth be not concrete, it is at least ideal.

The details of this wonderful march were as carefully foreseen as its line. So rapid was it that scouts and spies could scarcely outrun it with reports, and the newspapers were either without information or dared not print what they knew. It was a force of about 200,000 men which crossed the Rhine and passed through Hesse, Baden, and Würtemberg to crush the utterly disp[illegible]tionate and feeble Austrian army, reaching the Danube valley near Ulm early in October. It was the 3d of September before Francis declared war; on the 8th his forces, 60,000 strong, crossed the Inn; on the 21st they were on the Iller in sight of Ulm. It was not so much Bavaria that he had in mind, exasperated as she had been at Austria's attempts during the rearrangement of Germany to secure a good portion of her territory; it was always Italy for which the Danube empire was concerned. Her weight in the balance now depended on her keeping the Venetian lands. She had twice been humiliated from that side; she would take measures to prevent its reoccurrence. So it happened that she was slow and faltering in an advance which would not only put the Alps between her own two armies, but separate her van from her approaching auxiliaries.

The agreement with Russia was that her army, now on the borders of Galicia, and 80,000 strong, should enter Austria in three divisions, the first of which should reach the Inn on October 16. The veteran Archduke Charles was to command the main force in Italy; the youthful Archduke Ferdinand, under the direction of Mack as quartermaster-general, that in Germany. The organizing genius of Mack had apparently wrought a wonder in bringing any army worthy of the name into the field, and the worker of this miracle was proud and over-confident. Napoleon had made the acquaintance of this officer six years before while he was a prisoner of war at Paris, and considered him entirely mediocre—«likely to get a lesson if ever opposed to a first-rate French general.» Now that the two were matched the Emperor must have laughed in his sleeve, for he played with his adversary in a spirit of confident and amused assurance.

In order to apprehend Napoleon's supernal greatness it is essential at this period of his life to shut out of view the man and politician, and fix the eye again on the general; to see him, moreover, solely as a strategist. It may be said that he was for the first and last time unhampered. His political independence and personal popularity were alike secure. His army was the best in Europe, composed of young and well-drilled conscripts, who had been eighteen months under arms, with a large nucleus of trained veterans. Of the generals who commanded the seven corps destined for Germany only two, Augereau and Bernadotte, were over forty years of age. The Emperor himself, Soult, Lannes, and Ney were thirty-six, Davout was thirty-five, and Marmont only thirty-one. Of the division commanders one half were between thirty

FROM THE AQUARELLE BY GENERAL LEJEUNE, IN THE FRENCH WAR DEPARTMENT.

THE SURRENDER OF ULM, 1805.

The Austrians defiled before the French army and stacked arms. On the hillock to the left are seen Napoleon and his staff and Marshal Ney, and, behind them, the Grenadiers of the Guard, drawn up in line.

Without a serious fight the Austrians were overwhelmed. «If within a week,» ran the terms, «the auxiliary forces do not appear, the army of Ulm are prisoners of war: except the officers, who march out on parole.» On the 18th, Murat captured the division of Werneck at Nördlingen. In a personal interview between the Emperor and Mack on October 20, three days before the expiration of his term, the latter was wheedled into admitting the terms as already complete.

While the 23,000 Austrians went through the forms of surrender, Napoleon, as one of their officers wrote in his journal, «in the simplest garb, surrounded by his embroidered marshals, chatted with Mack and several of our generals, who, after laying down their arms, had been summoned to him. The Emperor, in the uniform of a common soldier, with a gray coat singed on the elbows and tails, a slouch hat without any badge of distinction on his head, his arms crossed behind his back, and warming himself at a camp-fire, conversed with vivacity, and made himself agreeable.»

An Austrian corps had started from Vienna to guard the crossing of the Inn; the Archduke John was advancing from the Tyrol; the Archduke Charles was holding the Adige. A month later all these were able to unite at Marburg in Styria; but they were reduced to assuming the defensive, and Mack's capitulation at Ulm was the virtual destruction of Austria's offensive power. For the moment the pride of Francis was crushed, since the safety of his capital depended not on its feeble garrison, but on the Russians, who had gathered on the Inn at Braunau and on the Enns at Wels. Almost immediately the French, who had «been gathered to strike,» were «separated to live,» as their commander's motto ran. Ten days later so great was the panic of their enemies that Braunau with all its stores fell into the hands of Lannes without a blow, and the van of the allies began a somewhat precipitate retreat toward the river Enns, the line which the Aulic Council at Vienna had determined to defend.

But Kutusoff, the Russian general, was not of the same mind, and prepared to abandon the defense of Vienna in order to secure, if possible, the support of the second division of his emperor's army, which was advancing under Buxhöwden from the frontier. Accordingly he crossed to the left bank of the Danube at Krems, and hastened northeastward toward Znaim, and thence toward Brünn, the capital of Moravia. Murat had been instructed to follow with his cavalry and hang on the enemy's skirts, harassing his retreat. Instead, he kept down the right bank of the Danube, hastening toward Vienna for the laurels he hoped to seize in occupying that undefended capital. «I cannot explain your behavior,» wrote Napoleon to his brother-in-law; «you have lost me two days, and thought only on the glory of entering Vienna. There is no glory where there is no danger.» In fact, an unsupported division under Mortier was caught by the Russians on the left bank and utterly destroyed. A victory won at Leoben by Ney over the Austrian division of Merveldt was unfortunately productive of no results, and left Napoleon's situation very difficult. There was nothing now possible but for Murat to secure the river at Vienna, cross with two army corps, and hurry backward toward the northwest to prevent Kutusoff from reaching Moravia. This order was obeyed.

Entering Vienna on the 13th, Murat hastened to the Tabor bridge, which he found all laid with combustibles ready to be set on fire by a garrison troop of Austrians who had retreated to the opposite shore. The danger was real and the crisis imminent.

Taking advantage of the fact that on the 3d the Emperor Francis had vainly endeavored to open negotiations with Napoleon, Murat declared to the Austrian commander what he knew to be an untruth—that an armistice had been concluded, and that there was still some prospect of peace. Bertrand fortified the statement by his word of honor; the Austrians withheld their torches, and the French crossed the bridge, while the victimized garrison drew back in the direction of Brünn. The union of the two Russian divisions with the remnants of the Austrian army was thus rendered doubtful, and their chances of defeating the reunited French were doubly uncertain. Napoleon's reputation as a strategist was saved in extremity. By another series of almost superhuman marches his main army reached Vienna on the next day, ready to follow on Murat's heels. On the 14th Napoleon's headquarters were established in the palace of Schönbrunn.

(To be continued.)

William M. Sloane.

DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL. ENGRAVED BY G. P. BARTLETT.

THE DEVOTION OF ENRIQUEZ.[1]

WITH PICTURES BY GILBERT GAUL.

IN a previous chronicle which dealt with the exploits of «Chu Chu,» a Californian mustang, I gave some space to the accomplishments of Enriquez Saltillo, who assisted me in training her, and who was also brother to Consuelo Saltillo, the young lady to whom I had freely given both the mustang and my youthful affections. I consider it a proof of the superiority of masculine friendship that neither the subsequent desertion of the mustang or the young lady ever made the slightest difference to Enriquez or me in our exalted amity. To a wondering doubt as to what I ever could possibly have seen in his sister to admire he joined a tolerant skepticism of the whole sex. This he was wont to express in that marvelous combination of Spanish precision and Californian slang for which he was justly famous. «As to thees women and their little game,» he would say, «believe me, my friend, your old Oncle 'Enry is not in it. No; he will ever take a back seat when lofe is around. For why? Regard me here! If she is a horse, you shall say, ‹She will buck-jump,› ‹She will ess-shy,› ‹She will not arrive,› or ‹She will arrive too quick.› But if it is thees women, where are you? For when you shall say, ‹She will ess-shy,› look you, she will walk straight; or she will remain tranquil when you think she buck-jump; or else she will arrive and, look you, you will not. You shall get left. It is ever so. My father and the brother of my father have both make court to my mother when she was but a señorita. My father think she have lofe his brother more. So he say to her: ‹It is enofe! Tranquilize yourself. I will go. I will efface myself. Adios! Shake hands! Ta-ta! So long! See you again in the fall.› And what make my mother? Regard me! She marry my father—on the instant! Of thees women, believe me, Pancho, you shall know nothing. Not even if they shall make you the son of your father or his nephew.»

I have recalled this characteristic speech to show the general tendency of Enriquez's convictions at the opening of this little story. It is only fair to say, however, that his usual attitude toward the sex he so cheerfully maligned exhibited little apprehension or caution in dealing with them. Among the frivolous and light-minded intermixture of his race he moved with great freedom and popularity. He danced well; when we went to fandangos together his agility and the audacity of his figures always procured him the prettiest partners, his professed sentiments, I presume, shielding him from subsequent jealousies, heartburnings, or envy. I have a vivid recollection of him in the mysteries of the *sembicuacua*, a somewhat corybantic dance which left much to the invention of the performers, and very little to the imagination of the spectator. In one of the figures a gaudy handkerchief, waved more or less gracefully by dancer and danseuse before the dazzled eyes of each other, acted as love's signal, and was used to express alternate admiration and indifference, shyness and audacity, fear and transport, coyness and coquetry, as the dance proceeded. I need not say that Enriquez's pantomimic illustration of these emotions was peculiarly extravagant; but it was always performed and accepted with a gravity that was an essential feature of the dance. At such times sighs would escape him which were supposed to portray the incipient stages of passion; snorts of jealousy burst from him at the suggestion of a rival; he was overtaken by a sort of St. Vitus's dance that expressed his timidity in making the first advances of affection; the scorn of his lady-love struck him with something like a dumb ague; and a single gesture of invitation from her produced marked delirium. All this was very like Enriquez; but on the particular occasion to which I refer, I think no one was prepared to see him begin the figure with the waving of *four* handkerchiefs! Yet this he did, pirouetting, caper-

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DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

AT THE BALL.

ing, brandishing his silken signals like a ballerina's scarf in the languishment or fire of passion, until, in a final figure, where the conquered and submitting fair one usually sinks into the arms of her partner, need it be said that the ingenious Enriquez was found in the center of the floor supporting four of the dancers! Yet he was by no means unduly excited either by the plaudits of the crowd or by his evident success with the fair. «Ah, believe me, it is nothing,» he said quietly, rolling a fresh cigarette as he leaned against the doorway. «Possibly I shall have to offer the chocolate or the wine to thees girls, or make to them a promenade in the moonlight on the veranda. It is ever so. Unless, my friend,» he said, suddenly turning toward me in an excess of chivalrous self-abnegation, «unless you shall yourself take my place. Behold, I gif them to you! I vamos! I vanish! I make track! I skedaddle!» I think he would have carried his extravagance to the point of summoning his four gipsy witches of partners, and committing them to my care, if the crowd had not at that moment parted before the remaining dancers, and left one of the onlookers, a tall, slender girl, calmly surveying them through gold-rimmed eye-glasses in complete critical absorption. I stared in amazement and consternation; for I recognized in the fair stranger Miss Urania Mannersley, the Congregational minister's niece!

Everybody knew Rainie Mannersley throughout the length and breadth of the Encinal. She was at once the envy and the goad of the daughters of those Southwestern and Eastern immigrants who had settled in the valley. She was correct, she was critical, she was faultless and observant. She was proper, yet independent; she was highly educated; she was suspected of knowing Latin and Greek; she even spelled correctly! She could wither the plainest field nosegay in the hands of other girls by giving the flowers their botanical names. She never said, «Ain't you?» but «Are n't you?» She looked upon «Did I which?» as an incomplete and imperfect form of «What did I do?» She quoted from Browning and Tennyson, and was believed to have read them. She was from Boston. What could she possibly be doing at a free-and-easy fandango?

Even if these facts were not already familiar to every one there, her outward appearance would have attracted attention. Contrasted with the gorgeous red, black, and yellow skirts of the dancers, her plain, tightly fitting gown and hat, all of one delicate gray, were sufficiently notable in themselves, even had they not seemed, like the girl herself, a kind of quiet protest to the glaring flounces before her. Her small, straight waist and flat back brought into greater relief the corsetless, waistless, swaying figures of the Mexican girls; and her long, slim, well-booted feet, peeping from the stiff, white edges of her short skirt, made their broad, low-quartered slippers, held on by the big toe, appear more preposterous than ever. Suddenly she seemed to realize that she was standing there alone, but without fear or embarrassment. She drew back a little, glanced carelessly behind her as if missing some previous companion, and then her eyes fell upon mine. She smiled an easy recognition; then, a moment later, her glance rested more curiously upon Enriquez, who was still by my side. I disengaged myself and instantly joined her, particularly as I noticed that a few of the other bystanders were beginning to stare at her with little reserve.

«Is n't it the most extraordinary thing you ever saw?» she said quietly. Then, presently noticing the look of embarrassment on my face, she went on, more by way of conversation than of explanation: «I just left uncle making a call on a parishioner next door, and was going home with Jocasta [a peon servant of her uncle's], when I heard the music, and dropped in. I don't know what has become of her,» she added, glancing round the room again; «she seemed perfectly wild when she saw that creature over there bounding about with his handkerchiefs. You were speaking to him just now. Do tell me—is he real?»

«I should think there was little doubt of that,» I said, with a vague laugh.

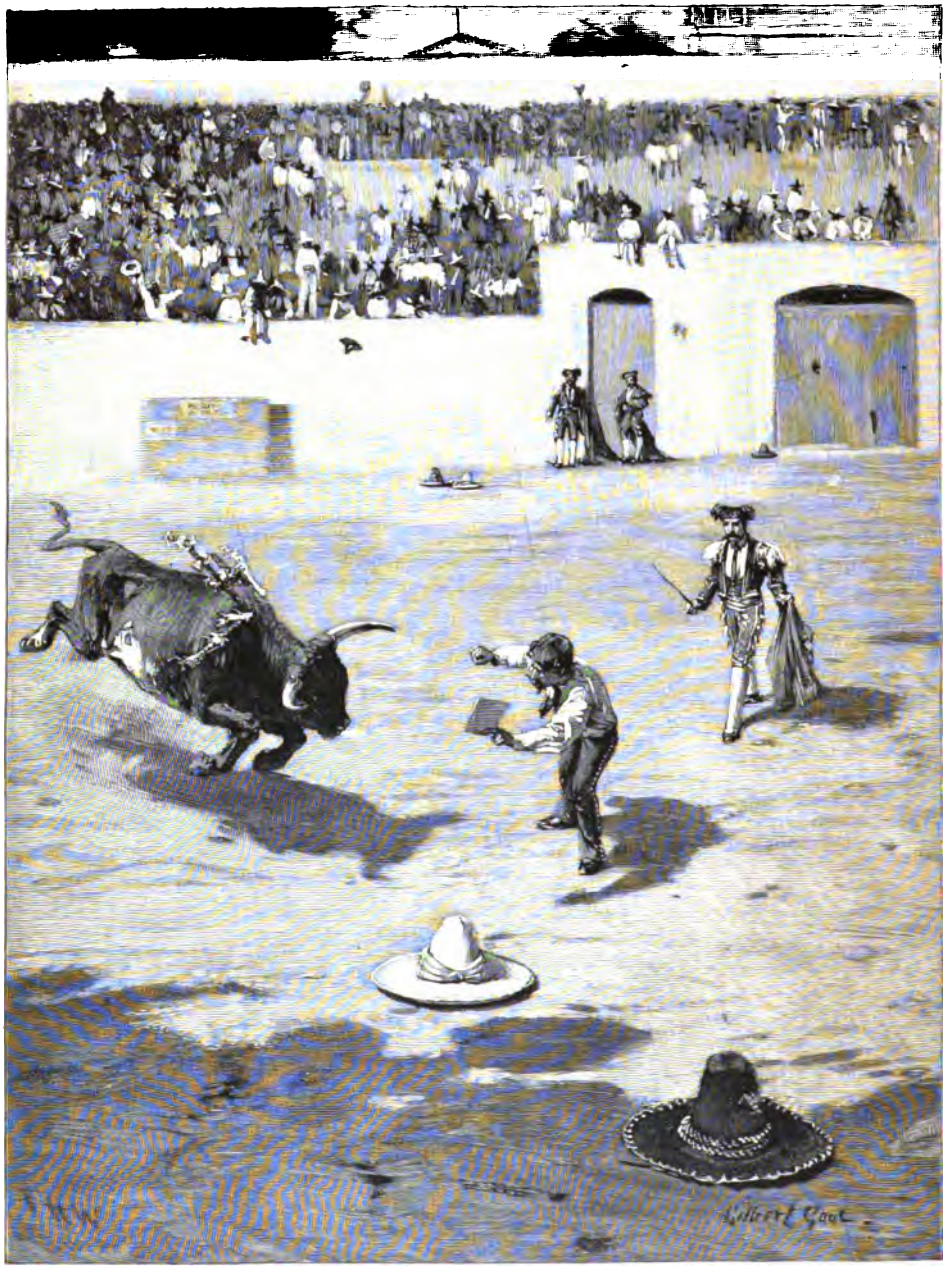
«You know what I mean,» she said simply. «Is he quite sane? Does he do that because he likes it, or is he paid for it?»

This was too much. I pointed out somewhat hurriedly that he was a scion of one of the oldest Castilian families, that the performance was a national gipsy dance which he had joined in as a patriot and a patron, and that he was my dearest friend. At the same time I was conscious that I wished she had n't seen his last performance.

«You don't mean to say that all that he did was in the dance?» she said. «I don't believe it. It was only like him.» As I hesitated over this palpable truth, she went on: «I do wish he 'd do it again. Don't you think you could make him?»

«Perhaps he might if *you* asked him,» I said a little maliciously.

«Of course I should n't do that,» she re-



DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL. ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

ENRIQUEZ IN THE RING.

turned quietly. «All the same, I do believe he is really going to do it—or something else. Do look!»

I looked, and to my horror saw that Enriquez, possibly incited by the delicate gold eye-glasses of Miss Mannersley, had divested himself of his coat, and was winding the four handkerchiefs, tied together, picturesquely around his waist, preparatory to some new performance. I tried furtively to give him a warning look, but in vain.

«Is n't he really too absurd for anything?» said Miss Mannersley, yet with a certain comfortable anticipation in her voice. «You know, I never saw anything like this before. I would n't have believed such a creature could have existed.»

Even had I succeeded in warning him, I

doubt if it would have been of any avail. For, seizing a guitar from one of the musicians, he struck a few chords, and suddenly began to zigzag into the center of the floor, swaying his body languishingly from side to side in time with the music and the pitch of a thin Spanish tenor. It was a gipsy love-song. Possibly Miss Mannersley's lingual accomplishments did not include a knowledge of Castilian, but she could not fail to see that the gestures and illustrative pantomime were addressed to her. Passionately assuring her that she was the most favored daughter of the Virgin, that her eyes were like votive tapers, and yet in the same breath accusing her of being a «brigand» and «assassin» in her attitude toward «his heart,» he balanced with quivering timidity toward her, threw an imaginary cloak in front of her neat boots as a carpet for her to tread on, and with a final astonishing pirouette and a languishing twang of his guitar, sank on one knee, and blew, with a rose, a kiss at her feet.

If I had been seriously angry with him before for his grotesque extravagance, I could have pitied him now for the young girl's absolute unconsciousness of anything but his utter ludicrousness. The applause of dancers and bystanders was instantaneous and hearty; her only contribution to it was a slight parting of her thin red lips in a half-incredulous smile. In the silence that followed the applause, as Enriquez walked pantingly away, I heard her saying, half to herself, «Certainly a most extraordinary creature!» In my indignation I could not help turning suddenly upon her and looking straight into her eyes. They were brown, with that peculiar velvet opacity common to the pupils of near-sighted persons, and seemed to defy internal scrutiny. She only repeated carelessly, «Is n't he?» and added: «Please see if you can find Jocasta. I suppose we ought to be going now; and I dare say he won't be doing it again. Ah! there she is. Good gracious, child! what have you got there?»

It was Enriquez's rose, which Jocasta had picked up, and was timidly holding out toward her mistress.

«Heavens! I don't want it. Keep it yourself.»

I walked with them to the door, as I did not fancy a certain glitter in the black eyes of the Señoritas Manuela and Pepita, who were watching her curiously. But I think she was as oblivious of this as she was of Enriquez's particular attentions. As we reached the street I felt that I ought to say something more.

«You know,» I began casually, «that although those poor people meet here in this public way, their gathering is really quite a homely pastoral and a national custom; and these girls are all honest, hard-working peons or servants enjoying themselves in quite the old idyllic fashion.»

«Certainly,» said the young girl, half abstractedly. «Of course it 's a Moorish dance, originally brought over, I suppose, by those old Andalusian immigrants two hundred years ago. It 's quite Arabic in its suggestions. I have got something like it in an old cancionero I picked up at a book-stall in Boston. But,» she added, with a gasp of reminiscent satisfaction, «that 's not he. Oh, no! he is decidedly original. Heavens! yes.»

I turned away in some discomfiture to join Enriquez, who was calmly awaiting me, with a cigarette in his mouth, outside the sala. Yet he looked so unconscious of any previous absurdity that I hesitated in what I thought was a necessary warning. He, however, quickly precipitated it. Glancing after the retreating figures of the two women, he said, «Thees mees from Boston is return to her house. You do not accompany her? I shall. Behold me—I am there.» But I linked my arm firmly in his. Then I pointed out, first, that she was already accompanied by a servant; secondly, that if I, who knew her, had hesitated to offer myself as an escort, it was hardly proper for him, a perfect stranger, to take that liberty; that Miss Mannersley was very punctilious of etiquette, which he, as a Castilian gentleman, ought to appreciate.

«But will she not regard lofe—the admiration—excessif?» he said, twirling his thin little mustache meditatively.

«No; she will not,» I returned sharply; «and you ought to understand that she is on a different level from your Manuelas and Carmens.»

«Pardon, my friend,» he said gravely; «thees women are ever the same. There is a proverb in my language. Listen: ‹Whether the sharp blade of the Toledo pierce the satin or the goatskin, it shall find behind it ever the same heart to wound.› I am that Toledo blade—or possibly it is you, my friend. Wherefore, let us together pursue this girl of Boston on the instant.»

But I kept my grasp on Enriquez's arm, and succeeded in restraining his mercurial impulses for the moment. He halted, and puffed vigorously at his cigarette; but the next instant he started forward again. «Let us, however, follow with discretion in the rear: we shall pass the house; we shall gaze at it; it shall touch her heart.»

Ridiculous as was this following of the young girl we had just parted from in point of fact, I knew that Enriquez was quite capable of attempting it alone, and I thought it better to humor him by consenting to walk with him in that direction; but I felt it necessary to say:

«I ought to warn you that Miss Mannersley already looks upon your performances at the sala as something outré and peculiar, and if I were you I should n't do anything to deepen that impression.»

«You are saying she ees shock?» said Enriquez, gravely.

I felt I could not conscientiously say that she was shocked, and he saw my hesitation. «Then she have jealousy of the master,» he suggested, with insufferable complacency. «You observe! I have already said. It is ever so.»

I could stand it no longer. «Look here, Harry,» I said, «if you must know it, she looks upon you as an acrobat—a paid performer.»

«Ah!»—his black eyes sparkled—«the *torero*, the man who fight the bull, he is also an acrobat.»

«Yes; but she thinks you a clown,—a *gracioso de teatro*,—there!»

«Then I have make her laugh?» he said coolly.

I don't think he had; but I shrugged my shoulders.

«Bueno!» he said cheerfully. «Lofe, he begin with a laugh, he make feenish with a sigh.»

I turned to look at him in the moonlight. His face presented its habitual Spanish gravity—a gravity that was almost ironical. His small black eyes had their characteristic irresponsible audacity—the irresponsibility of the vivacious young animal. It could not be possible that he was really touched with the placid frigidities of Miss Mannersley. I remembered his equally elastic gallantries with Miss Pinky Smith, a blonde Western belle, from which both had harmlessly rebounded. As we walked on slowly I continued more persuasively: «Of course this is only your nonsense; but don't you see, Miss Mannersley thinks it all in earnest and really your nature?» I hesitated, for it suddenly struck me that it was really his nature. «And—hang it all!—you don't want her to believe you a common buffoon, or some intoxicated *muchacho*.»

«Intoxicated?» repeated Enriquez, with exasperating languishment. «Yes; that is the word that shall express itself. My friend, you have made a shot in the center—you have ring the bell every time! It is intoxication—but not of *aguardiente*. Look! I have long time an ancestor of whom is a pretty story. One day in church he have seen a young girl—a mere peasant girl—pass to the confessional. He look her in her eye, he stagger,»—here Enriquez wobbled pantomimically into the road,—«he fall!»—he would have suited the action to the word if I had not firmly held him up. «They have take him home, where he have remain without his clothes, and have dance and sing. But it was the drunkenness of lofe. And, look you, thees village girl is a nothing, not even pretty. The name of my ancestor was—»

«Don Quixote de la Mancha,» I suggested maliciously. «I suspected as much. Come along. That will do.»

«My ancestor's name,» continued Enriquez, gravely, «was Antonio Hermenegildo de Salvatierra, which is not the same. Thees Don Quixote of whom you speak exist not at all.»

«Never mind. Only, for heaven's sake, as we are nearing the house, don't make a fool of yourself again.»

It was a wonderful moonlight night. The deep redwood porch of the Mannersley parsonage, under the shadow of a great oak,—the largest in the Encinal,—was diapered in black and silver. As the women stepped upon the porch their shadows were silhouetted against the door. Miss Mannersley paused for an instant, and turned to give a last look at the beauty of the night as Jocasta entered. Her glance fell upon us as we passed. She nodded carelessly and unaffectedly to me, but as she recognized Enriquez she looked a little longer at him with her previous cold and invincible curiosity. To my horror Enriquez began instantly to affect a slight tremulousness of gait and a difficulty of breathing; but I gripped his arm savagely, and managed to get him past the house as the door closed finally on the young lady.

«You do not comprehend, friend Pancho,» he said gravely, «but those eye in their glass are as the *espejo ustorio*, the burning mirror. They burn, they consume me here like paper. Let us affix to ourselves thees tree. She will, without doubt, appear at her window. We shall salute her for good-night.»

«We will do nothing of the kind,» I said sharply. Finding that I was determined, he permitted me to lead him away. I was delighted to notice, however, that he had indicated the window which I knew was the minister's study, and that as the bedrooms were in the rear of the house, this later incident was probably not overseen by the

young lady or the servant. But I did not part from Enriquez until I saw him safely back to the sala, where I left him sipping chocolate, his arm alternating around the waists of his two previous partners in a delightful Arcadian and childlike simplicity, and an apparent utter forgetfulness of Miss Mannersley.

The fandangos were usually held on Saturday night, and the next day, being Sunday, I missed Enriquez; but as he was a devout Catholic I remembered that he was at mass in the morning, and possibly at the bull-fight at San Antonio in the afternoon. But I was somewhat surprised on the Monday morning following, as I was crossing the plaza, to have my arm taken by the Rev. Mr. Mannersley in the nearest approach to familiarity that was consistent with the reserve of this eminent divine. I looked at him inquiringly. Although scrupulously correct in attire, his features always had a singular resemblance to the national caricature known as «Uncle Sam,» but with the humorous expression left out. Softly stroking his goatee with three fingers, he began condescendingly: «You are, I think, more or less familiar with the characteristics and customs of the Spanish as exhibited by the settlers here.» A thrill of apprehension went through me. Had he heard of Enriquez's proceedings? Had Miss Mannersley cruelly betrayed him to her uncle? «I have not given that attention myself to their language and social peculiarities,» he continued, with a large wave of the hand, «being much occupied with a study of their religious beliefs and superstitions [it struck me that this was apt to be a common fault of people of the Mannersley type]; but I have refrained from a personal discussion of them; on the contrary, I have held somewhat broad views on the subject of their remarkable missionary work, and have suggested a scheme of coöperation with them, quite independent of doctrinal teaching, to my brethren of other Protestant Christian sects. These views I first incorporated in a sermon last Sunday week, which I am told has created considerable attention.» He stopped and coughed slightly. «I have not yet heard from any of the Roman clergy, but I am led to believe that my remarks were not ungrateful to Catholics generally.»

I was relieved, although still in some wonder why he should address me on this topic. I had a vague remembrance of having heard that he had said something on Sunday which had offended some Puritans of his flock, but nothing more. He continued: «I have just said that I was unacquainted with the characteristics of the Spanish-American race. I presume, however, they have the impulsiveness of their Latin origin. They gesticulate—eh? They express their gratitude, their joy, their affection, their emotions generally, by spasmodic movements? They naturally dance—sing—eh?» A horrible suspicion crossed my mind; I could only stare helplessly at him. «I see,» he said graciously; «perhaps it is a somewhat general question. I will explain myself. A rather singular occurrence happened to me the other night. I had returned from visiting a parishioner, and was alone in my study, reviewing my sermon for the next day. It must have been quite late before I concluded, for I distinctly remember my niece had returned with her servant fully an hour before. Presently I heard the sounds of a musical instrument in the road, with the accents of some one singing or rehearsing some metrical composition in words that, although couched in a language foreign to me, in expression and modulation gave me the impression of being distinctly adulatory. For some little time, in the greater preoccupation of my task, I paid little attention to the performance; but its persistency at length drew me in no mere idle curiosity to the window. From thence, standing in my dressing-gown, and believing myself unperceived, I noticed under the large oak in the roadside the figure of a young man, who, by the imperfect light, appeared to be of Spanish extraction. But I evidently miscalculated my own invisibility; for he moved rapidly forward as I came to the window, and in a series of the most extraordinary pantomimic gestures saluted me. Beyond my experience of a few Greek plays in earlier days, I confess I am not an adept in the understanding of gesticulation; but it struck me that the various phases of gratitude, fervor, reverence, and exaltation were successively portrayed. He placed his hands upon his head, his heart, and even clasped them together in this manner.» To my consternation the reverend gentleman here imitated Enriquez's most extravagant pantomime. «I am willing to confess,» he continued, «that I was singularly moved by them, as well as by the highly creditable and Christian interest that evidently produced them. At last I opened the window. Leaning out, I told him that I regretted that the lateness of the hour prevented any further response from me than a grateful though hurried acknowledgment of his praiseworthy emotion, but that I should be glad to see him for a few moments in the vestry before service the next day, or at early candle-light, before the meeting of the Bible

class. I told him that as my sole purpose had been the creation of an evangelical brotherhood and the exclusion of merely doctrinal views, nothing could be more gratifying to me than his spontaneous and unsolicited testimony to my motives. He appeared for an instant to be deeply affected, and, indeed, quite overcome with emotion, and then gracefully retired, with some agility and a slight saltatory movement.»

He paused. A sudden and overwhelming idea took possession of me, and I looked impulsively into his face. Was it possible that for once Enriquez's ironical extravagance had been understood, met, and vanquished by a master hand? But the Rev. Mr. Mannersley's self-satisfied face betrayed no ambiguity or lurking humor. He was evidently in earnest; he had complacently accepted for himself the abandoned Enriquez's serenade to his niece. I felt a hysterical desire to laugh, but it was checked by my companion's next words.

«I informed my niece of the occurrence in the morning at breakfast. She had not heard anything of the strange performance, but she agreed with me as to its undoubted origin in a grateful recognition of my liberal efforts toward his coreligionists. It was she, in fact, who suggested that your knowledge of these people might corroborate my impressions.»

I was dumfounded. Had Miss Mannersley, who must have recognized Enriquez's hand in this, concealed the fact in a desire to shield him? But this was so inconsistent with her utter indifference to him, except as a grotesque study, that she would have been more likely to tell her uncle all about his previous performance. Nor could it be that she wished to conceal her visit to the fandango. She was far too independent for that, and it was even possible that the reverend gentleman, in his desire to know more of Enriquez's compatriots, would not have objected. In my confusion I meekly added my conviction to hers, congratulated him upon his evident success, and slipped away. But I was burning with a desire to see Enriquez and know all. He was imaginative, but not untruthful. Unfortunately, I learned that he was just then following one of his erratic impulses, and had gone to a rodeo at his cousin's, in the foothills, where he was alternately exercising his horsemanship in catching and breaking wild cattle, and delighting his relatives with his incomparable grasp of the American language and customs, and of the airs of a young man of fashion. Then my thoughts recurred to Miss Mannersley. Had she really been oblivious that night to Enriquez's serenade? I resolved to find out, if I could, without betraying Enriquez. Indeed, it was possible, after all, that it might not have been he.

Chance favored me. The next evening I was at a party where Miss Mannersley, by reason of her position and quality, was a distinguished—I had almost written a popular—guest. But, as I have formerly stated, although the youthful fair of the Encinal were flattered by her casual attentions, and secretly admired her superior style and aristocratic calm, they were more or less uneasy under the dominance of her intelligence and education, and were afraid to attempt either confidence or familiarity. They were also singularly jealous of her, for although the average young man was equally afraid of her cleverness and candor, he was not above paying a tremulous and timid court to her for its effect upon her humbler sisters. This evening she was surrounded by her usual satellites, including, of course, the local notables and special guests of distinction. She had been discussing, I think, the existence of glaciers on Mount Shasta with a spectacled geologist, and had participated with charming frankness in a conversation on anatomy with the local doctor and a learned professor, when she was asked to take a seat at the piano. She played with remarkable skill and wonderful precision, but coldly and brilliantly. As she sat there in her subdued but perfectly fitting evening dress, her regular profile and short but slender neck firmly set upon her high shoulders, exhaling an atmosphere of refined puritanism and provocative intelligence, the utter incongruity of Enriquez's extravagant attentions if ironical, and their equal hopelessness if not, seemed to me plainer than ever. What had this well-poised, coldly observant spinster to do with that quaintly ironic ruffler, that romantic cynic, that rowdy Don Quixote, that impossible Enriquez? Presently she ceased playing. Her slim, narrow slipper, revealing her thin ankle, remained upon the pedal; her delicate fingers were resting idly on the keys; her head was slightly thrown back, and her narrow eyebrows prettily knit toward the ceiling in an effort of memory.

«Something of Chopin's,» suggested the geologist, ardently.

«That exquisite sonata!» pleaded the doctor.

«Suthin' of Rubinstein. Heard him once,» said a gentleman of Siskiyou. «He just made that pianner get up and howl. Play Rube.»

She shook her head with parted lips and

a slight touch of girlish coquetry in her manner. Then her fingers suddenly dropped upon the keys with a glassy tinkle; there were a few quick pizzicato chords, down went the low pedal with a monotonous strumming, and she presently began to hum to herself. I started,—as well I might,—for I recognized one of Enriquez's favorite and most extravagant guitar solos. It was audacious; it was barbaric; it was, I fear, vulgar. As I remembered it,—as he sang it,—it recounted the adventures of one Don Francisco, a provincial gallant and roisterer of the most objectionable type. It had one hundred and four verses, which Enriquez never spared me. I shuddered as in a pleasant, quiet voice the correct Miss Mannersley warbled in musical praise of the *pellejo*, or wine-skin, and a eulogy of the dice-box came caressingly from her thin red lips. But the company was far differently affected: the strange, wild air and wilder accompaniment were evidently catching; people moved toward the piano; somebody whistled the air from a distant corner; even the faces of the geologist and doctor brightened.

«A tarantella, I presume?» blandly suggested the doctor.

Miss Mannersley stopped, and rose carelessly from the piano. «It is a Moorish gipsy song of the fifteenth century,» she said dryly.

«It seemed sorter familiar, too,» hesitated one of the young men, timidly, «like as if—don't you know?—you had without knowing it, don't you know?»— he blushed slightly—«sorter picked it up somewhere.»

«I ‹picked it up,› as you call it, in the collection of medieval manuscripts of the Harvard Library, and copied it,» returned Miss Mannersley, coldly, as she turned away.

But I was not inclined to let her off so easily. I presently made my way to her side. «Your uncle was complimentary enough to consult me as to the meaning of the appearance of a certain exuberant Spanish visitor at his house the other night.» I looked into her brown eyes, but my own slipped off her velvety pupils without retaining anything. Then she reinforced her gaze with a pince-nez, and said carelessly:

«Oh, it 's you? How are you? Well, could you give him any information?»

«Only generally,» I returned, still looking into her eyes. «These people are impulsive. The Spanish blood is a mixture of gold and quicksilver.»

She smiled slightly. «That reminds me of your volatile friend. He was mercurial enough, certainly. Is he still dancing?»

«And singing sometimes,» I responded pointedly. But she only added casually, «A singular creature,» without exhibiting the least consciousness, and drifted away, leaving me none the wiser. I felt that Enriquez alone could enlighten me. I must see him.

I did, but not in the way I expected. There was a bull-fight at San Antonio the next Saturday afternoon, the usual Sunday performance being changed in deference to the Sabbatical habits of the Americans. An additional attraction was offered in the shape of a bull and bear fight, also a concession to American taste, which had voted the bull-fight «slow,» and had averred that the bull «did not get a fair show.» I am glad that I am able to spare the reader the usual realistic horrors, for in the Californian performances there was very little of the brutality that distinguished this function in the mother country. The horses were not miserable, worn-out hacks, but young and alert mustangs; and the display of horsemanship by the picadors was not only wonderful, but secured an almost absolute safety to horse and rider. I never saw a horse gored; although unskilful riders were sometimes thrown in wheeling quickly to avoid the bull's charge, they generally regained their animals without injury.

The Plaza de Toros was reached through the decayed and tile-strewn outskirts of an old Spanish village. It was a rudely built, oval amphitheater, with crumbling, whitewashed adobe walls, and roofed only over portions of the gallery reserved for the provincial «notables,» but now occupied by a few shopkeepers and their wives, with a sprinkling of American travelers and ranchmen. The impalpable adobe-dust of the arena was being whirled into the air by the strong onset of the afternoon trade-winds, which happily, however, helped also to dissipate a reek of garlic, and the acrid fumes of cheap tobacco, rolled in corn-husk cigarettes. I was leaning over the second barrier, waiting for the meager and circus-like procession to enter with the keys of the bull-pen, when my attention was attracted to a movement in the reserved gallery. A lady and gentleman of a quality that was evidently unfamiliar to the rest of the audience were picking their way along the rickety benches to a front seat. I recognized the geologist with some surprise, and the lady he was leading with still greater astonishment. For it was Miss Mannersley, in her precise, well-fitting walking-costume—a monotone of sober color among the party-colored audience.

However, I was perhaps less surprised than the audience, for I was not only becoming as

accustomed to the young girl's vagaries as I had been to Enriquez's extravagance; but I was also satisfied that her uncle might have given her permission to come, as a recognition of the Sunday concession of the management, as well as to conciliate his supposed Catholic friends. I watched her sitting there until the first bull had entered, and, after a rather brief play with the picadors and banderilleros, was despatched. At the moment when the matador approached the bull with his lethal weapon I was not sorry for an excuse to glance at Miss Mannersley. Her hands were in her lap, her head slightly bent forward over her knees. I fancied that she, too, had dropped her eyes before the brutal situation; to my horror I saw that she had a drawing-book in her hand, and was actually sketching it. I turned my eyes in preference to the dying bull.

The second animal led out for this ingenious slaughter was, however, more sullen, uncertain, and discomposing to his butchers. He accepted the irony of a trial with gloomy, suspicious eyes, and he declined the challenge of whirling and insulting picadors. He bristled with banderillas like a hedgehog, but remained with his haunches backed against the barrier, at times almost hidden in the fine dust raised by the monotonous stroke of his sullenly pawing hoof—his one dull, heavy protest. A vague uneasiness had infected his adversaries; the picadors held aloof, the banderilleros skirmished at a safe distance. The audience resented only the indecision of the bull. Galling epithets were flung at him, followed by cries of «Espada!» and, curving his elbow under his short cloak, the matador, with his flashing blade in hand, advanced and —stopped. The bull remained motionless.

For at that moment a heavier gust of wind than usual swept down upon the arena, lifted a suffocating cloud of dust, and whirled it around the tiers of benches and balcony, and for a moment seemed to stop the performance. I heard an exclamation from the geologist, who had risen to his feet. I fancied I heard even a faint cry from Miss Mannersley; but the next moment, as the dust was slowly settling, we saw a sheet of paper in the air, that had been caught up in this brief cyclone, dropping, dipping from side to side on uncertain wings, until it slowly descended in the very midde of the arena. It was a leaf from Miss Mannersley's sketch-book, the one on which she had been sketching.

In the pause that followed it seemed to be the one object that at last excited the bull's growing but tardy ire. He glanced at it with murky, distended eyes; he snorted at it with vague yet troubled fury. Whether he detected his own presentment in Miss Mannersley's sketch, or whether he recognized it as an unknown and unfamiliar treachery in his surroundings, I could not conjecture; for the next moment the matador, taking advantage of the bull's concentration, with a complacent leer at the audience, advanced toward the paper. But at that instant a young man cleared the barrier into the arena with a single bound, shoved the matador to one side, caught up the paper, turned toward the balcony and Miss Mannersley with a gesture of apology, dropped gaily before the bull, knelt down before him with an exaggerated humility, and held up the drawing as if for his inspection. A roar of applause broke from the audience, a cry of warning and exasperation from the attendants, as the goaded bull suddenly charged the stranger. But he sprang to one side with great dexterity, made a courteous gesture to the matador as if passing the bull over to him, and, still holding the paper in his hand, releaped the barrier, and rejoined the audience in safety. I did not wait to see the deadly, dominant thrust with which the matador received the charging bull; my eyes were following the figure now bounding up the steps to the balcony, where with an exaggerated salutation he laid the drawing in Miss Mannersley's lap and vanished. There was no mistaking that thin, lithe form, the narrow black mustache, and gravely dancing eyes. The audacity of conception, the extravagance of execution, the quaint irony of the sequel, could belong to no one but Enriquez.

I hurried up to her as the six yoked mules dragged the carcass of the bull away. She was placidly putting up her book, the unmoved focus of a hundred eager and curious eyes. She smiled slightly as she saw me. «I was just telling Mr. Briggs what an extraordinary creature it was, and how you knew him. He must have had great experience to do that sort of thing so cleverly and safely. Does he do it often? Of course, not just that. But does he pick up cigars and things that I see they throw to the matador? Does he belong to the management? Mr. Briggs thinks the whole thing was a feint to distract the bull,» she added, with a wicked glance at the geologist, who, I fancied, looked disturbed.

«I am afraid,» I said dryly, «that his act was as unpremeditated and genuine as it was unusual.»

«Why afraid?»

It was a matter-of-fact question, but I instantly saw my mistake. What right had I to assume that Enriquez's attentions were any

more genuine than her own easy indifference; and if I suspected that they were, was it fair in me to give my friend away to this heartless coquette? «You are not very gallant,» she said, with a slight laugh, as I was hesitating, and turned away with her escort before I could frame a reply. But at least Enriquez was now accessible, and I should gain some information from him. I knew where to find him, unless he were still lounging about the building, intent upon more extravagance; but I waited until I saw Miss Mannersley and Briggs depart without further interruption.

The hacienda of Ramon Saltillo, Enriquez's cousin, was on the outskirts of the village. When I arrived there I found Enriquez's pinto mustang steaming in the corral, and, although I was momentarily delayed by the servants at the gateway, I was surprised to find Enriquez himself lying languidly on his back in a hammock in the patio. His arms were hanging down listlessly on each side as if in the greatest prostration, yet I could not resist the impression that the rascal had only just got into the hammock when he heard of my arrival.

«You have arrive, friend Pancho, in time,» he said in accents of exaggerated weakness. «I am absolutely exhaust. I am bursted, caved in, kerflummoxed. I have behold you, my friend, at the barrier. I speak not, I make no sign at the first, because I was on fire; I speak not at the feenish—for I am exhaust.»

«I see; the bull made it lively for you.»

He instantly bounded up in the hammock. «The bull! Caramba! Not a thousand bulls! And thees one, look you, was a craven. I snap my fingers over his horn; I roll my cigarette under his nose.»

«Well, then—what was it?»

He instantly lay down again, pulling up the sides of the hammock. Presently his voice came from its depths, appealing in hollow tones to the sky. «He asks me—thees friend of my soul, thees brother of my life, thees Pancho that I lofe—what it was? He would that I should tell him why I am game in the legs, why I shake in the hand, crack in the voice, and am generally wipe out! And yet he, my pardner—thees Francisco—know that I have seen the mees from Boston! That I have gaze into the eye, touch the hand, and for the instant possess the picture that hand have drawn! It was a sublime picture, Pancho,» he said, sitting up again suddenly, «and have kill the bull before our friend Pepe's sword have touch even the bone of hees back and make finish of him.»

«Look here, Enriquez,» I said bluntly, «have you been serenading that girl?»

He shrugged his shoulders without the least embarrassment, and said: «Ah, yes. What would you? It is of a necessity.»

«Well,» I retorted, «then you ought to know that her uncle took it all to himself—thought you some grateful Catholic pleased with his religious tolerance.»

He did not even smile. «Bueno,» he said gravely. «That make something, too. In thees affair it is well to begin with the duenna. He is the duenna.»

«And,» I went on relentlessly, «her escort told her just now that your exploit in the bull-ring was only a trick to divert the bull, suggested by the management.»

«Bah! her escort is a geologian. Naturally, she is to him as a stone.»

I would have continued, but a peon interrupted us at this moment with a sign to Enriquez, who leaped briskly from the hammock, bidding me wait his return from a messenger in the gateway.

Still unsatisfied of mind, I waited, and sat down in the hammock that Enriquez had quitted. A scrap of paper was lying in its meshes, which at first appeared to be of the kind from which Enriquez rolled his cigarettes; but as I picked it up to throw it away, I found it was of much firmer and stouter material. Looking at it more closely, I was surprised to recognize it as a piece of the tinted drawing-paper torn off the «block» that Miss Mannersley had used. It had been deeply creased at right angles as if it had been folded; it looked as if it might have been the outer half of a sheet used for a note.

It might have been a trifling circumstance, but it greatly excited my curiosity. I knew that he had returned the sketch to Miss Mannersley, for I had seen it in her hand. Had she given him another? And if so, why had it been folded to the destruction of the drawing? Or was it part of a note which he had destroyed? In the first impulse of discovery I walked quickly with it toward the gateway where Enriquez had disappeared, intending to restore it to him. He was just outside talking with a young girl. I started, for it was Jocasta—Miss Mannersley's maid.

With this added discovery came that sense of uneasiness and indignation with which we illogically are apt to resent the withholding of a friend's confidence, even in matters concerning only himself. It was no use for me to reason that it was no business of mine, that he was right in keeping a secret that concerned another—and a lady; but I was afraid I was even more meanly resentful because the discovery quite upset my theory of his

conduct and of Miss Mannersley's attitude toward him. I continued to walk on to the gateway, where I bade Enriquez a hurried good-by, alleging the sudden remembrance of another engagement, but without appearing to recognize the girl, who was moving away, when, to my further discomfiture, the rascal stopped me with an appealing wink, threw his arms around my neck, whispered hoarsely in my ear, «Ah! you see—you comprehend—but you are the mirror of discretion!» and returned to Jocasta. But whether this meant that he had received a message from Miss Mannersley, or that he was trying to suborn her maid to carry one, was still uncertain. He was capable of either.

During the next two or three weeks I saw him frequently; but as I had resolved to try the effect of ignoring Miss Mannersley in our conversation, I gathered little further of their relations, and, to my surprise, after one or two characteristic extravagances of allusion, Enriquez dropped the subject, too. Only one afternoon, as we were parting, he said carelessly: «My friend, you are going to the casa of Mannersley to-night. I too have the honor of the invitation. But you will be my Mercury—my Leporello—you will take of me a message to thees Mees Boston, that I am crushed, desolated, protraste, and flabbergasted—that I cannot arrive, for I have of that night to sit up with the grandaunt of my brother-in-law, who has a quinsy to the death. It is sad.»

This was the first indication I had received of Miss Mannersley's advances. I was equally surprised at Enriquez's refusal.

«Nonsense!» I said bluntly. «Nothing keeps you from going.»

«My friend,» returned Enriquez, with a sudden lapse into languishment that seemed to make him absolutely infirm, «it is everything that shall restrain me. I am not strong. I shall become weak of the knee and tremble under the eye of Mees Boston. I shall precipitate myself to the geologian by the throat. Ask me another conundrum that shall be easy.»

He seemed idiotically inflexible, and did not go. But I did. I found Miss Mannersley exquisitely dressed and looking singularly animated and pretty. The lambent glow of her inscrutable eye as she turned toward me might have been flattering but for my uneasiness in regard to Enriquez. I delivered his excuses as naturally as I could. She stiffened for an instant, and seemed an inch higher. «I am so sorry,» she said at last in a level voice. «I thought he would have been so amusing. Indeed, I had hoped we might try an old Moorish dance together which I have found and was practising.»

«He would have been delighted, I know. It 's a great pity he did n't come with me,» I said quickly; «but,» I could not help adding, with emphasis on her own words, «he is such an ‹extraordinary creature,› you know.»

«I see nothing extraordinary in his devotion to an aged relative,» returned Miss Mannersley, quietly, as she turned away, «except that it justifies my respect for his character.»

I do not know why I did not relate this to him. Possibly I had given up trying to understand them; perhaps I was beginning to have an idea that he could take care of himself. But I was somewhat surprised a few days later when, after asking me to go with him to a rodeo at his uncle's, he added composedly, «You will meet Mees Boston.»

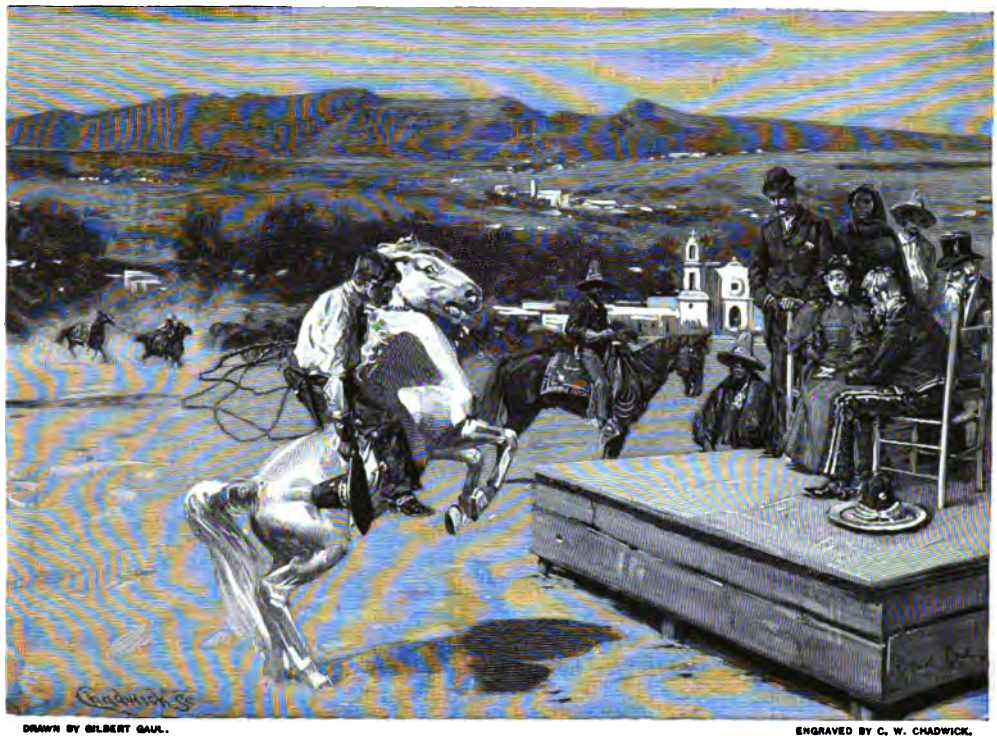
I stared, and but for his manner would have thought it part of his extravagance. For the rodeo—a yearly chase of wild cattle for the purpose of lassoing and branding them—was a rather brutal affair, and purely a man's function; it was also a family affair—a property stock-taking of the great Spanish cattle-owners—and strangers, particularly Americans, found it difficult to gain access to its mysteries and the *festa* that followed.

«But how did she get an invitation?» I asked. «You did not dare to ask—» I began.

«My friend,» said Enriquez, with a singular deliberation, «the great and respectable Boston herself, and her serene, venerable oncle, and other Boston *magnificos*, have of a truth done me the inexpressible honor to solicit of my degraded, papistical oncle that she shall come—that she shall of her own superior eye behold the barbaric customs of our race.»

His tone and manner were so peculiar that I stepped quickly before him, laid my hands on his shoulders, and looked down into his face. But the actual devil which I now for the first time saw in his eyes went out of them suddenly, and he relapsed again in affected languishment in his chair. «I shall be there, friend Pancho,» he said, with a preposterous gasp. «I shall nerve my arm to lasso the bull, and tumble him before her at her feet. I shall throw the ‹buck-jump› mustang at the same sacred spot. I shall pluck for her the buried chicken at full speed from the ground, and present it to her. You shall see it, friend Pancho. I shall be there.»

He was as good as his word. When Don Pedro Amador, his uncle, installed Miss Mannersley, with Spanish courtesy, on a raised platform in the long valley where the rodeo took place, the gallant Enriquez selected a



DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL. ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"HALTED HIM ON RIGID HAUNCHES AT MISS MANNERSLEY'S FEET."

bull from the frightened and galloping herd, and, cleverly isolating him from the band, lassoed his hind legs, and threw him exactly before the platform where Miss Mannersley was seated. It was Enriquez who caught the unbroken mustang, sprang from his own saddle to the bare back of his captive, and with only the lasso for a bridle, halted him on rigid haunches at Miss Mannersley's feet. It was Enriquez who, in the sports that followed, leaned from his saddle at full speed, caught up the chicken buried to its head in the sand without wringing its neck, and tossed it unharmed and fluttering toward his mistress. As for her, she wore the same look of animation that I had seen in her face at our previous meeting. Although she did not bring her sketch-book with her, as at the bull-fight, she did not shrink from the branding of the cattle, which took place under her very eyes.

Yet I had never seen her and Enriquez together; they had never, to my actual knowledge, even exchanged words. And now, although she was the guest of his uncle, his duties seemed to keep him in the field, and apart from her. Nor, as far as I could detect, did either apparently make any effort to have it otherwise. The peculiar circumstance seemed to attract no attention from any one else. But for what I alone knew—or thought I knew—of their actual relations, I should have thought them strangers.

But I felt certain that the festa which took place in the broad patio of Don Pedro's casa would bring them together. And later in the evening, as we were all sitting on the veranda watching the dancing of the Mexican women, whose white-flounced *sayas* were monotonously rising and falling to the strains of two melancholy harps, Miss Mannersley rejoined us from the house. She seemed to be utterly absorbed and abstracted in the barbaric dances, and scarcely moved as she leaned over the railing with her cheek resting on her hand. Suddenly she arose with a little cry.

«What is it?» asked two or three.

«Nothing—only I have lost my fan.» She had risen, and was looking abstractedly on the floor.

Half a dozen men jumped to their feet. «Let me fetch it,» they said.

«No; thank you. I think I know where it is, and will go for it myself.» She was moving away.

But Don Pedro interposed with Spanish gravity. Such a thing was not to be heard of in his casa. If the señorita would not permit him, an old man, to go for it, it must be brought by Enriquez, her cavalier of the day.

But Enriquez was not to be found. I glanced

at Miss Mannersley's somewhat disturbed face, and begged her to let me fetch it. I thought I saw a flush of relief come into her pale cheek as she said, in a lower voice, «On the stone seat in the garden.»

I hurried away, leaving Don Pedro still protesting. I knew the gardens, and the stone seat at an angle of the wall, not a dozen yards from the casa. The moon shone full upon it. There, indeed, lay the little gray-feathered fan. But close beside it, also, lay the crumpled, black, gold-embroidered riding-gauntlet that Enriquez had worn at the rodeo.

I thrust it hurriedly into my pocket, and ran back. As I passed through the gateway I asked a peon to send Enriquez to me. The man stared. Did I not know that Don Enriquez had ridden away two minutes ago?

When I reached the veranda, I handed the fan to Miss Mannersley without a word. «Bueno,» said Don Pedro, gravely; «it is as well. There shall be no bones broken over the getting of it, for Enriquez, I hear, has had to return to the Encinal this very evening.»

Miss Mannersley retired early. I did not inform her of my discovery, nor did I seek in any way to penetrate her secret. There was no doubt that she and Enriquez had been together, perhaps not for the first time; but what was the result of their interview? From the young girl's demeanor, and Enriquez's hurried departure, I could only fear the worst for him. Had he been tempted into some further extravagance and been angrily rebuked, or had he avowed a real passion concealed under his exaggerated mask and been deliberately rejected? I tossed uneasily half the night, following in my dreams my poor friend's hurrying hoof-beats, and ever starting from my sleep at what I thought was the sound of galloping hoofs.

I rose early, and lounged into the patio; but others were there before me, and a small group of Don Pedro's family were excitedly discussing something, and I fancied they turned away awkwardly and consciously as I approached. There was an air of indefinite uneasiness everywhere. A strange fear came over me with the chill of the early morning air. Had anything happened to Enriquez? I had always looked upon his extravagance as part of his playful humor. Could it be possible that under the sting of rejection he had made his grotesque threat of languishing effacement real? Surely Miss Mannersley would know or suspect something, if it were the case.

I approached one of the Mexican women and asked if the señorita had risen. The woman started, and looked covertly round before she replied. Did not Don Pancho know that Miss Mannersley and her maid had not slept in their beds that night, but had gone, none knew where?

For an instant I felt an appalling sense of my own responsibility in this suddenly serious situation, and hurried after the retreating family group. But as I entered the corridor a vaquero touched me on the shoulder. He had evidently just dismounted, and was covered with the dust of the road. He handed me a note written in pencil on a leaf from Miss Mannersley's sketch-book. It was in Enriquez's hand, and his signature was followed by his most extravagant rubric.

FRIEND PANCHO: When you read this line you shall of a possibility think I am no more. That is where you shall slip up, my little brother! I am much more—I am two times as much, for I have marry Miss Boston. At the Mission Church, at five of the morning, sharp! No cards shall be left! I kiss the hand of my venerable uncle-in-law. You shall say to him that we fly to the South wilderness as the combined evangelical missionary to the heathen! Miss Boston herself say this. Ta-ta! How are you now? Your own ENRIQUEZ.

Bret Harte.

DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL. ENGRAVED BY E. HEINEMANN.

ON ACCOUNT OF EMMANUEL.

WITH PICTURES BY ALBERT E. STERNER.

THE clouds which had been lowering over St. Anne's all day parted, and a stream of sunlight came down. It found its way particularly into the wide court framed on three sides by the great, straggling building, and the young grass and new verdure there lighted up gaily. All the life of St. Anne's throbbed out its daily beats about this court. The long, monotonous façade on the other side turned merely a lifeless mask to the highway, but back here concentered the physical, mental, and spiritual reasons of its being. Here black-veiled, white-banded nuns flitted to and fro all day; girl-students played or took their promenade at intervals; the kitchens gave out their odors; the class-rooms and music-halls their jargon of sounds; the chapel its prayer and hymn. The sun might stream out over all the thousand acres that St. Anne's kept between itself and a crowding, curious world, and it would mean nothing special. But such part of his gift as fell into the court became a matter of personal concern; so that, though the place was vacant for the moment, the sudden brightening there was an invitation sure of prompt acceptance. A door opened before long, and Sister Bethlehem stood framed in the embrasure, smiling. On her arm enthroned, his little yellow curls making a halo about his head, sat Emmanuel, smiling too. Sister Bethlehem looked young—twenty-four perhaps; but it is not easy to read the light handwriting of time on the faces of nuns. Emmanuel was young likewise—not yet three, in fact; and the year was young, hardly well entered on its May. Everywhere was testimony of bursting bud and springing blade; and, looking out across the sunny court, Sister Bethlehem and Emmanuel could see the level, fallow meadows, the pastures beyond, and, farthest away of all, the tree-fringes that marked the river's line, all thinly veiled in green. Even the gray old walls took on something of that look by which at the moment all of nature's exteriors betrayed the springtime thrill beneath, and life began to stir at doors and windows. A demure procession of very little girls following Sister Josephine along the porch on their way to play boiled over at sight of Emmanuel, and, as they passed near him, broke ranks to hurl themselves upon him with impassioned kisses; then, scared, but happy, straggled back into line again behind the unsuspecting Sister Josephine. All at once, too, the court was filled with larger girls promenading in exclusive twos with their heads together, exchanging the secrets of their mysterious emotions.

Over on the other side the Reverend Mother Ambrose watched the scene from the window of her office. Dr. Smith, tramping along the porch on his way to his patients in the girls' infirmary, stopped outside her window for his daily chat, and found her lost in heavy preoccupation. His eyes followed her gaze till they fell on Sister Bethlehem and Emmanuel in their doorway opposite, smiling down with placid sympathy on the game of fox and geese which the little girls were organizing in the court. He brightened at the sight. «Ha!» he exclaimed, «bring out your Raphael, if you 've got one. Here 's the young Madonna.»

Mother Ambrose smiled in silence. The inertia of age, and an overburden of flesh, made

DRAWN BY ALBERT E. STERNER. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

SISTER BETHLEHEM.

her averse to begin talking. Presently, when once she had made a beginning, she would be just as averse to leaving off.

«Pretty sight, is n't it?» the doctor said.

Mother Ambrose nodded slowly without moving her eyes, and the doctor, falling under the spell of her silent mood, stood for some minutes studying with her the picture in the doorway opposite. Even across the distance of the court their keen old sight caught the young expression of Sister Bethlehem's wide-open gray eyes, and of her full red lips smiling with curves too large, perhaps, but very winning. The doctor thought that her rosy face bloomed with a peculiarly human sort of beauty in spite of the spiritual trappings of linen bands and black veiling about it, and to his irreverent professional imagination her tall, generously rounded figure, even though so slightly outlined under its loose serge garments, was animate with the bounding pulse of spring. As he studied her with the beautiful child on her arm, the jocose intent went out of his countenance, and the thought which had often irritated him before broke out roughly into words.

«She was n't made for any of your convents. Nature gave all that rich exuberance of life for a better purpose.»

Mother Ambrose found tongue at that.

«My! my! my! you people of the world!» she said, with a playful assumption of despair. «You want to keep the best of everything to yourselves, and give the screenings to God.»

«Not a bit of it,» he answered bluntly. «Give her to God as much as you like, but not after the convent fashion. Look at her,» he exclaimed, waving his arm toward her; «just look at her! What an ideal mother Sister Bethlehem would have made for half a dozen men and women of the future! I tell you, somebody made an awful blunder when that young woman took the veil.»

«Goodness knows,» Mother Ambrose declared suddenly, lowering her voice, and dropping the air of persistent jocosity she had kept till now, «I did what I could to hold her back. Nobody was more afraid of a blind sacrifice than I was.» She leaned her fat hands on the window-sill, and bent toward him confidentially. «Did n't I do everything to show her what the world she wanted to renounce was like? Did n't I take her traveling with me from one end of the country to the other whenever I had to visit any of our mission houses—and that for three whole years before she went into the novitiate?» The doctor threw back his tousled gray head, stamped his foot, and laughed uproariously, irreverently even. Mother Ambrose looked mystified, then hurt. They were friends of thirty years' standing, but—

«I beg your pardon, Reverend Mother, I really do,» he exclaimed at last; «but—ha! ha! ha!—just imagine what that glimpse of the world must have been like, snatched from the windows of trains and convents under your chaperonage. A very good guide through heaven, no doubt; but this old world—don't you see—oh—ha! ha! ha!» And he doubled over in the intensity of his merriment.

Mother Ambrose liked a joke almost as well as her friend. As this one gradually revealed itself to her, a gentle commotion set her superabundant tissues shaking, and after some moments of internal development culminated in a wheezy laugh. When she could control sufficient breath, she said, wiping her eyes:

«Well, what else could I do? I wanted the worst in the world to find some good, religious family that I could trust her to for a couple of years till she had time to test her vocation; but—well, you know yourself that was no easy matter.»

«Easy enough, I should think.»

She smiled out musingly on the gay life in the court; then, with an impulse of unusual frankness, she came out with a confession.

«If any mistake was made it was made in the beginning. When we found her on the doorstep that night,—you remember,—we should n't have kept her. We ought to have given her right then to some good mother of a family to bring up with her own children. It was just the same case over again that we had a couple of years ago about Emmanuel. The sisters all begged me so to keep the child. I told them we were n't running an orphan asylum, but nothing would do, and—well, after a while we were all so attached to the little thing that we could n't give her up—»

«Which—Emmanuel?» the doctor interrupted with his foolish joke.

«No; of course not—Sister Bethlehem,» returned Mother Ambrose, impatient of senseless obstruction, now that she had got fairly going. «Several times, while she was a child, ladies begged me to let them adopt her; she was a pretty thing, and people took to her—»

«I should say so.»

«And once I really did come very near giving her up. I don't believe I ever told you about it.» She had, time and again; but he had not the heart to say so.

«She was only ten at the time. A good, pious woman—very wealthy, too—wanted me to give Sister Bethlehem to her, and I had about half made up my mind to, when the

DRAWN BY ALBERT E. STERNER. ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

THE WALK AT ST. ANNE'S.

child herself found it out—and, my, the scene there was!» She stopped to laugh silently awhile. «You don't know Sister Bethlehem when her affections are crossed.»

«Aha! don't I, though!»

«Well, anyhow, there was never such a time before nor since as I had with her that time. I never considered the idea again.»

She looked dreamily across to the doorway opposite,—which was only an empty frame now, since Sister Bethlehem and Emmanuel had vanished somewhere within,—and smiled, partly at her own reminiscences, and partly because a long habit of benignity had given an upward trend to the corners of her mouth.

«I 'm afraid I 've spoiled her somewhat, giving in to her so often, against my judgment.»

She spoke musingly, more to herself than to the doctor, and a faint line of perplexity showed itself incongruously among the curves of her face. The doctor grew complacent at the sight.

«Oh, Sister Bethlehem 's all right,» he said, patronizingly—«happy as a bird. That 's not what I 'm complaining about. It 's the world you 've defrauded—the loss to society.»

Mother Ambrose brightened.

«Well, indeed, so far as society is concerned, there are people enough willing to assume the responsibility of replenishing the face of the earth—very little to its betterment, in my opinion. It behooves a few of us to reserve ourselves to—»

The doctor tramped off laughing.

«I won't be dragged into that discussion again,» he called back over his shoulder.

She watched him across the court till he disappeared through an archway near the chapel. With him went her habitual smile, and in its place the line of perplexity drew itself again below the linen band across her faded forehead. The doctor did not know it, being rather a blunderer, but the conversation had been playing very near to the subject of her daily anxiety without actually touching it.

That little rogue of an Emmanuel! It all hinged upon him. If he belonged anywhere in the academy,—which of course he did not,—it was certainly with Sister Josephine and the very little girls. What had ever made her let Sister Bethlehem have him? A baby tumbling about the treasury floor all day, while his nurse added columns, or wrote receipts and duns to patrons—very foolish, very foolish, of course. All very easy to see now. But, worst of all, core of her trouble, Sister Bethlehem was growing more unreasonable about the child every day, abandoning herself to a passion which threatened wholly to block her progress to that goal of self-effacement whither every good nun should be painfully toiling. Small effect indeed had the Reverend Mother's reminders that the true religious must wholly die to self and to personal affections, the better to live for God and for humanity in general. What chance had a cold abstraction like that with this impulsive soul when set against such a temptation as Emmanuel? «However, there is one hopeful thing about even our worst mistakes,» thought Mother Ambrose, at this stage of her unhappy self-communings: «we can at least turn about and try to undo them.» With that she turned herself about, and set out for the treasury room, calling to mind, as she went ponderously along the spacious, bare corridors, a certain hard purpose which had been growing somewhere within her for weeks. The time to do a good deed is now.

She loitered on the threshold of the treasury a moment before entering, perhaps to harden her purpose a trifle more still. The long room, lighted by a row of tall, uncurtained windows, stretched away in bare perspective, with here and there reflected gleams thrown out from the polished floor and the surfaces of the severe, scant furniture. A little sister with a childish face was busy dusting. She had her black serge skirt pinned up, and a blue apron tied over all. Down at the farther end of the room, near the last window, Sister Jane Frances de Chantal, treasurer of the moneys of St. Anne's, sat at her desk over a pile of letters. Near that end of the room where Mother Ambrose stood looking in, Sister Bethlehem at another desk was adding a long column in the ledger before her. Emmanuel sat on the floor beside her, carefully protected from the bare, cold boards by the skirt of her gown, which trailed out scantily under him. While Mother Ambrose, unobserved, stood watching, he reached up and pulled at Sister Bethlehem's arm, clamoring for her attention. She put one hand soothingly on his head, while with the other she continued to run her pen up the column; to offset his clamor, she began to add aloud. Put off so, the baby fell to making incoherent confidences to the only plaything at hand, the big crucifix at Sister Bethlehem's side. When she had finished the column she turned her attention to him, and found him pressing his wet kisses on the cold surface of the crucifix. With a heart aflame she snatched him up.

«Oh, you angel,» she cried joyously, «seraph, cherub—was there ever such a darling!» Then, catching sight of Mother Ambrose advancing heavily into the room, she burst out:

DRAWN BY ALBERT E. STERNER.

THE SISTERS AT RECREATION.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

«What do you suppose I found him doing, Reverend Mother? Kissing my crucifix, actually.» She fell to frolicking with him, pressing her face down into the folds of his chubby neck, and challenging him with laughing pet names. Emmanuel laughed back at her, kicked up his merry heels, and pulled frantically at her veil. The Reverend Mother smiled half reluctantly at the gay abandon of their play, and the little dusting sister looked on with bashful appreciation mixed with wonder. How did Sister Bethlehem dare to frolic like that in the awful presence of the Reverend Mother?

«I 'm afraid this little man interferes with your work, sister,» the Reverend Mother said, feeling her way toward her purpose, which all of a sudden began in her own mind to take on a complexion of cruelty.

Sister Bethlehem turned a face of piteous apprehension upon Mother Ambrose.

«Oh, dear Reverend Mother, no—really no; not in the least. Does he, Sister de Chantal?» She turned toward that end of the room with a vehement claim for support; but Sister de Chantal, busy with her letters, was for the moment a little deaf.

Mother Ambrose went on: «The end of the session is near, sister, and you will have a great deal to do on your books. Don't you think—I feel sure it would be better to let Emmanuel stay with Sister Josephine and the little girls.»

Sister Bethlehem tried to smile coaxingly, but her eyes filled with tears. Mother Ambrose felt herself weakening. Very much ashamed of herself, she began to temporize. She knew, without looking, that Sister de Chantal was smiling behind her letter as she continued:

«Only for part of the day, of course, sister, —say during the morning hours. There is always more time in the afternoon.»

Sister Bethlehem shook her head perversely, and put both arms about Emmanuel. The baby laid his head against her bosom, and sent a sidelong glance toward Mother Ambrose, as if he understood and disapproved. Mother Ambrose asked herself if her duty did not call for severe measures, and then resumed in a voice more softly expostulating than before:

«Really, sister, you ought to share him with the other sisters. They 're all fond of him, and Sister Josephine in particular—»

Sister Bethlehem's face cleared.

«Of course, dear Reverend Mother, I know I 'm very selfish. I 'm afraid I 'm spoiled»—with a mischievous glance at her superior. «I 'll take him to Sister Josephine now, if you say so—»

«Yes, sister; do. I should be glad,» Mother Ambrose said in great relief. Whereupon Sister Bethlehem ran out of the room all joyousness again. She was back in a second.

«Sister Josephine is to have him only mornings, you said, Reverend Mother?» She put the question with a half-playful air of defiance—the air of a favored, spoiled child quite sure of her privileges.

«Yes, yes; I said it—only mornings,» Mother Ambrose replied, smiling and frowning at the same time. The little dusting sister and the treasurer both smiled, too, but furtively. It was an open secret that gave amusement to the entire convent how Sister Josephine felt about the monopoly of Emmanuel.

Sister Bethlehem went swiftly down the corridor on her errand of abnegation. As she went she raised Emmanuel high up in her arms, and then let him drop suddenly to the level of her waist, saying in a delighted singsong which kept time to the up-and-down motion of her arms:

«I know I 'm naughty and selfish; but he is so fascinating—so fascinating—so fascinating!» Emmanuel fairly shrieked with glee, and their gay clatter came back along the bare hall, and in through the open door of the treasury. Mother Ambrose walked down the long room toward Sister de Chantal, who rose to meet her with her hands pressed upon the pile of open letters on her desk.

«I 'm very foolish—very weak and foolish,» she said plaintively. «I don't see where it 's going to end»; and she shook her head despairingly. Sister de Chantal nodded warningly toward the young sister, who, apparently absorbed in dusting the leg of a table, had, nevertheless, an intense listening look in her stooping back. Then she took a key from a pigeon-hole, and said:

«Sister Anastasia, will you run down to the mail-box and see if the last mail has come? It 's a little early, but—perhaps—»

«Yes, sister,» Sister Anastasia said very brightly. It was a full half-hour too early, as she and Sister de Chantal very well knew.

«Will you close the door after you, sister? I feel a draft.»

«Yes, sister,» called back the little sister with great cheerfulness; and then as she closed the door carefully she sighed. She could hear the voices of her two elderly superiors inside beginning to talk earnestly. What a pity she had to go! «But it is another opportunity for the mortification of the unruly body,» she murmured with a funny assumption of old piety, and so fortified she went on her errand.

It came to pass in the days immediately following this one that the little Sister Anastasia had more opportunities for the mortification of the unruly body than she could well utilize, and she had a hard struggle with herself not to grow peevish under the embarrassment of this sort of riches. As an example of her trials, hardly a week later Sister Fidelis came into the treasury with a look on her thin, aged face which transfixed Sister Anastasia with interest. Sister Fidelis had charge of the academy parlor by reason of her years, and of a certain sympathetic manner that was thought to fit her particularly for the tiresome business of meeting strangers.

«Sister de Chantal, I 'm afraid there 's trouble ahead.»

Sister Anastasia had been polishing a window at the treasurer's elbow. All at once she began to rub hard, as if there were nothing else of interest for her in the world just then.

Sister de Chantal looked up at her visitor with a tranquil smile. «Trouble?» It was a word which forty years spent amid the shades of St. Anne's had robbed of its meaning for Sister de Chantal. Sister Fidelis stirred a sense of humor in Sister de Chantal, she was so plainly in the grip of her emotions.

«Yes, sister; trouble indeed—trouble for poor, dear Sister Bethlehem.»

Sister Fidelis spoke with irritable emphasis. She did not like that calm smile when her own feelings were running riot.

Sister de Chantal turned quickly to Sister Anastasia, so hopefully polishing her window.

«Sister, will you go to the study hall and ask the sister in charge to let Lily Cassidy come to me?»

«Yes, sister,» said Sister Anastasia, starting on her errand with vexation in her heart, but with a pleasant smile on her lips.

«She need n't come for about fifteen minutes, sister,» the head of the treasury called after her messenger.

«Yes, sister.»

«And—oh, sister—would you kindly close the door after you?»

«Yes, sister,» tinkled the gay voice of Sister Anastasia again; but as she shut herself out on the uninteresting side of the treasury door she felt like stamping her foot. Instead, however, she said after a moment, «I will offer it up for my sins.»

Since Lily Cassidy was not wanted at the treasury for fifteen minutes, there was no need of hurry, and Sister Anastasia had time to stop on her way to the study hall for little chats with such sisters as she met. She mentioned to each one that she was afraid there was trouble ahead for poor Sister Bethlehem—never mind what—but trouble; and was n't it too bad—dear, sweet Sister Bethlehem!

This may have been the reason that when Sister Bethlehem went into the community room that evening for the recreation hour she fancied that a queer look ran like a flash across the faces of the sisters assembled there; but later she thought that it must have been some trick of the electric lights shining down on the bewildering array of faces under their bands and veils. Why should they look strangely at her? At all events, they had never been kinder, half a dozen voices calling eagerly to her at once from as many groups to join them.

What Sister Fidelis had told Sister de Chantal, after they were quite sure that Sister Anastasia had shut the door, was this: From the corner where she dozed in the parlor Sister Fidelis had been roused by the sound of voices, and had seen the Reverend Mother standing in the front door of the academy talking to the doctor; and the doctor had seemed angry and expostulating; but of course—yes, that was nothing—the doctor did expostulate a good deal. But a convenient gust blowing inward had carried Mother Ambrose's voice to Sister Fidelis just as it framed these words, «Well, doctor, no matter how hard it seems, they have the first claim to the child, and if they have come to a sense of their duty at last, we ought to thank God for them.»

«But—but—woman, Sister Bethlehem—» the doctor had burst out, quite rudely, really; and then the accommodating breeze had died away, leaving Sister Fidelis in a tremble of suspense and grief. Something terrible was going to happen to Sister Bethlehem, who loved the child so.

A few days after there came an old gentleman, unused evidently, Sister Fidelis thought, to finding himself face to face with women in the religious garb, and, with an air of exaggerated deference, asked to see the «lady in charge.» Sister Fidelis left him closeted with Mother Ambrose, and hastened to share her forebodings with Sister de Chantal; but Sister Bethlehem was at her desk, Emmanuel curled up asleep on two chairs at her side, and Sister Fidelis had to carry her overcharged heart back to the parlor unrelieved.

In the days immediately following this ominous one it seemed as if the curiosity of Sister Anastasia and the emotions of Sister Fidelis must surely be strained past the point of safety. There were mysterious conferences with strange people in Mother Ambrose's office at all hours: the same old gentleman

again, a young man, somewhat jaunty in his bearing, upon whom Sister Fidelis looked with cold suspicion, and a sad-faced elderly woman who hurried through the austere spaces of the convent with a shamed and furtive air. Sister de Chantal was asked to step down to the Reverend Mother's office repeatedly. Sister Fidelis had a way of hovering about the door of the treasury room with the lines of anxiety in her face drawn deeper daily; and whenever she found Sister Bethlehem absent, she swooped down on Sister de Chantal with whispered questions and forebodings, much to that well-poised woman's inconvenience. In consequence of these ill-timed visits Sister Anastasia was sent on so many futile errands that her stock of meekness ran down to the dregs. Sister Bethlehem, alone unsuspicious, failed to scent the unusual.

One June evening—Sister Fidelis felt that she should remember it to the day of her death—indescribable odors and soft sounds were coming in from the gardens through wide-open doors and windows, and Sister Bethlehem came gaily along the corridor that ran behind the parlor. She was taking Emmanuel to bed. Her voice, rich with subdued joyousness, was carried far down the still passage by the sweetly laden breeze, which went by her in little puffs that flickered the lights shining in the red globes over her head.

«The birdies are in bed. Emmanuel ought to be there, too.»

«Birdies?» said Emmanuel.

«Yes, birdies. They 're in their little nests, with their little heads under their little wings—»

«'Ittle wings?» queried the sweet voice.

«Yes, 'ittle wings; heads under 'ittle wings; and the mother birdie is twittering to them. Emmanuel must get into his little nest, and his mother birdie—»

«Sister Bethlehem,» said Sister Fidelis, coming out unexpectedly from somewhere, and putting forth a tender hand to stay the younger woman's progress—«Sister Bethlehem,» and then stopped.

Sister Bethlehem looked down with a smile still in her eyes and on her lips, and under the shaded rosy light beheld the face of the old sister quivering and tearful.

«Why, Sister Fidelis!» she exclaimed, with a fond concern assumed for kindness's sake; for the tears of Sister Fidelis were not thought to be a serious matter always.

«You are wanted, Sister Bethlehem, in the Reverend Mother's office.»

«Right away? Can't I put Emmanuel to bed first?»

Who but this dear, spoiled young creature would ask such a thing? Sister Fidelis thought.

«No, sister; bring him along. He 's—he 's wanted too.»

Sister Bethlehem turned and followed Sister Fidelis to the Reverend Mother's office, a sacredly private place, not to be entered lightly on any foolish pretext. It was a small room, furnished without any frivolity of garnishment. An electric light under a plain white shade hung above a large table in the middle of the room. Sister de Chantal was standing beside it, facing the door. Her hands were crossed before her, and there was a disturbed look on her usually tranquil face. Mother Ambrose had her back to them, and was looking out of the window into the warm gloom of the sweet-smelling night. Sister Fidelis closed the door after Sister Bethlehem, and stood with her hand irresolutely on the knob, directing an imploring glance across at the Reverend Mother's back, as if she hoped to see a permission to remain emanating from the folds that veiled it. Sister Bethlehem, with Emmanuel still in her arms, looked from one to another, an expression of wonder and alarm growing in her face. There was something ominous in the silence, in the look and attitude of Sister de Chantal, still more in the persistent way in which Mother Ambrose kept her back to them. Emmanuel, drowsy, burrowed under her veil, and settled his head heavily on her shoulder. «Birdies?» he murmured.

Mother Ambrose turned from the window suddenly with an air of resolution. She looked at Sister Bethlehem a moment, then waveringly toward Sister de Chantal. Nobody thought of Sister Fidelis with her hand still on the door-knob. Sister de Chantal gave Mother Ambrose a commanding look, and cast down her eyes.

«Sister, dear sister,» the Reverend Mother began in a voice that for the first time in her vigorous life showed a quaver of age in it, «I have to beg your forgiveness.» She came close to Sister Bethlehem, and laid her hand on the arm that was about Emmanuel. «I meant to prepare you—to give you time—as much time as possible—to strengthen yourself for the sacrifice.»

Sister Bethlehem looked scared, and tightened her clasp about Emmanuel. The Reverend Mother went on: «They told me it would not be till next month—I thought there was time enough; but circumstances are driving them hard. They have come upon me suddenly, after all. I do not seem to have any choice—I wanted to warn you—dear sister, I have to beg your forgiveness.»

It seemed as if she were going to wander

about the point forever. Sister Bethlehem's lips had fallen apart; her eyes were staring at Mother Ambrose; the color was going slowly out of her face. She clutched with her free hand the wrist of the soothing one Mother Ambrose had placed upon her. She spoke almost in a whisper:

«Mother, for the love of God, tell me what you have to tell me!»

«Sister, they have come for the child.»

«They?» she cried out angrily. «Who are they?»

«His—his—the agents of his unfortunate mother. It is possible for her to take the child now without fear of exposure, of scandal. She has been married, poor thing; she has gone to live in another place. They wish to atone—and—and, oh, poor sister, she has sent for Emmanuel. We must give him up to-night—now.»

Sister Bethlehem started back, away from the hand Mother Ambrose still kept upon her.

«She can't have him,» she declared violently, and unconsciously straining the child to her so tightly that he awoke with a cry. «I won't give him to her. What right has she to him?» she asked with scorn. «She threw him away—threw him away, I tell you—and on Christmas morning.»

Simultaneously Sister Fidelis and Mother Ambrose made a movement toward her, saying in alarm, «Sister, sister, be calm»; and Sister Fidelis added inarticulately, «Remember the Holy Habit, sister.»

Mother Ambrose had recourse to pleading.

«We have no choice in the matter, Sister Bethlehem; he belongs to her, you know. If they choose to—»

Sister Bethlehem flushed with indignation. «He belongs to me,» she said angrily. «You gave him to me yourself. Who has taken care of him, and—and loved—»

Sister de Chantal interrupted. She was the only calm one among them.

«Nothing belongs to her who has once renounced all.»

At that Sister Bethlehem quailed for an instant. She turned a look almost of terror on Sister de Chantal. Then she slipped Emmanuel into a new position, so that he lay across her arms smiling up at her from under his sleepy lids. She began to sob heavily as she looked down at him.

«I can't give him up—I can't! Oh, dear, dear Reverend Mother, don't ask it of me!»

Mother Ambrose put her hand before her eyes for a moment. «Don't make it any harder than it is for us, sister. We all love the child; we all pity you.»

Sister Bethlehem fell upon her knees at this, and Emmanuel slid from her arms down upon the floor, with his sleepy head leaning against her.

«Mother, mother,» she cried, «I need n't give him up unless you say so. They have no right to take him back. Don't make me. I can't stand it. He 's all I 've ever had for my own. We belong to each other. We were both cast off—both found on the door-step—both taken in for charity.» She sank down over the child crying aloud. Sister Fidelis tried to lift her up, saying tremulously, «Sister, dear sister.» It was her feeble effort to give support; but Sister Bethlehem paid no attention to her save to cease her audible crying. Instead she put out one hand, and, grasping Mother Ambrose's skirt, knelt there, looking up at her, and mutely weeping. In that attitude she seemed to Mother Ambrose not to have changed since that day when she was only ten, and there had been such a scene. The white bands and black veil were gone, and about her face there was only the curly dark hair that used to frame it.

«It is for your good, dear child,» the old nun said, bending over her, and weeping with her; «for your good that we should give him up. You are losing yourself in an unreasonable affection. We have been troubled about you. The true religious—»

«Let me keep him just a little longer, then—two years—one—only a little while. Then I 'll give him up, if you say so.»

Mother Ambrose shook her head. Sister Bethlehem looked up at the other two desperately; but seeing no hope of help, either in Sister Fidelis's hysterical sympathy, or in Sister de Chantal's little-disturbed calmness, she turned back to Mother Ambrose with a new appeal.

«Oh, you 're hard on me. Think how you 've all had your dear ones at some time or other—all of you but me—fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers. There was some one that each of you had to give up when you made your vows. I 've never had any one—never till now. Oh, just let me keep him a little while longer! I did n't have any sacrifice to offer when I made my profession—there was nobody for me to give up.»

«Offer your sacrifice now, sister.»

It was Sister de Chantal's voice that again broke in upon her useless pleading. Sister de Chantal might look not quite so tranquil as usual, but she had kept her head. She nodded across Sister Bethlehem to Mother Ambrose that the moment had come for sterner measures. The Reverend Mother plainly needed a prop. There was a silence, except for Sister Bethlehem's sobs, while Mother Ambrose drew herself together. She was trying to summon

up a voice that would sound strong and severe. The room adjoining was the parlor. Some one in there now began to pace heavily back and forth. At last Mother Ambrose rose to the demand Sister de Chantal's eyes were making on her.

«Sister Bethlehem,» she said slowly and with a religious solemnity, «in the name of Holy Obedience, I command you to give up the child.»

Sister Bethlehem's sobs ceased. She looked up at the Reverend Mother, grown awful to her in the cold determination of her voice and poise, awful in the demand she made. She grew paler even than before. Her breath came short. Terror looked out of her large eyes. It seemed for a full minute that she was going to speak and could not. The three sisters watched her breathless. At that moment Emmanuel began to whimper; he caught her wide sleeve, and drew himself up from the floor till he stood pressed against her side, pulling at her, and rubbing his sleepy eyes peevishly. She looked at the little face thus brought near a level with her own as she knelt, and then put both arms about him. Sister Fidelis caught her by the shoulder, and shook her.

«You are commanded in Holy Obedience, sister; in the name of our holy vows.» Her voice trembled with a kind of horror, and she spoke with unnecessary loudness, as if Sister Bethlehem had removed herself to a distance.

Sister Bethlehem turned a rigid face up to her for a moment; then she turned back to the Reverend Mother, waiting with a great show of sternness for her submission. Suddenly she cried out loudly:

«I can't; oh, God, I can't!»

All at once Mother Ambrose looked gray and old. She motioned to Sister de Chantal, and moved aside, turning her back on the figure down at her feet. Her action revealed what till then her spreading figure had eclipsed—a low pedestal in the corner on which stood a small statue of the Sorrowful Mother. At the sight Sister Bethlehem held up her arms with a freshening hope, crying:

«O Blessed Mother, help me, help me! Don't let them take him away from me—that other woman has no right to him! I can't give him up. Oh, soften their hard hearts—»

Her voice rose almost to a shriek, and Emmanuel, thoroughly awake now, lifted up his baby voice at sight of her anguish, and wept loudly with her. It was past bearing longer. Sister Fidelis abandoned herself to unrestrained sobbing, and Mother Ambrose's shoulders heaved spasmodically. Sister de Chantal stepped forward firmly. She laid hold of Emmanuel under the arms, and tried to draw him up away from the frantic clasp that Sister Bethlehem had thrown about him at her approach. Her voice was husky, but she spoke sternly:

«Sister, this will not do. You offend our Lord and his Mother by forgetting your vow. You must give the child up.»

While she was speaking she continued to draw Emmanuel upward. Sister Bethlehem's clasp relaxed, as if in despair she meant at last to yield. She felt him slipping from her till only his ankles remained in the circle of her loosening arms; in another second he would be gone. At the thought she tightened her arms with fierce resistance. Sister de Chantal set her teeth hard, and dragged the little body toward her. Emmanuel cried out with fright and pain. Sister Fidelis fluttered above them, crying warningly, but scarcely knowing to which one, «Sister! sister!» Sister de Chantal gave a last tug, and Emmanuel slipped free of the detaining clutch about his feet. She thrust him into the arms of poor, quivering Sister Fidelis, whispering:

«Tell them to take him out of the house at once. We 'll send his clothes to-morrow. Wrap your shawl around him.»

There came to Sister Bethlehem the sound of the closing door, and of Emmanuel crying along the corridor; then she fell slowly forward at the foot of the pedestal. Mother Ambrose ran to her, and stooping down, lifted the fainting head to her knee.

«Water, for heaven's sake, water!» she called to Sister de Chantal.

It was known about the convent before another day that Emmanuel was gone and that Sister Bethlehem was ill. There were tears and questions innumerable in the community room—tears and questions likewise in the students' hall. But information was hard to obtain. The Reverend Mother was sacred from intrusion, Sister de Chantal more noncommittal even than usual, and Sister Fidelis went off into tears at the hint of a question. The only person willing to disseminate information was Sister Anastasia; but unfortunately her interesting recitals always broke off at a critical point with—«And just then Sister de Chantal sent me on an errand.» Everybody watched the doctor's face as he came out of the sisters' infirmary each morning. He looked angry, and was seen to pass his old friend Mother Ambrose with a cold bow. The Reverend Mother herself looked feeble.

After some days Sister Bethlehem was seen from the court sitting at a window of the convalescents' room. By that time commencement day had come and gone. The students had departed to their homes, except the few unfortunates who had no homes to go to, and an air of delightful quiet prevailed—like heaven, the sisters told each other. They went across the court to and from the chapel with a frequency possible only to vacation time. The middle of July came thus, and the memory of Emmanuel's taking away was losing its edge a little,—Sister Bethlehem had even been seen at her desk in the treasury the day before,—when one morning Sister Anastasia said to Sister Josephine:

«Something has happened. I don't know what—yet; but Sister Fidelis is crying so that Mother has sent for some one else to go to the parlor, Sister de Chantal has been shut up with Mother all morning, Dr. Smith is with them, I am sent for Father John, and telegrams have been flying back and forth like—like snowflakes. As soon as I find out what it 's all about, I 'll tell you.»

Later in the day she had another bit of news.

Dr. Smith, passing the treasury door, walking between the Reverend Mother and Sister de Chantal, was overheard saying: «I 'm glad she 's done it. You 'll never forgive the remark, of course; but I 'm glad she 's done it. It was a shame to take the child from her. Provided no harm comes to her—»

«But that is it,» the Reverend Mother had interrupted. «What but harm can come to her? Where can she have gone?»

That night the knowledge fell like a pall over St. Anne's: Sister Bethlehem had gone away; no one knew where.

They set such inquiries on foot as they could without awakening suspicion; but hampered as they were by a determination not to let it be known outside of their own community, there was small chance of success. They put their hope elsewhere; there were novenas, litanies, communions, by the hundred; but in spite of faith, the gloom over St. Anne's threatened to be perpetual.

One morning, several days after the discovery of this first calamity, the doctor came to the Reverend Mother with a wicked look.

«I have it,» he said, almost as if it pleased him. Mother Ambrose looked at him anxiously. She had only one subject in her mind in these days. She did not smile any more, and she seemed to age a year for every day of anxiety that passed over her.

«I 've had a letter from our old gentleman.»

«About Emmanuel?»

«He 's gone, too.» She stared at him speechless. «Stolen by—some one unknown.»

THIRTY-SIX hours by rail from St. Anne's there is a city in which is situated a house of the Good Shepherd. On a morning in this same July there came to the Sister Superior of this house the good nun who had charge of those whom in all tenderness and hope they called the «Magdalens.»

«I wish you would see the young woman we admitted last night as soon as you can, sister. We have never had any one like her. She is crazy with fright—starts at every step; but it is not so much that. She will not give any name for herself or her child; but it is not so much that either. It is her face—Oh, sister, her face! It is not possible that it is the face of a sinful woman.»

Half an hour later the strange young woman was sobbing at the knees of the Sister Superior. «Only hide me,» she begged. «Only let me stay. I have committed a terrible sin—I am lost. Save me. Oh, God, if you turn me away, I have nowhere to go—with the child!»

The sister passed her hand gently over the dark hair that curled close to the head on her knee.

«Our dear Lord did not turn his back on the poor, sinful Magdalen. Neither can we upon you, poor child. Later, perhaps, you will feel able to tell us your story.» The young woman shuddered under her hand. «Well, well—if not—at all events, stay—for the present—with your child.» She thought a moment, still caressing the close-cropped dark head; then she added, «And try to remember, dear child, that our Good Shepherd leaves gladly the ninety and nine to seek, with love, the one which is lost.»

THEY are still seeking Sister Bethlehem, but with all secrecy. They are still seeking Emmanuel, but with all secrecy, too.

In the chapel at St. Anne's there is a stall near the altar of the Sacred Heart in which no one sits. Some hand has tied across the back a strip of black, and no one has the heart to remove it. Every evening, when the night prayers are finished, Mother Ambrose raises her voice a little,—there is a sad quaver in it which turns the thoughts of every one of her hearers to the vacant stall,—and every head goes lower in a passion of devouter aspiration as she says:

«Let us pray for—a special intention.»

Bride Neill Taylor.

EQUALITY AS THE BASIS OF GOOD SOCIETY.

SOME years ago I knew an elder of the Shakers who differed from many of his brethren in having thought much about the social structure of his sect, though their communal life was rather favorable to thinking in all of them. We were talking one day of the life of the world, which I defended; and he said in concession of my ground at one point, «If good society were what it appears to be on the surface, I could not find fault with it. If people in society behaved toward one another from motives of real kindness, as they behave now from motives of politeness, society would be an image of heaven: for in society you see people defer to one another, the strong give way to the weak, the brilliant and the gifted will not put the rest at a disadvantage, and they all seem to meet on an equality. The trouble is that their behavior is merely a convention and not a principle; they behave beautifully from politeness and not from kindness.»

I was struck by this philosophy of the fact at the time; I still think it interesting, and I believe that it is essentially true. If not quite an image of heaven, good society appears to me an image of a righteous state on earth; and I find that though it is the stronghold of the prejudices which foster inequality, yet it is the very home of equality.

I.

PEOPLE often wish to get into good society because they hope to be the superiors of those who remain out of it; but when they are once in it, the ideal of their behavior is equality. In ideal, at least, society is the purely voluntary association of kindred minds and tastes in a region of absolute altruism. If you are asked to a house, the theory is that you are the equal of every person you meet there, and if you behave otherwise, you are vulgar. You are as dear to your host and hostess as any others whom they entreat in the same terms to give them the pleasure of their company. The understanding is that no distinction will be made between you and them: no one will seek his own advantage, but each will seek the advantage of the rest; nothing shall be suffered to remind you of the selfish world outside. Deference and attention shall be your portion from all, which you will render again. If you are intellectually the inferior of the rest, society will carry its complaisance still farther, and, as Goethe noticed long ago, will adapt its conversation and diversion to your capacity. Even the servitude which tacitly operates your entertainment will be delicately used, and addressed in courteous terms. In its finest and gentlest moments society will get rid of the inferiors altogether, and the equals will serve one another.

We know very well what sometimes happens instead of this. There are some hosts and hostesses who neglect one guest and cumber another with favor; snubs and slights are exchanged between the guests, who seize petty occasions to gratify their greed and pride; the servants are coldly and thanklessly used. But we all think these things indecent when we witness them; when we do them ourselves we are ashamed of them, and we feel that we have violated an ideal which should have been sacred.

The ideal of society is equality, because to the more enlightened, and to all in their more enlightened moments, inequality is irksome and offensive. You can have no pleasure of the man you look up to, or the man you look down on; the thing is impossible. Your soul is always seeking the level of your companion's, and society formulates and expresses this instinctive desire for equality. The prince, the distinguished person, if he is a gentleman, will do his best to efface your difference when he meets you in society, and it will be your fault or your misfortune if you cannot let him do so; he will not ask you to be a snob or a toady. Inequality bores him; he is glad to get rid of it; and this is the mood of all good society. The better society is the more it shuns formality and seeks ease and freedom. The aristocrats, the highest equals, call each other by their first names, their nicknames, when they are by themselves, as the plebeians do.

II.

EQUALITY is such a beautiful thing that I wonder people can ever have any other ideal. It is the only social joy, the only comfort. If

you meet an inferior or a superior, you are at once wretched. Do you have any pleasure of the man who stands behind your chair at dinner? No more than of the man across the table who, because he is richer or of better family, or of greater distinction, treats you *de haut en bas*. You spoil the joy of life for your inferior, just as your superior spoils the joy of life for you. The sense of inferiority infuriates; the sense of superiority intoxicates. The madness is more or less violent, as temperament varies; but in some form it is felt wherever inequality is seen: and good society, which always hates a scene, instinctively does its best to ignore inequality. Of course it can do this only on a very partial and restricted scale, and of course the result is an effect of equality, and not equality itself, or equality merely for the moment.

Perhaps it is because we know society to be merely a make-believe in its equality that so many society people regard a real equality as impossible, and are content to remain in the make-believe. But even the pretense of equality is precious, and it has more honesty in it than the pretense of inequality. There is nothing so essentially false as that; and the superior, when he takes thought, is as distinctly aware of the fact as the inferior. Humanity is always seeking equality. The patrician wishes to be with his equals because his inferiors make him uneasy; the plebeian wishes to be with his equals because his superiors make him unhappy. This fact accounts for inequality itself, for classes. Inferiority and superiority were intolerable to men, and so they formed themselves into classes, that inside of these classes they might have the peace, the comfort, of equality; and each kept himself to his own class for that reason.

Human life, which is fluid and not fixed, is like other fluids in seeking a level. It has always done this in times past, and has not rested till it has found the level of equality in some place or other. It once found this in classes; and these became confluent with the gradual effect of time on their borders, and flowed into orders, larger and vaster. At last the larger expanses have begun to burst their bounds and to meet in the immeasurable level of equality, of society.

When we grow impatient of the inequality that still remains, we are apt to say that there is more inequality in the world than ever; but this is not so. There is more and ever more equality, because there is more good society, and good society is immensely better than it was. Once it contained only persons of noble or gentle birth; then persons of genteel or sacred callings were admitted; now it welcomes to its level every one of agreeable manners and cultivated mind. This sort are not the less in it because it abounds in offensive and unworthy persons; and it is the spirit of the liberal and friendly people which characterizes it. All that society now asks of people is that they shall behave civilly, and join the rest in doing and saying pleasant things to one another. It asks of them what Christianity asks of sinners: that they shall cease to do evil, at least for the time being, for that afternoon or that evening.

Social equality is the expression of an instinct implanted in us from the first, as we see in children, who, until they are depraved by their elders, have no conception of social differences. It is true that we often see younger children straining up to the level of their elders, and apparently very happy if they are accepted there; but this is not a real happiness or comfort; it is the gratification of precocious ambition, inherited or instilled. So we see people of lower station basking in the notice of those they think above them; but they are not happy, and they are very far from comfortable in it. They are flattered, but to be flattered is not to be blessed; it is something as far from that feeling of peace which we associate with the idea of happiness as misery itself. It is misery, for it is false.

Whenever men are remanded to a situation where personal worth has sway, social equality reappears among them. In danger of any kind, in times of great hardship, in periods of struggle or suspense, in moments of patriotic emotion, equality again characterizes life, and one man is as good as another. In new countries, where people live in the need of neighborhood and kindliness, equality is the rule; they laugh at the notion of anything else. That is the reason why equality was so long the ideal of America, for here we were everywhere emancipated from the old classifications by the necessity which knows no etiquette. We were forced to simplify ourselves; the New World, while it was new, had no use for the distinctions and differences of an older civility; and the Easterner, even now, when he goes West, finds a whole section incredulous of claims which his own sophistication has admitted.

It was the return of the race to simple conditions, and its long sojourn in these during the pioneer period of the middle West, which enabled it to give us Lincoln, «the first American,» as Lowell called him in the deepest inspiration of his own life. It can,

of course, justly be said that the conditions in which the race gave us Lincoln were rude, but I think that it is not from rudeness that the love of equality comes. Otherwise I cannot understand how the politest society should always strive for equality among its members, and that within its limits it should offer us the truest image of equality now recognizable among men.

III.

IT is strange that while everybody acknowledges good society to be the highest expression of civilization, the purest joy and sweetest pleasure of it, many people, especially society people, should fear to have its greatest blessing, its most delicate beauty and subtlest charm, imparted to the whole of life.

If you speak of social equality before some women, they imagine that you want to take their pretty clothes away, and put them in the kitchen along with the cook, or at best expect them to dust their own parlors. Some men conceive of it with like force and intelligence, and ask you if you believe they ought to get no more money for toiling all day in a bank parlor, or managing a large business, than the fellow that works on the roads, or tends a machine in a mill. In either case they stand in abhorrence of what they call the dead level of equality.

I do not suppose there was ever a human being who got any good from inequality, and I think one may safely defy those who abhor equality to say what harm there would be in it. I, for my part, should like to have some one say why its level would be dead. Do those people live most who are the most deeply and hopelessly sundered into castes? Were those ages the happiest or the usefulest when there were masters and slaves, lords and villeins, and every man knew his place; or were they more animated than this, when we have pretty well rid ourselves of such differences, and no man thinks any other man's place rightfully beyond him? Is the arrest of development greater on the plains of society than on its summits or in its abysses? Is a king particularly alive? Is an aristocrat? Is a peasant? Have the inventions, the good books, the beautiful pictures and statues, the just laws, the animal comforts, even, come from the uppermost or the lowermost classes? They have mostly come from the middle classes, from the community lifted above want, but not above work, from the inexhaustible and generous vitality of the widest level of life.

If it is from equality, not from inequality, that we have anything to hope, we certainly have nothing to fear from it. I know we are told the inferiors would be very rude and bad if there were no superiors to set them a good example. But hitherto the superiors have only very exceptionally behaved as if this were their office in the world; they have mainly tried to get all the pleasure, and mainly the gross pleasure, they could out of life, at the expense of the inferiors. I do not believe one lovely or amiable thing would be lost if equality were to become the rule and fashion of the whole race, as it is now the rule and fashion of the best and wisest of the race in society. Men have believed that there was something to be gained by setting themselves apart from other men; and they have actually at times believed that those whom they excluded and depressed believed this, too, because they suffered it. But the inferior never believed, even in the depths of slavery, that inequality was a gain to him, whatever it might be to the superior, and he suffered it because he must. It never was a gain to the superior except in some advantages of food, clothing, and shelter. It never made him in any wise a finer, purer, juster man; and it very often made him arrogant, luxurious, bestial.

Certain sentimentalists, however, for want of a better grievance, complain of equality as unpicturesque. They are not able, apparently, to say why it is unpicturesque, and I never could find that they wished to contribute to the picturesqueness of inequality through any discomfort of their own. I never met a single person, of all those who praise inequality, willing to take the lower place, not to speak of the lowest. What is perhaps stranger still is that none of those who are down seem to like it, although they are used to being down, and have not the excuse of unfamiliarity with their position, which their superiors might urge if they were asked to descend in the scale. The underlings are not satisfied when the overlings tell them that it is not only fit that they should be where they are, but that it is very picturesque, and that it promotes sympathy in the overlings. Without troubling themselves to deny that it is picturesque, they invite the overlings to try it awhile themselves, and then they will be better able to say whether it is fit or not. As for sympathy, they would like to be in a position to do a little sympathizing too.

I doubt, in fine, if anybody really wants inequality. None but the superiors ever pretend to want it; the inferiors openly or

secretly detest it. I doubt whether the superiors have any comfort in it; the body of a man, especially the face of a man, with his more or less squirming, is not an agreeable footing, and I think no one truly enjoys the bad eminence it gives him.

What we truly enjoy in each other is likeness, not unlikeness. That is what makes the pleasure of good society. There is no rest save on the common ground. If I meet a man of different tradition, different religion, different race, different language, I am pleased with him for a moment, as I should be with a fairy or an amiable goblin; but he presently bores me, when the surprise of him is over. I find that we have no common ground. The perpetual yearning of our hearts is for intelligent response, and this can come only from our equals, from equality.

Many people do not understand this yet, and in my more uncharitable moments I have sometimes suspected that those who talk of the dead level of equality, and who dread or affect to dread equality, are dreaming of pleasure to their pride or vanity from inequality. They do not propose to be inferiors in the inequality they profess to like; they are greedily promising themselves to be princes and princesses in it, or at least dukes and duchesses, with or without the titles. They are either doing this, or else they are feeling some weakness in themselves which will not bear the test of equality. These are the kind of people who snub or truckle in good society, and cannot conceive that the good and beauty of society are imperiled whenever its spirit of equality is violated. Still less can they conceive of a whole civility, a universal condition, which shall be governed by the spirit of good society. For the sake of having the man behind their chairs, they are willing to be treated *de haut en bas* by the man across the table.

Such people will try to face you down from the facts that are and that always have been. There is, and there always has been, inequality in the world, in spite of the striving of generous hearts and enlightened minds for equality. Although equality has never ceased to show itself, and effect itself, within the different orders, and in modern times to characterize at least superficially that large composite order which we call good society, civilization is still embruted and endangered by inequality. One need not allege instances; they are abundant in every one's experience and observation; and those who dread or affect to dread the dead level of equality are quite right in saying that even in a political democracy there is as much inequality as anywhere. But this does not prove that they are right in admiring it, that it is not offensive and stupid. Inequality still persists, but so does theft, so does murder, so does unchastity, so do almost all the sins and shames that ever were. Inequality is, in fact, the sum of them; in the body of this death they fester and corrupt forever. As long as we have inequality we shall have these sins and shames, which spring from it, and which live on from inferior to superior. Few vices live from equal to equal; but the virtues flourish.

IV.

MUST we have inequality always? I do not think so. The disparity between the different sorts and conditions of men is not without its supposed remedy even in our conditions. The well-known American theory is that all having the same chance to get on top, all will get on top. If this really happened we should have the dead level of equality indeed; but a great many do not get on top—so many of the gentle, the kind, the good, that it may be questioned whether the summit would not have its displeasures for people of taste, whether one would altogether like to be seen there. It appears that this specific no longer cures, then; and if inequality is a malady, an evil, we must seek some other medicine for it. What that will be many will be ready to say, but few to prove. Perhaps we shall be changed by the slow process of the years, and by a process no more visible in the present than the movement of the hand upon the clock, but destined to a greater and greater swiftness in the future.

Any change is a long look ahead, and it is no part of my present purpose to offer the reader a telescopic view of the remote time when

> The common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
> And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapped in universal law.

I say the remote time, but if I supposed it to be very near, I should still try to put off the Golden Age, at least till I had reasoned my reader out of his fears of it; for there is nothing that seems to alarm people so much as the notion of a Golden Age to come. Nothing is really so offensive to the average good man or woman as the notion of human brotherhood. But I think this is not from any innate hatred of one's kind, or a natural disposition to obey the law and the prophets rather than

the new commandment they hang upon; for I am a great friend of human nature, and I like it all the better because it has had to suffer so much unjust reproach. It seems to me that we are always mistaking our conditions for our natures, and saying that human nature is greedy and mean and false and cruel, when only its conditions are so. We say you must change human nature if you wish to have human brotherhood, but we really mean that you must change human conditions, and this is quite feasible. It has always been better than its conditions, and ready for new and fitter conditions, although many sages have tried to rivet the old ones upon it, out of some such mistaken kindness as would forbid the crustacean a change of shell. The state of the crustacean after this change takes place is perilous, but with all its dangers it is not so perilous as the effort to keep its old shell on forever would be.

V.

As nearly as we can conceive it or forecast it, the new condition, the equality of the future, will be the enlargement of good society to the whole of humanity. This seems to me so not only because, so far as we have social equality, it has grown out of human nature, but because we have already more of that equality than any other.

Social inequality wounds most the most vocal, if not the most sensitive, of our kind, and from their outcry we are apt to think there is more of it than there is of other sorts of inequality; but there is really more social equality. The different sorts of equality are finally inseparable, but up to a certain point they are sufficiently distinguishable, and one may speak of political equality, equality before the laws, and economic equality. Without the last, the first and second exist only measurably, and they tend to disappear as it shrinks. In fact, economic equality is the mother of all other equalities; but money has less power in society than anywhere else. It is true that money can give more sumptuous entertainments than merit can, and that if merit comes to a dinner which it cannot return, it takes a stamp of inferiority from money. But this only proves that economic inequality invades social equality as it invades political equality. In spite of it, however, good society is, upon the whole, so nobly imagined, and so handsomely realized, that one longs to have it perfect, and then to impart its perfection to all human society.

Its perfection would be perfect equality. I do not mean equality of wits, bulks, statures, looks; the differences in these come from so far behind us that we cannot control them; though, of course, economic equality would tend to efface them by giving good food, clothing, shelter, and education to all; as it is, such differences do not afflict us much. By perfect equality I mean equal consideration, the absence of any and all man-made distinctions between men.

We have had inequality so long in the world that it is the convention to justify it, as it once was the convention to justify slavery, and I dare say cannibalism more remotely. It is supposed to be human nature, and it was undoubtedly human nature once, as those other things were in their time. But I do not believe that any enlightened person thinks it just; and the other sort of persons are no longer the majority in good society, or at least they do not dominate the ideals of good society. There is some prospect that they will not always dominate the ideals of society in the sense of humanity, but will presently be so powerless that this sort of society can be safely included in good society; and as people are apt to become finally what they have long seemed to be, professed to be, goodness of manner will end in goodness of heart, and we shall have an equality which is at once polite and sincere.

None other is worth having. There must be no rudeness, no unkindness; that must be left to the savage world which will still admire force, violence, the expressions of inequality. The level, when we have it, will be the highest yet attained by the exceptional few. The purest ideals of the philosophers and the saints are not too fine to be realized in the civility which shall be the life of the whole people, and shall come home to their business and bosoms.

W. D. Howells.

THE ISSUES OF 1896.

I. A REPUBLICAN VIEW, BY THE HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE next Presidential campaign will be remarkable, if for no other reason than because in it the Democratic party will have to ask retention in power upon the ground that, if so retained, it will undo most of what it has done during the years that it had free governmental control. A party always bases much of its claim to public support upon the shortcomings of the the opposite party; but the Republicans may safely leave the tale of their foes' shortcomings to be told by their foes themselves. Next year it seems as if the Democracy would achieve the distinction of running, at one and the same time, both on the issue that it will hereafter keep the promises which hitherto it has failed to keep, and also on the issue that it is perfectly safe to trust it, because it never has kept its promises, and does not intend to, and therefore need not be taken at its word by any man who fears a convulsion in our financial or economic policy.

This last must certainly be the attitude it will take on one of the great questions before the country—the tariff. The majority of Democrats are sincere believers in a low tariff looking toward free trade. However, few of them venture openly to champion free trade as a present-day possibility, and, as a whole, they have united only in demanding that vague entity known as «tariff reform,» which may mean anything or nothing. Undoubtedly, however, at the last election the great majority of Democrats understood tariff reform to mean a sweeping and general reduction in import duties, and the great majority of their leaders gave fullest and frankest expression to this view. The bitter disappointment they felt over what they deemed their betrayal by some of the Democratic leaders in Congress is too fresh in mind to need more than an allusion. No denunciation of the Fifty-third Congress by Republicans can compare in violence with the denunciation heaped upon it by leading Democrats everywhere. Much the most serious argument advanced against a policy of high tariff is that it puts a premium upon the sacrifice of the general welfare to the selfish interests of particular individuals and particular businesses or localities, and the most forceful plea advanced for a policy of low tariff is that it does away with this scramble of greedy and conflicting interests. Yet the tariff bill of 1894 was passed amid scenes more scandalous than had attended the passage of any previous bill. Never before was the general welfare so contemptuously disregarded in dealing with special industries. Never before did United States senators appear so openly as the guardians of, and attorneys for, those peculiar aggregates of capital which are commonly styled «trusts.» The result proved the truth of the statement made by the brilliant Republican leader on whom there fell in the House the chief burden of opposing the passage of the tariff bill. Mr. Reed, in denouncing the queer measure which finally received the sanction of President Cleveland's signature, said that «protection was proper as a principle, but infamous as a preference.» The Wilson-Gorman Bill was described with exact nicety in this condemnation. It was largely a protective measure, for protection was yielded to certain industries in varying degree as a matter of preference and bargain and sale, but not as a matter of principle. It was a free-trade measure in spots, also; for here and there, where an industry had no special champion in Congress, or where it flourished in a district in which it was hopeless to expect Democratic votes, the duties were greatly reduced; but wherever an industry possessed a sufficiently formidable champion, and was willing to pay the price, it had little to fear. There were entirely disinterested believers in free trade, or in a low tariff, in both the upper and the lower house; but in the actual event the power rested with their foes. One group of senators might demand much and another little. One might represent the immense wealth of the sugar trust, while another stood for the iron manufacturers, and yet a third merely for a single business interest, such as the manufacture of collars in some given town. But they all got what they wanted. The result was a law which nobody defended and everybody condemned, and which the majority of Democrats ridiculed and disliked even more than did the Republicans.

It is needless now to recite the events of last year's election. The Democratic party had been in complete power for the first time since the civil war. The Senate, House, and President—all had been theirs. They had passed their own tariff bill; they had done whatever they deemed proper on the question of finance; and the result was that the country went through such a time of business disaster as it had not seen since 1857. As to the exact causes of the depression men disagreed; but they were all agreed that the tariff agitation and its outcome played a big part therein. Some contended that the bill was iniquitous because in so many directions it kept and even increased the protective duties. Others saw in its free-trade provisions a menace to the prosperity of American workingmen. But they were all agreed in condemning it. Accordingly, at the polls in 1894 the Democrats received an even more crushing defeat than had befallen the Republicans four years previously. The result did not make entirely clear what the American people did want, but it left no kind of doubt as to what they did not want.

On the tariff, therefore, the Democrats enter the next campaign handicapped by the fact that they repudiate their own handiwork. All of their leaders who are entitled to receive respectful attention denounce the Wilson-Gorman Bill, and promise to supplant it by another. They cannot take any other position. They are traitors to their own principles unless they denounce as treachery to these principles the work of their own hands. All they can promise is further agitation, further change and unrest, with all the attendant misfortunes of such change and unrest to the business community and to the world of workingmen. The Republicans, on the other hand, stand for a policy of commercial rest. They wish to continue the protective policy. They have no desire to carry the principle to unreasonable extremes. All they intend to do, if they have the power, is to remodel the present law wherever it is absolutely necessary to do so in the interests of impartial justice, so that all sections and all industries shall be treated alike.

At present, however, the financial question bids fair to overtop the tariff in interest. If business had continued in its depressed condition, and if there had been a failure of crops in the West, the financial question would have been all-important, and the fight would undoubtedly have resolved itself into a straight-out contest for and against free silver, the Democrats championing and the Republicans opposing unlimited coinage of the depreciated metal. The partial return of prosperity, however, has checked the free-silver craze. The Republicans have always been overwhelmingly against any form of «cheap» currency, whether under the guise of fiat paper or short-weight silver. All of the presidential candidates on the Republican side are and have been against it—Reed, Morton, McKinley, Harrison, Allison. The free-silver Republicans are important only because they are concentrated in a number of the Rocky Mountain States. These States are sparsely populated. They count for little in a party convention or in a national election, but they count for a great deal in the Senate; and it is this disproportionate representation in the Senate that has given the free-silver people any weight at all in the Republican party. With the Democratic party affairs are widely different. In most of the great Democratic States there is a very strong and real sentiment in favor of free silver. In some of these States the free-silver men are in the majority, and have complete control of the party machinery. In other States they form merely a large minority. In yet others the two sides are evenly balanced, which sometimes results in rather droll complications; as in Kentucky, where the Democratic convention compromised the matter by running a free-silver candidate on an anti-free-silver platform.

In very many of the Democratic strongholds—notably in the South and Southwest—the Populist organizations seriously threaten Democratic supremacy. The Populists really represent very little except an angry but loose discontent with affairs as they actually are, and a readiness to grasp after any remedy proposed either by charlatanism or by an ignorance as honest as it is abysmal. The Populist party, therefore, waxes and wanes inversely as prosperity increases or declines; that is, the folly of certain voters seems to grow in inverse ratio to their need of displaying wisdom. At present, affairs over the country seem to be on the mend, and the Populist party is therefore losing power. The Democratic attitude toward free silver, in turn, depends very much upon the Populists' strength. Wherever and whenever the Populists are a distinct menace to the government, the Democrats try to outbid them by declaring in favor of unsound finance; but as the Populists become weak, the mass of the Democratic statesmen grow ready once more to stand by their party, even should that party decline to announce itself as un-

restrictedly as they wish in favor of dishonest money. It seems likely, therefore, at present, that the Democrats will make no open fight for free silver; and as their leading men occupy every conceivable position upon this as upon all other public questions, it is quite impossible to foretell what any Democratic nomination will really mean.

The Republican party's attitude, on the contrary, is absolutely clear. It does not depend in the least upon whether the crops are good or bad, upon whether the business community is or is not in a flourishing condition. It does not even depend upon who is nominated. From Iowa east every Republican State has declared, or will declare, in some shape, against the adoption of a free-silver platform; and even west of Iowa the majority of Republicans, in all save the few rabid silver States, are against free silver and in favor of sound finance. Every Republican whose nomination is a possibility is against the free coinage of silver, and has proved his faith by his votes and actions in time past. President Cleveland, like ex-President Harrison, has shown himself a stanch friend of sound money. But in Congress, under Republican and under Democratic control alike, the great majority of the Republicans have been found ranged on the side of an honest currency, and the great majority of the Democrats have voted for that species of partial repudiation, the unlimited coinage of short-weight silver dollars. The Republican party, when assembled in a national convention, will certainly not declare for free silver. In my opinion it ought to declare unqualifiedly against it. But possibly the anti-free-silver men, knowing that they have the substance, will not refuse to give half of the shadow to the Rocky Mountain Republicans. Their presidential nominee will be a man who would veto any free-silver bill that passed Congress; their nominees for Congress itself will be men who would strenuously oppose such a bill. Refusal to be for free silver means, of course, that the party is resolutely against it; and the majority may rest content with this state of affairs, and spare the minority humiliation by refraining from denouncing in so many words the free coinage of silver. I should prefer that they did denounce it; but the denunciation is really a matter of small consequence when the attitude of the party is so clear, not alone from its present actions, but from its actions in the past. The Republican party, as a party is, as it always has been, unflinchingly against the free coinage of silver.

Probably the convention will declare a desire for an international agreement to further bimetallism. Some of the anti-free-silver men, the extreme gold men, are as unreasonable in their fanaticism as any representatives of the Rocky Mountain mine-owners. These men violently oppose any scheme looking toward international bimetallism, and, indeed, at times seem to object to it almost as much as to free silver. Such conduct is mere foolishness. The financial question is far too complicated to permit any persons to refuse to discuss any method which offers a reasonable hope of bettering the situation.

The question of the free coinage of silver is not complicated at all. Very many honest men honestly advocate free coinage; nevertheless, in its essence, the measure is one of partial repudiation, and is to be opposed because it would shake the country's credit, and would damage that reputation for honest dealing which should be as dear to a nation as to a private individual. But the question of bimetallism stands on an entirely different footing. Very many men of high repute as statesmen and as students of finance, both at home and abroad, believe that great good would come from an international agreement which would permit the use of both metals in the currency of the world. No one is prepared to say that such an agreement would do harm. There is grave doubt as to whether the agreement can be reached; but the end is of such importance as to justify an effort to attain it. The people who oppose the move are, as a rule, men whom the insane folly of the ultra-free-silver men has worked into a panic of folly only less acute.

These good people have come to a condition where they are apt to confound names and things, and to forget the relative importance of words and of acts. A curious instance of this is afforded by their attitude toward ex-Speaker Reed during the last few months. Mr. Reed has occupied a position not too common among the public men of the country, because of his consistent and unflinching support of honest finance. His vote and speech have invariably been against every free-coinage bill, and against every other measure to depreciate the currency which has been introduced in Congress. When he was Speaker he actually, by the force of his iron will and commanding personality, stopped the passage of a free-silver bill through the lower house, and thus prevented its going to President Harrison. The President would have vetoed it; but the mere passage of the bill by Congress would have been a very serious shock to our credit, and

would have invited commercial disaster. Parties were very closely divided in the Fifty-first Congress, and the Democrats, with the exception of a bare handful from the Northeast, supported the measure. Half a dozen Republicans from the Rocky Mountains also supported it. But Mr. Reed, by sheer weight of personal influence kept the immense majority of his party firm, being heartily backed by Mr. McKinley and every other Republican leader on the floor. The two sides were almost evenly balanced. Indeed, for two days. the free-silver men seemed to have a majority of one. The Democrats, assisted by the few free-silver Republicans, exhausted themselves in the effort to pass the bill. All of their leaders—Mr. Crisp, Mr. Mills, Mr. Springer—put forth every effort to force through the bill, and, for the moment, even such usually consistent hard-money Democrats as Mr. Wilson of West Virginia abandoned their faith and turned in with the silver men. Not another man in the country could have barred the passage of the bill. But Mr. Reed did bar it. With indomitable resolution he stopped its passage for three days, until at last he rallied the bare majority necessary to kill it.

Finally, Mr. Reed voted for the gold-bond resolution rendered necessary by the peculiar terms in which President Cleveland couched his contract with the syndicate that took the United States bonds. Like very many men, both Republicans and Democrats, he did not approve of the terms of this contract, and he was not able to express the unmeasured approbation which its friends seemed to demand. The important thing, however, was his vote; and his vote was given, as it always had been, for sound finance. Not even the fact that the bulk of his party associates broke away from him and joined with the bulk of the Democrats in refusing to support the gold bond, swayed Mr. Reed. His personal dislike to the terms of the contract did not prevent him from casting his vote in accordance with what he deemed, on the whole, the best interests of the country. Yet the extreme gold people of the Northeast actually condemned his action, failing to see, what to a disinterested observer is self-evident, that his conduct proved conclusively that even in the most trying emergencies he can be relied upon to stand firmly for honest money. Truly the attitude of his critics affords another instance of «the infinite capacity of mankind to withstand the introduction of knowledge.» No man deserves more at the hands of believers in sound money than Mr. Reed; and his views are the views of the great mass of Republican voters. In the next presidential campaign the Republican party will stand for sound finance, for honest money, and against the free coinage of the depreciated silver dollar.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the Republican party will also make an aggressive fight on the question of America's foreign policy. A policy of buncombe and spread-eagleism in foreign affairs would be sincerely to be deprecated; but a policy of tame submission to insult is even worse. In its foreign policy the present Democratic administration has offered a most unpleasant contrast to the preceding Republican administration. The very Democrats who have stood stoutest in warring against the great majority of their own party for sound finance have also been unpleasantly conspicuous in forcing their party to adopt a thoroughly improper and un-American tone in foreign affairs. Unfortunately, very many decent men in the country, and especially in the Northeast, are too timid, or too unpatriotic, to wish the United States to play the part it should among the nations of the earth. America must never play the part of a bully; but even less must she play the part of a coward; and it is this last most unpleasant part which, during the last two years of Democratic administration, she has once or twice come near playing.

We should build a first-class fighting navy —a navy, not of mere swift commerce-destroyers, but of powerful battle-ships. We should annex Hawaii immediately. It was a crime against the United States, it was a crime against white civilization, not to annex it two years and a half ago. The delay did damage that is perhaps irreparable; for it meant that at the critical period of the island's growth the influx of population consisted, not of white Americans, but of low-caste laborers drawn from the yellow races. We should build the isthmian canal, and it should be built either by the United States government or under its protection. We should inform Great Britain, with equal firmness and courtesy, that the Monroe doctrine is very much alive, and that the United States cannot tolerate the aggrandizement of a European power on American soil, especially when such aggrandizement takes the form of an attempt to seize the mouths of the Orinoco.

This does not mean a policy of bluster. No American President or Secretary of State, no American legislative body, should ever make a threat which is not, if necessary, to be backed by force of arms. Honorable peace is

always desirable, but under no circumstances should we permit ourselves to be defrauded of our just rights by any fear of war. No amount of material prosperity can atone for lack of national self-respect; and in no way can national self-respect be easier lost than through a peace obtained or preserved unworthily, whether through cowardice or through sluggish indifference.

The conduct of our foreign affairs under President Harrison was, on the whole, admirable. Our attitude toward Germany in the Samoan incident, and toward Chile later, raised our standard high. We behaved in each instance with great moderation, but with entire firmness, and in each our conduct was rewarded with excellent results. We preserved the same attitude toward the great European empire and the spitfire South American republic. In the latter case, indeed, it was only our timely firmness that prevented the Chileans forcing us into a position which would have certainly meant war. All of this stands in striking contrast to the behavior of the present administration toward Hawaii and Nicaragua, and in the dispute between England and Venezuela. The one failure of President Harrison's administration was in the Bering Sea case, and this failure was due to our over-anxiety for a peaceful settlement, and consequent willingness to yield what we ought not to have yielded. Had we taken the stand which was advocated by the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Tracy, and which had already been advocated by Mr. Phelps when minister to England under President Cleveland, there would have been no war, the seals would now have been alive, and there would have been no danger of the extinction of the greatest industry of the North Pacific. We ought never to have agreed to an arbitration; but we did, and the present administration has, of course, made matters worse. It is not a page of American diplomacy upon which we can look back with pride; but it offers a most wholesome lesson. It should teach us to beware, beyond all others, of the peace-at-any-price men. It should teach us to be exceedingly cautious about entering into any arbitration. Above all, it should teach us the lesson of courteous but resolute insistence on our rights, at no matter what cost.

The Republican party will go into the next election as the champion of the only foreign policy to which self-respecting Americans can subscribe; and the Democratic party, on this issue, will either have to condemn without reservation its own immediate past, or else must stand as the apologist of a policy of national humiliation.

More important, almost, than any specific measure or policy is the general attitude of the Republican party toward good government. A party is much more than its candidate or its platform. It is even more than the men who, in the aggregate, compose it at the moment; for it is a bundle of traditions, tendencies, and principles as well. Every act of an organized Republican body in any portion of the Union has some effect upon the general party welfare. Republicans, and specially Republican politicians, in and out of office, must, if they have the welfare of the party at heart, feel that a heavy responsibility rests upon them. They must take the right side on every issue that arises, local or State or National. It is a discredit to the whole party when Republicans put into office a scoundrel of any kind. It is a credit to the whole party when they work in any place disinterestedly for good government. They must feel this, and they must show that they feel it. Everywhere they must stand for law and order. The law-breaker, whether he be lyncher or whitecapper, or merely the liquor-seller who desires to drive an illegal business, must be made to feel that the Republican party is against him. Every ballot-box stuffer, every bribe-taking legislator, every corrupt official of any grade, must be made to feel that he is an outcast from the Republican party. The party must stand firmly for good government in our cities; and in many cases this good government can only be obtained by the sinking of partizan lines in municipal contests. The Republican party must stand by the civil-service law, National and State. Republicans of every grade must feel that it behooves them to see that their party representatives in every office are clean and honest men; and for the sake of the welfare of the party they must rigorously punish the scoundrels who use the party name to cloak their own base purposes. On the great national issues of the day—the tariff, finance, and foreign policy—the Republican party has all the advantage of position in the presidential fight upon which we shall shortly enter. All Republicans must be specially careful to strengthen this position by making it their duty to see that the dishonest and unworthy representatives of their party are punished, and to see that in every locality the Republican party stands for honesty, decency, and good citizenship on whatever may be the issue for the moment.

Theodore Roosevelt.

II. A DEMOCRATIC VIEW, BY EX-GOVERNOR RUSSELL.

THE American people like politics—not the running of the political machine, but the discussion of public questions and of public men. A few like to run the machine; the vast majority like to smash it, asserting an independence which will not stand being bound and gagged, especially by selfish, ignorant, or corrupt control. By machine is meant, not spontaneous party organization or selected personal leadership, which is necessary and useful, but self-assumed control, often in the name of party, which grinds out candidates, dictates their opinions and action, gets, holds, and uses political power for selfish and personal ends, and dominates its constituency instead of guiding and uplifting it. Between the two there is a wide difference. The one is Statesmanship, leading by principle for the public good; the other Bossism, controlling by tactics, and with an iron hand, for its own purposes.

Our political experience of the past ten or twelve years has been helpful in emphasizing this difference, and in arousing public spirit, developing political courage, and reviving the interest of the people in their government, National, State, and local.

We have seen old and false issues discarded. The «bloody shirt,» which never had a soul or truth within it, has been relegated to the lumber-room, to indulge in reminiscence with the old hats, torches, and banners of many a forgotten campaign. No longer can a President be made by impeaching the loyalty and patriotism of any section of our country, or by dire prediction of evils which time has abundantly falsified.

We have seen parties and leaders with the courage of their convictions. Questions which for years they feared to touch, which were straddled in platforms and abandoned in campaigns, have been boldly thrust to the front; and neither the timidity of politicians nor the threat of factional division has stopped their progress «upward still and onward» to successful, victorious solution.

We have seen the people take the deepest interest in intricate public problems. The time has passed when campaigns can be waged upon the personality of candidates or the past of political parties. Abuse and vituperation, brag and bluster, have given way to education—the serious, intelligent discussion of principles and measures. In the vigorous agitation over living issues, «pointing with pride» to what a party has been or has done excites only ridicule, unless coupled with proof and pledge that it now has a sound policy, which it definitely declares and means courageously to enforce. Who would have believed ten years ago that the tariff would become a subject of popular discussion, or that its details could be satisfactorily settled by popular vote? Yet for six successive years it monopolized the attention of the people. On the farm and in the workshop, in village store and city factory, the voters were debating the merits of protection and free trade, and their effect on prices, wages, and industries. The campaign speaker could hardly get a hearing who did not discuss the principles of taxation and the details of tariff schedules. «Free raw material,» «the home market,» «McKinley prices,» and «pauper labor» were phrases more familiar to the public than the names of candidates; and candidates became important only as they represented definite views on this one absorbing topic.

We have seen the steady growth of a reform sentiment which, not content with criticism within the quiet of the scholar's cloister, has gone forth to wage battle and win wholesome victories; a keener demand that political power shall be used only for the benefit of the governed, not for personal or party advantage; the uprooting of old abuses; and, with all of this, greater independence in political action, inflicting defeats welcomed as blessings by patriots of whatever political stripe.

We have seen, in the marvelous career of a firm and brave man, how popular is political courage, and how loyally the people follow resolute leadership. More conspicuously than any of our generation has stood forth one who has had strong convictions, with the courage always to declare them and everywhere to fight for them; who has achieved success by character and ability, not by offices or office-holders; who, in the midst of factional discord and partizan abuse, has confidently relied on an appeal from faction to the rank and file, and from the partizan to the people; who has stood for principle without compromise, and for sound policies against heresy inside or outside of his own party; and who has impressed himself upon the people because they believed that he stood steadfast for the public welfare, without regard to personal or political consequences. One or two familiar incidents in his later life will illustrate my meaning. The campaign of 1888 was about to begin, in which he was to be a candidate for reëlection. He had given the country an honorable

and successful administration; a Democratic victory seemed certain. The one thing needful was not to raise new questions nor disturb existing conditions. So prudence and timidity suggested; so party leaders and associates advised. But, disregarding such advice, Cleveland issued his historic message of December, 1887—a bold challenge to wealthy, powerful, and favored interests, but a trumpet-call marshaling the intelligence and patriotism of the country to the consideration of the most important question of a generation, which politicians and parties had hitherto feared to touch. That message was not the product of political expediency, but of conscience, conviction, and courage. It led to temporary defeat; but it gave his party new life and vigor, made him its trusted leader, immeasurably raised the standard of politics, and finally won the hearty support of the country, giving to Democracy its first opportunity since the war for important constructive legislation. Again in 1891, when the free coinage of silver was imminent, and politicians—especially would-be candidates for President—were reluctant to declare their position, Cleveland, with characteristic courage and directness, denounced «the dangerous and reckless experiment.» His party was badly split upon the question. To many his action gave great offense; by many more it was thought to be political suicide. But soon the party made him again its leader, and under such leadership won a notable victory.

These influences which have been at work are still operative. The people have not taken their government into their own hands, and fully experienced the pleasure and benefit of governing themselves, only now to relax control and permit government to become «a close corporation of politicians for exploiting the public to their own advantage.» Nor have they once demanded that parties shall discard dead issues and take definite position on the living questions of the day, only now to relapse into indifference and be content with idle generalities and halting candidates. The reform impulse for better men and better government is not ephemeral, but the best product of past campaigns, and bound again to exert a healthy and potent influence; and the people still like courage, character, ability in politics as in everything else, and despise trimming and time-serving.

In the next presidential campaign the Democratic party, if guided by past experience, must and will nominate candidates of courage and character, of definite, outspoken opinions on living questions, and upon a platform which means something, and expresses it with a directness and emphasis not to be mistaken. The people wish, and have a right to know, the exact position of parties on silver, the tariff, a foreign policy, civil-service reform, and other main issues. The time is over when a party can get or hold power by the mere momentum of its past. We may assume, then, that the campaign of '96 will not be seriously affected by ancient political history, nor an alert, intelligent people deceived by mere boasting, exaggeration, or false pretense. Not that all this will be absent from the campaign. On the contrary, I fancy I can now see the Republican orator setting up his men of straw—the Southern brigadier, the free-trader, the English sycophant; I hear him again denouncing as un-American everything and everybody outside the Republican lines; I hear him claiming all prosperity as a Republican gift, and all adversity as Democratic deviltry; I laugh with others at the sarcasm and drollery of the gentleman from Maine, as he again contrasts virtue and vice, patriotism and disloyalty, industry and idleness, wealth and poverty, and then, with vivid imagination and cool assurance, gives each a party label. But all of this is only the *ad captandum* dramatics of the campaign orator, which amuse himself, with little effect on his audience and less harm to his opponent. Meanwhile the thoughtful citizen is asking, Which party preached and practised extravagance, squandered the surplus, raised taxation, unsettled the currency, emptied the treasury, and left behind it, if not the deluge, an established financial and economic policy which was bound to bring panic and disaster? He is also comparing dates and conditions—'93, a year of distress, with Republican laws and policy in full force; and '95, a year of marked prosperity, with such laws and policy repealed. To such voters—who, after all, decide elections—the Democratic party in '96 will gladly submit the record of its administration. What is that record? It has had to deal with a business depression for which it was in no way responsible; it has applied the remedies demanded by the conservative opinion of the country; and it has done this bravely, against bitter opposition within and without its party lines. It has repealed the Federal Election law, thus giving to the States the right to control their elections, and the responsibility for their proper conduct. It has ended McKinley protection, reducing taxation and reversing the tariff policy of the country. It has repealed the Sherman silver law, which stood as a great and growing menace to the stability of our fi-

nances; and it has by drastic measures, necessary and wholesome, sustained the treasury reserve and the credit of the nation, and saved business and the country from untold loss and suffering. This record of a party seeking the renewed confidence of the people will necessarily enter into the next presidential campaign.

So much for the past. Of more consequence are the questions now imminent, and the position of the parties upon them. Of these the most important, no doubt, is the silver question. Our country can adjust itself to any kind of a tariff, but it never can adjust itself to a dishonest dollar. Fortunately the question has become at last the subject of constant and serious discussion. The people have put on their thinking-caps, and with characteristic earnestness and thoroughness are going to think the problem out, and settle it permanently without evasion or compromise. Parties must and will adapt themselves to this situation. It is not difficult to foresee the course of the Democratic party. It has on its hands a radical difference of opinion and a first-class fight. It has had this before. It was divided on the tariff question. It fought this out within its ranks to a right conclusion, then became stronger, united, and victorious. It never would have made any progress if it had feared to face the fight or halted because of dissenters. It is now repeating that experience. Everywhere it is debating the silver question. The recent victories for sound money in Kentucky, Iowa, and Ohio show the effect of full discussion, and make it certain that the Democratic party will not commit itself to the silver heresy, nor weaken its credit and standing by seeking harmony through compromise of principle. Harmony will come, as it did on the tariff, when the party, through struggle, takes and obstinately holds a sound position. I confidently predict that in '96 the Democratic party, in its national platform and candidate, will stand for sound money, and will oppose the free coinage of silver. Both principle and expediency suggest this course. It is in line with the traditions and past of the party; with its platforms and principles; with the whole record of its administration, for which it is responsible; with its own action in opposing and repealing the Sherman law; and with its devoted loyalty to one who for eleven years has been the most conspicuous and valiant champion of honest money and sound finance. Any other course invites discreditable defeat. The party can stand defeat, and even grow stronger by it. It cannot stand the discredit of committing itself to a passing heresy born of hard times, which time and prosperity will surely kill, but which, if successful, would unsettle business, impair credit, reduce all savings, and the value of all wages. It has now a splendid opportunity to render the country a further service, and, following the lead of Jackson and Cleveland, its past and its present, to educate and agitate for sound principles of finance as it has for a sound policy of tariff taxation. In such position it will be at issue with the Republican party. Not that that party will advocate the free coinage of silver; that would be standing for some principle, however erroneous, and the Republican party to-day is a party of compromise and expediency. But, judged by its past, it will trim and evade, to satisfy an aggressive minority deemed necessary for its success. At the critical moment the Republican party yields to financial heresy in its ranks, and the Democratic party conquers it. Through such weakness have come the many compromise measures as to paper money, inflation, and silver, which have been a constant menace to the stability of our finances. It led to Republican criticism of Cleveland's first administration for its unflinching stand for sound money; it was expressed in the Republican national platform of '88, which arraigned the Democratic party for its hostility to silver, and in the speeches of leaders like Mr. McKinley, who, in February, 1891, denounced his opponents for «dishonoring one of our precious metals, one of our greatest products, discrediting silver and enhancing the price of gold,» making «money the master, everything else the servant»; it accounts for the present ominous silence of Republican statesmen with presidential aspirations, while the Democratic administration and party are pursuing a vigorous and successful campaign of education. The old Republican malady of timidity and compromise has paralyzed Republican speech; its ambitious leaders remain silent, useless, with their weather eye open only for any little favoring breeze which may drift them onward. It is time for them to trim ship and set a course.

I write in the fall of '95. It is possible that before the next presidential campaign has opened, the silver question, through Democratic work and returning prosperity, will have lost its importance, and the two parties will vie with each other in emphatic expression of the country's settled and sound conviction. I do not, however, anticipate such a happy result. It is more likely that the question will be the leading subject of the cam-

paign. If so, I believe that the Democratic party, through discussion, education, and a struggle, will make its way to a safe and strong position, and nominate a sound candidate upon a sound platform. I as firmly believe that the Republican party will drift into compromise, not favoring free silver, but throwing a sop to its silver contingent, and nominating a non-committal candidate of doubtful record and of cautious speech, who will be expected to hold both Colorado and Massachusetts. Democratic promise will be backed by the record of the party in administration, and will win the support not only of the conservative sentiment and business interests of the country, but of the growing body of independents who place the public above any partizan interest, and who insist that candidates and conventions shall take definite position on the questions of the day. It ought to carry every doubtful State. If, on the other hand, the party is committed to free silver, it discredits its own administration, and, I believe, goes to certain defeat.

While the silver question is likely, in the next campaign, to be uppermost in the public mind, the tariff will, no doubt, as in the past, be an issue between the parties and the subject of much discussion. Between the parties there is a radical difference on the principles involved; but just how important the issue is to be depends largely on the action of the Republican Congress and National Convention. The burden rests upon that party. The Democracy, after a long contest over the tariff, has passed a law which, though a very conservative measure, is a long advance in the right direction. Business and industries have accepted it, and are contented and prosperous under it. Democrats are anxious to give it the test of time and experience. Will the Republicans acquiesce in this, or do they propose to turn backward to McKinleyism? Should they nominate McKinley without repudiating his tariff views, the tariff will at once become the vital issue of the campaign. He represents distinctly one idea. His nomination would be a challenge to the country to return to a tariff policy which it has defeated and discarded. The Democratic party would gladly accept the challenge and fight the old battle over again; but this time it would have with it the business interests, which have adapted themselves to present conditions and demand a rest from further tariff changes. The issue would be between a fair trial of a successful tariff and a return to a discredited policy. Should the Republican platform advocate reënactment of the McKinley law or repeal of the present law, the same result would follow. The convention is not at all likely, however, to do anything so specific or dangerous. It will content itself with criticism of free trade, the usual eulogy of protection and the home market, and the usual claim that the Republican party alone represents American ideas, interests, and patriotism. This raises no very definite issue, except, perhaps, one of truth and good taste. At the same time the tendency of the Republican party is for protection always, and plenty of it, whenever it has the power and courage to carry out its purpose. Already a movement is on foot to couple with Republican protection of manufactures bounties to shipping and to agricultural exports, so as to distribute more widely the taxes Republican policy exacts, and to bind other interests to public support, all at the expense of the whole people. The Democratic party is at issue with this Republican policy. Discussion and education will go on, until with substantial agreement we get back to the sound principles and policy of the tariff of '57. The Democratic party will advance slowly in this direction, by urging, not another general revision of the tariff, but specific measures such as for free coal and iron ore, and gradually reducing taxation as time again proves the benefit of such a policy.

One other question is likely to be an important issue in the campaign, namely, the foreign policy of our country. Until a comparatively recent date there was substantial agreement that such policy should not be one of conquest or aggression, but should avoid «entangling alliances,» and make Washington's farewell words, and the proper assertion of the Monroe doctrine, the bulwark of national safety and honor. The San Domingo fiasco of Grant's administration was believed to have ended permanently any other course. But recently Republican leaders have revived a defeated and almost forgotten Jingoism, and proclaimed a policy of foreign interference and annexation. By annexation of the Hawaiian Islands they would have the country try the experiment of governing a distant, divided, foreign people, and of assimilating them and their institutions. By interference at Samoa they would involve us in entangling alliances with Germany and England, and in a responsibility unusual and unnecessary. By assisting Nicaragua in resisting payment of England's claim and English occupancy they would pervert the Monroe doctrine and establish a precedent which would force us into the foreign quarrels of every petty, irresponsible

republic of Central and South America. How far these views of Republican Jingoists permeate and control that party will be determined in its next convention. The Democratic administration, in its conduct of our foreign affairs, has met constant, bitter criticism, but has resolutely refused to depart from the traditional policy of our country, and to involve her in novel and everlasting foreign complications. It has not believed that conquest or colonial acquisition is conducive to her strength or welfare, nor national honor best upheld by tyranny over a feeble but friendly power. The Republican party may make an issue over this Democratic record. If so, a most important question of far-reaching consequences will demand serious attention. For one, I believe it will take much more than the bluster of Jingoism to persuade the people that it is wise, safe, or patriotic to plunge our country into the maelstrom of international strife and ambition, and to abandon a course where we have found peace with honor, and have grown to be the most powerful, prosperous, and happy of the nations of the world.

Finally, in view of Republican declamation and assumption, it is certainly desirable that we should discuss seriously and thoroughly what is a sound American policy, what is the true American spirit, and which party is its better representative. Americanism, patriotism, is a thing of action, not of declamation. It does not become the exclusive property of the party claiming it, nor condone political crimes committed in its name. We have seen the term misused to justify a policy of sectional division and hatred, and, in violation of the Constitution, to supplant the rights and duties of the States, either by force of arms or gifts from the National treasury; to excuse a wild career of profligate public expenditure; to defend a «spoils system,» which places influence against merit, and makes partizanship, not efficiency, the test of tenure of office; to uphold a system of taxation which benefited the few at the expense of the many, and imposed burdens unequal, unjust, and unnecessary; to encourage a policy which would restrict the inventive genius, the marvelous industry, and the energy of our people to a home market rather than let them place our nation at the head of the markets of the world and make America the mistress of the sea. And now this much-abused term is summoned to lead us away from the peaceful traditions and policy of the past out into the field of conquest and annexation, of strife and war. This is not the true American spirit, but the spirit of bravado; not a sound American policy, but a policy of recklessness.

The true American spirit welcomes with fraternal love the reunion of the whole country in loyalty, happiness, and prosperity; it stands fast to the Constitution against those who would violate it for partizan or sectional purposes, and guards the people's money against the wild raids of selfish schemers; it still believes there is virtue in thrift, and that it is better that government should lift the burdens of taxation rather than set the people an example of riotous living; that taxation is not a blessing, but a necessary evil to be lessened by prudence and economy; that it is not to be used to take from one to give to another, nor to be controlled by selfish interests, but it is to be levied justly, equally, according to men's means, not their necessities, and for public purposes only. The true American policy would open the public service to all upon their merits, and make the office-holder neither the slave of the politician nor the master of the people. It urges us to a «vigorous prosecution of the pursuits of peace,» and competition with all nations in the markets of the world; but not to follow their bloody footsteps in a struggle to conquer or control lands or peoples beyond our borders. It upholds, as it always has through many a Democratic administration, the national honor. It is nonsense to argue that in this there is division on party lines, or that Republicans monopolize patriotism. Let us through discussion get at the real Americanism, extol and follow it, exposing and avoiding the shams and demagogism masquerading in its name.

I have not ventured to predict who will be the candidates in the next campaign. In view of the earnest personal struggle within the Republican party, and the sectional difference of opinion within the Democratic party, he would be a bold man who would say who either candidate will be, or from what section of the country he will hail. This much we may gather from the past: the Democrats will nominate a candidate of positive and well-known convictions on pending questions and upon a platform equally emphatic; the Republicans will compromise upon their candidate and platform. This much also we may predict: that the Democratic party will have no right to demand or expect that he who has so gallantly led them in three campaigns, and twice to victory, will again be their standard-bearer. His own wish, no doubt, will be to retire on the laurels he has well won to a rest he has well earned.

William E. Russell.

THE PAINTER VIBERT.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

[The following sketch, prepared by M. Vibert at our request, will make known to the readers of THE CENTURY some of the interesting personal qualities of a painter already famous by his artistic work, and will serve as an appropriate introduction to a series of reproductions of his canvases, each of which, like the one printed on page 83, will be accompanied by a brief story from the pen of M. Vibert.—EDITOR.]

«MY good Conscience, my dear comrade, I wish to ask your advice. I would not demand it of you, understand; but you will give it me all the same.»

«Certainly, my dear fellow; for it is when one most fears to listen to his conscience that he has the greatest need of it.»

«That may be, but if I have done wrong sometimes in paying too much heed to you, I possess, at any rate, the sweet consolation of having known how to please you; and to preserve the peace of our household, I do not care to risk incurring the least reproach from you. This is why I wish to consult you in the following very serious matter. THE CENTURY MAGAZINE has done me the great honor of asking me for an autobiographical sketch. A delicate commission, is it not?»

«You are under no compulsion to accept.»

«True; but they might have it written by somebody else.»

«Who would not, perhaps, say of you all the good things you think of yourself?»

«Do you, then, think me so vain?»

«Well, no. Perhaps the difficulty is that the least praise might frighten your modesty.»

«You are making fun of me; am I, then, so ridiculous?»

«You would be if I were not by to combat your secret thoughts; for you do not hope, I presume, to conceal your real mind from me. You hope to use the opportunity now offered you to let your new readers—that is to say, half the world—know that, being an excellent cook, you have invented and prepared sauces that make your compatriots lick their fingers; that, using your pen as well as your brush, you have written songs and plays that have been applauded in the minor theaters of Paris; that, following the example of Molière, and having, like him, an extraordinary talent as an actor, you have played your own productions at the club and in artistic salons; then, having a passion for building, and trying your hand at all the trades, you are not only your own architect, but do not disdain occasionally to work in iron, like Louis XVI., or in wood, like the good St. Joseph; and finally that, in decorating your house, you have distinguished yourself as an upholsterer. In the last particular you may even say that you surpass Molière, for he, although the son of an upholsterer, was not himself one.

«Next I see you conducting the readers over your studios and your hall, enlightening them with the pompous explanation: ‹Ladies and gentlemen, see this marble monument erected in honor of La Fontaine, my favorite poet. It is I who composed and had engraved on the face of it my motto, taken from one of his fables: *Travaillez; prenez de la peine.* The golden figures which support the ceiling I carved with my own hands; I designed these ornaments; I myself gave the colors to the stuffs›; and so on and so on. Then, carried still further by the vanity of ownership, you will go to the very end of Brittany to show them your castle, the red granite walls of which dip in the ocean.

«Oh, my friend, how puerile all that would be! How little worthy of you, in the eyes of a public that thinks you a serious artist, to give such importance to these trifling details, which in your life are mere recreations! Perhaps you would like also to speak of your great talent as an *improvisateur*, and of your oratorical successes.»

«As for that, my dear Conscience, you can't deny that the priests who began my education recognized in me elocutionary talents, because they planned to make a preacher of me.»

«Yes; I advise you to speak of the priests! You have profited handsomely by their teachings! They, at any rate, cannot be ignorant of your lively satire; you have made them feel the point of it enough.»

«Have n't you always said that a painter should paint only what he sees? It is not my fault if I have seen them at such close quarters.»

«That may be. But to proceed. No doubt you also wish that your readers should know that, having studied closely the chemistry of colors, you yourself prepare those that you use, as well as your varnishes.»

«It is natural that I should.»

«Natural? Of course; every kind of pretentiousness is natural.»

«You are not going to blame me, I hope, for having written a book on the science of painting? You assisted in that work.»

«On the contrary, I congratulate you on it; in giving the world the benefit of your discoveries you have only done your duty. But, although you may be more learned in chemistry than most of your brother-artists (who do not know the first word of it), you are yet less so than a professional chemist; therefore it is not a thing for you to boast about. If your colors are really more beautiful than those of other artists, the amateurs will see it without your telling them. If your pictures stand longer, time only will prove this. Qualities announced for the future are simply the wording of a prospectus.»

«Then, if we may not refer to any of the occupations with which my life has been filled, of what shall we speak?»

«I would talk of Vibert, the painter. I would try to explain the soul of the man as you have done his physical life. That is all people wish to know about. Don't you remember, my dear friend, the amusement M. Ingres excited (and you have not his merit) when he seemed prouder of his small gift as a violinist than of his fame as a painter?»

«Then we shall merely say, 'Jehan-Georges Vibert, born in Paris, at No. 7 Rue de Lancry.'»

«On what day?»

«The 30th of September.»

«In what year?»

«That is not important.»

«On the contrary, it is of great importance. You may not see the use of telling people who think you younger that you are fifty-five years old. But there are others who might think you older, judging from the number of your works, and especially knowing how long you take to execute them. We will say, then, 'Born in 1840.' And after that?»

«Why, I was nursed, I suppose, and then I began to eat.»

«You did those things to some purpose, at any rate.»

«I learned to read, write, and cipher; then Greek and Latin.»

«All this did not profit you much; you were indeed but a mediocre scholar, more assiduous in drawing pictures of people in your copy-books than in paying attention to your master's lessons.»

«Say at once that I am an ignoramus.»

«No; for later you were your own instructor. It is true, nevertheless, that you learned only what you wished to learn. But with all these digressions we shall never get through.»

«Very well, then, I shall let you tell the story your own way, and interfere no more.»

«I will proceed. Vibert, according to the law of heredity, ought to have been an artist. His maternal grandfather was the celebrated French engraver Jazet, an indefatigable worker and remarkable producer, who engraved in aquatint not only almost all the work of his friend Horace Vernet, but also many of the principal works of his contemporaries. Jazet was himself the nephew and pupil of another great engraver, Debucourt, who was the first to produce engravings printed in colors—a result he obtained by superimposing a number of plates, and thus obtaining his charming compositions, proofs of which are very rare now, and highly prized by amateurs.

«Debucourt's works, quite apart from the merit they have of bringing to life again the end of the eighteenth century, and of showing us a faithful picture of its costumes and manners, are also remarkable for their great finesse of execution. They are clear in composition, perfect in register, delicate in taste, and the subjects are always *spirituel*.

«The maternal grandfather of our hero was also in his way a celebrity—Jean-Pierre Vibert, a soldier of the First Republic and of Napoleon, who, compelled by his many wounds to leave the army, became a gardener because he loved flowers. He felt a genuine delight at the sight of their beautiful colors, and when ninety years of age, some days before his death, while arranging his daily bouquet in a vase, he said to his grandson: 'See, my child, a man knows truly what he has loved best on earth only when in his last days he finds it still in his heart. Like the rest of the world, I have thought that I adored and detested many men and many things. In reality I have loved only Napoleon and roses. To-day, after nearly a century of rebellion against all the unjust things I have seen and all the evils from which I have suffered, there remain to me only two objects of profound hatred: the English, who overthrew my idol, and the white worms that have destroyed my roses.' That gardener and philosopher, who wrote some very good books on the culture of his favorite flower, created many new species that are well known to-day: among others, the Aimé Vibert, and a red rose to which he gave the name of his grandson, the Georges Vibert. So it was—it may have been chance, it may have been prophecy—that the painter was dedicated to red from his cradle.

«If my egotistical comrade were still by, he would not fail to claim that he did this himself. But it is very easy to see that his complete germ existed in his ancestors. The obstinate toil, the inventive imagination, the clearness, the precision, the taste, the finesse, the *esprit comique*, and the passion for color are, in fact, qualities of the whole French race, which is wanting in so many other gifts. Inheriting these qualities, in however slight a degree, from his ancestors, he was from the start a painter by predisposition.

«As might be expected, it was in the studio of his grandfather Jazet that the young pupil started work, and his first efforts were made in the art of engraving. But black and white did not satisfy an eye that longed for the delights of color, and his imagination preferred to stray here and there on its own account rather than make faithful copies of the works of others. Furthermore, he made up his mind to study as a painter. Barrias, his new master, was an excellent teacher, who, although he urged his pupils to serious studies, never sought to impose his style on them, and always knew how to preserve and develop, in the many clever scholars whom he educated, the original gift that belonged to each. But his method was severe: he wished his scholars to spend a long time in drawing before beginning to paint; and it was only after three years passed in the semi-obscurity of black-and-white drawings on gray paper that the poor young fellow, by this time athirst for the brighter and gayer art, was at last allowed to insert his thumb into the hole of a palette which had more colors than he could use in a week. Such was his emotion at that never-to-be-forgotten moment that the young painter nearly fainted. I was at that time only a small Conscience, but I approved the severe methods of the master, which my companion called barbarous. I believe that he has since come to admit that I was right.

«I should not omit to remark that as soon as we were in full possession of colors, I, poor Conscience, lost much of my authority in our youthful ménage, and my mad friend, now quite emancipated, gave himself up to certain fantastic orgies of harmony in which I took no part. That was in our days of youthful folly. The misfortune is, however, that from time to time some of these productions of a delirious brain come to light, and, when they do, there are scenes between us, in which my master reproaches me for having let him paint them. Such is the way of the world.

«At the École des Beaux-Arts, which he entered at sixteen years of age, our apprentice in painting was not very brilliant. He took at once the first place in composition, and kept it during the six years through which his studies lasted; but that was all. After school days, which were not without their troubles and sorrows, began the still more painful struggle with his many disappointments. Happily, my comrade, in the long periods of trial which beset his early years, had an admirable auxiliary in his mother. She was one of the most perfect beauties of her day, and is still one of the most beautiful of old women. She was possessed of firm character and great tenderness, and understood her son and how to educate him. It was with his mother's beautiful countenance, and her heart full of sweet affection, under his eyes as a model that the boy grew up. When he became a man he remained under her beneficent influence, and was always sustained and consoled by her; for, bold and jovial as he seems, he is really a very nervous creature, easily disquieted, doubtful of whatever he undertakes, and discouraged by a mere nothing.

«It is now his wife who perpetuates about him those traditions of beauty and tenderness in the absence of which he would be merely a body without a soul. Mme. Vibert-Lloyd, *sociétaire* of the Comédie Française, will leave in the annals of the Théâtre a lasting memory of her grace and talent; but she has also the right to share such fame as posterity shall accord to her husband, for she is more jealous for his art than he and I together, and, if ever I should fail him, she could fill my place to advantage.

«After some years, during which the artist, then entirely unknown, was trying to make his way, he met with his first success, and from that day on his life has been like that of other artists. He has had medals, crosses, honors. He has painted, he paints, and he will paint as long as God shall let him. With regard to his works, which are everywhere, they must speak for themselves; and as for saying which the artist prefers, we never shall. A father loves all his children, though he may be seldom satisfied with them.

«It may be observed that I have not spoken of travels or adventures. A painter's travels should be seen in his works; as for his adventures—well, if I have been a witness to them, I have not been an accomplice.

«Once only have I drawn my comrade far from his art, but then not from his duty. It was in 1870, saddest of years, when I led him, disguised as a soldier, to the battle-fields around besieged Paris, from which later I

J. G. VIBERT.

brought him away wounded, ill, and greatly discouraged. I ought to say to his credit that, of all the stupid things which he claims I have made him do, that is the one for which he has reproached me the least.»

« Now, my dear friend, if I have not written your biography as you would like to have done it yourself, I am sure, at any rate, that I have fulfilled my duty in giving here the just tribute of gratitude you owe those who have made you what you are—your ancestors, your teacher, your mother, and your wife.

« And I sign for you, *en bonne conscience*,

« *J. G. Vibert.*»

THE MISSIONARY'S STORY.

THE scene is a great salon, sumptuously furnished, but severe in appearance. It is lighted from above with diffused daylight, subdued, like that of a chapel. One brighter ray, coming from without, pierces the curtains of the only window, and by contrast renders the room still more mysterious. At the end, on a great marble mantelpiece, is a portrait of Cardinal Richelieu, like a bloody specter appearing in the shade, old, broken, and pallid, but the more terrible for being near death. On another panel you see the tragic picture of the martyrdom of St. Bartholomew.

Is anything very dreadful about to take place in this apartment?

On the contrary, something rather pleasant, as we shall presently see.

Several prelates, who have left the table, come into the salon to take coffee, and take possession of the sofas and arm-chairs, ranged in a semicircle. In the midst of them, on a stool, is seated a priest dressed entirely in black. His somber figure stands out clearly from this brilliant group of white, violet, purple, and scarlet. His soldierly head, which breathes courage, bears on the forehead a deep and recent scar.

He is a missionary. He recounts his adventures, and shows upon his wrists the still gaping incisions of his crucifixion; for he has been crucified, like St. Bartholomew, like Christ. In his agony he has made to God the supreme vow that, if he is delivered, he will return to his executioners, to bring them again the divine Word; then (as it seems) he dies, praying for his torturers. An armed force, which comes too late, takes down his lifeless body, thinking they have to carry back a corpse; but by a miracle he returns to life. To-day, faithful to his vow, although scarcely convalescent, he is about to return.

As the holy man speaks, his inspired head becomes more and more beautiful among those faces that express only egotism and indifference. The first personage, seated on the divan, who holds his cup in one hand and his cigarette in the other, a younger son of a noble Roman family, and a cardinal by right of birth without, however, doing anything to merit that honor, approves in his heart the poor priest's resolution. He finds it, indeed, needful to send him back to his sufferings. Religion must have martyrs, and the best are still those who fulfil the office with hearty good will.

The second cardinal, in rose silk, who leans back on the cushions in the attitude of a Cæsar, is also thinking that such a man should go back. He is too extravagant and spiritual a person to be left in Rome. With his eloquence and his wounds he could move the world, and popes have been made of lesser men than that missionary.

The third, who seems to take more interest in the recital than the others, is perfectly deaf.

The fourth talks in a low voice with a young neophyte, and we may be sure that he is not advising him to emulate the missionary. As for the fifth, leaning back nonchalantly in his arm-chair, he is interested only in the antics of a small yellow dog with large ears who is sitting up gravely on his curly tail.

Since every dog may look at a bishop, there is nothing to prevent these two from conversing with their eyes; and in that case they would no doubt be saying, «How tiresome he is, that missionary, who will not let little dogs show off their accomplishments so as to get some sugar!»

If, however, at the story of the martyr's sufferings any pity might be awakened in the hearts of these prelates, the soul of Richelieu, who is always near to the minds of churchmen, haunting them, would say, «No one is a ruler of men who does not know as well how to sacrifice the innocent as to punish the guilty; and whether you sacrifice or punish, you must shed blood.»

That seems, and no doubt is, a horrible doctrine. Yet every one of us, without the least remorse, sacrifices to his necessities, to his pleasures even, some poor living beings. It is true we have the excuse of believing these to be our inferiors, but the same feeling no doubt exists toward an equal. It is enough to have the consciousness of being his superior to make it seem quite natural to send him to his death. Besides, here below, all depends on the point of view one takes, and everything on earth may move you either to laughter or tears.

J. G. Vibert.

PAINTED BY J. G. VIBERT.

THE MISSIONARY'S STORY.

KAISERSWERTH AND ITS FOUNDER.

WITH PICTURES BY WERNER ZEHME.

I. FLIEDNER'S LIFE.

FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY ENGELBACH.

THEODORE FLIEDNER.

THE story of a human life, of small beginnings and great achievement, often possesses a charm greater than fiction. The real, when it includes the ideal, not only accomplishes its own purpose, but creates purpose in others. And specially to men and women struggling toward difficult goals does the story of a successful life—successful in the sense of aims attained—give encouragement and cheer. Such a one preëminently was Theodore Fliedner's. His name is perhaps little known to-day, even in Germany, the land of his birth, but it is one that many people, in many lands, have daily cause to bless.

Theodore Fliedner was born in a village near the Rhine in 1800, and was the son and the grandson of pious Lutheran clergymen. The Napoleonic invasions which, early in the century, devastated Germany brought gloom and terror into his childhood, and deepened an inherited desire to make his own life, like his forefathers', one of quiet usefulness to others. With this lofty purpose in his heart, the sensitive child's feelings were hurt when his father, because of the plumpness of his figure, called him in jest «the little beer-brewer.»

When school years were over the boy managed to work his way into the universities of Giessen and Göttingen, with the help of friends, and by giving instruction in return for food and lodging. He blacked boots, sawed wood, and darned his own clothes; the darning, however, must have been of a somewhat primitive kind, for he writes to his mother that he sewed up the holes in his trousers with white thread, and then inked it over.

The intellectual atmosphere of the universities strongly influenced him against his early formed resolution to enter the ministry, which was further weakened by the bitter controversies among the theologians of the day. «I only manage,» he writes, «to cling to the one belief: that Christ was neither Deceiver nor Deceived.» He studied foreign languages; read the lives of great men, making notes upon them; collected songs and games for children, which are known to-day in hundreds of kindergartens; studied botany and the use of simple household remedies for man and beast—all with the one object in view of making himself practically helpful to others. During the college vacations he managed to see something of the world. His first journey was a sixty-mile tramp to Nuremberg, with only two gulden in his pocket; his second, a four weeks' visit to Bremen and Hamburg, by means of a hard-earned gold-piece. In financial matters Fliedner early developed two qualities rarely combined: faith in money to come, and economy in the spending of money in hand.

At the age of twenty the young student passed successfully his examinations for the ministry, and went to Cologne, where, by way of a beginning, he accepted the position of tutor in a private family. He tells naïvely of the lessons in deportment given to him at this time by the mother of his two boy-pupils, a woman of fashion and wealth, and confesses to have learned that «gentle ways and polite

DRAWN BY WERNER ZEMME.

IN THE GARDEN OF THE HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN.

manners help greatly to further the kingdom of God.» He made the acquaintance of many influential people at Cologne, among them the foremost Evangelical clergyman, who allowed him to assist him in parish and prison preaching.

Fliedner gradually worked himself into a belief that he was unfit for the ministry, and was about to apply for a vacant instructorship at Bonn, when he received a call to the parish of Kaiserswerth, near Düsseldorf. Believing the message, coming, as it did, at a turning-point in his life, to be a divine summons, he accepted immediately, was ordained in his native village, surrounded by a proud family circle, and entered Kaiserswerth, alone and on foot, a day earlier than arranged, so that he might spare the little parish the expense of a formal reception.

The position in which he found himself

was not a brilliant one. Kaiserswerth was a small town composed almost entirely of factory people, and was the one feeble Protestant spark in the heart of a Roman Catholic country. The yearly salary of the minister was one hundred and eighty thaler, with the use of the parsonage, which, however, he was obliged to share with the aged widow of his predecessor. The twenty-two-year-old «Herr Pastor,» however, set to work energetically, returning first to his home to fetch two younger brothers and a sister, so that his widowed mother might be somewhat relieved in the support of a large family. With their slim household belongings, they sailed for several days down the Rhine in a small craft.

Four weeks after Fliedner's installation at Kaiserswerth the velvet factory upon which the support of the population depended failed, and the extinction of the one Protestant communion in the neighborhood seemed inevitable. The young minister directly received calls to two other parishes; but a feeling now came over him that he was a shepherd, not a hireling, and that it was his duty to go out into the world and seek help for his unfortunate people. Staff in hand, he started off on foot for Holland. A kind old gentleman, patting him on the back, bade him God-speed, with this parting reminder: «Faith, persuasiveness, and a little impudence, are the qualities that you most will need.»

In Holland, among the prosperous burghers, where the Protestant spirit glowed warm, and later in England, Fliedner received substantial aid.

II. THE ORDER OF DEACONESSES.

SINGULARLY appropriate is the church seal of Kaiserswerth, which represents a tree growing and expanding under the rays of a sun, with the motto, «The grain of mustard-seed becometh a tree.» The same idea is expressed in a picture in the little gate-house of the parsonage garden, bearing the inscription, «The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard-seed.»

This gate-house, consisting of one room twelve feet square, is the cradle of Fliedner's life-work. In it, after having founded the first German prison-reform association, he lodged a released prisoner—a poor, forlorn woman who had managed to find her way to him, because she had heard the strange story that here was a man who felt pity in his heart for outcasts; indeed, that he encouraged them to come to him for help. This woman was followed by others, and very soon the question forced itself upon Fliedner's mind, «How shall I find house-room for these unfortunates, and, above all, where shall I look for proper care-takers for them?» During his travels in foreign parts he had frequently been impressed by the want of efficient service in many hospitals. «Often I found marble entrances, but a pitiful absence of skill and faithfulness on the part of nurses and attendants.»

Fliedner, confronted by an immediate need in his own parish work, revived in the Protestant Church of Germany the order of deaconess, which had its origin in apostolic times. The office was preserved in the Roman Church down to the eighth, in the Greek Church to the twelfth, century, but was discontinued in both, partly on account of abuses that had crept in, and partly because the hierarchy of the middle ages was averse to all lay activity. It was displaced by that entirely different system, the conventual system. The nun appeared, the deaconess disappeared; but in the church of the Waldenses and Moravians women continued to hold this ministering office.

Also in the British Church, which had received Christianity from the East and not through Rome, women were employed as deaconesses as early as the fifth century.

Luther in his writings advised the reëstablishment of the order in the reformed churches of Germany. «But we do not dare begin,» he says, «until the Lord God makes better Christians.» Again,—and Luther, in his direct methods of pursuing truth, did not always speak graciously of the weaker sex,—«The readiness to feel compassion for others is more natural to women than to men; they have a special gift for comforting and soothing sorrow.»

The first General Synod of the Reformed Church of the Lower Rhine and the Netherlands put Luther's recommendations into effect in 1568. In the annals of the time we find the deaconess frequently spoken of as «an ornament of the church,» a figure of speech which must have been rather obscure to the youthful mind of those days, for it was then the custom for the deaconess to occupy during services a commanding seat in the church, with a long birch rod in her hand, with which from time to time she would deal out smart ear-taps to the inattentive children in the congregation.

Here again the deaconess gradually disappeared; probably because the church order, which was changed into a purely civic one,

DRAWN BY WERNER ZEHME.

CHILDREN'S SCHOOL AT KAISERSWERTH.

DRAWN BY WERNER ZEHME.

THE GATE-HOUSE, THE BEGINNING OF THE INSTITUTION OF KAISERSWERTH.

lost much of its centralizing and vitalizing power, and also because of the absence of special training-schools.

Toward the middle of the nineteenth century, when Germany had freed herself from the bondage of the French, and the Church had thrown off to a great extent her lethargy, signs appeared anew of a desire to draw women into active participation in church ministry. Amalia Sieveking, a patrician of Hamburg, and later in many ways its benefactress, tells in a pathetic manner how she herself tried to bring it about: «In the year of the cholera epidemic,—1831,—believing that the right moment had come, I offered my services at the cholera hospital. They were accepted, and directly I sent out an urgent appeal to my sisters to join me. But none came.»

This brings us down to the time when Fliedner set to work to make a practical beginning.

Of course the first thing needed for the training of nurses was a hospital. Kaiserswerth possessed no hospital, nor was there one anywhere in the neighborhood; so Fliedner secured a large house which happened to be standing vacant in the village, fitted up a few rooms with mended furniture, cracked china, and a supply of six sheets, and on October 13, 1836, opened the «Deaconess Hospital of Kaiserswerth,» without patients and without deaconesses. This was the first training-school for nurses of modern times.

On the Sunday morning following a poor servant-girl knocked at the door for admittance, and before the end of the month four acutely ill patients were under its roof. There was vigorous opposition to the founding of the hospital on the part of the Roman Catholic clergy and laity of the neighborhood, but it so happened that the first patient admitted and the first physician appointed were both Roman Catholics. Soon after the opening, one candidate for deaconess presented herself, and with her several probationers.

As the growth of a tree is marked from year to year by added rings and new branches, so the growth of Kaiserswerth has been marked, from that day to this, by yearly increase and expansion. It stands to-day one of the world-centers of philanthropic work, and each institution that it includes bears the stamp of its energetic founder. Besides the main hospital, now containing two hundred and ten beds, there are to be seen there to-day a hospital for deaconesses, a Magdalen home, a large kindergarten, a seminary for school-teachers of all grades, an orphan-asylum, a holiday house and home for retired deaconesses, an old ladies' home, and innumerable

workshops and buildings. The property embraces several hundred acres, and the well-managed farm helps largely to meet the expenses of the collective institutions. One of the recent annual reports shows among its products 141 tons of grain, 7000 barrels of potatoes, 20,000 eggs, and 125,000 quarts of milk.

its income is self-earned. It is derived in largest part from board-wages paid for the persons educated or nursed at Kaiserswerth; from payment for the services of graduated nurses all over the world; and from the Kaiserswerth publishing establishment, which produces much popular reading-matter in cheap form. During 1893, 110,000 copies of

DRAWN BY WERNER ZEHME.

OLD SISTERS (DEACONESSES) IN THE GARDEN OF THE HOUSE OF REST.

Of course generous sums of money have alone enabled the founding of the different institutions at Kaiserswerth, and many are still in need of endowment; but the financial report of 1893 shows that three quarters of

the « Volkskalendar,» an annual publication, were sold, and a few years ago 755,000 copies of a « Life of Luther.»

The founding of these many institutions, and the conduct of their financial affairs,

formed but a small part of Fliedner's life-work. From all over the world came to him calls for advice and for nurses. Kaiserswerth became, in fact and in figure, a light set upon a hill. Three years after its establishment Elizabeth Fry founded a deaconess order in England; Vermail, the Huguenot clergyman and philanthropist, one in Paris; others following their example in Switzerland and Denmark. Florence Nightingale presented herself as a pupil at Kaiserswerth, and was among the first graduates to make its name honored abroad.

Frederick William IV. of Prussia, always a generous supporter of Fliedner, appreciating his rare executive talents, called him to live at his side in Berlin. «Your Majesty, I was not made for Berlin,» was Fliedner's modest refusal. He went there, however, and established a deaconess house and several other institutions, among them an admirable training-school for domestic servants, which is also a temporary home, a social meeting-place, and an inquiry-office, for all women-servants in and out of employment in Berlin. Attached to this school is a child's nursery for the training of nursery-maids.

Fliedner was twice married. His work in life was advanced, perhaps even made possible, by the two noble women who shared his labors and more than shared his privations, and who in turn became the first Deaconess Mothers of Kaiserswerth. The first wife lived but a comparatively short time. During the period of his widowerhood Fliedner tells in his journal that he went to Hamburg to ask Amalia Sieveking to take charge of a deaconess home. She refused, but recommended Caroline Bertheau, a former pupil, who had for four years been devoting herself to similar work in the Hamburg hospital. Fliedner was so well pleased with the candidate that he offered her a hospital appointment, along with the alternative of becoming his wife. After mature deliberation the young woman decided, not between the two, but in favor of both. She foresaw that as Fliedner's wife she could better serve the cause of the sick and the suffering. The wedding-journey of the quickly married couple was to Berlin, for the purpose of placing the first five deaconesses in the Charité Hospital, and was typical of their journey together through life—twice-blessed in bringing blessings to others.

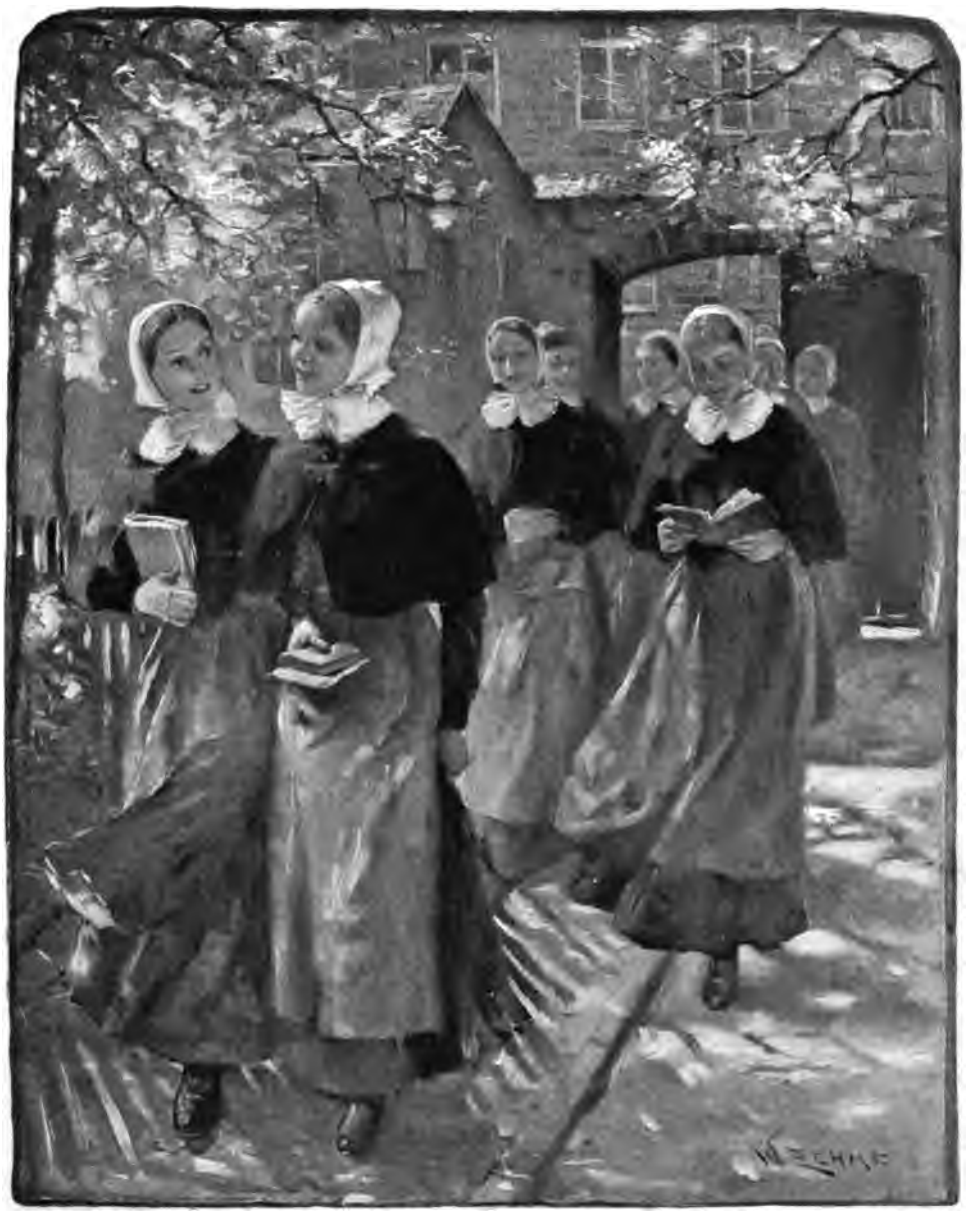
With the graduation of more and more deaconesses at Kaiserswerth came calls for their services from every part of the world. During the first ten years Fliedner established sixty nurses in twenty-five different places. He was specially gratified when church presbyteries applied to him for help in nursing the sick of their parishes. «It is your duty,» he always said, when starting off with a little band of graduates, «to give your first service to the poor. If ever you happen to be forced to choose between them and the rich, go to those who cannot recompense you, for they are the ones who need you the most.»

His first long journey—in the days when travel was not made easy, as it is now—was to America, to conduct two deaconesses to the Rev. Dr. Passavant's German parish at Pittsburg. One is still living as the faithful superintendent of an orphan-asylum in Rochester, Pennsylvania. In 1884 several former Kaiserswerth deaconesses came to America, at Mr. Anthony Drexel's request, to fill places in the German Hospital in Philadelphia. Fliedner in his note-book gives many impressions of this «wonderful, upward-striving country,» and records with regret and much perplexity the number of its conflicting religious sects.

The second long journey was to Jerusalem, where with four deaconesses he opened a hospital and a school in two small buildings placed at his disposal by the king of Prussia. Fliedner lived to see, as a result of his untiring efforts, between four and five hundred patients cared for yearly in this hospital, and over one hundred girls in the school.

From Jerusalem he turned his steps to Constantinople, where fifteen centuries earlier the deaconess office had flourished, and where to-day again, thanks to his initiative, it exerts a wide and beneficent influence. Throughout the Orient thousands of human beings, of every country and color, are cared for by the brave German women who have given up home, and all that the word includes, to nurse strangers in a strange land.

After Constantinople came the founding of the hospitals, boarding-schools, and orphanages at Alexandria, Beirut, Smyrna, Bucharest, and many other places. It would be wearisome for those not specially interested to read even a list of the posts at which German deaconesses are stationed to-day. Following the example of Kaiserswerth, other church sisterhoods have been established. Since the founding of the first order, 10,400 deaconesses have been ordained in the German Protestant Church, and they are working to-day at 3640 different posts. An American commentator, referring to Fliedner's work, speaks of it as a wonderful illustration of the way in which a man eminent for no gifts save those called moral may succeed in accomplishing tremendous results.



DRAWN BY WERNER ZEHME.

YOUNG PROBATIONERS COMING OUT OF SCHOOL.

The last seven years of his life were marked by physical suffering; but he labored cheerfully to the end in the cause so dear to him. Almost his last words were, «As I look back upon my life, I appreciate how full it has been of blessings; every heart-beat should have been gratitude, and every breath praise.»

III. THE LIFE OF A DEACONESS.

DURING a recent illness in a foreign hospital unexpected opportunity was given to me to gather further information concerning Fliedner's life-work, and to come personally under the shadow of its blessing. Observing that the nurse who had been called to my care wore a distinctive dress, differing from the Roman Catholic sisterhoods in that her gown was cotton, not woolen, and her white muslin cap had no band across the forehead, concealing the brow and hair, I said, «You are a German deaconess, are you not?» «Yes,» was the prompt and pleasant reply, confirmed by speech, blond hair, and rosy cheeks; «I am a Kaiserswertherin.»

«Tell me something about Kaiserswerth,» I

said one day. «How long was your training there? What are the conditions of your life as a deaconess, and what is the difference between your order and the Roman Catholic sisterhoods?»

«The training at Kaiserswerth,» began Sister Margarethe, «covers three years. The training-school has two classes, one for nurses, the other for teachers; and every woman upon entering decides which of the two she wishes to join, the ‹Krankenschwestern,› or the ‹Lehrschwestern,› as they are called; for although each must know something of the work of the other, the subjects of instruction differ in the higher branches of knowledge. Every probationer begins with a course in practical housework —that is to say, she helps do the housework of the hospital; she cooks, irons, sews, repairs mattresses, etc., because in her future sphere among the poor, even though she may not always be called upon to do the work herself, knowledge of all these branches is essential. Instruction in simple book-keeping, letter-writing, and reading aloud is included in the general course, after which the two classes diverge; the nurse goes into the medical and surgical wards of the hospital, and the teacher, whose future sphere of work will be in orphan-asylums, kindergartens, and distant colonization-schools, is taught primarily how to teach.

«In my own case, when I entered Kaiserswerth, it was as a teaching-sister, because I had previously been fitted for, and had filled, the position of governess; but the desire became so strong in me to nurse the sick that whenever I had a spare hour I used to run over to the hospital, and finally I was entirely transferred.

«The ‹Mutterhaus,› as we always call Kaiserswerth, is presided over by a mother-deaconess, chosen, as is the housekeeper-deaconess, from among the sisters by their vote. The several clergymen connected with the institutions are appointed by the Kaiserswerth board of governors, their election, however, being subject to approval by the church authorities.

«How I wish that you could once be present at the consecration service in the beautiful Kaiserswerth chapel! As soon as a sister has been ordained she is sent wherever the need for her is greatest. If she is a nurse, it is either to a hospital where the nursing-staff is composed of deaconesses, or to some town or church parish, where her duty will be to care for the poor and the sick in the community. If she go into parish work she will live with one or more deaconesses in a little home, the expenses of which are borne by the municipality or the church which has applied to Kaiserswerth for her services, and which also pays to the mother-house an annual sum for each deaconess employed. In cases of private nursing, where people are able and anxious to pay for skilled care, a gift of money is usually made to the society supporting the local deaconess home.

«Almost every town in Germany to-day has, or is seeking to have, a deaconess home; for no matter how well a town may be equipped with hospitals, there is much illness in every community that does not call for hospital treatment. Many families in moderate circumstances cannot afford to employ a private professional nurse, and among the really poor even slight illness may produce conditions of distress. In such cases the services of a competent nurse for an hour in the morning, and again at night, are all-sufficient, and one woman can thus lend a helping hand in many homes. Of course, if allowed to choose, every trained nurse interested in her profession would prefer to occupy herself only with the acutely ill, rather than to do other work, because this brings her best faculties into play; but we deaconesses are taught from the beginning that while we must fit ourselves to meet the worst emergencies in illness, our duty is not to be sick-nurses only.

«See, for instance, how often it may happen, when a poor working-woman is ill, that while she requires very little personal attention,—the poor are unspoiled,—she is in urgent need of somebody to cook the family dinner, to tidy up the room, and to keep the baby from the stove. This may seem to you menial and disagreeable work for one trained in the higher branches of knowledge, but I assure you it is not; there is physical and mental variety in it all, and practice makes everything easy. Then, too, it is such a pleasure to help people at the times when they are most in need of help.

«I must not forget to tell you,» Sister Margarethe continued, «that throughout Germany, besides the deaconesses, there are the lay graduates of Kaiserswerth, the Sisters of St. John. These comprise women of every age and social position, married and single, who at some time in their life have taken a six months' course at the Kaiserswerth hospital. The Knights of the Order of St. John offer to pay the traveling and tuition expenses of any woman desiring to take this course. We deaconesses find the ‹Johanniterschwestern› very helpful in our parish work. They stand

DRAWN BY WERNER ZEHME.

A DEACONESS.

DRAWN BY WERNER ZEHME.

A SISTER OF ST. JOHN.

ready, as an army of reserves, to assist when individually we are over-tired, to take our place at the bedside of a patient for a few hours at a time, and to help procure for us little necessaries and comforts for the sick. Their hospital training makes them efficient aids.»

«You accept personally no money for your services, and even refuse a gift in remembrance of them?» I asked.

«Yes; and this must be so, even though it may seem ungracious. But do not forget that we have no wants; neither have we, as individuals, any permanent abiding-place in which to store possessions. When we start out in our career Kaiserswerth gives us a full outfit; we receive, wherever we may be, a small yearly allowance for pocket-money, and are supplied once a year with the gowns that we need by the Kaiserswerth dressmaking department, where the measures of every sister are kept.»

«And what are your needs?» I asked, knowing the elasticity of the word as applied to feminine adornment.

«Two blue cotton gowns and two cotton aprons yearly, and every five years a new blue woolen gown and a black alpaca apron, for Sunday and dress occasions,» was the rapid summing up. «Our indoor dress is blue, this being considered more cheerful than black in the sick-room; and it is of cotton, so that it may be washed frequently. We wear in the street a long black cloak and a black bonnet, which fits closely over our cap. Our dress, you know, must be adapted to quick change without trouble. In Roman Catholic countries we deaconesses are stared at in the street because we wear no white band across the forehead. I hear people say frequently as I walk along, ‹Look at the blonde nun!› I must not omit to tell you that every deaconess who happens to possess private property upon entering the order retains full control of it, and at her death it reverts to her family, unless otherwise disposed of by will.

«When we start out from Kaiserswerth into the world we are instructed, among other things, never to obtrude our religion upon any one, and proselyting as a duty of our calling is distinctly discouraged. We are taught that when brought into relation with people who are antagonistic or indifferent to Christian teachings, our best power of persuasion will not lie in words.

«Kaiserswerth always appoints the stations to which we go, and changes us about from place to place according to its best judgment; but service in foreign countries and in times of epidemic is not obligatory.»

«Have you ever been through an epidemic?» I asked.

«Oh, yes,»—her face lighting up,—«I have been through typhus and diphtheria, and I was at Hamburg throughout the cholera two years ago.»

Here I recalled having read in a newspaper that at the time of the last outbreak of cholera in Hamburg Kaiserswerth had sent out a call to all her deaconesses, asking them to signify whether they were willing to go to the Hamburg hospitals, and that every response had come in promptly in the affirmative.

«Oh, that was a never-to-be-forgotten experience!» continued the gentle little woman at my side. «I was at the city hospital during the worst of it. Cholera is the most difficult and exciting of scourges to nurse, because its course is so short and acute. Patients are apparently in the death agony when they are brought in, and must be worked over incessantly during the few hours in which their fate lies in the balance. If they live they also recover rapidly. During the first days in Hamburg patients were brought in in such overwhelming numbers that the hospital forces were almost paralyzed. Physicians and nurses were taxed to the utmost, but soon order was brought out of chaos.

«Sometimes the changes were so rapid that upon returning to the wards after a few hours' sleep I would find new faces in almost every bed. The saddest corner of the hospital was the inquiry office, where crowds of anxious people were forever coming and going. I used to hurry past the door as quickly as possible, because I knew only too well the message that was awaiting most of them. Frequently I recall to memory the coming of an orderly into the ward with several little children in his arms, begging me to find places for them. I had no place, and still he would stand. I would then take four or five of the poor little things, and lay them crosswise on one bed. They did n't mind the crowding—in fact, they were quite unaware of it; and sometimes one would suddenly sit up out of an apparently comatose condition, and begin to laugh and play. Oh, how much I would like to see again some of the dear little faces that helped make even those dark scenes bright! They come back to me now like angel faces.»

«When it was all over, did you not break down physically from the strain?» I asked.

«Oh, no; when our services were no longer needed, we were quarantined for ten days, and so had a good rest, and were quite fresh and ready at the end of that time to return to our various posts.»

DRAWN BY WERNER ZEHME

END OF A NIGHT WATCH—EARLY MORNING.

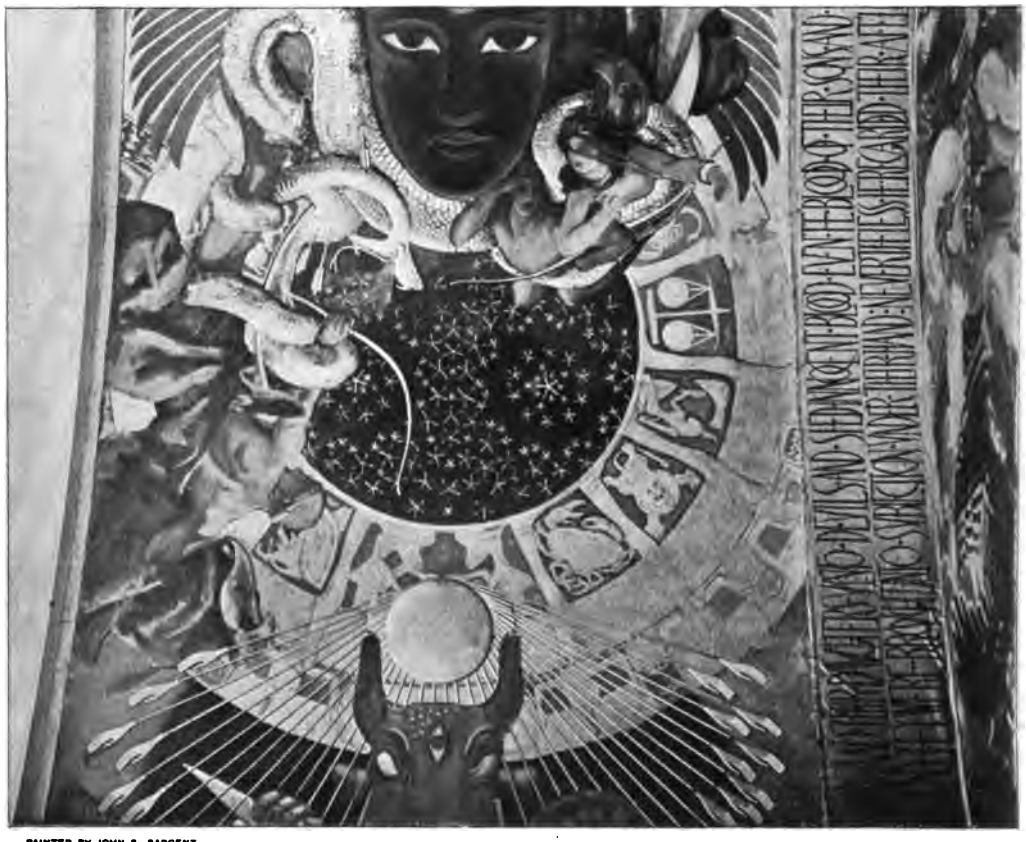
PAINTED BY JOHN LA FARGE.

"THE ASCENSION," IN THE CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, NEW YORK CITY.

the significant development of our inquiry which these frescos illustrate. They show conclusively that an artist may have imagination, color, draftsmanship, even genius, and yet diminish his effect because he does not adhere rigidly to the conditions under which he is working.

Mr. Sargent seems to have held himself with some indifference to his conditions, trying, perhaps, to equalize his effects by modeling some of the details in relief (the lions of Moloch and various other passages are treated in this way); he lapses to some extent, nevertheless, from that standard of clarity which is inseparable from the finest mural decoration. This must surely have been the result of some strange heedlessness or audacity on the part of the artist, for one has only to look below the ceiling designs and the lunette to see a triumphant demonstration of his decorative faculty. The line of prophets occupying the frieze is little less than magnificent. It is formed of noble figures clad in simple robes; tall types of hieratic power and reserve, which have quite as much to impress the imagination in their austere characters, beautifully individualized, as may be found in any of the mystic abstractions with which Mr. Sargent has peopled the superimposed stages of his scheme. The prophets are ranged along perfectly plain surfaces, broken only by the severest pilasters. They are rendered in bold, simple tones, the light and dark draperies in which they are variously wrapped being set one against the other in effective masses. In

the center of the long division at the end of the hall there stands between Joshua and Elijah a stupendous figure of Moses, winged, mysterious, leaning with might on the carved tables of the law, and looming in his place like the terrible vicegerent before whom even the modern imagination recoils with reverential and yet fearful awe. Here, in this plastic figure, Mr. Sargent seems to me to have achieved his most felicitous touch. He keeps the simplicity of the surrounding



PAINTED BY JOHN S. SARGENT.

"THE ZODIAC," FROM THE CEILING ARCH, A PART OF SARGENT'S DECORATIONS IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.[1]

prophets, and he exercises also the supernatural spell which is active in the intricacies of his upper designs. The Moses stands like a veritable key-stone. He is pictorial, nay, he is sculptural, but he is also decorative in the very highest meaning of the word,

There is still a great deal to be done by Mr. Sargent in the hall of the library, which has been assigned him. A final judgment upon his work may be suspended. Looking now to the intrinsic value of those fragments which are in place, he has achieved, it may be said, a performance which easily rises superior to those points of modifying significance at which it has been necessary to glance with some care. It is true that he has not maintained throughout the decorative, architectural equilibrium most essential to his art; but he has contrived, in spite of this, to give enormous weight to his exalted conceptions, to make an extraordinary impression. Again and again the mind is grasped with irresistible force, and held by some passage of dramatic inspiration, which falls with exquisite fitness into the massy fullness and grandeur of the whole. In the center of the lunette are the flaming wings of Jehovah, and they seem to pervade the entire scene with sacred and overwhelming fire. On the ceiling the lovely figure of Astarte, wrapped in filmy blue, a sweet and graceful image of

[1] A fuller account of Mr. Sargent's art-work, including a complete set of illustrations of these notable decorations, will appear in an early number of THE CENTURY.—EDITOR.

delicate authority, stands overshadowed by the oppressive mystery of Neith, whose strange and solemn head is separated from the other goddess by the glistening coils of a huge snake. Beyond the zodiac, which is represented at this point, there is raised the baleful and gigantic bulk of Moloch. Around him and his lions, unearthly shapes of dread, the sun's rays play in long, arrowy lines, which terminate in fantastic golden hands. These are thrilling things, made more passionately vivid and poignant by the vigorous style of execution, and the still more forceful strokes of color. From the blazing wrath of Jehovah's omniscient pinions to the dull, sinister shadow of the tawny Moloch there is not one false note. The scheme rings true in the cumulative force of its appeals to the imagination, to the sense of what is great in vivid, palpitating, and spiritualized forms. It fastens the attention very closely upon the quality which we have touched upon above as so precious and inspiring—the quality of intellect, of thought, of imagination. Mr. Sargent could not have painted the frieze of the prophets without decorative genius. He could not have painted either the frieze or the designs above it without unusual brain-power, a fact on which emphasis is laid, because it means all the difference between a vigorous and a trivial school of art. Mural decoration in America is being established every year with greater and greater firmness, because its principal exemplars are men who think as well as paint. It is because they keep the balance intact that we find inspiration in Mr. La Farge, in Mr. Sargent, and in the artist who is now to be considered, the painter of «The Quest of the Holy Grail.»

Mr. Abbey's contribution to the adornment of the Boston Library has one element which almost predisposes the spectator in its favor before he has paused to weigh it with critical scales. It is from first to last enchantingly poetic. The most obtuse would yield to the magic of the Arthurian legend. A critic could hardly be blamed who found Mr. Abbey's paintings charming merely on the score of their picturesque atmosphere. But if these decorations belong among the major performances of American mural painting, it is because they are wholly suited to their place, because they are decorative. They tell a story, and that an elaborate one, a legend over which the accretions of centuries have flung themselves like the ivy on an ancient British ruin; but the essentials of the old tale live in Mr. Abbey's frieze with nothing to obscure their meaning. Some symbolism may be displayed with the introduction of the cup, the Grail itself, but for the rest the pageant moves on with the compactness and celerity of a historical sequence, and the merest title —if even that—is sufficient for the enlightenment of the public. The first of the five designs completed at this time represents the appearance of an angel bearing the Grail to the infant Galahad uplifted in the arms of a nun in a convent cell. The next represents the untried and spotless knight kneeling in the dawn at the end of his vigil, while Lancelot and Bors affix his spurs, and a group of nuns wait behind them with lighted candles. In the third picture Galahad is shown entering the hall of Arthur to take possession of the Seat Perilous, which has been destined for him at the Round Table. Following this comes the scene in Arthur's church, where Galahad and the other knights embarking upon the quest come for the benediction. The fifth picture, which terminates the series now in place in Boston, is devoted to the visit of Galahad to the petrified court of Amfortas, with the burden of a great opportunity upon him, and the greater weight of an indecision which he cannot conquer. He stands beside the stony couch of the unhappy king, heedless of the life-in-death on every side, heedless of the procession of figures headed by the crowned bearer of the Grail. We leave him in his doubt for Mr. Abbey's further illustration of the legend. What I wish to point out now is the extraordinary skill with which the painter has set forth his narrative, not simply as a matter of poetic compression, but in the strictly decorative relations of the work.

All through the succession of pictures there are effects of form, of line, adapted subtly and brilliantly to the exigencies of mural decoration. In the scene of Galahad's vigil there are the vertical lines in the draperies of the nuns and in the candles of the latter on one side of the design, and on the other you find the kneeling knight repeating the upright motive, and carrying it on to the pillars of the altar at which his watch has been kept. Between the two portions of the design Bors and his companion introduce varying contours, and add the necessary contrast to the main lines employed. Mr. Abbey knows the value of line. He uses it admirably in the richly ornamented wall of the nun's chamber depicted in the initial decoration; and he produces a beautiful effect with it in the erect staves of those banners which are borne by the kneeling warriors at the moment of the benediction. In the last mystical episode of the sleeping

PAINTED BY EDWIN A. ABBEY.

"BOWLING GREEN," IN THE HOTEL

court, wherein he had to accommodate his design to a break in the lower level of the space on the wall, he has solved his problem by the use of an expedient altogether fascinating. The top of a heavy door-frame rises into the center of the canvas. Mr. Abbey adheres to the massive character imposed upon him at this point, and places there the great marble sarcophagus on which Amfortas reclines, wrapped in a mass of furs. To the right and left of this center the other personages of the scene are placed, their forms mingling with the slender lines of those pillars which uphold the roof. The result of this sagacious arrangement is that you apprehend the design in so many strictly balanced masses, and get from it, vaguely but surely, that feeling of smooth rhythm which architecture itself possesses in rivalry to music. This is the one sensation to which it is not only a pleasure, but a necessity, to return in the consideration of Mr. Abbey's work.

I began by pointing out the special character of mural decoration; and the highest praise to be expended upon a series of pictures like those in illustration of the Arthurian story is to say that they seem to grow out of the spaces in which they have been placed. That they should do this has been a delightful surprise to all those who have followed closely Mr. Abbey's work. The only mural piece by him which was known prior to the appearance of his Grail designs is that charming bit of colonial genre, as it might be called, in which he represented a game of bowls as played in New York during the Dutch occupation. This is a delightful picture—one of the quaintest Mr. Abbey has done. At the same time it is very much the picture and not so much the decoration, for all its effectiveness on the hotel wall which it adorns. Remembering that Mr. Abbey's fame had been won as a black-and-white illustrator, it was easy to assume that the Grail decorations would not be what they should be. The artist was accustomed to work in too minute a vein, with too delicate a touch, with too little color in his daily experience. What he lacked, and would prove himself to lack, was breadth. Well, we know now just what Mr. Abbey lacks as a mural decorator. He lacks space, time, opportunity; for even when he has completed his work in the library we will not have had half enough of his decorative charm. He has this last because he has those other things it was feared he might lack—richness and range of color, breadth and vigor of style. Both qualities are controlled in him by the feeling for structure, which is his most precious virtue; but in every relation of his art he moves with freedom, and the last impression he leaves is one of fine artistic pomp, of precisely that decorative bravura which means impressiveness without effort, splendor with serenity, brilliancy held in check by the decorative idea.

The endeavor has been made to present the various paintings thus far approached in the particular light shed from a true conception

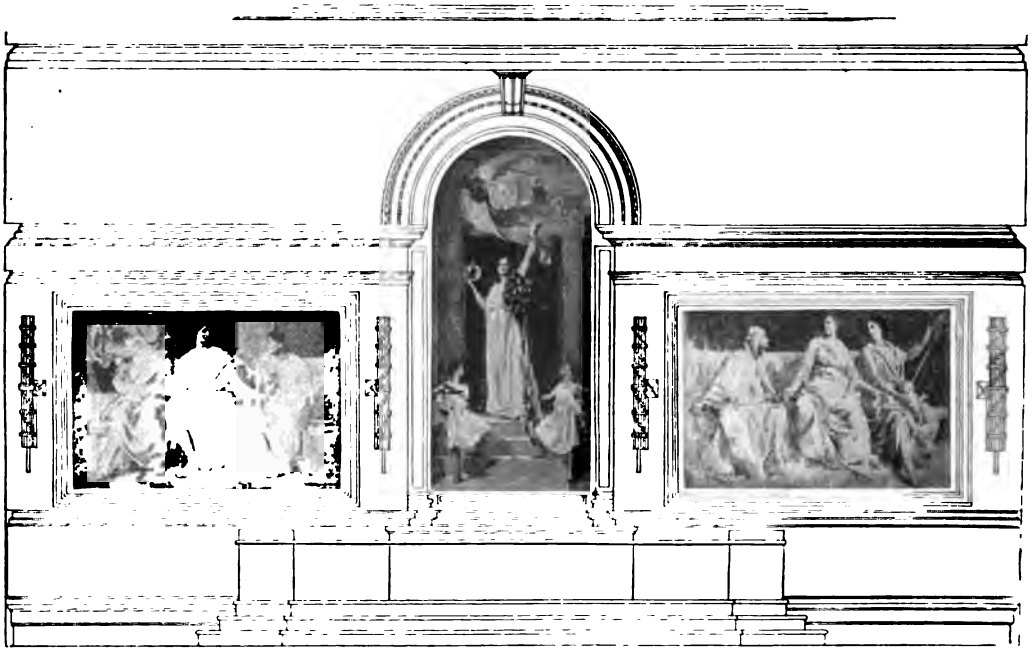
IMPERIAL, NEW YORK CITY.

of what mural decoration means. It must be clear enough that what it does not mean is a picture placed without reference to its surroundings. But I wish to avoid the danger which lies in too conventional and too rigid an interpretation of this idea. The most impressive decorations are those in which the various motives employed have been really built up into a whole, composed in a very architectural sense. But it does not follow that because this building up is most tremendous in effect when the subject is in itself tremendous, as in Mr. La Farge's «Ascension,» only a heroic ideal is permitted to the decorator of a wall; that he must always be, as it were, epical, dramatic. Mural decoration, like every other form of painting, has, if I may continue to borrow from poetic terminology, its lyric moments, and it is of these that I now desire to speak. Were I to hark back to earlier epochs, I should be inclined to go to the eighteenth century, and find an illustration in Tiepolo. It is more gratifying to discover the type in an American painter vastly superior to Tiepolo in everything that means delicacy of temperament and distinction of tone. I mean Mr. Dewing. He does not figure very often as a mural painter. When he has appeared in that character it has been at rare intervals in certain private houses which have kept his work hidden. But in one of the rooms of a New York hotel—in the Imperial, at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-second street—there is a ceiling painted by Mr. Dewing which is all that is needed to affirm his full title to a place among the first of decorative painters. It is a circular panel showing three allegorical figures, Night, Dawn, and Aurora, the three poised together in the sky, with a pale, thin, crescent moon separating Aurora from her sisters. Dawn half lies in the lap of Night, and holds in one outstretched hand the morning star. All three are draped in soft robes of subtle blues and pinks, which blend imperceptibly into the turquoise blue and cirrus white of the sky and its clouds. The three make no sign; there is no dramatic gesture, there is no elaboration of symbolism. The group hangs in a sweet insouciance, graceful, pliant, the very incarnation of a lyric inspiration. In its blithe freedom from all hint of academic formalism, wherein, it may be asked, does its mural character survive? In its subtle and absolutely successful maintenance of a kind of aërial balance, it may be replied, the figures floating in the sky like some fixed stars, irregular, if you like, in their disposition, but with an undercurrent of something that tells you their relations have been perfectly adjusted.

It is this peculiar symmetry which belongs primarily to a ceiling, particularly to a ceiling of circular outline. Such a space needs a light, vivacious motive; it wants some fragile forms flung with the ease of heedlessness upon the waiting surface, and at the same time welded together in a composition which ac-

cords in spirit with the solidity of the walls that bound it. Remember all that is implied in a problem of this description, and it will be seen that Mr. Dewing exerts an uncommon power in mural decoration; that he possesses in unusual measure the faculty of seeing his composition as a whole, apprehending its relations, and determining with profound intention the flow of every contour, the illuminative office of every stroke of the brush, whether it be to flood with light or to whelm in shadow. In short, while his work seems far removed from such strictly constructive design as that exemplified by Mr. La Farge's «Ascension,» it is architectural, decorative, to the very rim of the canvas. It is Mr. Dewing's privilege, however, to project into his decorative work, with no diminution of its special character, an exceptional proportion of the charm which belongs to his art in any form. The ceiling to which I have referred is not an easel picture, but it has added to its mural point all the beauties of the artist in his smallest and subtlest achievements. The magnified scale of the work has done nothing to modify Mr. Dewing's accustomed elegance and daintiness of style. The design has the same fine outlines, the same exquisite modulations of line and surface, which belong to paintings like «The Hermit Thrush.» In this ceiling he has changed the conditions of his art without surrendering any of his characteristics of style; he has abandoned the mere limitations in space of the «conversation piece» for the spacious lines of monumental art; but he has remained himself, he has kept the beauty, the originality, which make him distinguished. To do this is perhaps the greatest triumph of the decorator, and I know of nothing more delightful in those works which we have traversed than the strong individualism which they illustrate. In the case of Mr. La Farge, for example, we have found ourselves in the presence of a man who had established himself as a painter of easel pictures before he had taken to decoration; yet the transition has been marked by an increase of authority, by an expansion of the artist's style, without any loss of that temperamental quality which made him interesting in the first place.

This point is distinctly worth noting as indicative of a particularly healthy tendency in the new American school. Nowhere is it so easy to become dryly academic as in mural decoration. The strongest individuality may find itself staggered by the vastness of the scale on which it is suddenly asked to manifest itself; and even in his moments of wildest liberty the artist will paint so cautiously that his native touch grows thin, his style undergoes a change. Our own men have stood firm even in their experimental stages. The decorations at the Chicago Fair demonstrated this. They were lamentably crude in more than one instance, but in the long run every one of the painters contrived to make the



KEY TO THE DECORATIONS BY EDWARD SIMMONS.

PAINTED AND COPYRIGHT BY EDWARD SIMMONS, 1898.

"JUSTICE."

IN THE COURT OF OYER AND TERMINER IN THE CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY.

PAINTED BY THOMAS W. DEWING.

"NIGHT, DAWN, AND AURORA," IN THE HOTEL IMPERIAL, NEW YORK CITY.

observer feel that the work was genuine, that it had a strong force behind it. That force was compelled to start, of course, from the natures of the various painters who began three or four years ago to look upon wall-painting as a substantial form of art and one worth practising. But it has had to look for nourishment, also, at the hands of connoisseurs and public officers, and at this point we draw near to one of the most interesting phases of our sketch. What chance has mural decoration in America, what encouragement, what opportunity, what stimulus for the men whose abilities are only waiting to be employed in this lofty sphere of artistic activity? Private enterprise has done much, and is doing more. Public and semi-public efforts have also been made, and are still efficient. Mr. La Farge's great church decoration offers one proof, and his experience offers many more to which reference might be made, did the scope of the present paper permit. Mr. Sargent and Mr. Abbey have done their work in one of the public monuments of Massachusetts. Mr. Dewing owed the commission for his beautiful ceiling to the enlightened policy which has begun to regard hotels as legitimate objects of artistic labor.

Mr. Edward Simmons has been working for some time on three panels for the Court of Oyer and Terminer in the new Criminal Courts Building of New York City. The opportunity was given to him by the Municipal Art Society, which arranged the competition which he entered, and will provide the funds for the completion of the work. But when that work is in place it will stand in an official spot, and though privately inspired, as it were, it will place us on record as having employed the services of an artist in a building public to a degree, and in an official, national sense, that even the library at Boston is not. In this we have an occasion for rejoicing, for the beginning is, after all, the thing, and having begun by decorating the walls of one of our municipal buildings, the road is short to similar undertakings. The enthusiasm is already spreading: the new Congressional Library at Washington, for example, is to contain several important decorations. A further assurance of the normal development of the art is presented in the case of Mr. Simmons's decorations. They are in a good place, and they are good themselves. In fact, there has been nothing more decorative produced here in all the brief history of the art. The wall given to Mr. Simmons is that before which the judge's bench is placed. It is marked in the center by a recess of some few inches, crowned by an arch. In this central panel Mr. Simmons has portrayed a stately and majestic ideal of Justice, showing her erect in severe white robes, with the flag flung so deftly over her left shoulder, and falling so gracefully down her side, that it becomes part of her drapery in a very subtle artistic way. She holds aloft the scales, and in her other hand poises the crystal globe surmounted by a cross which symbolizes the Christian world. Above her, small cherubs bear the arms of the city and the State. At her feet two childish figures carry the sword of condemnation, and the dove in which Mr. Simmons hints the gentleness of acquittal. These figures stand below a flight of two or three stone steps, which end in the platform on which Justice rears her queenly lines. Behind her is a simple iron door, flanked by columns. On the wall to the right of this panel an oblong division is filled with a representation of the Three Fates, seated on a marble bench, with the fragment of a pillar at the end nearest the Justice. To the left, a group of three figures disposed in a similar composition are emblematic of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. The side-pieces are nicely balanced with each other, the same gradation in the heights of the figures being kept in both pictures. The latter stand, moreover, as exactly the wings needed for the tall canvas in the center. Taken as a whole, regarded as a design, the work is brilliant in its adherence to the rules imposed by its surroundings. It is finely held together, each figure falling into its place with naturalness, and at the same time with that special dignity and poise essential in mural decoration. The principal figure, Justice, is extraordinarily imposing; an abstraction, if it must be called one, but brimming over with character; a figure so vitalized that it looms imperious in its place, touches the imagination, and stirs the emotions, as is seldom the case with the Justitia of pictorial or decorative art.

With this suggestive decoration I close for the present this survey of recent mural painting in America. All the men here mentioned are destined to exert a good influence upon the growth of their art. In another paper we may return to other men. It is certain that we have in America more than one master of mural decoration; that the country is appreciative of their gifts; and that the movement which has been begun through that appreciation and the exercise of those gifts is gaining in impetus.

Royal Cortissoz.

MUSIC IN SOLITUDE.

IN this valley far and lonely
Birds sang only,
And the brook,
And the rain upon the leaves;
And all night long beneath the eaves
(While with soft breathings slept the housèd cattle)
The hivèd bees
Made music like the murmuring seas;
From lichened wall, from many a leafy nook,
The chipmunk sounded shrill his tiny rattle;
Through the warm day boomed low the droning flies,
And the great mountains shook
With the organs of the skies.

Dear these songs unto my heart;
But the spirit longs for art,
Longs for music that is born
Of the human soul forlorn,
Or the beating heart of pleasure.
Thou, sweet girl, didst bring this boon
Without stint or measure!
Many a tune
From the masters of all time
In my waiting heart made rhyme.

As the rain on parchèd meadows,
As cool shadows
Falling from the summer sky,
As loved memories die,
But live again when a well-tunèd voice
Makes with old joy the grievèd heart rejoice,
So came once more with thy clear touch
The melodies I love—
Ah, not too much,
But all earth's natural songs far, far above!
For they are nature felt, and living,
And human, and impassioned;
And they full well are fashioned
To bring to sound and sense the eternal striving,
The inner soul of the inexpressive world,
The meaning furled
Deep at the heart of all,
The thought that mortals name divine,
Whereof all beauty is the sign,
That comes—ah! surely comes—at music's solemn call.

R. W. Gilder.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, AND HIS WRITING.

NO other writer of our time has come as near as Stevenson to the conquest of a perfect English style. He is the one who stands first with true lovers of the art of words. He is the one who, most unceasingly inspired (in his honor I may use his own expressions) by « an inextinguishable zest in technical successes,» has also most constantly remembered « the end of all art: to please.» It seems over-bold to write of him who really knew how to write, and especially to comment on his art in writing, which is what I wish to do.

Yet a truth that Stevenson has himself recorded lays a certain obligation upon all humbler workmen to celebrate, as best they may, a master of their craft. The public can appreciate some kinds of literary merit; but « to those more exquisite refinements of proficiency and finish which the artist so ardently desires, and so keenly feels, for which (in the vigorous words of Balzac) he must toil ‹ like a miner buried in a landslip,› for which, day after day, he recasts and revises and rejects—the gross mass of the public must be ever blind.» Yes; and also in some degree even the most diligent, hearty, and sensitive lover of literature if he has never practised with the written word himself. Only those who have been taught through brotherhood in effort can perceive with clearness the highest kinds of technical success, and value them at their full worth. Others may see the beauty, but not the whole of it; they may feel it, but not with all their heart. They cannot realize in how many different ways of varying faultiness everything may be said, or how difficult it is to say anything even reasonably well; therefore they cannot adequately prize the skill which finds the one perfect form of utterance. Lacking full insight, they fail of full sympathy; without this there can never be the fullest measure of appreciation; and so the tribute of any one who has actually tried to write is somewhat excused of useless temerity.

STEVENSON himself has told how his technical studies were begun. He has told of the years when he went about with an English classic in one pocket and pencil and paper in the other, trying with devoted doggedness to reproduce his model's style, and when the task was achieved, changing to another model and beginning a similar task afresh. It would be discouraging to read of this modest yet proud persistence were there any reason why, instead, it should not be inspiring. Of course we are hardly wise if we dream that we also were born with our hands full of the gold of genius, and we may not always be wise if we endeavor to beat out the grains of our little talent in the same way that Stevenson chose. Yet surely his example commands us and encourages us to disengage them somehow—somehow to purify them and prove them before we mint them and try to purchase a public hearing for our thoughts.

This chapter of Stevenson's, showing how the greatest artist of his land and day laid the foundations of his skill, and his « Letter to a Young Gentleman,» showing how to the end of his days the true artist moils and travails in the sweat of his brow, as must the man who digs the ground, but sweating also the blood of his heart and the ichor of his soul—these should lie underneath the pillow of every youth who ventures to think, « I will please with my pen.» And there is another chapter of Stevenson's that ought to lie with them. I have forgotten its name, and have not chanced upon it among his collected essays. I read it long ago in a magazine, and I lent it to a friend (until then my friend), who carried it off to Europe and never brought it back. It analyzed the riches, poverties, and peculiarities of the English tongue from the technical point of view; and it must have come with a sort of blinding light, as of a revelation from the mount of art, to many a man who had long believed that he knew how to use this tongue. It showed that mere sound helps or hinders sense, and that all sounds must be considered even apart from sense. It showed that a right respect for them means a delicate regard, not merely for constructions and conspicuous cadences, but also for words and syllables as such, for slightest accentuations, for individual letters, their contrasts and harmonies, and the curious meanings they somehow bear irrespective of the sense to which, in this word or in that, man has forced them to contribute. It showed that an artist does not simply set out the broad pattern of his verbal mosaic with care, and carefully proportion its main

parts, but thinks of every sentence as a work of art in itself, of every word and letter as a possible jewel or blot, sure to enhance the effect of the finished work if selected rightly, to mar it if chosen by a listless ear.

In short, this chapter explained an art so difficult, and set a task so subtile, endless, and complex (like the task of the fairy-tale princess who was told to sort the feathers pulled from a thousand different birds), that in reading it one might easily have exclaimed, «No man can write well,» but for the cheerful fact that its own words had been set in array by Stevenson. Revealing his attitude toward his art, his persistently beheld ideals, it proved that the attitude was not overstrained, that the ideals might be achieved. Perfectly achieved? Constantly, consistently achieved? Stevenson may answer. Perfect sentences, he says, have often been written, perfect paragraphs at times—never a perfect page.

If thoughts of such labors and ideals as these, and of such a partial possible success, discourage instead of inspiring you, young gentlemen who wish to please with your pens, you will do best to set your wishing-caps at another angle. In a literal sense you hardly could have been born to write; but, it seems, you were not born even to learn to write. The seed of the artist is not in you. Our wise and gentle master tells you how to apply the test: «If a man love the labor of any trade, apart from any question of success or fame, the gods have called him»; otherwise he has mistaken the voice. The mark of the artist's vocation is an «unfaltering and delighted industry,» a «laborious partiality» for the unremitting technical struggle it demands. Notice the words: love, not endurance; not sufferance, but partiality; not mere unfaltering, but delighted labor. If you really love vocables and phrases, constructions, cadences, rhythms, accentuations, consonants and vowels, and even punctuation-marks, for their own dear sake, and not alone because they can serve your personal needs; if you care more to make their beauty plain than to win notice for yourself; and if you find the struggle thus implied a veritable joy, then, and then only, you may believe that you were born—certainly to begin to try to learn to write, and possibly, in the far end, to succeed.

Of course, without all this you may tell, in printed words not loudly offensive to the ear, many things that people will like to know; and perhaps they will win you for a time what may seem a literary place: but the preparatory work you do with your pen will not really be writing, and so the waters of oblivion will soon undermine the pillars of that place. Nothing but art endures. Even if the thoughts which lie behind your want of art have a lasting value, it will simply be as food for other minds competent to give them an imperishable form.

But, on the other hand, you may learn to write pretty well and yet have little to say; the gods sometimes call men to be artists, granting them gifts of ear and eye and patience, and then cramp their art by declaring that they shall have commonplace souls and brains. In such a case you may still be welcome in the world, putting your trifle of thought into agreeable words. But really to serve the world as a great artist serves it, really to attain to beautiful, individual, and immortal words, you must have much to say, and things which no one else has perceived and felt in quite the same fashion. You must be a person as well as an artist. And this truth, too, Stevenson's work supports. Within and beyond the technical perfection of his style, inspiring and infusing it, and to a great degree creating it, lies the strong and charming personality of the man.

ALL his friends praise the spirit that resided in this man. They delight to speak, not of special qualities and gifts, but of the man as a whole—the character, the nature, the personality which his gifts and qualities composed. The doer, they tell us, was better than any of his deeds, his art in living finer than his art in writing: even more remarkable, more admirable, even less easily to be analyzed and explained.

I was not a friend of his. I talked with him only once for a scanty hour. Yet this is the very fact which impels me to lay my little stone on the cairn that his friends are building. They may be attainted of conscious exaggeration, or at least of loving, if unwitting, bias—they, but not I, the stranger. And, besides, an impression received by a stranger and preserved alone in the memory for years, neither disturbed nor reinforced by repetitions, may, if it tallies with the impressions left by long acquaintance, have a special value of its own.

This, then, is the stranger's witness, and it is precisely like the friend's: No man could have a more definite personality than Louis Stevenson's; none could more surely awaken immediate interest or exert a more instant charm, or could seem more convincingly to guarantee that the charm and interest would perennially flourish and increase. There is one kind of success which Stevenson rarely can have known—the slow subdual of indifference; and one kind of disappointment which

he seldom can have felt—the pause of the foot of friendliness on the threshold of love.

He was ill when I saw him in New York in the spring of 1888, after he had come down from the Adirondacks. He was in bed, as he often used to be for days together—so often that the beautiful portrait which, in the previous autumn, St. Gaudens had made of him, backed by his pillows and covered by his blankets, must, I fancy, seem to many American friends the Stevenson whom they knew best. He was in a dismal hotel, in the most dismal possible chamber. Even a very buoyant soul might have been pardoned if, then and there, it had declined upon inactivity and gloom. But these were not the constituents of the atmosphere I found.

There were a great many things on Stevenson's bed—things to eat and to smoke, things to write with and to read. I have seen tidier sick-beds, and also invalids more modishly attired: this one wore over his shoulders an old red cloak with a hole for the head in the middle (a *serape*, I supposed), which, faded and spotted with ink, looked much like a school-room table-cloth. But the untidiness seemed a proof of his desire to make the most of each passing minute; clearly, the littering things had been brought, not in case they might be wanted, but as answers to actual and eager needs. Ill as he was, Stevenson had been reading and writing—and smoking, as St. Gaudens shows; and in fact, I call him an invalid chiefly because, as I remember him, the term has such a picturesque unfitness. His body was in evil case, but his spirit was more bright, more eager, more ardently and healthily alive than that of any other mortal.

I find myself repeating the one word «eager.» There is none which better befits Stevenson's appearance and manner and talk. His mind seemed to quiver with perpetual hope of something that would give it a new idea to feed upon, a new fact to file away, a new experience to be tested and savored. I could read this attitude even in the quick cordiality of his greeting. The welcome was not for me, as myself, but for the new person—for the new human being, who, possessing ears and a tongue, might possibly contribute some item to the harvest of the day.

Despite his mastery of the arts of language, I do not believe that Stevenson ever excelled in the artifice of small talk; he must always have had too many real words to say, and have felt too sure that other folk would like to hear them. This, indeed, was one great secret of his charm: he assumed that you too were alertly alive; he believed that you would understand and share his interest in all interesting things. Therefore one interview was enough to prove him what his friends assert and his books declare him to have been—a philosopher very wise in that most precious kind of lore which gives the soul modesty and poise, cheerfulness, humor, and courage; a student of human nature, not with classifications and categories to fill out, but with a special welcoming niche prepared for the reception of each new human soul; a «detached intelligence,» but a heart, intimately attached to every palpitant fiber in the web of existence, which loved to love, and chose for its hatred only fundamentally hateful and harmful things like hypocrisy, vanity, intolerance, and cowardice in the face of life. He seemed so individual, not because he was more eccentric than others, but because he was more genuine and more broad, more self-expressive, and possessed of a wider and richer self to be explained.

Look at his portrait in profile, and you will see sensitiveness and refinement of a virile sort in the general cast of the face and head, sagacity in the long but not prominent nose, and poetic feeling in the contour of the brow. But in a full view the countenance was still more remarkable. The upper part, extraordinarily broad between the eyes, was deerlike in its gentle serenity, but the lower part, very narrow in comparison, was almost fox-like in its keen alertness; and the mobility of the mouth hardly seemed to fit with the steady intentness of the wide, dark eyes. But if at first this face appeared to contradict itself, the reason lay, I think, in the fact that we seldom see the face of a man who is at once a lover of action and a lover of dreams and of books, an astute and yet a most affectionate observer of life and of men and of the humors of the lives of men, and, besides, an artist of imaginative mold.

I remember how Stevenson's face looked when he said that, long though he had been tied to sedentary habits, and deeply though he loved the art they permitted him to practise, the one thing in the world that he held to be the best was still the joy of outdoor living: it was a beautiful face just then, because it revealed a soul which could endure without bemoaning itself. And for the same reason it was beautiful again when it turned merry over a little tale of attempts to learn the art of knitting as a solace for hours of wearisome languor—unavailing attempts, although he had persisted in them until he brought himself to the verge—nay, he declared, actually over the verge—of tears. An

amusing little story it seemed as he told its details, yet in itself and in the manner of its telling it might have moved a listener to tears in his turn, so unconscious did the teller seem that a lifelong story of smiling conflict with bitter denials and restrictions, when reduced to its very lowest terms, then showed the very sharpest, most tragical edge of its pathos.

I should like to make you understand how Stevenson gave this story, and how he spoke (now with a very conscious pride) about the strategical soldier-games which, in scientific ways, he and his stepson were in the habit of playing; I should like to relate how he pounced upon every Americanism I chanced to utter, not deriding it, but shaking it in the teeth of a pleased curiosity as a bit of treasure-trove, a new fragment of speech with an origin, a history, a utility that must be learned; and in other ways to explain what a zest he had for those myriad little interests, little occupations, discoveries, and acquisitions, which make existence a perpetual joy to a fresh and questing mind, but which most adult minds have grown too stiff and dull to value. And of course I should like to record how he spoke about his own writings, and, with even quicker pleasure, talked about those of others. But to mummify beautiful, vivid speech is to do it deep injustice, and so I will not try to reproduce his words; and if I should try to paraphrase them, I should merely blur their meaning to myself and make it clear to no one else.

Rather, let us read once more in his printed pages. He was interpreting himself when he wrote, «Gentleness and cheerfulness—these come before all morality; they are the perfect duties»; and again, quaintly, in one of his babyhood poems:

> The world is so full of a number of things
> I 'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

To make other people happy, and to turn everything in the populous, Protean world to profit and pleasure for himself by really seeing it and feeling it—these were the keynotes of Stevenson's fine philosophy; these were the corner-stones of that code of ethics which, put into practice under trials that we can hardly measure, enabled him to demonstrate, for the benefit of us all, what he once described as the great Theorem of the Livableness of Life. And it was needful to define this code, this philosophy, in speaking of his art, because it inspired his books as well as his words and deeds, and not only their intellectual, but their esthetic, distinction. Definitely esthetic gifts helped him, of course, in his conquest of an almost perfect style; but he was helped quite as much by his moral gifts: of course by that determination to make the most of existence which is the mainspring of industry, and by the patience, the cheerfulness, the hopefulness, the delight in small discoveries and achievements, which make industry a joy; and furthermore, by the gentleness and loving sympathy which alone can render a spirit clear and sensitive and logical, and by that desire to make other people happy which includes the belief that the end of all art is to please.

BRILLIANT as were Stevenson's powers of thought and word, he was no epigram-turner, no pyrotechnist in idea or expression. A clear and coherent train of thought runs through his most sparkling chapters; in its elucidation every phrase plays an indispensable rôle; and the garment of style fits the thought so closely that, although each sentence is in itself a work of art, none exists for itself, but all for the sake of the general effect of the whole.

Singularly excellent is this whole as a medium for the transference of thought; impeccably lucid and limpid, translating all shades of perception, sensation, and emotion with such ease and preciseness that the reader scarcely remembers he is absorbing the thought of another. But even this rare merit does not necessarily imply great charm of style. To achieve the highest kind of charm, of beauty, the ear must be enchanted while the mind is definitely and delicately led.

If you do not possess an ear for the music of prose (which has nothing at all to do with the ear for music proper, and is different even from an ear for verse, and a good deal less common), no one can make you understand the extraordinary beauty of Stevenson's work. But if you do possess this organ, you will rate him, as an artist, at least as high as any poet. The essentials of good poetic form, with its organized measure and accentuation, and often its determined rhymes, are symmetry and balance, diversified uniformity, varied repetition, echoing assonance and resonance. The essentials of good prose form are a graceful asymmetry, a discreet avoidance of actual in favor of suggested balance, harmony in perpetual diversity, no obvious repetitions or echoings, and yet in every phrase a recognition of the form and color of all accompanying phrases. Thus a more subtile if not a higher technical sense goes to the making of very good prose than of even very good poetry: there are no formulas or rules to give assurance or warning, no signal-cries

determined upon in advance, and thereafter loudly audible as helpers of a doubting ear.

The greatest danger which attends the would-be writer of harmonious prose is the pitfall laid by his knowledge of the sweet expedients of verse. It can hardly be said of any other modern writer of English whose pages are as musical as Stevenson's that he always avoids this pitfall. But in Stevenson's we never come upon the smallest fragment of pseudo-verse—a too prettily rounded paragraph, a too surely expected cadence, a too evident balancing of phrases, a too regular arrangement of words or repetition of sounds. Of course he is never seduced by the vulgar charms of the rhetorical, the grandiloquent, or the sentimental mode; and it is almost an insult to take pains to say that he never descends to «cheap finish,» is never caught by the prompt appeal of trite verbal formulas, by the attractiveness of superfluous words or of words which do not precisely reproduce the thought, or by those terrible brummagem devices, like loud alliteration, which are so often loved by English writers when they aspire to style at all, and so generally accepted by the public as proofs of technical mastery. Perfect accord between sense and sound, perfect beauty of sound, and a perfect avoidance of palpable artifice—these, with freshness and a very masculine vigor, are the qualities of Stevenson's prose style.

But the main fact which entitles it to be called a perfect style is its constancy in excellence and charm. It is always firm and complete in texture, and uniform in the sense that, while it varies in spirit to suit the subject in hand, it does not vary in quality from line to line, from page to page. I think that Stevenson himself has really written perfect pages; and at all events, his style delights us more as a whole than in any of its parts, striking or exquisite though many of these may still appear when torn away from their context. If you like best to be surprised by independent epigrams, by unexpected bursts of eloquence, by sudden marvels of expressional felicity, turn to some other writer. Stevenson will not amaze you thus. But, except very slightly now and then in his earliest efforts, he will never disappoint you or let you down. And this experience ought to seem more amazing than any other could. To do things flawlessly from end to end is a rarer and more satisfying merit than to do portions of them magnificently well. To strike a beautiful key and always maintain it, even when treating of ugly or commonplace things, and yet to keep the thing and its expression in accord—this is the noblest of literary triumphs.

Hand in hand with such constancy in technical success goes, of course, great simplicity of means and method. Much splendor in treatment, much richness in the elements employed, may be perfectly managed in little pieces of work, or may make a large one so dazzlingly gorgeous that only a trained eye will perceive discrepancy between its parts. But this discrepancy must exist. The limitations of human power forbid that a cathedral shall be elaborated—chiseled and jeweled all over—like a small shrine for the bones of a saint; and if the thing were done, the laws of art would forbid its looking well. No one could write a book from end to end as Ruskin has written his most sumptuous passages; and if he could, it would weary and distress the reader. But «The Pilgrim's Progress» is homogeneous from end to end; its beauty is complete because the great artist who wrote it was classically serene and simple in style. And none of the emphatic and violent, the sweetly sentimental, the elaborately «precious,» or the perfervid, luscious, and luxuriant writers of our day approaches Stevenson in his power to be always at his best. Yet, in saying that his work is beautiful, I have affirmed, of course, that its simplicity is never monotonous, bald, or hard. It is like the work of a Greek sculptor, which would be grievously deformed were it besprinkled with East Indian jewels.

Catholic in sympathy and eagerly active of brain, Stevenson wrote in many moods, and his style served him equally well in all. There is no greater pleasure than to prove these facts by reading, in close contrast, the stories and essays that most widely differ. Take «The Merry Men,» for instance, and then «Will o' the Mill,» «Pulvis et Umbra,» «Markham,» «The Flight through the Heather,» and the mysterious tale of negro magic and tornadoes. Tone and temper could hardly vary more, and the words, as perspicuous and as beautiful in the one case as in the others, seem to have been twin-born with the thoughts. But, oh, how far from the truth this seeming must lie! What unfaltering and delighted industry must have wrought this perfect union, in so many different keys, of thoughts, inchoate till the right words were found, with words which had to be chosen from among ten thousand, and arranged in the one right way of many score! Only those who have tried to write can fancy it all. Only those who have never quite succeeded can properly envy the feeling Steven-

son must have known each time he inscribed his «Finis.» Doubtless in his later years the work went more easily than at first. But work it must always have been, and the joy in its completion can never have decreased; for, once they are successfully outlived, the memory of our most desperate hours of struggle remains to give to readier accomplishment a delicious flavor of surprise. And this is not the least among the facts which proclaim, quite unmistakably, the livableness of life.

The simplicity of Stevenson's style is very notable in connection with its frequent poetic force. Not more for poetical suggestiveness than for dramatic clarity or for picturesqueness in narration did he need to draw upon flourishing turns of phrase, or upon words that are strikingly sonorous, recondite, or even uncommon. Take this passage, for example: «And if he had anything like the same inspiring weather, the same nights of uproar, men in armor rolling and resounding down the stairs of heaven, the rain hissing on the village streets, the wild bull's-eye of the storm flashing all night long into the bare inn chamber—the same sweet return of day, the same unfathomable blue of noon, the same high-colored halcyon eves»—I need not finish the sentence, for these words suffice. If you find them unpoetic because with one exception they are simple and common words, while that one is scarcely rare, then you must be among those who think that wine is not wine unless it is heated and spiced.

Again, Stevenson's exquisite mastery of the means of expression nowhere does him better service than in translating his gently smiling outlook upon life. Of course he is never, crudely, a maker of mirth, although upon occasion there is an actual laugh in his words. But he is always the man of humor. Sometimes you scarcely notice that he smiles; but when you lay down the book your heart is warm, and this is proof of the smile, and also of its difference from the grin of the cynic or the simper of the fatuous. And often his smiling sparkles like sunlight on water, or glows like a hearth-fire cheering some dusky chamber of thought into which he has bidden us to consider themes as tragical as «sad stories of the death of kings.» No one but a great artist can thus blend emotions, infusing gloom with the reflection of cheerfulness, and merriment with the memory of the pathos of all life. Every one of us feels this blending at times; but an incomparable skill in words is needed to express it without affectation or excess.

THERE are many other things which should be said of Stevenson's art in writing. Here, however, I can only try to tell what, in a personal way, it has meant to me, and thus explain with more distinctness why I could not withhold my hand from its praise.

I can fairly complain that the technical struggle has been much harder for me than for the majority. Yet I can fairly boast that I have loved it better than the majority, even in its hardest and dullest phases, and that (I remember how Stevenson applauded when he had drawn out the confession) twenty rewritings, in whole or in part, and thirty, and fifty, have often come within my not unpleased experience. Yet one day last winter, when I tried to write, neither the effort nor the result seemed in the least worth while. A useless task, a savorless possible success—this is what I felt. And then, suddenly, the difference between to-day and yesterday proved itself an echo of my knowledge that Stevenson had died. Of course I had never looked forward to writing as he did: there are bounds to sane ambitions. And I had never expected him to read what I might write, much less to approve it. Yet somewhere, I now discovered, although I had not clearly realized the truth before—somewhere down in the bottom of my heart had always been the feeling: If he does chance to see this, what a pity if it should be less good than, with every effort, I can manage to make it; and what a triumph if it should be good enough for him to read without actual distress! Such, I now discovered, had been the spur; very vague and foolish and unreasonable; but how potent, how helpful, how insistent in its sharp monitions, how delightfully warming in its utterly vague reminders of a possible crown for what I knew to be an all-but-impossible true success—this I realized on the day of which I speak, and this I shall never again forget. For now that the throne of the prince is vacant in our little world of art, in our strenuous little world of oft-defrauded but perennial aspiration, I feel that there will never again be quite as much joy in the technical struggle; and I know that, even if I could ever write a page as he wrote hundreds, success would bring a pang of disappointment—now that the most foolish dreamer can no longer anticipate that happy hour in which Stevenson was to smile and say, «*Well done.*»

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

MODELED IN BAS-RELIEF BY AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS IN 1887, DURING STEVENSON'S ILLNESS IN NEW YORK.

Robert Louis Stevenson

ELEONORA DUSE.

THERE are, perhaps, only three living actresses now in active life to whom the title « great » would be applied by common consent. These are Sarah Bernhardt, Helena Modjeska, and Eleonora Duse. Janauschek, alas! although still upon the stage, belongs to the past, while Ellen Terry, with all her dainty skill and radiant charm, has not yet reached those heights to which genius alone can aspire Each of them excels in ways peculiar to herself. Bernhardt, after carrying off all the laurels offered in the artificial and declamatory school of French tragedy, has devoted her maturest powers to the illustration of the most violent passions conceivable by morbid imagination. Her achievements in this direction have been extraordinary, and her dramatic genius cannot be disputed; but some of her latest triumphs have been won in defiance of most of the laws of nature and many of the rules of true art. Modjeska, if less potent in the interpretation of the fiercest emotions than her French rival, need fear no comparison with her in poetic tragedy; while in the field of poetic comedy she is unrivaled. Her performances of *Juliet*, *Rosalind*, and *Ophelia* are almost ideally beautiful. Eleonora Duse, whose fame has blazed up with meteoric suddenness, is preëminent above all actresses of her time for versatility, that rare gift of impersonation, still rarer among women than among men, which can conceal the real beneath the assumed identity without resorting to the common expedients of theatrical disguise. The phrase that such or such a part was assumed by this or that actor is heard every day. It is a convenient, conventional, and meaningless expression. In the case of Duse it is used correctly, and signifies just what has happened.

Like most other successful artists, Signora Duse fought her way to distinction through all manner of obstacles and difficulties. She was born about thirty-three years ago in Vigevano, a small town on the borders of Piedmont and Lombardy, and came of theatrical stock, both her father and grandfather being actors of good standing. Her grandfather, Luigi Duse, enjoyed considerable reputation as a reciter, and established the Garibaldi Theater in Padua. Her father, however, was in very poor circumstances, and she was less than twelve years old when first sent upon the stage to help in making provision for the family. In those days, it is said, she often felt the pangs of hunger, being miserably paid in the inferior theaters in which alone she could secure engagements. Her abilities must have been precocious, for from the first she played leading characters both in tragedy and comedy. She never posed as a juvenile prodigy, but, on the contrary, guarded jealously the secret of her youth, for fear that it might be used to her disadvantage. Her early audiences, doubtless, were not severely critical; but the fact that they accepted a child of twelve as a fitting representative of *Francesca da Rimini* is a sufficient proof of her natural ability. For four years she led a life of incessant drudgery, rehearsing new parts by day and acting at night, subjected to a physical and intellectual strain which tested her endurance and ambition to the uttermost, with scarcely a gleam of hope to brighten the darkness of her prospects.

Amid these conditions she had reached the age of sixteen, when there came to her an opportunity to play *Juliet* in Verona. For a long time she had been enamoured of the part, and had studied it carefully. The representation occurred in an open-air theater, the Arena, and a great crowd was present. Inspired by the occasion, the young actress played with all the power and passion of which she was capable, and provoked a storm of enthusiasm. This was her first great triumph, and, possibly, the sweetest of all; but it had no immediate effect upon her fortunes. She remained the leading actress of a traveling company, and was compelled to resume for a time the old weary wanderings from one provincial town to another. But her probation was not to be prolonged much further. An engagement at the old Florentine Theater, associated with memories of Ristori, Alberti, Salvini, and many other great Italian players, provided her with an appreciative audience and a competent supporting company, and from that moment her fame and fortune were assured. Triumph succeeded to triumph, and the critics vied with one another in expressing admiration of her versatility, of the simplicity and wonderful effectiveness of her methods, of the truthfulness and power of her pathos and passion, and of her sparkling, vivacious, and effervescent humor. She con-

quered Venice as she had conquered Naples, and in a few months had established herself in the front rank of her profession in her native country. Soon reports of her genius were noised abroad, and she was invited to visit the principal European capitals. Paris and Vienna confirmed the verdict of Italian opinion, and, emboldened by success, she crossed the Atlantic to New York, where her genius met with the promptest recognition and appreciation. Soon afterward the critical world of London was at her feet, and her name, scarcely known outside of Italy four years before, had become famous from one end of the theatrical world to the other.

It was on the 23d of January, 1893, that Signora Duse made her first professional appearance in New York, at the Fifth Avenue Theater, before a very large and curious, but rather apathetic, not to say suspicious, audience. The preliminary advertisement of her had not been extensive, but what little there was of it had been couched in what seemed to be rather extravagant terms. Before the end of the evening everybody was willing to admit that the adjectives were fully justified. She enacted the hackneyed rôle of *Camille*, thereby challenging comparison with every actress of note during the last twenty years; and when the curtain fell for the last time, after scenes of uncommon enthusiasm, she had demonstrated her right to be considered the peer of any of them. Her originality, brilliancy, and sincerity carried the house by storm. The impression which she then created was more than confirmed by each of her succeeding impersonations.

Within a very few moments of her first entrance upon the stage in the part of *Camille* her conception of the woman is revealed, as by a flash, with a certainty, swiftness, and sureness that denote the rarest combination of executive and imaginative power. The spoiled favorite stands revealed in all her waywardness, passionate impulsiveness, and discontent—a temperament, as might be expected, Italian, not French. No attempt is made either to gloss over or to exaggerate. Her acting is admirably frank and free, but never indelicate. A hundred subtile touches signify her growing interest in *Armand;* and in her love, when it is finally acknowledged, there is the glow of the true fire. But this impression is conveyed without the least suggestion of studied effort, and as the performance proceeds it is peculiarly interesting to note how the most striking effects are created by the simplest means, one of the infallible tests of good acting. This is especially remarkable in her scene with the elder *Duval*, in which she expresses the most poignant grief and emotion with extraordinary quietude, and in her leave-taking from *Armand*, in which she excels all previous performers in conveying to the audience the sense of the inward torture which she is enduring, without doing anything which would be likely to excite her lover's suspicions. At this juncture her acting is truer and more touching, if less elaborate, than that of either Bernhardt or Modjeska, and in the subsequent acts she does not fall below the level of those great artists.

Her *Fédora*, the passionate and revengeful heroine of Sardou's drama, is a study of feminine nature differing utterly in physical and spiritual characteristics from that of *Camille*, but no less convincing or complete. Scene for scene, it compares favorably with that of Bernhardt herself. At certain moments, by her audacity of expedient or picturesqueness of pose, the French actress may create a more thrilling momentary effect; but, as a whole, Duse's interpretation, while never lacking in vehemence or variety of emotion, is more satisfying as a consistent and intelligible conception of an imperious, resolute, vindictive, hot-blooded woman, with a veneer of culture over fierce semi-barbaric instincts. Throughout all the complicated motives and situations of the first act she maintains the assumed personality with a wonderful amount of harmonious detail and great variety of feeling. So strong was the illusion which she established on the first night of her performance here that some inconsiderate attempts at applause were checked by an angry «Hush!» from those more appreciative spectators who feared that the spell might be broken. No more eloquent tribute could be paid to genius. In the cleverly devised scene where *Fédora*, by the simulation of love, beguiles *Loris* into a confession of the part which he had taken in her lover's death, the apparently involuntary gestures and facial expressions by which she contrives to indicate the revengeful hate which really possesses her are extraordinarily significant, while the mingled horror and exultation with which she receives the confession itself is a most thrilling achievement. Equally fine and true is her revulsion of feeling upon the discovery that the real traitor was her affianced husband, and that his place in her heart is occupied by *Loris*, the man whom she had doomed to death. Her facial changes and her by-play, as the truth gradually dawns upon her, are no less remarkable for their vividness than for their moderation; and this artistic restraint, by force of con-

DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BETTINI, LEGHORN.

ELEONORA DUSE.

trast, lends additional impressiveness to the overwhelming outburst of passion with which she sacrifices all—even honor itself—to save him from the trap prepared for him. In the last act her suicide is less melodramatic and horrifying, perhaps, than Bernhardt's, but the despairing pathos of her appeals to the avenging *Loris* are as pitiful as anything of the kind ever seen upon the stage.

As the revengeful *Clotilde* in Dumas's «Fernande» she presents a third type of womanhood so completely distinct from either of the others that it is difficult to believe in the identity of the actress. Carriage, walk, and gesture undergo a transformation. Yet the personification is perfect in every detail, and governed by a beautiful consistency. Her first manifestation of great power in this character is in the reading of the despatch which tells of her lover's infidelity. Youth and hope seem to pass out of her face together, and to leave it old and haggard. Her whole attitude and behavior are eloquent of the blankest despair.

Of her performance of the wayward and reckless heroine of «Francillon» it may be said that she almost succeeds in making her conduct credible and reasonable. In it she portrays with exquisite skill the growth of jealousy under an assumed mask of feverish gaiety; and the graceful coquetry and womanly tenderness with which she essays to lure her errant husband back to her side reveals her genius in yet another new light. Her management of the risky scenes growing out of her nocturnal adventure is exceedingly adroit, and the occasional hint of malicious glee breaking through her mood of stubborn recklessness is exactly right. Another exquisitely truthful touch is her fit of tearful vexation when she finds that, unwittingly, she has established her own innocence. As an example of imaginative realism her *Santuzza*, in «Cavalleria Rusticana,» is a gem of flawless art, perfect as a reproduction of peasant life and manners, entirely free from all adornment and artifice, but lifted into the regions of poetic tragedy by virtue of its pathos and passion. It seems almost incredible that this woman, the unfailing interpreter of the deepest and most turbulent emotions of the human heart, should be able to identify herself, as she does, with the arch-coquette of «La Locandiera,» and the piquant, audacious, and volatile *Cyprienne* in «Divorçons»—a *Cyprienne* whom she makes as light, gay, variable, and sparkling as that of the lamented Aimée herself. No other actress of this time is capable of such metamorphoses.

As yet Duse has permitted us only a glimpse of her gallery of dramatic portraits. Elsewhere she has achieved triumphs in plays differing as widely as «La Femme de Claude» and «L'Abbesse de Jouarre.» Her *Juliet* and *Ophelia* have aroused fervent enthusiasm, and her *Cleopatra* is still a bone of critical contention between the commentators who hold that naturalness is the chiefest stage virtue and those who prefer the dazzling artifice of which Sarah Bernhardt is passed mistress. If it be the first object of good acting to hold the mirror up to nature, the French actress, in these later days, would be unwise to dispute the palm with her Italian rival. The women whom she now depicts are, for the most part, mere monstrosities, fanciful developments from one morbid and extravagant type. If Duse, in attempting some of them, has failed to emphasize all the violent and impossible contrasts of which they are compounded, and to amaze or horrify by a cry or a gesture, she at least has contrived to impart to them, by her intuitive sense of truth and proportion, some semblance of humanity. Wherever there is a foundation of human heart to work upon, her power is absolute, and she can interpret all moods with almost equal facility. As has been pointed out, she can sound all the depths of pathos, or simulate a paroxysm of rage or scorn, with the same veracity; can employ with delightful effect all the wiles of feminine seductiveness, play the coquette with unsurpassable archness and vivacity, and tread the perilous paths of the riskiest French comedy with a lightness, a sparkle, an assurance, and an adroitness altogether Parisian. She possesses, moreover, in a larger measure than any other actress, the Protean gift of genuine impersonation. With a face and figure devoid of any peculiar characteristic, she identifies herself with the fictitious personality by subtile and appropriate transformations, in which gait, gesture, carriage, and facial expression all play their part. In this respect, beyond question, she is the greatest actress of the day, and among men Salvini alone takes rank above her or beside her. Her powers in high tragedy or poetic comedy must be for us, as yet, matter for conjecture only. It is to be hoped that ill health may not prevent her from renewing her former triumphs in New York, or from appearing in the great Shaksperian characters which she has enacted so successfully at home, and which offer the widest scope to true dramatic genius such as hers.

J. Ranken Towse.

Maid Marian
Song

SO-HO! so-ho! for th
In the crisp Octob
With the lace of th
chief tost
On the black of ti

Dark was the wood
When the moon
(When russet and
lean,
And never a bir

Till the sun spra
And hurled hi
And the last sta
lies dead
And the mea

Up! up! my lad
Up! up! my
The pheasant
furze,
And hark h

See trampled
Who slept
A stag-of-te
Oh, follow

154

On to the chase, naught fearing—
We maids o' the kirtle green,
We wait you here, with cup and cheer,
And the kiss that laughs between.

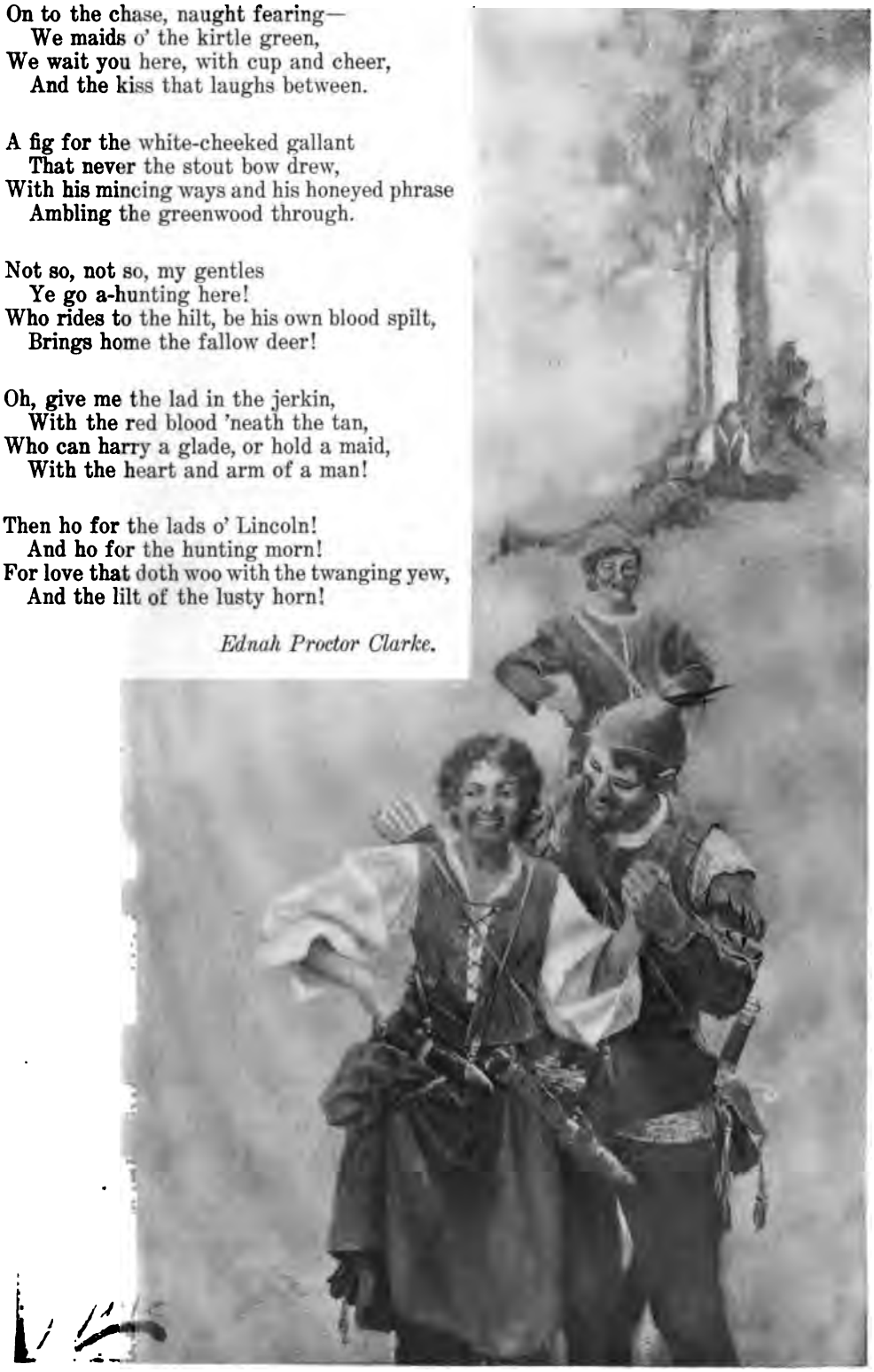
A fig for the white-cheeked gallant
That never the stout bow drew,
With his mincing ways and his honeyed phrase
Ambling the greenwood through.

Not so, not so, my gentles
Ye go a-hunting here!
Who rides to the hilt, be his own blood spilt,
Brings home the fallow deer!

Oh, give me the lad in the jerkin,
With the red blood 'neath the tan,
Who can harry a glade, or hold a maid,
With the heart and arm of a man!

Then ho for the lads o' Lincoln!
And ho for the hunting morn!
For love that doth woo with the twanging yew,
And the lilt of the lusty horn!

Ednah Proctor Clarke.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GABELL & CO., LONDON.

Yours sincerely
Mary A. Ward

I.

«WELL, that 's over, thank Heaven!»

The young man speaking drew in his head from the carriage window. But instead of sitting down he turned with a joyous, excited gesture, and lifted the flap over the little window in the back of the landau, supporting himself, as he stooped to look, by a hand on his companion's shoulder. Through this peep-hole he saw, as the horses trotted away, the crowd in the main street of Market Malford, still huzzaing and waving, the wild glare of half a dozen torches on the faces and the moving forms, the closed shops on either hand, the irregular roofs and chimneys sharp cut against a wintry sky, and in the far distance the little lantern belfry and taller mass of the new town hall.

«I 'm much astonished the horses did n't bolt,» said the man addressed. «That bay mare would have lost all the temper she 's got in another moment. It 's a good thing we made them shut the carriage—it has turned abominably cold. Had n't you better sit down?»

And Lord Fontenoy made a movement as though to withdraw from the hand on his shoulder.

The owner of the hand flung himself down on the seat, with a word of apology, took off his hat, and drew a long breath of fatigue. At the same moment a sudden look of disgust effaced the smile with which he had taken his last glimpse at the crowd.

«All very well!—but what one wants after this business is *a moral tub!* The lies I 've told during the last three weeks—the buncombe I 've talked!—it 's a feeling of positive dirt! And the worst of it is, however you may scrub your mind afterward, some of it must stick.»

He took out a cigarette, and lit it at his companion's with a rather unsteady hand. He had a thin, long face and fair hair; and one would have guessed him some ten years younger than the man beside him.

«Certainly—it will stick,» said the other. «Election promises nowadays are sharply looked after. I heard no buncombe. As far as I know, our party does n't talk any. We leave that to the Government!»

Sir George Tressady, the young man addressed, shrugged his shoulders. His mouth was still twitching under the influence of nervous excitement. But as they rolled along between the dark hedges, the carriage-lamps shining on their wet branches, green yet, in spite of November, he began to recover a half-cynical self-control. The poll for the Market Malford Division of West Mercia had been declared that afternoon, between two and three o'clock, after a hotly contested election; he, as the successful candidate by a very narrow majority, had since addressed a shouting mob from the balcony of the Greyhound Hotel, had suffered the usual taking out of horses and triumphal dragging through the town, and was now returning with his supporter and party leader, Lord Fontenoy, to the great Tory mansion which had sent them forth in the morning, and had been Tressady's headquarters during the greater part of the fight.

«Did you ever see any one so down as Bur-

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rows?» he said presently, with a little leap of laughter. «By George! it is hard lines. I suppose he thought himself safe, what with the work he 'd done in the division, and the hold he had on the miners. Then a confounded stranger turns up, and the chance of seventeen ignorant voters kicks you out! He could hardly bring himself to shake hands with me. I had come rather to admire him, had n't you?»

Lord Fontenoy nodded.

«I thought his speeches showed ability,» he said indifferently; «only of a kind that must be kept out of Parliament—that 's all. Sorry you have qualms—quite unnecessary, I assure you! At the present moment, either Burrows and his like knock under, or you and your like. This time—by seventeen votes—Burrows knocks under. Thank the Lord! say I.» And the speaker opened the window an instant to knock off the end of his cigarette.

Tressady made no reply. But again a look, half chagrined, half reflective, puckered his brow, which was smooth, white, and boyish under his straight, fair hair; whereas the rest of the face was subtly lined, and browned as though by travel and varied living. The nose and mouth, though not handsome, were small and delicately cut, while the long, pointed chin, slightly protruding, made those who disliked him say that he was like those innumerable portraits of Philip IV., by and after Velasquez, which bestrew the collections of Europe. But if the Hapsburg chin had to be admitted, nothing could be more modern, intelligent, alert, than the rest of him.

The two rolled along awhile in silence. They were passing through an undulating midland country, dimly seen under the stars. At frequent intervals rose high mounds, with tall chimneys and huddled buildings beside them or upon them, which marked the sites of collieries, while the lights also, which had begun to twinkle over the face of the land, showed that it was thickly inhabited.

Suddenly the carriage rattled into a village, and Tressady looked out.

«I say, Fontenoy, here 's a crowd! Do you suppose they know? Why, Gregson 's taken us another way round!»

Lord Fontenoy let down his window, and identified the small mining village of Battage.

«Why did you bring us this way, Gregson?» he said to the coachman.

The man, a Londoner, turned, and spoke in a low voice: «I thought we might find some rioting going on in Marraby, my Lord. And now I see there 's lots o' them out here!»

Indeed, with the words, he had to check his horses. The village street was full from end to end with miners just come up from work. Fontenoy at once perceived that the news of the election had arrived. The men were massed in large groups, talking and discussing, with evident and angry excitement; and as soon as the well-known liveries on the box of the new member's carriage were identified there was an instant rush toward it. Some of the men had already gone into their houses on either hand, but at the sound of the wheels and the uproar they came rushing out again. A howling hubbub arose, a confused sound of booing and groaning, and the carriage was soon surrounded by grimed men, gesticulating and shouting.

«Yer bloated parasites, yer!» cried a young fellow, catching at the door-handle on Lord Fontenoy's side; «we 'll make a d—d end o' yer afore we 've done wi' yer. Who asked yer to come meddlin' in Malford—d—n yer!»

«Whativer do we want wi' the loikes o' yo' representin' us!» shouted another man, pointing at Tressady. «Look at 'im; ee can't walk, ee can't; mus' be druv, poor hinnercent! When did yo' iver do a day's work, eh? Look at my 'ands! Them 's the 'ands for honest men—ain't they, you fellers?»

There was a roar of laughter and approval from the crowd, and up went a forest of begrimed hands, flourishing and waving.

George calmly put down the carriage window, and, leaning his arms upon it, put his head out. He flung some good-humored banter at some of the nearest men, and two or three responded. But the majority of the faces were lowering and fierce, and the horses were becoming inconveniently crowded.

«Get on, Gregson,» said Fontenoy, leaning out of the window.

«If they 'll let me, your lordship,» said Gregson, rather pale, raising his whip.

The horses made a sudden start forward. There was a yell from the crowd, and three or four men had just dashed for the horses' heads, when a shout of a different kind ascended.

«Burrows! 'Ere 's Burrows! Three cheers for Burrows!»

And some distance behind them, at the corner of the village street, Tressady suddenly perceived a tall dog-cart drawing up, with two men in it. It was already surrounded by a cheering and tumultuous assembly, and one of the men in the cart was shaking hands right and left.

George drew in his head, with a laugh. «This is dramatic. They 've stopped the horses, and here 's Burrows!»

Fontenoy shrugged his shoulders. «They 'll

blackguard us a bit, I suppose, and let us go. Burrows 'll keep them in order.»

«What d' yer mean by it, heh, dash yer!» shouted a huge man, as he sprang on the step of the carriage and shook a black fist in Tressady's face—«thrustin' yer d—d carkiss where yer ain't wanted? We wanted *'im*, and we 've worked for 'im. This is a workin'-class district, and we 've a *right* to 'im. Do yer 'ear?»

«Then you should have given him seventeen more votes,» said George, composedly, as he thrust his hands into his pockets. «It 's the fortunes of war—your turn next time. I say, suppose you tell your fellows to let our man get on. We 've had a long day, and we 're hungry. Ah,»—to Fontenoy,—«here 's Burrows coming!»

Fontenoy turned, and saw that the dog-cart had drawn up alongside them, and that one of the men was standing on the step of it, holding on to the rail of the cart.

He was a tall, finely built man, and as he looked down on the carriage, and on Tressady leaning over the window, the light from a street lamp near showed a handsome face blanched with excitement and fatigue.

«Now, my friends,» he said, raising his arm, and addressing the crowd, «you let Sir George go home to his dinner. He 's beaten us, and so far as I know *he 's* fought fair, whatever some of his friends may have done for him. I 'm going home to have a bite of something and a wash. I 'm done. But if any of you like to come round to the club—eight o'clock—I 'll tell you a thing or two about this election. Now good night to you, Sir George. We 'll beat you yet, trust us. Fall back there!»

He pointed peremptorily to the men holding the horses. They and the crowd instantly obeyed him.

The carriage swept on, followed by the hooting and groans of the whole community, men, women, and children, who were now massed along the street on either hand.

«It 's easy to see this man Gregson 's a new hand,» said Fontenoy, with an accent of annoyance, as they got clear of the village. «I believe the Wattons have only just imported him; otherwise he 'd never have avoided Marraby and come round by Battage.»

«Battage has some special connection with Burrows, has n't it? I had forgotten.»

«Of course. He was check-weigher at the Acme pit here for years, before they made him district secretary of the union.»

«That 's why they gave me such a hot meeting here a fortnight ago!—I remember now; but one thing drives another out of one's head. Well, I dare say you and I 'll have plenty more to do with Burrows before we 've done.»

Tressady threw himself back in his corner, with a yawn.

Fontenoy laughed.

«There 'll be another big strike some time next year,» he said dryly—«bound to be, as far as I can see. We shall all have plenty to do with Burrows then.»

«All right,» said Tressady, indistinctly, pulling his hat over his eyes. «Burrows or anybody else may blow me up next year, so long as they let me go to sleep now.»

However, he did not find it so easy to go to sleep. His pulses were still tingling under the emotions of the day and the stimulus of the hubbub they had just passed through. His mind raced backward and forward over the incidents and excitements of the last six months, over the scenes of his canvass—and over some other scenes of a different kind which had taken place in the country house whither he and Fontenoy were returning.

But he did his best to feign sleep. His one desire was that Fontenoy should not talk to him. Fontenoy, however, was not easily taken in, and no sooner did George make his first restless movement under the rug he had drawn over him than his companion broke silence.

«By the way, what did you think of that memorandum of mine on Maxwell's bill?»

George fidgeted and mumbled. Fontenoy, undaunted, began to harangue on certain minutiæ of factory law with a monotonous zest of voice and gesture which seemed to Tressady nothing short of amazing.

He watched the speaker a minute or two through his half-shut eyes. So this was his leader to be—the man who had made him member for Market Malford.

Eight years before, when George Tressady had first entered Christchurch, he had found that place of tempered learning alive with traditions on the subject of «Dicky Fontenoy.» And such traditions—good heavens! Subsequently, at most race-meetings, large and small, and at various clubs, theaters, and places of public resort, the younger man had had his opportunities of observing the elder, and had used them always with relish, and sometimes with admiration. He himself had no desire to follow in Fontenoy's footsteps. Other elements ruled in him, which drew him other ways. But there was a magnificence about the impetuosity, or rather the doggedness, with which Fontenoy had plunged into

the business of ruining himself, which stirred the imagination. On the last occasion, some three and a half years before this Market Malford election, when Tressady had seen Fontenoy before starting himself on a long Eastern tour, he had been conscious of a lively curiosity as to what might happen to «Dicky» by the time he came back again. The eldest sons of peers do not generally come to the workhouse; but there are aristocratic substitutes which, relatively, are not much less disagreeable; and George hardly saw how they were to be escaped.

And now—not four years!—and here sat Dicky Fontenoy, haranguing on the dull clauses of a technical act, throat hoarse with the speaking of the last three weeks, eyes cavernous with anxiety and overwork, the creator and leader of a political party which did not exist when Tressady left England, and now bade fair to hold the balance of power in English government! The surprises of fate and character! Tressady pondered them a little in a sleepy way; but the fatigue of many days asserted itself. Even his companion was soon obliged to give him up as a listener. Lord Fontenoy ceased to talk; yet every now and then, as some jolt of the carriage made George open his eyes, he saw the broad-shouldered figure beside him, sitting in the same attitude, erect and tireless, the same half-peevish pugnacity giving expression to mouth and eye.

«COME, wake up, Tressady! Here we are!»

There was a vindictive eagerness in Fontenoy's voice. Ease was no longer welcome to him, whether in himself or as a spectacle in other men. George, startled from a momentary profundity of sleep, staggered to his feet, and clutched at various bags and rugs.

The carriage was standing under the pillared porch of Malford House, and the great house doors, thrown back upon an inner flight of marble steps, gave passage to a blaze of light. George, descending, had just shaken himself awake and handed the things he held to a footman, when there was a sudden uproar from within. A crowd of figures—men and women, the men cheering, the women clapping and laughing—ran down the inner steps toward him. He was surrounded, embraced, slapped on the back, and finally carried triumphantly into the hall.

«Bring him in,» said an exultant voice; «and stand back, please, and let his mother get at him.»

The laughing group fell back, and George, blinking, radiant, and abashed, found himself in the arms of an exceedingly sprightly and youthful dame, with pale frizzled hair, and the figure of seventeen.

«Oh, you dear, great, foolish thing!» said the lady, with the voice and the fervor, moreover, of seventeen. «So you 've got in—you 've done it! Well, I should never have spoken to you again if you had n't! And I suppose you 'd have minded that a little—from your own mother. Goodness, how cold he is!»

And she flew at him with little pecking kisses, retreating every now and again to look at him, and then closing upon him again in ecstasy, till George, at the end of his patience, held her off with a strong arm.

«Now, mother, that 's enough. Have the others been home long?» he asked, addressing a smiling young man in knickerbockers who, with his hands in his pockets, was standing beside the hero of the occasion, surveying the scene.

«Oh, about half an hour. They reported you 'd have some difficulty in getting out of the clutches of the crowd. We hardly expected you so soon.»

«How 's Miss Sewell's headache? Does she know?»

The expression of the young man's eye, which was bent on Tressady, changed ever so slightly as he replied:

«Oh, yes; she knows. As soon as the others got back Mrs. Watton went up to tell her. She did n't show at lunch.»

«Mrs. Watton came to tell *me*—naughty man!» said the lady whom George had addressed as his mother, tapping the speaker on the arm with her fan. «Mothers first, if you please, especially when they 're cripples like me, and can't go and see their dear darlings' triumphs with their own eyes. And *I* told Miss Sewell.»

She put her head on one side and looked archly at her son. Her high gown, a work of the most approved Parisian art, was so cut as to show much more throat than usual, and, in addition, a row of very fine pearls. Her elegant waist and bust were defined by a sort of Empire sash; her complexion did her maid, and, indeed, her years, great credit.

George flushed slightly at his mother's words, and was turning away from her when he was gripped by the owner of the house, Squire Watton, an eloquent and soft-hearted old gentleman, who, having in George's opinion already overdone it greatly at the town hall in the way of hand-shaking and congratulations, was now most unreasonably prepared to overdo it again. Lady Tressady joined in

with little shrieks and sallies, the other guests of the house gathered round, and the hero of the day was once more lost to sight and hearing amid the general hubbub of talk and laughter—for the young man in knickerbockers, at any rate, who stood a little way off from the rest.

«I wonder when she 'll condescend to come down,» he said to himself, examining his boots with a speculative smile. «Of course it was mere caprice that she did n't go to Malford; she meant it to annoy.»

«I say, do let me get warm,» said Tressady, at last, breaking from his tormentors and coming up to the open log fire, in front of which the young man stood. «Where 's Fontenoy vanished to?»

«Went up to write letters directly he had swallowed a cup of tea,» said the young man, whose name was Bayle; «and called Marks to go with him.» (Marks was Lord Fontenoy's private secretary.)

George Tressady threw up his hands in disgust.

«It 's absurd. He never allows himself an hour's peace. If he expects me to grind as he does, he 'll soon regret that he lent a hand to put me into Parliament. Well, I 'm stiff all over, and as tired as a rat. I 'll go and have a warm bath before dinner.»

But still he lingered, warming his hands over the blaze, and every now and then scanning the gallery which ran round the big hall. Bayle chatted to him about some of the incidents of the day. George answered at random. He did, indeed, look tired out, and his expression was restless and discontented.

Suddenly there was a cry from the group of young men and maidens who were amusing themselves in the center of the hall.

«Why, there 's Letty, and as fresh as paint!»

George turned abruptly. Bayle saw his manner stiffen and his eye kindle.

A young girl was slowly coming down the great staircase which led to the hall. She was in a soft black dress with a blue sash, and a knot of blue at her throat—a childish slip of a dress, which answered to her small rounded form, her curly head, and the hand slipping along the marble rail. She came down silently smiling, taking each step with great deliberation, in spite of the outbreak of half-derisive sympathy with which she was greeted from her friends below. Her bright eyes glanced from face to face—from the mocking inquirers immediately beneath her to George Tressady standing by the fire.

At the moment when she reached the last step Tressady found it necessary to put another log on a fire already piled to repletion.

Meanwhile Miss Sewell went straight toward the new member and held out her hand.

«I am so glad, Sir George; let me congratulate you.»

George put down his log, and then looked at his fingers critically.

«I am very sorry, Miss Sewell, but I am not fit to touch. I hope your headache is better.»

Miss Sewell dropped her hand meekly, shot him a glance which was not meek, and said demurely:

«Oh, my headaches do what they 're told. You see, I was determined to come down and congratulate you.»

«I see,» he repeated, making her a little bow. «I hope my ailments, when I get them, will be as docile. So my mother told you?»

«I did n't want telling,» she said placidly. «I knew it was all safe.»

«Then you knew what only the gods knew—for I only got in by seventeen votes.»

«Yes, so I heard. I was very sorry for Burrows.»

She put one foot on the stone fender, raised her pretty dress with one hand, and leant the other lightly against the mantelpiece. The attitude was full of grace, and the little sighing voice fitted the curves of a mouth which seemed always ready to laugh, yet seldom laughed frankly.

As she made her remark about Burrows Tressady smiled.

«My prophetic soul was right,» he said deliberately; «I knew you would be sorry for Burrows.»

«Well, it *is* hard on him, is n't it? You can't deny you 're a carpet-bagger, can you?»

«Why should I? I 'm proud of it.»

Then he looked round him. The rest of the party—not without whispers and smothered laughter—had withdrawn from them. Some of the ladies had already gone up to dress. The men had wandered away into a little library and smoking-room which opened on the hall. Only the squire, safe in a capacious arm-chair a little way off, was absorbed in a local paper and the last humors of the election.

Satisfied with his glance, Tressady put his hands into his pockets and leant back against the fireplace, in a way to give himself fuller command of Miss Sewell's countenance.

«Do you never give your friends any better sympathy than you have given me in this affair, Miss Sewell?» he said suddenly, as their eyes met.

She made a little face.

«Why, I 've been an angel!» she said, poking at a prominent log with her foot.

George laughed.

«Then our ideas of angels agree no better than the rest. Why did n't you come and hear the poll declared, after promising me you would be there?»

«Because I had a headache, Sir George.»

He responded with a little inclination, as though ceremoniously accepting her statement.

«May I ask at what time your headache began?»

«Let me see,» she said, laughing; «I think it was directly after breakfast.»

«Yes. It declared itself, if I remember right, immediately after certain remarks of mine about a Captain Addison?»

He looked straight before him, with a detached air.

«Yes,» said Letty, thoughtfully; «it was a curious coincidence, was n't it?»

There was a moment's silence. Then she broke into infectious laughter.

«Don't you know,» she said, laying her hand on his shoulder—«don't you know that you 're a most foolish and wasteful person? We get along capitally, you and I—we 've had a rattling time all this week—and then you will go and make uncivil remarks about my friends—in public, too! You actually think I 'm going to let you tell Aunt Watton how to manage me! You get me into no end of a fuss—it 'll take me weeks to undo the mischief you 've been making—and then you expect me to take it like a lamb! Now, do I look like a lamb?»

All this time she was holding him tight by the arm, and her dimpled face, alive with mirth and malice, was so close to his that a moment's wild impulse flashed through him to kiss her there and then. But the impulse passed. He and Letty Sewell had known each other for about three weeks. They were not engaged—far from it. And these—the hand on the arm, and the rest—were Letty Sewell's ways.

Instead of kissing her, then, he scanned her deliberately.

«I never saw any one more plainly given over to obstinacy and pride,» he said quietly. «I told you some plain facts about the character of a man whom I know and you don't, whereupon you sulk all day, you break all your promises about coming to Malford, and when I come back you call me names.»

She raised her eyebrows and withdrew her hand.

«Well, it 's plain, is n't it? that I must have been in a great rage. It was very dull up-stairs, though I did write reams to my best friend all about you—a very candid account; I shall have to soften it down. By the way, are you ever going to dress for dinner?»

George started, and looked at his watch.

«Are we alone? Is any one coming from outside?»

«Only a few ‹locals,› just to celebrate the occasion. I know the clergyman's wife 's coming, for she told me she had been copying one of my frocks, and wanted me to tell her what I thought.»

George laughed.

«Poor lady!»

«I don't *think* I shall be nice to her,» said Letty, playing with a flower on the mantelpiece. «Dowdy people make me feel wicked. Well, *I* must dress.»

It was now his turn to lay a detaining hand.

«Are you sorry?» he said, bending over to her. His bright gray eyes had shaken off fatigue.

«For what? Because you got in?»

Her face overflowed with laughter. He let her go. She linked her arm in that of the daughter of the house, Miss Florence Watton, who was crossing the hall at the moment, and the two went up-stairs together, she throwing back one triumphant glance at him from the landing.

George stood watching them till they disappeared. His expression was neither soft nor angry. There was in it a mocking self-possession which showed that he too had been playing a part—mingled, perhaps, with a certain perplexity.

II.

GEORGE TRESSADY came down very late for dinner, and found his hostess on the verge of annoyance. Mrs. Watton was a large, commanding woman, who seldom thought it worth while to disguise any disapproval she might feel—and she had a great deal of that commodity to expend, both on persons and institutions.

George hastened to propitiate her with the usual futilities: he had supposed that he was in excellent time, his watch had been playing tricks, and so on.

Mrs. Watton, who, after all, on this great day beheld in the new member the visible triumph of her dearest principles, received these excuses at first with stiffness, but soon thawed.

«Oh, you *naughty* boy! you naughty, men-

dacious boy!» said a sprightly voice in Tressady's ear. «Excellent time, indeed! I saw you—for shame!»

And Lady Tressady flounced away from her son, laughing over her shoulder in one of her accustomed poses. She wore white muslin over cherry-colored silk. The display of neck and shoulders could hardly have been more lavish, and the rouge on her cheeks had been overdone, which rarely happened. George turned from her hurriedly to speak to Lord Fontenoy.

«What a fool that woman is!» thought Mrs. Watton to herself, as her sharp eye followed her guest. «She will make George positively dislike her soon—and all the time she is bound to get him to pay her debts, or there will be a smash. What! dinner? John, will you please take Lady Tressady? Harding, will you take Mrs. Hawkins?»—pointing her second son toward a lady in black sitting stiffly on the edge of an ottoman. «Mr. Hawkins takes Florence. Sir George»—she waved her hand toward Miss Sewell. «Now, Lord Fontenoy, you must take me, and the rest of you sort yourselves.»

As the young people, mostly cousins, laughingly did what they were told, Sir George held out his arm to Miss Sewell.

«I am very sorry for you,» he said, as they passed into the dining-room.

«Oh, I knew it would be my turn,» said Letty, with resignation. «You see, you took Florrie last night, and Aunt Watton the night before.»

George settled himself deliberately in his chair, and turned to study his companion.

«Do you mind warning me, to begin with, how I can avoid giving you a headache? Since this morning my nerve has gone—I want directions.»

«Well,» said Letty, pondering, «let us lay down the subjects we *may* talk about first. For instance, you may talk of Mrs. Hawkins.»

She gave an imperceptible nod which directed his eyes to the thin woman sitting opposite, to whom Harding Watton, a fashionable and fastidious youth, was paying but scant attention.

George examined her.

«I don't want to,» he said shortly; «besides, she would last us no time at all.»

«Oh!—on the contrary,» said Letty, with malice sparkling in her brown eye, «she would last me a good twenty minutes. She has got on my gown.»

«I did n't recognize it,» said George, studying the thin lady again.

«I would n't mind,» said Letty, in the same tone of reflection, «if Mrs. Hawkins did n't think it her duty to lecture me in the intervals of copying my frocks. If I disapproved of anybody I don't think I should send my nurse to ask her maid for patterns.»

«I notice you take disapproval very calmly.»

«Callously, you mean. Well, it is my misfortune. I always feel myself so much more reasonable than the people who disapprove.»

«This morning, then, you thought me a fool?»

«Oh, no! Only—well—I *knew*, you see, that I knew better. *I* was reasonable, and—»

«Oh, don't finish,» said George, hastily; «and don't suppose that I shall ever give you any more good advice.»

«Won't you?»

Her mocking look sent a challenge, which he met with outward firmness. Meanwhile he was inwardly haunted by a phrase he had once heard a woman apply to the mental capacities of her best friend. «Her *mind?*—her mind, my dear, is a shallow chaos!» The words made a neat label, he scoffingly thought, for his own present sensations. For he could not persuade himself that there was much profundity in his feelings toward Miss Sewell, whatever reckless possibilities life might seem to hold at times; when, for instance, she wore that particular pink gown in which she was attired to-night, or when her little impertinent airs suited her as well as they were suiting her just now. Something cool and critical in him was judging her all the time. Ten years hence, he made himself reflect, she would probably have no prettiness left. Whereas now, what with bloom and grace, what with small proportions and movements light as air, what with an inventive refinement in dress and personal adornment that never failed, all Letty Sewell's defects of feature or expression were easily lost in a general aspect which most men found dazzling and perturbing enough. Letty, at any rate within her own circle, had never yet been without partners, or lovers, or any other form of girlish excitement that she desired, and had been generally supposed—though she herself was aware of some strong evidence to the contrary—to be capable of getting anything she had set her mind upon. She had set her mind, as the spectators in this particular case had speedily divined, upon enslaving young George Tressady. And she had not failed. For even during these last stirring days it had been tolerably clear that she and his election had divided Tressady's mind between them, with a balance, perhaps, to her side. As to the *measure* of her success,

however, that was still doubtful—to herself and him most of all.

To-night, at any rate, he could not detach himself from her. He tried repeatedly to talk to the girl on his left, a noble-faced child fresh out of the school-room, who in three years' time would be as much Letty Sewell's superior in beauty as in other things. But the effort was too great. The strenuous business of the day had but left him—in fatigue and reaction—the more athirst for amusement and the gratification of another set of powers. He turned back to Letty, and through course after course they chattered and sparred, discussing people, plays, and books, or rather, under cover of these, a number of those topics on the borderland of passion whereby men and women make their first snatches at intimacy—till Mrs. Watton's sharp gray eyes smiled behind her fan, and the attention of her neighbor, Lord Fontenoy—an uneasy attention—was again and again drawn to the pair.

Meanwhile, during the first half of dinner, a chair immediately opposite to Tressady's place remained vacant. It was being kept for the eldest son of the house, his mother explaining carelessly to Lord Fontenoy that she believed he was «out parish-ing somewhere, as usual.»

However, with the appearance of the pheasants the door from the drawing-room opened, and a slim, dark-haired man slipped in. He took his place noiselessly, with a smile of greeting to George and his neighbor, and bade the butler, in a whisper aside, bring him any course that might be going.

«Nonsense, Edward!» said his mother's loud voice from the head of the table; «don't be ridiculous. Morris, bring back that hare *entrée* and the mutton for Mr. Edward.»

The newcomer raised his eyebrows mildly, smiled, and submitted.

«Where have you been, Edward?» said Tressady. «I have n't seen you since the town hall.»

«I have been at a rehearsal. There is a parish concert next week, and I conduct these functions.»

«The concerts are always bad,» said Mrs. Watton, curtly.

Edward Watton shrugged his shoulder. He had a charming, timid air, contradicted now and then by a look of enthusiastic resolution in the eyes.

«All the more reason for rehearsal,» he said. «However, really, they won't do badly this time.»

«Edward is one of the persons,» said Mrs. Watton, in a low aside to Lord Fontenoy, «who think you can make friends with people—the lower orders—by shaking hands with them, showing them Burne-Jones's pictures, and singing ‹The Messiah› with them. I had the same idea once. Everybody had. It was like the measles. But the sensible persons have got over it.»

«Thank you, mama,» said Watton, making her a smiling bow.

Lady Tressady interrupted her talk with the squire at the other end of the table to observe what was going on. She had been chattering very fast in a shrill, affected voice, with a gesticulation so free and French, and a face so close to his, that the nervous and finicking squire had been every moment afraid lest the next should find her white fingers in his very eyes. He felt an inward spasm of relief when he saw her attention diverted.

«Is that Mr. Edward talking his Radicalism?» she asked, putting up a gold eye-glass—«his dear, wicked Radicalism? Ah! we all know where Mr. Edward got it.»

The table laughed. Harding Watton looked particularly amused.

«Egeria was in this neighborhood last week,» he said, addressing Lady Tressady. «Edward rode over to see her. Since then he has joined two new societies, and ordered six new books on the Labor Question.»

Edward flushed a little, but went on eating his dinner without any other sign of disturbance.

«If you mean Lady Maxwell,» he said good-humoredly, «I can only be sorry for the rest of you that you don't know her.»

He raised his handsome head with a bright air of challenge that became him, but at the same time exasperated his mother.

«That *woman!*» said Mrs. Watton, with ponderous force, throwing up her hands as she spoke. Then she turned to Lord Fontenoy. «Don't *you* regard her as the source of half the mischievous work done by this precious government in the last two years?» she asked him, imperiously.

A half-contemptuous smile crossed Lord Fontenoy's worn face.

«Well, really, I am not inclined to make Lady Maxwell the scapegoat. Let them bear their own misdeeds.»

«Besides, what worse can you say of English ministers than that they should be led by a woman?» said Mr. Watton, from the bottom of the table, in a piping voice. «In my young days such a state of things would have been unheard of. No offense, my dear,

no offense,» he added hastily, glancing at his wife.

Letty glanced at George, and put up a handkerchief to hide her own merriment.

Mrs. Watton looked impatient.

«Plenty of English cabinet ministers have been led by women before now,» she said dryly; «and no blame to them or anybody else. Only in the old days you knew where you were. Women were corrupt—as they were meant to be—for their husbands and brothers and sons. They wanted something for somebody—and got it. Now they are corrupt—like Lady Maxwell—for what they are pleased to call causes, and it is that which will take the nation to ruin.»

At this there was an incautious protest from Edward Watton against the word «corrupt,» followed by a confirmatory clamor from his mother and brother which seemed to fill the dining-room. Lady Tressady threw in affected comments from time to time, trying hard to hold her own in the conversation by a liberal use of fan and Christian names, and little personal audacities applied to each speaker in turn. Only Edward Watton, however, occasionally took civil or smiling notice of her; the others ignored her. They were engaged in a congenial task, the hunting of the one disaffected and insubordinate member of their pack, and had for the moment no attention to spare for other people.

«I shall see the great lady, I suppose, in a week or two,» said George to Miss Sewell, under cover of the noise. «It is curious that I should never have seen her.»

«Who? Lady Maxwell?»

«Yes. You remember I have been four years out of England. She was in town, I suppose, the year before I left, but I never came across her.»

«I prophesy you will like her enormously,» said Letty, with decision. «At least, I know that 's what happens to me when Aunt Watton abuses people. I could n't dislike them afterward if I tried.»

«That, allow me to impress upon you, is *not* my disposition! I am a human being—I am influenced by my friends.»

He turned round toward her so as to appropriate her again.

«Oh, you are not at all the poor creature you paint yourself!» said Letty, shaking her head. «In reality, you are the most obstinate person I know—you can never let a subject alone—you never know when you 're beaten.»

«Beaten?» said George, reflectively; «by a headache? Well, there is no disgrace in that. One will probably live to fight another day. Do you mean to say that you will take no notice—no notice—of all that array of facts I laid before you this morning on the subject of Captain Addison?»

«I shall be kind to you, and forget them. Now, do listen to Aunt Watton! It is your duty. Aunt Watton is accustomed to be listened to, and you have n't heard it all a hundred times before, as I have.»

Mrs. Watton, indeed, was haranguing her end of the table on a subject that clearly excited her. Contempt and antagonism gave a fine energy to a head and face already sufficiently expressive. Both were on a large scale, but without commonness. The old-lace coif she wore suited her waved and grizzled hair, and was carried with conscious dignity; the hand which lay beside her on the table, though long and bony, was full of nervous distinction. Mrs. Watton was, and looked, a tyrant—but a tyrant of ability.

«A neighbor of theirs in Brookshire,» she was saying, «was giving me last week the most extraordinary account of the doings at Mellor. She was the heiress of that house at Mellor»—here she addressed young Bayle, who, as a comparative stranger in the house, might be supposed to be ignorant of facts which everybody else knew—«a tumble-down place with an income of about two thousand a year. Directly she married she put a Socialist of the most unscrupulous type—so they tell me—into possession. The man has established what they call a ‹standard rate› of wages for the estate,—virtually double the normal rate,—coerced all the farmers, and made the neighbors furious. They say the whole district is in a ferment. It used to be the quietest part of the world imaginable, and now she has set it all by the ears. She, having married thirty thousand a year, can afford her little amusements; other people, who must live by their land, have their lives worried out of them.»

«She tells me that the system works, on the whole, extremely well,» said Edward Watton, whose heightened color alone betrayed the irritation of his mother's chronic aggression, «and that Maxwell is not at all unlikely to adopt it on his own estate.»

Mrs. Watton threw up her hands again.

«The *idiocy* of that man! Till he married her he was a man of sense. And now she leads him by the nose, and whatever tune he calls, the government must dance to, because of his power in the House of Lords.»

«And the worst of it is,» said Harding Watton, with an unpleasant laugh, «that if she were not a handsome woman, her influ-

ence would not be half what it is. She uses her beauty in the most unscrupulous way.»

«I believe that to be *entirely* untrue,» said Edward Watton, with emphasis, looking at his brother with hostility.

George Tressady interrupted. He had an affection for Edward Watton, and cordially disliked Harding. «Is she really so handsome?» he asked, bending forward and addressing his hostess.

Mrs. Watton scornfully took no notice.

«Well, an old diplomat told me the other day,» said Lord Fontenoy—but with a cold unwillingness, as though he disliked the subject—«that she was the most beautiful woman, he thought, that had been seen in London since Lady Blessington's time.»

«Lady Blessington! Dear, dear!—Lady Blessington!» said Lady Tressady, with malicious emphasis; «an unfortunate comparison, don't you think? Not many people would like to be regarded as Lady Blessington's successor.»

«In any other respect than beauty,» said Edward Watton, haughtily, with the same tension as before, «the comparison, of course, would be ridiculous.»

Harding shrugged his shoulders, and, tilting his chair back, said in the ear of a shy young man who sat next him:

«In my opinion, the Count d'Orsay is only a question of time! However, one must n't say that to Edward.»

Harding read memoirs, and considered himself a man of general cultivation. The young man addressed, who read no printed matter outside the sporting papers that he could help, and had no idea as to who Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay might be, smiled vaguely, and said nothing.

«My dear,» said the squire, plaintively, «is n't this room extremely hot?»

There was a ripple of meaning laughter from all the young people, to many of whom this particular quarrel was already tiresomely familiar. Mr. Watton, who never understood anything, looked round with an inquiring air. Mrs. Watton condescended to take the hint and retire.

IN the drawing-room afterward Mrs. Watton first allotted a duty-conversation of some ten minutes in length, and dealing strictly with the affairs of the parish, to Mrs. Hawkins, who, as clergyman's wife, had a definite official place in the Malford House circle, quite irrespective of any individuality she might happen to possess. Mrs. Hawkins was plain, self-conscious, and in no way interesting to Mrs. Watton, who never took the smallest trouble to approach her in any other capacity than that upon which she had entered by marrying the incumbent of the squire's home living. But the civilities and respects that were recognized as belonging to her station she received.

This, however, alas! was not enough for Mrs. Hawkins, who was full of ambitions, which a bad manner, a plague of shyness, and a narrow income were perpetually thwarting. As soon as the ten minutes were over, and Mrs. Watton, who was nothing if not political, and saw no occasion to make a stranger of the vicar's wife, had plunged into the evening papers brought her by the footman, Mrs. Hawkins threw herself on Letty Sewell. She was effusively grateful—too grateful—for the patterns lent her by Miss Sewell's maid.

«Did she lend you some patterns?» said Letty, raising her brows. «Dear me! I did n't know.»

And her eyes ran coolly over Mrs. Hawkins's attire, which did, indeed, present a village imitation of the delicate gown in which Miss Sewell had robed herself for the evening.

Mrs. Hawkins colored.

«I specially told my nurse,» she said hastily, «that of course your leave must be asked. But my nurse and your maid seem to have made friends. Of course my nurse has plenty of time for dressmaking, with only one child of four to look after, and—and—one really gets no new ideas in a poky place like this. But I would not have taken a liberty for the world.»

Her pride and *mauvaise honte* together made both voice and manner particularly unattractive. Letty was seized with the same temper that little boys show toward flies.

«Of course I am delighted!» she said indifferently. «It 's so nice and good to have one's things made at home. Your nurse must be a treasure.»

All the time her gaze was diligently inspecting every ill-cut seam and tortured trimming of the home-made triumph before her. The ear of the vicar's wife, always morbidly sensitive in that particular drawing-room, caught a tone of insult in every light word. A passionate resentment flamed up in her, and she determined to hold her own.

«Are you going in for more visits when you leave here?» she inquired.

«Yes, two or three,» said Letty, turning her delicate head unwittingly. She had been throwing blandishments to Mrs. Watton's dog, a gray Aberdeen terrier, who stood on the rug quietly regarding her.

«You spend most of the year in visits, don't you?»

«Well, a good deal of it,» said Letty.

«Don't you find it dreadfully time-wasting? Does it leave you leisure for *any* serious occupations at all? I am afraid it would make *me* terribly idle!»

Mrs. Hawkins laughed, attempting a tone of banter.

Letty put up a small hand to hide a sudden yawn, which, however, was visible enough.

«Would it?» she said, with an impertinence which hardly tried to conceal itself. «Evelyn, do look at that dog. Does n't he remind you of Mr. Bayle?»

She beckoned to the handsome child of sixteen who had sat on George Tressady's left hand at dinner, and, taking up a pinch of rose-leaves that had dropped from a vase beside her, she flung them at the dog, calling him to her. Instead of going to her, however, the dog slowly curled himself up on the rug, and laying his nose along his front paws, stared at her steadily, with the expression of one mounting guard.

«He never will make friends with you, Letty. Is n't it odd?» said Evelyn, laughing, and stooping to stroke the creature.

«Never mind; other dogs will. Did you see that adorable black Spitz of Lady Arthur's? She has promised to give me one.»

The two cousins fell into a chatter about their county neighbors, mostly rich and aristocratic people, of whom Mrs. Hawkins knew little or nothing. Evelyn Watton, whose instincts were quick and generous, tried again and again to draw the vicar's wife into the conversation. Letty was determined to exclude her. She lay back against the sofa, chatting her liveliest, the whiteness of her neck and cheek shining against the red of the damask behind, one foot lightly crossed over the other, showing her costly little slippers with their paste buckles. She sparkled with jewels as much as a girl may—more, indeed, in Mrs. Hawkins's opinion, than a girl should. From head to foot she breathed affluence, seductiveness, success—only the seductiveness was not for Mrs. Hawkins and her like.

The vicar's wife sat flushed and erect on her chair, disdaining, after a time, to make any further effort, but inwardly intolerably sore. She could not despise Letty Sewell, unfortunately, since Letty's advantages were just those that she herself most desired. But there was something else in her mind than small jealousy. When Letty had been a brilliant child in short frocks, the vicar's wife, who was scarcely six years older, had opened her heart, had tried to make herself loved by Mrs. Watton's niece. There had been a moment when they had been «Madge» and «Letty» to each other, even since Letty had «come out.» Now, whenever Mrs. Hawkins attempted the Christian name, it stuck in her throat; it seemed, even to herself, a familiarity that had nothing to go upon; while with every succeeding visit to Malford, Letty had dropped her former friend more decidedly, and «Madge» was heard no more.

THE gentlemen, deep in election incident and gossip, were, in the view chiefly of the successful candidate, unreasonably long in leaving the dining-room. When they appeared at last, George Tressady once more made an attempt to talk to some one else than Letty Sewell, and once more failed.

«I want you to tell me something about Miss Sewell,» said Lord Fontenoy, presently, in Mrs. Watton's ear. He had been sitting silent beside her on the sofa for some little time, apparently toying with the evening papers, which Mrs. Watton had relinquished to him.

Mrs. Watton looked up, followed the direction of his eyes toward a settee in a distant corner of the room, and showed a half-impatient amusement.

«Letty? Oh, Letty's my niece—the daughter of my brother, Walter Sewell, of Helbeck. They live in Yorkshire. My brother has my father's place—a small estate, and rents very irregular. I often wonder how they manage to dress that child as they do. However, she has always had her own way since she was a foot high. As for my poor brother, he has been an invalid for the last ten years, and neither he nor his wife—oh, such a stupid woman!»—Mrs. Watton's energetic hands and eyes once more called Heaven to witness—«has ever counted for much, I should say, in Letty's career. There is another sister, a little delicate, silent thing, that looks after them. Oh, Letty is n't stupid; I should think not. I suppose you 're alarmed about Sir George. You need n't be. She does it with everybody.»

The candid aunt pursued the conversation a little further, in the same tone of half-caustic indulgence. At the end of it, however, Lord Fontenoy was still uneasy. He had only migrated to Malford House for the declaration of the poll, having spent the canvassing weeks mainly in another part of the division. And now, on this triumphant evening, he was conscious of a sudden sense of defective information which was disagreeable and damping.

WHEN bedtime came, Letty lingered in the drawing-room a little behind the other ladies, on the plea of gathering up some trifles that belonged to her; so that when George Tressady went out with her to light her candle for her in the gallery, they found themselves alone.

He had fallen into a sudden silence, which made her sweep him a look of scrutiny as she took her candlestick. The slim yet virile figure drawn to its full height, the significant, long-chinned face, pleased her senses. He might be plain—she supposed he was—but he was, nevertheless, distinguished, and extraordinarily alive.

«I believe you are tired to death,» she said to him. «Why don't you go to bed?»

She spoke with the freedom of one accustomed to advise all her male acquaintance for their good. George laughed.

«Tired? Not I. I was before dinner. Look here, Miss Sewell, I've got a question to ask.»

«Ask it.»

«You don't want to spoil my great day, do you? You do repent that headache?»

They looked at each other, dancing laughter in each pair of eyes, combined in his with an excited insistence.

«Good night, Sir George,» she said, holding out her hand.

He retained it.

«You do?» he said, bending over her.

She liked the situation, and made no immediate effort to change it.

«Ask me a month hence, when I have proved your statements.»

«Then you admit it was all pretense?»

«I admit nothing,» she said joyously. «I protected my friend.»

«Yes, by injuring and offending another friend. Would it please you if I said I missed you *very* much at Malford to-day?»

«I will tell you to-morrow—it is so late! Please let me have my hand.»

He took no notice, and they went hand in hand, she drawing him, to the foot of the stairs.

«George!» said a shrill, hesitating voice from overhead.

George looked up and saw his mother. He and Letty started apart, and in another second Letty had glided up-stairs and disappeared.

«Yes, mother,» said George, impatiently.

«Will you come here?»

He mounted, and found Lady Tressady a little discomposed, but as affected as usual.

«Oh, George! it was so dark—I did n't see—I did n't know. George, will you have half an hour's talk with me after breakfast to-morrow? Oh, George, my dear boy, my *dear* boy! Your poor mammy understands!»

She laid one hand on his shoulder, and, lifting her feather fan in the other, shook it with playful meaning in the direction whither Letty had departed.

George hastily withdrew himself. «Of course I will have a talk with you, mother. As for anything else, I don't know what you mean. But you really must let me go to bed; I am much too tired to talk now. Good night.»

Lady Tressady went back to her room, smiling but anxious.

«She has caught him!» she said to herself—«barefaced little flirt! It is not altogether the best thing for me. But it may dispose him to be generous, if—if I can play my cards.»

LETTY SEWELL, meanwhile, had reached the quiet of a luxurious bedroom, and summoned her maid to her assistance. When the maid departed, the mistress held long counsel with herself over the fire: the general position of her affairs; what she desired; what other people intended; her will, and the chances of getting it. Her thoughts dealt with these various problems in a skilled and business-like way. To a particular form of self-examination Letty was well accustomed, and it had become by now a strong agent in the development of individuality, as self-examination of another sort is said to be by other kinds of people.

She herself was pleasantly conscious of real agitation. George Tressady had touched her feelings, thrilled her nerves, more than—yes, she said to herself, decidedly, more than anybody else, more than «the rest.» She thought of «the rest,» one after the other—thought of them contemptuously. Yet certainly few girls in her own set and part of the country had enjoyed a better time—few, perhaps, had dared so many adventures. Her mother had never interfered with her; and she herself had not been afraid to be «talked about.» Dances, picnics, moonlight walks; the joys of outrageous «sitting-out,» and hot rivalries with prettier girls; of impertinences toward the men who did n't matter, and pretty flatteries toward the men who did—it was all pleasant enough to think of. She could not reproach herself with having missed any chances, any opportunities her own will might have given her.

And yet—well, she was tired of it!—out of love altogether with her maiden state and its opportunities. She had come to Malford

House in a state of soreness, which partly accounted, perhaps, for such airs as she had been showing to poor Mrs. Hawkins. During the past year a particular marriage—the marriage of her neighborhood—had seemed intermittently within her reach. She had played every card she knew—and she had failed! Failed, too, in the most humiliating way. For the bride, indeed, was chosen; but it was not Letty Sewell, but one of Letty's girl-neighbors.

To-night, almost for the first time, she could bear to think of it; she could even smile at it. Vanity and ambition alone had been concerned, and to-night these wild beasts of the heart were soothed and placable.

Well, it was no great match, of course—if it came off. All that Aunt Watton knew about the Tressadys had been long since extracted from her by her niece. And with Tressady himself Letty's artless questions had been very effective. She knew almost all that she wished to know. No doubt Ferth was a very second-rate «place»; and since those horrid miners had become so troublesome, his income as a coal-owner could not be what his father's had been—three or four thousand a year, she supposed—more, perhaps, in good years. It was not much.

Still—she pressed her hands on her eyes—he was *distinguished;* she saw that plainly already. He would be welcome anywhere.

«And we are *not* distinguished—that is just it. We are small people, in a rather dull set. And I have had hard work to make anything of it. Aunt Watton was very lucky to marry as she did. Of course, she *made* Uncle Watton marry her; but that was a chance—and papa always says nobody else could have done it!»

She fell happily thinking of Tressady's skirmishes with her, her face dimpling with amusement. Captain Addison! How amazed he would be could he know the use to which she had put his name and his very hesitating attentions. But he would never know; and meanwhile Sir George had been really pricked—really jealous! She laughed to herself—a low laugh of pure pleasure.

Yes—she had made up her mind. With a sigh, she put away from her all other and loftier ambitions. She supposed that she had not money or family enough. One must face the facts. George Tressady would take her socially into another *milieu* than her own, and a higher one. She told herself that she had always pined for Parliament, politics, and eminent people. Why should she not succeed in that world as well as in the Helbeck world? Of course she would succeed!

There was his mother—silly, painted old lady! She was naturally the *great* drawback; and Aunt Watton said she was absurdly extravagant, and would ruin Tressady if it went on. All the more reason why he should be protected. Letty drew herself sharply together in her pretty white dressing-gown, with the feeling that mothers of that kind must and could be kept in their place.

A house in town, of course—and *not* in Warwick Square, where, apparently, the Tressadys owned a house, which had been let, and was now once more in Sir George's hands. That might do for Lady Tressady—if, indeed, she could afford it when her son had married and taken other claims upon him.

Letty allowed her thoughts to wander dreamily on, envisaging the London life that was to be: the young member, Lord Fontenoy's special friend and *protégé;* the young member's wife making her way among great people, giving charming little parties at Ferth—

All very well! But what, please, were the facts on his side? She buried her small chin deep in her hands as she tried, frowning, to think it out. Certainly he was very much drawn, very much taken. She had watched him, sometimes, trying to keep away from her—and her lips parted in a broad smile as she recalled the triumph of his sudden returns and submissions. She believed he had a curious temper—easily depressed, for all his coolness. But he had never been depressed in her company.

Still *nothing* was certain. All that had happened might melt away into nothingness with the greatest ease if—well, if the right steps were not taken. He was no novice, any more than she; he must have had scores of «affairs» by now, with that manner of his. Such men were always capable of second thoughts, of tardy retreats—and especially if there were the smallest thought of persecution, of pursuit.

She believed—she was nearly certain—he would have a reaction to-morrow, perhaps because his mother had caught them together. Next morning he would be just a little bored by the thought of it—a little bored by having to begin again where he had left off. Without great tact and skill the whole edifice might tumble together like a house of cards. Had she the courage to make difficulties—to put a water-ditch across his path?

It was close on midnight when Letty at last raised her little chin from the hands that held it, and rang the bell that communicated with her maid's room, but cautiously, so as not to disturb the rest of the sleeping house.

«If Grier *is* asleep, she must wake up, that 's all!»

Two or three minutes afterward a dishevelled maid, startled out of her first slumber, appeared, to ask whether her mistress was ill.

«No, Grier; but I wanted to tell you that I have changed my mind about staying here till Saturday. I am going to-morrow morning by the 9:30 train. You can order a fly first thing, and bring me my breakfast early.»

The maid, groaning at the thought of the boxes that would have to be packed in this inconceivable hurry, ventured to protest.

«Never mind; you can get the housemaid to help you,» said Miss Sewell, decidedly. «I don't mind what you give her. Now go to bed, Grier. I 'm sorry I woke you up; you look as tired as an owl.»

Then she stood still, looking at herself—hands clasped lightly before her—in the long glass.

«‹Letty went by the nine o'clock train,›» she said aloud, smiling, and mocking her own white reflection. «‹Dear me! How sudden! how extraordinary! Yes, but that 's like her. H'm—› Then he must write to me, for I shall write *him* a civil little note asking for that book I lent him. Oh, I *hope* Aunt Watton and his mother will bore him to death!»

She broke out into a merry laugh; then, sweeping her mass of pretty hair to one side, she began rapidly to coil it up for the night, her fingers working as fast as her thoughts, which were busy with one ingenious plan after another for her next meeting with George Tressady.

(To be continued.)

Mary A. Ward.

THE ARMENIAN QUESTION.

MY friend the editor of THE CENTURY asks me to say a few words regarding the sufferings of the Eastern Christians whose misfortune it is to live under the sway of the Turks. Those sufferings have evoked so much sympathy from the American people, and the moral influence of America may be so helpful to them, that no one who has followed the history of the Armenians during the last twenty years of oppression and misery can refuse the opportunity of addressing American readers on the subject. Nor is it merely that the recent demonstrations of feeling in the United States upon this subject have been so deep and wide-spread: nearly everything which has been done for these ancient seats of Christianity by modern Christian nations has been done by American missionaries, whose schools and colleges, planted in various parts of western Asia, have rekindled the flame of knowledge, and stimulated the native Eastern churches to resume the intellectual activity which once distinguished them. Americans have therefore a special reason, over and above their quick responsiveness to sentiments of humanity, for feeling a warm interest in the condition of the Armenian Christians.

The Armenians are a civilized people, a people of great natural gifts, and a people who have played a considerable part in history. Since their ancient monarchy, which had suffered severely in the long and desolating wars between the Roman and Persian empires from the third to the seventh century of our era, was finally destroyed by the Seljukian Turks, a large part of the race has been forced to migrate from its ancient seats at the head waters of the Euphrates, Tigris, and Aras. Some of them went southwest to the mountain fastnesses of Cilicia, where another Armenian kingdom grew up in the twelfth century. Others drifted into Persia. Others moved northeastward, and now form a large, industrious, and prosperous population in Russian Transcaucasia, where many have entered the military or civil service of the Czar, and risen, as the Armenians used to rise long ago in the Byzantine empire, to posts of distinction and power. Russia's three best generals in her last Asiatic campaigns against the Turks were Armenians. Others again have scattered themselves over the cities of Asia Minor and southeastern Europe, where much of the local trade is in their hands. But a large number, roughly estimated at from 1,300,000 to 1,700,000, remain in the old fatherland round the great lake of Van, and on the plateaus and elevated valleys which stretch westward from Mount Ararat to Erzerum and Erzinghian. Here they are an agricultural and (to a less extent) a pastoral population, leading a simple, primitive life, and desiring nothing more than to be permitted to lead it in peace and in fidelity to that ancient church which has been to them the symbol of nationality, as well as the guide of life, for sixteen centuries.

Unfortunately, peace is just what they are

forbidden to enjoy. The tribes of robber Kurds who roam over the mountains in summer with their flocks and herds descend in winter to quarter themselves upon the Armenian peasantry in the valleys and plains, and at all times carry on marauding raids, which the peasantry, whom the Turkish government deprives of all weapons, are seldom able to resist. Thus the country is the scene of continual disorders. Sheep and cattle are driven off, villages are plundered, men are murdered, women are carried away to the mountains, and when attempts are made to recover them it is alleged that they have become Mussulmans, and the Turkish officials refuse to interfere. Sometimes a whole village will be burned, and the horses of the Kurdish bands turned into the standing corn in sheer wantonness. These grievances are of long standing. They might have been expected not only to destroy the prosperity of the Armenian peasantry, but also to reduce their numbers. Yet such is the power of patient industry that, in spite of these constant attacks, the Christian population has maintained itself, and would, indeed, have increased faster than the Mussulman, sapped by the practice of polygamy, has shown itself able to do, were it not for the ravages of these robbers, and the unremitting oppression of the Turkish government. For in Turkey the government is a praise to evil-doers and a terror to them that do well. So far from trying to keep the Kurds in order, as the Russian government does the nomad Kurdish tribes who live within Russian territory, the Turkish Valis and Kaimakams usually encourage, and scarcely ever check, their depredations, while at the same time themselves fleecing the Christian population by all the arts which corruption and avarice can suggest.

Things were so bad seventeen years ago that when Russia compelled the vanquished Turks to sign the treaty of San Stefano, in 1878, a special promise was made in it that the government of the Armenian provinces should be reformed and the Christians protected against the Kurds. When at the Congress of Berlin the treaty of Berlin was substituted for that of San Stefano, this provision was carried over to the new instrument, and the Armenians were thus placed virtually under the protection of the six great European powers. But their condition, so far from growing better, has since that time grown steadily worse. The British government has incessantly remonstrated with the Turks on their maladministration, and has tried, through its embassy at Constantinople and its consuls in the interior, to impose some sort of check upon the excesses of tyranny, and to procure the dismissal of the most cruel or corrupt officials. But it has received, until quite recently, very little support from the other five powers; and the Turks have opposed to its demands that dogged, sluggish resistance, and those endless evasions and vague promises of amendment, which are the usual resource of Oriental diplomacy.

Meanwhile two new factors have entered into the situation which have made it more acute. One is the growing fanaticism of the Mussulman population, stimulated by the Sultan himself. Claiming to be calif,—that is to say, supreme spiritual as well as temporal head of the Mohammedan world,—he has conceived a higher conceit of his ecclesiastical position than has any of his predecessors for centuries past, and has been striving to strengthen his religious authority all the more because he feels that his material power is fast slipping away. Thus, in appealing to the Mussulman feelings of his Turkish subjects, he has revived their antichristian feelings, and has, indeed, followed during the last ten years a distinctly antichristian policy, which has had the most pernicious results on the relations of the two creeds. The old spirit of hatred to the giaour has become strong in the East, and might (in many places) lead at any moment to conflicts in which the Christians, fewer in numbers, and almost always without arms, would be the sufferers.

The other factor is the growing sentiment of nationality among the Armenians themselves. They have become proud of their history; they have developed a keen interest in education, and while continuing to use and value the American schools and colleges, have now also founded others of their own. They have conceived hopes of a brighter future for their nation when the decaying fabric of the Turkish empire shall have finally crumbled away, and they have been encouraged by the sympathy shown them in Britain and in the United States to take a somewhat bolder line than formerly, and to raise their voices in complaint against the tyranny they have to endure. It is said that some among them have formed secret societies, and that the representatives of Armenian patriotic committees in two or three cities of continental Europe have been moving about Asiatic Turkey trying to rouse their fellow-countrymen. This is probable enough, though little or nothing is authentically known; nor can any one be surprised that some among the victims of Turkish misrule should combine against it,

however hopeless the prospect of a rising by an unarmed minority against a government which not only possesses a large army furnished with modern weapons, but has on its side the bulk of the Mohammedan population, which is generally armed. The result of this growth of national Armenian sentiment has been to alarm the Turks, to stimulate their hatred of the Christians, to make the officials more cruel and the courts even more unjust than they were previously, and to dispose the Turkish ministers more and more toward the policy which one of them is said to have expressed thus: «The way to get rid of the Armenian question is to get rid of the Armenians.»

Under the influence of these causes there has been of late years added to the old disorders in Armenia proper a general reign of terror over Asiatic Turkey. The industrious Armenian population in the cities of Asia Minor, which had previously suffered from misgovernment not much more than its Mussulman neighbors, and which had lived on friendly terms with them, has been subjected to more outrageous oppressions and more horrible cruelties than probably it has had to endure since the fifteenth century, and that under a monarch who holds his throne only by the permission, and owing to the jealousies, of the Christian powers of Europe.

Every one has heard of the massacre of Sassoun. It was an absolutely unprovoked massacre, and has all the appearance of having been deliberately planned in order to exterminate the Christian population of a district almost entirely inhabited by Armenians, and in which they had retained in an unusual degree the primitive simplicity of their life and habits, as well as their physical strength and courage. Taken by surprise, and surrounded by vastly superior forces, the unhappy people fought as well as they could for their wives and their children, whose lot, if captured alive, was far worse than death. Of the slaughter and the revolting cruelties which accompanied it no more need be said than this: that the accounts which have appeared in the newspapers are not in excess of the truth as it has been ascertained by careful official inquiries not yet made public. The details sometimes vary, but the main features admit of no doubt. Nor were the Kurds the guiltiest parties. All they did was surpassed by the ferocious cruelties of the regular troops, directed by Turkish officers. But these terrible events are hardly more shocking, except in their scale, than the things which have been monthly and weekly happening in many other towns and villages, and of which no report ever reaches the European press—the defilement of churches, the abduction of women and children, the imprisonment of innocent men in loathsome dungeons where they are often subjected to frightful tortures under which many perish, the acts of brutal and revolting lust perpetrated without fear of punishment upon helpless victims. Much of what is contained in the British consular reports is too horrible for print; and if the American missionaries were able, without endangering their own position in the country and the lives of their informants, to make public what they know, they could supply a not less ghastly record.

American readers will ask what, in these circumstances, the European powers propose to do. They are morally responsible for the sufferings of the subjects of Turkey to this extent: that they have kept in being a monarchy which has long since deserved to perish, and which would long since either have fallen to pieces by its own weakness, or have been conquered and annexed by one of its neighbors. They perceive, moreover, that the state of things which now exists in Turkey cannot go on indefinitely, and may produce some explosion which would cause a grave European crisis, perhaps a European war. Something, therefore, must be done. At the moment when these lines are being written the British government, pursuing under Lord Salisbury the line of action which his predecessor initiated, is in conjunction with Russia and France pressing the Sultan to accept a scheme of reforms. Long before these lines can be read in America it will be known whether they have extorted the consent of the Sultan to these reforms, or to some others, which may hold out a hope of better days for the Armenian Christians. There would be no use, therefore, in discussing the situation as it stands at this moment. But there are some permanent aspects of the question, not likely to vary for years to come, which may properly be adverted to, because they are not fully realized in western Europe, and are probably even less familiar to Americans.

Although the other nations of Europe now treat the Turks as if they were a civilized state, hold diplomatic intercourse with them in the usual way, and even talk of «respecting their susceptibilities,» they have no title to be so treated, and ought never to have been admitted to a place among civilized communities. Even if we do not, as Mr. Freeman did, describe them as «merely a band of robbers encamped in a country whose inhabitants they despoil,» still the words of Edmund

Burke, who more than a century ago denounced the idea of deeming them to form a part of the European states system, remain true, and have received from events the strongest confirmation:

> I have never before heard that the Turkish empire has ever been considered as any part of the balance of power in Europe. They despise and contemn all Christian princes as infidels, and only wish to subdue and exterminate them and their people. What have these worse than savages to do with the powers of Europe but to spread war, destruction, and pestilence amongst them? The ministers and the policy which shall give these people any weight in Europe will deserve all the bans and curses of posterity.

Having no idea of responsibility to its subjects, and not recognizing any duty to promote their welfare, the so-called government of Turkey has been at all times inaccessible to the considerations by which civilized governments are moved, or to which they must at any rate—even the worst of them—profess to defer. Hence the difficulty of making any impression on the Turks by remonstrance or persuasion. Nothing moves them but fear. They are, moreover, most of them, so purblind, so incapable of looking forward or around and foreseeing the action of the causes now in motion, that they cannot be made to learn by experience, or to realize that the course they are pursuing must at no distant date involve the ruin of their power. These faults have been aggravated during the last few years by the policy of the present Sultan, who leaves very little to his ministers, is jealous of any talent that shows itself among them, tries to direct everything himself, and is, in fact, largely swayed by a camarilla of ignorant personal attendants and hangers-on at the palace. There are some able Mohammedans in Constantinople who detest the present régime and see its perils. Now and then a good governor is found in the provinces, who tries to improve the local administration. But the able men are never listened to, and the good governor is speedily recalled. In every government more depends upon the men who administer than upon the system; but in a despotic government men are everything. In Turkey the men and the system are equally corrupt; and to try to reform the Turkish monarchy is like trying to repair a ship with rotten timbers.

Why does not such a government go to pieces, according to the law of nature which happily provides that corruption and weakness bring dissolution in their train? There are three reasons. One is the jealousy of three great European powers, which has had the effect of preventing two of them from annexing what remains of Turkish territory. Another is the fact that the Mussulman population, being in the majority, is so fanatically ill disposed to the Christians (who are the greatest sufferers) that it is not only willing to help the government to hold the Christians down, but even disposed to tolerate evils which would produce Mussulman insurrections were there no Christians in the country. There is, however, a great deal of latent discontent among the Mohammedans, and but for the fatalism which Islam engenders, and which has made the masses listless and resigned, one may doubt whether even jealousy of the Christians would suffice to prevent outbreaks. The third reason is the enormous advantage which modern weapons give to a government which can raise money to purchase them. Two centuries ago insurrections were far easier and more likely to succeed than now, because the insurgents were more on a level with regular troops than they are in these days of swift-firing guns and rifles of long range. There is therefore little ground for hoping for any speedy extinction of the Turkish power by natural causes.

If, then, it is going to last some time longer, can nothing at all be done, if not to reform it, yet to abate its evils? Experience has shown that there is only one way of reforming an Oriental government, and that is by putting it into leading-strings, by either superseding the chief officials and putting Europeans in their place, or else by giving them European adjutants who shall virtually direct them. This might be done in Turkey if the European powers were willing. But it would be necessary practically to supersede the Sultan—that is to say, to prevent him from interfering either with administrative policy or with appointments. And it is a method which, though capable of being efficiently worked by a directing and protecting power, as England works it in the minor protected states of India, cannot be well applied, at least on a large scale, by three or four powers conjointly, because each would suspect the other of obtaining some advantage for itself.

Another expedient would be to detach from the rest of the empire those parts of the country where disorders were most frequent, placing them under a specially constituted administration. This was done in the case of the Lebanon, and with very good results. It has been proposed for Armenia, and would probably succeed there. If the

powers chiefly concerned were to compel the Sultan to erect Armenia into a distinct province, with a European governor who should be irremovable except with the consent of those powers, who should control the revenues of the province and maintain out of them a strong police, and who should be free to introduce administrative and judicial reforms, the country might in ten years' time be brought into the same perfect order, and obtain a measure of the same prosperity, as has attended the rule of Count Kallay in Bosnia, which was delivered from the Turks in 1878. There are, no doubt, as many Mussulmans as Christians in Armenia, but the former have also much to gain by the establishment of good administration, and would welcome it. Russia, however, is unwilling to set up on her borders what she fears might become an Armenian principality toward which her own Armenian population would gravitate; so it is to be feared that this course, however promising, will not be taken.

We are brought back, then, to the question what the European powers can or will do to deal with a situation which every one admits must not continue. Their present plan is to introduce small changes in local government —changes too numerous to be stated here— which may give the Christians a better chance of preserving their lives and property, and to institute a commission of supervision at Constantinople, with which the European ambassadors may be in communication, conveying to it the reports of their consuls, and pressing it to see that justice is done in the provinces. This scheme, though somewhat complicated, may, in the opinion of several judicious British and American residents, be made to work. But it will require the closest attention by the European consuls and ambassadors, and the most unremitting pressure must be brought to bear on the Sultan if its provisions are not to be neglected or evaded in practice. Nothing but fear and threats will move a government which has up till now never expressed the slightest penitence, nor shown the slightest remorse, for the Sassoun massacre, nor taken any serious step to put an end to the hideous prison tortures which the British Embassy has so often brought to its notice.

One closing word as to the influence which America may exert in these questions. She has very wisely, and very fortunately for herself, abstained from joining in any of the treaties which determine the relations of European powers to one another; and she has neither obtained any such legal right to interfere for the protection of the native Eastern Christians, nor incurred any such responsibility toward them, as is the case with the six great powers. But she has missionaries in many parts of Turkey, whom, and whose churches and schools, constantly threatened by the local Turkish governors, she is entitled to protect; and she has the enormous advantage of being obviously disinterested in all Mediterranean questions, having nothing to gain for herself in that region of the world. Hence any action taken by her, either on behalf of her missionaries or from sentiments of humanity and sympathy for the oppressed and persecuted, cannot be misunderstood by the Turks or misrepresented by the press of continental Europe, as that press constantly misrepresents the action of England, though in interfering on behalf of the Armenians England has not, and cannot have, any selfish motive. The position of America is therefore a very strong one. The appearance of her gunboats off Turkish ports has before now had a wholesome effect upon the Turkish mind; and these gunboats would do well to appear promptly whenever the rights of her citizens and the safety of their educational establishments are threatened. At Constantinople much depends also upon the capacity and the firmness of the envoy who embodies and speaks the will of a foreign power.

Dark as the prospect before those unhappy people may at present seem, no one who remembers the calamities they have already endured and survived will despair of their future. During ten centuries of humiliation and suffering they have clung to their faith, when at any moment by renouncing it they might have obtained complete equality with their oppressors. Alone of all the races that once inhabited the inland regions of western Asia, the Armenians have retained their language, their national feeling, and their hold upon the soil. A race with so much natural vigor, so much tenacity of life, and so much capacity for assimilating and using modern ideas, cannot be destined to extinction, and may some day, when countries that were among the earliest homes of civilization have been delivered from the tyranny of the Turk, help to repeople those now desolate and poverty-stricken lands, and restore to them some measure of their ancient prosperity.

James Bryce.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

"The Century's" Quarter of a Century.

THIS number of THE CENTURY marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the magazine. The date may be supposed to have interest to others than those whose life work has been performed in connection with this periodical. The interest may, furthermore, be presumed to extend beyond the circle of those original readers of the magazine who are still living, to the larger and world-wide circle of its present readers and friends.

It is not our intention to present here a history of the periodical, but to refer rather to its character and aims and to some of its accomplishments. The magazine from the beginning has felt the impulse and molding of its founders. Dr. Holland, Roswell Smith, and the firm of which Charles Scribner, Sr., was the head, were men not satisfied in taking up an enterprise like this merely to follow in the footsteps of others; nor were they content to strive for a success based purely upon ideas of business profit. The magazine at once, therefore, struck out new paths in various directions, notably in the discussion of questions of public interest, and in original and more refined methods of illustration. There was, in fact, an earnest endeavor to lift the standard of popular periodical literature. At an early period large themes were selected for literary and illustrative presentation, and these were treated so as to contribute toward important results of an educational, moral, and patriotic nature.

It was with methods and purposes like these that such subjects have been undertaken as the Great South series; the papers on the Great West; the remarkable series of articles on the Civil War, written by leading participants in its events; the only authorized Life of Lincoln, by his private secretaries; the Californian series; Kennan's extraordinary description of the Siberian exile system; and the Life of Napoleon, which is now appearing in the magazine, and which will correct for our generation many false notions derived in the past from insufficient data.

A periodical like THE CENTURY, even to the persons charged with the duty of its conduct, seems to have an identity which is almost personal. The character apparent in this identity may, perhaps, be spoken of by us without the charge of egotism or undue self-exploitation. There is something in the history and methods of the magazine which differentiates it from its able and admirable contemporaries. This is, in part, its habit of endeavoring to lead opinion in many lines of thought, rather than contenting itself with the mere record of current opinion. In many matters of religious and moral import, of political policy (using the word in a meaning different from the ordinary partizan signification), of economic device, of civic reform, of education, it has sought to precede rather than to follow public opinion. It has naturally taken an active part in various reforms, such as those of the civil service, of copyright, of forestry. It has had the frequent pleasure of speaking its mind frankly on occasions where such frankness was not immediately gratifying to certain of its readers. But on the whole its readers have seemed to appreciate and commend just such frankness.

In the matter of illustration THE CENTURY, as generously acknowledged by its rivals, led in the revival of the art of wood-engraving. To-day it cherishes that art to a greater extent than any other of the similar publications of the country, and at the same time it fosters and attempts to improve the newer and more autographic methods. The art of steam-printing has reached in connection with it a mechanical perfection hitherto unattained. It claims also to have taken part in the birth—hardly a new birth even—of the arts of architecture, sculpture, painting, and decoration in America.

In the purely literary field of fiction, essay, and poetry the magazine has particularly interested itself in the discovery and development of American authors. The literary history of America during the past twenty-five years involves to a very large extent the history of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. At the same time the magazine has numbered in the past and will in the future number among its contributors many of the best writers of the old world.

With the founding of the magazine, was also founded what is now known as The Century Co. At the beginning the company published only the one magazine. After a short time Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge was induced to undertake the management of a young people's magazine, «St. Nicholas,» and for years these were the only interests of the company. In later years, however, The Century Co. has taken its place among the great publishing-houses of America through its publication of notable works which have appeared in the two magazines, and by separate enterprises of the magnitude of its hymn and tune-book publications, and «The Century Dictionary,» as well as of a long and constantly increasing additional list of books sold by subscription or in the general trade.

As to the future, all we need here say is that it seems to us rich in possibilities. Literary and artistic schemes of very deep interest are constantly opening up before us. During the next ten years there should be in America especially a revival of creative literature. If there is, or should be at any particular time, a lack of energy, or a lack of quantity or quality, in the American literary output, it can be merely temporary; for our condition is full of social, political, and industrial problems; life in the new world is replete with strenuous exertion of every kind, of picturesque contrasts, and of innumerable themes fit to inspire literary art. Am-

erican life is rich in feeling and action and meaning. Moreover, there is an increasing earnestness of interest in public affairs throughout the country—a new spirit of patriotism, which has aroused old and young alike to the conviction that no country is «saved» but once, that every country must be saved continuously. It is more and more understood that, if abandoned, the machinery of government will fall into the hands of men of low and selfish methods, whose corrupt rule demoralizes the masses and destroys liberty. Out of this new spirit, marking a crisis in our national history, comes a seriousness, and with it may come a new literary movement. At least, a literary renaissance, arriving in a recurrent wave, may gain something of power from this new-born national and civic patriotism. Especially may this be so because along with the new enthusiasm for city and for nation there is a deepening sense of human brotherhood, leading to the sympathetic study of social problems which pass the boundaries of nations to those of humanity itself.

The Silent Protest against the Theater.

WE have indicated in a previous article our conviction that the present debased condition of the American stage is due chiefly to the greed, ignorance, and incapacity of a large majority of the men who have established a virtual monopoly in the control of the theater, and, temporarily at least, have put an end to healthy competition. One of the greatest obstacles in the way of reform is the inability of those same men, for obvious reasons, to discern the trend of intelligent, to say nothing of cultivated, public opinion, or to inform themselves of the existence of the wide-spread craving for higher and better entertainment. In their councils this demand is not only not suspected, but it would scarcely be comprehended. For them the most obvious object-lessons seem to possess neither significance nor value. Over and over again it has been demonstrated, beyond possibility of cavil or question, that the playgoing public will pay double or treble prices for the privilege of witnessing a good performance of a good play, and yet the managers fail to profit by the experience, and persist in adhering to their fatuous and destructive policy of cheap and coarse sensationalism, or nonsensical extravagance, contenting themselves with an occasional whine about the lack of patriotism on the part of Americans who fill the pockets of foreigners and treat home talent with contemptuous neglect. The simple fact, of course, is that the development of native ability has been checked, if not altogether crushed, by the star and circuit system, which has made a few speculators rich, and has deprived the great body of actors of nearly all opportunity for instruction or advancement. Things, indeed, have come to such a pass that if any manager should become inspired with an ambition to form an American stock company, capable of satisfactory all-round work,—capable, that is, of giving competent representations of old and new comedy and poetic tragedy, as in the days of the preceding generation,—he would be puzzled sorely where to look for native acting material.

Just now in all the local theatrical world there is a bitter cry of hard times. The last season ended prematurely and in general disaster; the coming one is late in opening and not too rich in promise. What there is to commend—and it is almost wholly of foreign origin—will throw into cruel relief the intellectual and dramatic poverty of most of our theatrical exhibitions. The triumph of a few real artists may be regarded as the outward and visible expression of the deep and constant protest which the intelligent part of the public—upon whose support the rational theater is mainly dependent—is making against the foulness and the foolishness blazoned of late before the footlights. This is not to be confounded with the undiscriminating denunciations of the stage which issue now and then from the pulpit, but voices the weariness and disgust of true and ardent lovers of the theater, who regard it in its proper estate as a repository of all manner of treasures of literature and art, a most charming and influential school of manners, a source of varied and delightful entertainment, and, withal, a potent and beneficent teacher both of morals and learning.

It is no small and exclusive class of prudes, or pedants, or faddists which is revolting against the uses to which the stage is now put, but a very large proportion of the best kind of citizens ever found within the walls of a theater—scholars, clubmen, lawyers, merchants, and thinking men generally. They are beginning to absent themselves, not only on account of the offensiveness of many of the plays presented, but also on account of their general feebleness and emptiness, the vanity and vexation of it all. They are sick of seeing the same play over and over again under different titles, of the interminable procession of old and tiresome types reproduced from an original which was popular three or four seasons back, of cheap or stale melodramatic expedients, and of the buffooneries which lost all their power of amusement long ago. They are weary of the leading men who change their coats and trousers, but not their manners, evidently thinking that the charm of their own private personality is too precious to be hidden under the disguise of an assumed character; and of the leading ladies who have but one set of airs and emotions for all emergencies. In short, they are bored inexpressibly by actors who do not act, and by plays destitute of real merit, however startling they may be as expositions of millinery or of queer social sentiment.

Nobody pretends that the theater ought to be solely, or even primarily, a vehicle for mere solid instruction. All playgoers wish to be interested, and most of them wish to be amused. But the bulk of them wish to have some legitimate excuse for their interest or their merriment, and resent even a successful effort to amuse them, if the subject fails to commend itself to them upon later reflection. This winter, apparently, the local managers, unmindful of the past, intend to adhere to the policy which proved so unprofitable last season. Their main reliance seems to be upon plays which achieved a very moderate share of success in London, even when presented by actors of much higher repute than will appear in them here. For some of them foreign stars have been engaged, and their presence may stimulate public curiosity. But there will be no hope and no real prosperity for the American stage as a free and independent organization so long as it is used simply as a provincial adjunct to the London theaters. There is no

good reason why Americans should be expected to exhibit special and perpetual interest in plays dealing with the social conditions, types, and humor peculiar to another, even though it be the mother, country. What they have a right to look for, and what they are beginning to look for, in their theaters is capable representation of the masterpieces of English dramatic literature, of plays by native authors treating of timely topics and national characteristics, and of pieces of general, romantic, or historic interest. There is a virtually illimitable field to be worked by playwrights, and, with a little wise managerial encouragement, plenty of writers would be found willing and able to work it. Such American plays as have been produced, even those of inferior quality, have been received with unmistakable favor, and have brought large profit to everybody concerned. Let the American theater be devoted first to American interests, and it will not be long before the race of American actors will be revived, or before the institution will regain the public favor which has been diverted from it. If it continues on its present course it will lose its hold upon the educated classes altogether, and will sink gradually to the level of the music-halls which it has been imitating.

A Good Year to Fight the Bosses.

It is safe to say that fewer voters by many thousands will be influenced by extreme partizan considerations in deciding their course at the polls this month than at any previous election since the war. During the past few years, party ties have been relaxing steadily, chiefly because of the lapsing or settlement of issues which appealed to partizanship. With the passing of these issues there has grown up a desire for good government which is really creating throughout the land a third party, composed of the non-partizans of the two great political parties. The members of this third party, although they have not united except on unusual emergencies and for temporary purposes, are really in complete sympathy with each other. Half of them continue to call themselves Republicans and the other half continue to call themselves Democrats, but both are dissatisfied with boss leadership and with the low level of political morality which it enforces upon party action.

It is mainly the party boss who is responsible for this state of mind. Respectable men in both great parties are so weary of bosses and boss methods, so ashamed of having to follow the lead of such men and to make choice between the candidates whom they put forward for office, that they come naturally together on the issue of good government. It seems to us that the elections of this year afford these dissatisfied voters an exceptionally good opportunity to weaken, if not to destroy, the dominion which the bosses exercise over them. There are no great issues at stake. No Congress is to be chosen, and in nearly all the States which hold elections the issues are mainly local. The bosses will appeal for support on the ground that the result of the elections this year will have an important moral effect upon the national contest of next year; but this familiar method of arousing partizan feeling is not likely to meet with much success. The appeal ought to be met in a quite different manner from that which the bosses desire. Let the voters who are dissatisfied with their party management reply, « Yes, we agree with you. This year's elections will have a great moral effect upon the campaign of next year. We intend that they shall, and we mean to decide the character of that moral effect. We mean to make it clear that the party which makes nominations most clearly in the interest of good government next year will stand the best chance of success.»

How can this be done? Simply by voting against the bosses without regard to their party affiliations. Let the great body of independent-minded voters combine everywhere to defeat the candidates who are put forward by the bosses. If there are two of them to choose between, vote against the more objectionable. Let the lesson be enforced everywhere that extreme boss dictation is certain of defeat at the polls, and the bosses will be made so meek that their part in the nominations of next year will be a minor one.

It should be borne in mind that public opinion is far more powerful in national than in State nominations. We pointed out this fact in a recent article on the timidity of presidential aspirants. No matter how systematically and astutely a boss may lay his plans for controlling a national convention, if public opinion runs strongly counter to his candidate he is certain to fail. The delegates know that in a campaign which includes the whole American people something more potent than mere party machinery is necessary to insure victory. This is certain to be true in a larger sense of the campaign of next year than of almost any of its predecessors. The great questions of that campaign are easily discernible now. They are to be the inflexible preservation of the public credit as the very foundation of national prosperity, sound money, and good government. The voters in both parties who desire the triumph of these issues next year can exert a powerful influence upon the selection of the next presidential nominees by showing that the more a boss has to do with the choice of a candidate the worse will it be for the candidate.

Then, too, by defeating boss candidates for legislative and other offices this year great service will be done directly to the cause of good government. It is a safe rule to follow always, that a boss candidate for the legislature cannot be a useful public servant. He goes to the legislature, if elected, not as a free man, or as the representative of his constituents, but as the agent of his boss, and the boss is always against good government, because under such rule he could not exist.

OPEN LETTERS

The Armenian Sufferers.

A NOTE FROM THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.

[LONG before Mr. Gladstone's remarkable address at Chester, last summer, Americans, acting upon information received from their own missionaries and from Armenians resident in the United States, and from other sources as well, showed a practical and earnest interest in the cause of the sufferers—an interest cordially acknowledged by Mr. Gladstone in his address. For the further authoritative information of the American public, two contributions on the subject are given in this number of THE CENTURY—one from the pen of the distinguished author and Liberal statesman, Mr. James Bryce; and the other a note from the eminent Conservative and well-known philanthropist, the Duke of Westminster.]

GROSVENOR HOUSE, LONDON.

SIR: I write a few lines, in deference to your expressed wish, in order to invoke the sympathy of the great Republic with the suffering Armenian Christians, now in dire distress in consequence of the inhuman treatment the survivors of the Sassoun massacres have received, and are receiving, at the hands of the Turkish government.

The founder of the Anglo-Armenian Association here in England, Mr. Bryce, is, I understand, writing the case of the sufferers for your review. It is the cause of humanity, «pure and simple,» which now confronts the nations of the West.

As presiding over a committee in London formed for the purpose of assisting our poor Armenian friends, I venture, therefore, to add one line to ask all who have a heart to feel for those innocent and defenseless thousands, whose only fault it is that they are Christians, to join with us in England in bringing all the pressure that can be brought to bear upon the Turkish government in order that there may be found some hope for them, some guarantee for their lives, their faith, their property, and for the honor of their women, for all of which there is absolutely none at this time at which I write.

The Turkish government is bound by treaties with the Powers to this effect, but has for forty years ignored all their provisions. America is by comparison only remotely interested in the Eastern questions, but she has sent missionaries to these unhappy countries, and it is through their assistance mainly that the contributions raised here are distributed there—a work which, owing to the difficulties of communication and to the remoteness of the provinces affected, is one of very great difficulty.

All the facts connected with the horrors of the misdoings of the Porte have not yet been revealed, but enough has transpired, on authority which cannot be disputed, to combine all the civilized governments of the world in raising one loud, powerful, and indignant protest against a continuance of these iniquities, and in declaring that not only shall they never be repeated, but that guarantees must be given by the Sultan for some measure of adequate reform in the afflicted provinces subject to his sway. I remain, sir, yours obediently,

Westminster.

Titian's So-called "Sacred and Profane Love."[1]

IT is said that this famous picture came to be known by its present title many years after it was painted—that it was not so named by Titian. The picture is now to be seen in the Villa Borghese, where it is better placed and lighted than it was in its former position in the gallery of the Borghese palace. The figures are life-size, and the picture is in width something more than double its height—say eleven feet wide by nearly five feet high. It is composed of two female figures, one nude and the other heavily draped, seated on either side of a fountain which is in shape like an ancient Greek sculptured sarcophagus, while a Cupid behind the fountain plunges his arm into the water, as though playing with fish. The background on each side is a charming landscape, while toward the center and behind the Cupid rises a thick mass of foliage, very rich and deep in color. The coloring of the whole is simple and effective, and is easily taken in at a glance. From the nude figure—which is seated upon the edge of the fountain in a buoyant attitude, reclining upon one arm, while the other holds aloft a smoking brazier—falls a mass of drapery of a rich red tone. The drapery of the other figure is one simple tone of gray, relieved only by the sleeve of the arm reclining in the lap, which is red, and of a similar tone to that of the red drapery of the other figure. The fountain is gray also. These simple tints, with the golden coloring of the flesh, are relieved against a background of rich, deep brownish tones. The composition of the picture is equally agreeable and impressive: while the nude figure reclines on the edge of the fountain in a light, free, and agile posture, the draped figure is seated more sedately and restfully, and upon a step below the fountain, thus breaking what might otherwise be too great a symmetry of pose between the two. The nude figure is delightful in its proportions. It is neither heroic nor ascetic nor voluptuous in feeling, but purely natural in its development—entirely beautiful, and one of Titian's most charming creations. The draped figure is statuesque in pose and emblematic in feeling. The grand and ample folds of her heavy drapery, and the gloved hands, together with a certain turning away of the head from the ardent gaze of her free companion, seem to suggest a severity and chastity that no doubt give the reason for the present title of the picture.

T. Cole.

[1] See Frontispiece.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

His Dancin' Days.

WHAT is it in old fiddle-tunes 'at makes me ketch my breath,
And ripples up my back-bone tell I 'm tickled 'most to death?
Kind o' like that sweet-sick feelin' in the long sweep of a swing—
Yer first sweetheart in with ye, sailin' up'ards, wing to wing;
Yer first picnic, yer first ice-cream, yer first of *ever*'thing
'At happened 'fore yer dancin'-days wuz over!

I never understood it—and I s'pose I never can,—
But right in town here, yisterd'y, I heard a pore blind man
A-fiddlin' old «Gray Eagle.»—Jerked my lines and stopped my load
O' hay and listened at him—yes, and watched the way he «bow'd»—
And back I went, plum forty year', with boys and girls I knowed
And loved, long 'fore my dancin'-days wuz over.

At high noon in yer city—with yer blame magnetic cars
A-hummin' and a-skreechin' past, and bands and G.A.R.'s
A-marchin', and fire-ingin's—all the noise the whole street through
Wuz lost on *me*—I only heard a whipperwill er two,
It 'peared like, kind o' callin' 'crost the darkness and the dew,
Them nights afore my dancin'-days wuz over!

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

"STOPPED MY LOAD."

'T 'uz Chused'y night at Wetherell's, er We'n'sd'y night at Strawn's,
Er Fourth o' July night at either Tomps's house er John's!—
With old Lew Church from Sugar Crick and that old fiddle he
Had «sawed,» clean through the army, from Atlanty to the sea—
And yit he 'd fetched her home ag'in, so 's he could play fer me
Onc't more, afore my dancin'-days wuz over!

The woods 'at 's all be'n cut away seemed growin' same as then;
The youngsters all wuz boys ag'in 'at 's now all oldish men;
And all the girls 'at *then* wuz girls—I saw 'em, one and all,
As *plain* as then—the middle-sized, the short-and-fat, and tall.
And, 'peared like, I danced «Tucker» fer 'em up and down the wall,
As peert as 'fore my dancin'-days wuz over.

The facts is, I wuz *dazed* so 'at I clean fergot jes where I railly wuz—a-blockin' streets, and still a-standin' there!
I heard the po-leece yellin', but my ears wuz kind o' *blurred*,—
My *eyes*, too, fer the odds o' that,—bekase I thought I heard
My wife 'at 's dead a-laughin' like and jokin', word fer word,
Jes like afore her dancin' days wuz over.

James Whitcomb Riley.

The Queen of Hearts.

(AN EVERY-DAY EPIC.)

THERE was a Heart—a red, red Heart—
Dwelt in a castle lone;
Her pennons shone on every part,
From keep to turret-stone,
Grim warders paced along the wall
To let the huge portcullis fall.

Two knights came pricking o'er the plain,
With shields in sun aglance,—
Two knights without a spot or stain
On sword or polished lance.
They spurred the oaken outposts through,
And loud the challenge blast they blew.

One knight, he bore a lance of steel,
And one, a lance of gold;
The one was hight Sir Trusty Leal,
And one, Sir Cheek the Bold.
Each seized his horn—such blast he blew
Might rive the brazen gate in two.

A moment and the fearful sound
Rolled upward to the blue;
It smote the sky, it smote the ground,
It shook the castle through.
The Queen was dining in the hall;
She let her silver trencher fall.

She looked aghast, all blanched and pale,
On every minion there—
Was it a note of bliss or bale,
Of triumph or despair?
All shuddered at the dreadful peal,
And crossed themselves for woe or weal.

Then hied the Queen her knights in quest,
To ward the threatened blow.
She knew the foe with lance in rest
Might lay her turrets low.
Her battlements she viewed with pride,
But could they such a joust deride?

Her warriors stepped in heavy mail,
With hauberk and with glaive.
Who should their haughty Queen assail
Must find a bloody grave.
She locked herself where none might spy,
And hung the golden key on high.

To paint the fray would sadly mock
All cunning of the pen;
Who can describe the battle shock,
The rush, the cry of men?
The sun went down, but still they fought
By sparks from cloven helmets wrought.

Sat quaking in her cell the Queen;
Sir Trusty hurled his lance,
For through a casement he had seen
The glitter of her glance.
His spear-head smote the granite wall,
Shivered—in bits was seen to fall.

Sir Cheek the Bold quickly advanced,
Quickly the Queen withdrew;
But as his mailèd charger pranced
His golden lance he threw.
It pierced the wall,—the fatal dart,—
But bounded from my lady Heart.

He crossed himself—what fiend was near,
His stalwart strength to mock?
What coat of mail, what shield, had e'er
Withstood his lance's shock?
Of cause there could be one alone:
The Heart that dulled his dart was—stone.

Two doleful knights pricked home that day,
With looks upon the ground;
They pondered all their weary way,
As wights who were astound.
But of their thoughts—good lack, enow!
Ye ken the Queen yourselves, I trow.

W. C. Richardson.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE. FROM THE PAINTING BY JAMES TISSOT.

JESUS FOUND IN THE TEMPLE.

HARVARD COLLEGE
DEC 3 1895
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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LI. DECEMBER, 1895. No. 2.

THE PASSION-PLAY AT VORDER-THIERSEE.

WITH PICTURES BY LOUIS LOEB.

A PASSION-PLAY—and not at Oberammergau! So often has it been written that the decennial representation in the valley of the Ammer is a unique survival of the miracle-plays of the middle ages that to many the announcement of a passion-play in a sequestered vale among the Tyrolean Alps will come as a startling revelation.

My ticket was for Kufstein, a pretty little town and summer resort sixty-five miles from Munich, and just over the boundary line in Tyrol. Midnight was approaching before Kufstein was called by the conductor. I asked a porter to conduct me to a good hotel, and followed him into the darkness. My slumbers were brief, since it is a two hours' walk to Thiersee, and the performance began at half-past eight.

Sunday morning, though pleasant, was not perfectly clear. Groups of peasants and a few city people were strolling along, mostly toward the scene of the play. In an hour the summit of a ridge was gained, and beyond the brow of a little *col* we turned, and looked down into a beautiful valley. A white church and spire were seen on the opposite green hillside in the midst of a small cluster of houses, and in the foreground a little emerald lake quite filled the bottom of the valley, its gently sloping banks dotted sparsely with houses, above which, at the left, towered the massive, rocky Pentling, four thousand feet high. Over the hilltop beyond the church and theater were still higher mountains, bald and bare, save for the snow still filling the deepest seams and wrinkles of their stony faces.

A signal-gun broke the stillness, announcing that a quarter past eight had arrived, and urging us onward. At length we overtook a crowd of visitors pressing up the lane to the theater beyond the church. The ticket-office was in the basement. Hurriedly asking for one of the best seats, which range in price from fifteen to seventy-five cents, we entered by a side door directly into the auditorium as the gun gave a final signal and the orchestra began the overture.

The theater is a barn-like wooden structure of the simplest possible fashion, without clapboards or plastering. It was erected in 1884 for the decennial performance. Like the old Greeks, the builders sensibly availed themselves of the slope of the hill, so that the seats rise toward the back without the trouble of a scaffolding, or danger of the flimsy structure breaking down. In front there are ten rows of wooden chairs, which turn up and down like those in our theaters. The less fortunate

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or more economical who sit farther back are provided only with plain wooden benches, extremely narrow and very close together. Of these there are several sections, reached by different doorways, and many of the people come early to get the front seats in their section. This part of the house is best filled. A sea of black heads fades away into the darkness, but in front vacant places may be discerned. The stage is fairly lighted by a row of kerosene lamps, and perhaps through the side scenes some rays may fall. A few lamps also assist the orchestra. Otherwise the house is left in darkness, save for the knot-holes and crevices in the walls, through which the light glimmers, lessening in a small degree the otherwise total obscurity of the audience.

An account of the play at Thiersee must necessarily resemble the descriptions of the representation at Oberammergau. It must not, however, be imagined that the good people of Thiersee, hearing of the multitudes that every decade flock to that more noted village, have been tempted to establish a rival attraction, in the hope that their village, also, may become famous. So far from this being the case, it is a well-established fact that long before Oberammergau had been introduced to the world by the artist Edward Devrient, who chanced upon the scene in 1850, this play had been performed at Vorder-Thiersee, though it did not originate at this spot. The earliest text of the play dates from the latter part of the seventeenth century; but at that time it was presented, by a rather curious coincidence, at a place called Oberandorf, which must not be confused with Oberau, the station where one leaves the railroad to visit Oberammergau. This Oberandorf is a village on the railroad between Munich and Kufstein, only a few miles distant from Thiersee, though over the boundary line in Bavaria. Here, as in other mountain villages, the medieval custom of performing miracle-plays had lingered, and here the passion-play was presented until, having been repeatedly prohibited by the Bavarian authorities both temporal and spiritual, it was finally discontinued near the close of the eighteenth century, Oberammergau, as is well known, being the only community in Bavaria to secure exemption from the general edict. The story of the transfer of this drama from its original home to Thiersee, though somewhat similar to, is less romantic than, that of Oberammergau. Here the cattle, and not the people, were being decimated by a plague which occurred as late as 1800 during one of those enforced pauses at Oberandorf. The good people of Thiersee, fearing the total destruction of their herds, vowed that if the remainder should be spared they would take up the performance of the passion-play, which their neighbors over the border had been compelled to discontinue. The plague was stayed. The text of the play, with the right to exhibit it, was purchased, and in 1802, with the help of advice and instruction from the former director at Oberandorf, the first performance at Vorder-Thiersee was given. For a while it was repeated every year; then at longer intervals, until finally, beginning with 1855, it has been performed every ten years, as at Oberammergau, in all its pristine simplicity, by peasants who have neither experience nor training of any sort from the outside world.

The overture, rendered by a brass band of thirty pieces, afforded us the pleasing assurance that we might expect to enjoy the music. The drop-curtain is decorated with a painting of the little valley, with the church in the foreground, and the lake and mountains beyond. When it rises there enter the proscenium, from draped doorways on each side, the chorus, nine in number, who stand before the main curtain while the leader, or choragus, calls upon all to behold the miracle of divine love and mercy which in Christ's suffering, death, and resurrection will be portrayed.

They fulfil to some extent the duty of the old Greek chorus, but they never, as in Greek tragedy, take part in the conversation. After the prologue, as the curtain rises, the chorus divide, and during this and all of the subsequent tableaux they remain standing at the sides, while one and another, in short recitation or song, explain the scene, or utter suitable reflections thereon. This idea of illustrating the narrative of the Passion by means of scenes taken from the Old Testament, and of introducing the chorus of Guardian Spirits, as they are called, was borrowed from the Ammergau version when that of Thiersee was revised in 1873. The text at present used, however, is a still later revision, made by Professor Robert Weissenhofer. The number of tableaux is fewer than at Oberammergau, and less time is devoted to the music, which is entirely original, and of excellent quality, the composition of the choir-master of Kufstein, John Obersteiner.

The first tableau, as might be supposed, shows Adam and Eve in the garden, already provided with aprons of fig-leaves, and standing near the tree of knowledge. Eve, tempted

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

VIEW IN KUFSTEIN.

by an extremely artificial snake, takes a piece of real fruit, of which she and Adam taste. Immediately there is a flash of red light, a curtain rising in the rear discloses an offended God seated in majesty upon his throne among the clouds, while in the foreground an angel, sword in hand, drives forth the weeping guilty pair. This scene is the crudest of the whole drama. A maiden clothed in an ugly white gown, with plain waist and full skirt, holding out horizontally a small sword, is a rather ludicrous angel of wrath, in spite of the large white wings fastened upon her shoulders. The angels are altogether the worst feature of the performance, though probably to the uncultivated peasants they do not seem so absurd as to the average stranger, who, if not more intimately acquainted with angels, has at least a more artistic conception of their appearance. A moment later another picture appears in the background: the Holy Virgin, standing upon the world, her foot on the head of a snake. These tableaux have been described by the Guardian Spirits, and are followed by a second prologue by the choragus, after which the curtain again rises, displaying little children robed in white adoring the cross. Thus in brief is typified the whole story of sin and redemption, now to be succeeded by a representation of the latter in greater fullness.

The entire play is divided into six acts, containing numerous scenes, among which are interspersed tableaux from the Old Tes-

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

AT THE TICKET-OFFICE.

tament. The first scene, Christ's entry into Jerusalem, is less impressive than might be expected. There are the children crying, «Hosanna to the Son of David!» women strewing garments in the way, and the shouting multitude, in the midst of which Christ advances, sitting upon an ass, and accompanied by his disciples; but upon the boards of the stage, with its humble setting, the action seems cramped and the scene artificial. The Christ has the conventional appearance, gracefully wearing a lavender robe with a mantle of reddish purple, which harmonizes well in fact, if not in words.

The chorus then rendered its first number in a very pleasing manner. The music in general was effective and appropriate, whether performed by orchestra or chorus.

The second scene, in which Christ drives out the traders from the temple, calls for more action, and here conversation begins. This comes more within the range of everyday life, and the participants display much vigor and naturalness, as also in the next scene, where the angry traders make an uproar before the high priests, inciting them to immediate action against this sacrilegious violator of their ancient and lawful customs.

Next comes a tableau of considerable beauty, the theme of which is taken from the Apocrypha: Tobias bidding farewell to his parents, foreshadowing the parting of Christ from his mother as he leaves her to go from Bethany to Jerusalem. During this tableau and the accompanying recitations by the Guardian Spirits, the orchestra, now composed mainly of stringed instruments, discourses plaintive music, which is concluded by a few sweet strains from the chorus. These tableaux serve the double purpose not only of illustrating from the Old Testament the story of the New, but also of affording a variation from what would otherwise be a tedious length of dialogue, furnishing a most agreeable diversion from the severe mental strain which uninterrupted attention to the play for so many hours would require.

The scenes now increase in interest. Simon's house in Bethany, where Mary Magdalene is at once so prominent and modest a figure, next appears before us; and Judas, who is one of the leading figures in the first half of the drama, here makes his début, appearing to be a thrifty, frugal-minded man, bold enough to criticize the conduct of his Master in allowing the apparent waste of ointment. Then follows, if one may judge from the manifestations of the audience, the most affecting scene of the whole drama: on one side the mother of Jesus, accompanied by two women, who support her by their presence and sympathy; on the other, Jesus, with the three disciples Peter, James, and John. After greeting his mother tenderly, Jesus informs her of his departure for Jerusalem and his approaching death, seeking to comfort her as she laments over his bitter fate and her loss, and begs to die for him, or at least with him.

The house had long since been moved to tears, and a vigorous use of handkerchiefs filled the pause that ensued before the opening of the next scene. Here we see the Master and his disciples as they approach the suburbs of Jerusalem.

The meeting of the Sanhedrim, presided over by Annas and Caiaphas, is one of great interest. The death of Christ being resolved upon, Judas appears with the Sadducee. On the assurance from the high priests that only justice shall be done, and that if his Master is innocent no harm can befall, he promises that evening to conduct them to a place where Jesus generally resorts. In the minds of the audience Judas seems to be regarded as the comic figure of the tragedy, though he really does nothing to entitle him to such a rôle. It is, however, probable that the feelings of the audience are so strained by the tragic character of the greater part of the drama that they take the smallest chance for relief, and are amused on the slightest provocation, as here when the secretary who counts out the silver hesitates to give Judas the whole of the money in advance, and finally attempts to cheat him out of two pieces by miscounting. The character of Judas, based upon the simple outlines given in Scripture, has been well elaborated. He is represented as by no means altogether base and heartless, though self-seeking and avaricious.

A tableau—the sacrifice of Melchizedec—precedes the scene of the Last Supper, which closes the first act; but without any unusual pause the second act begins. The tableau, Samson derided by the Philistines, is one of the best presented. The scene in the garden of Gethsemane is watched by the audience with breathless interest, but its solemnity is marred by the angel that comes down from heaven to comfort Jesus in a manner so automatic that one feels hardly sure whether it is a dummy angel worked by machinery, or a creature of flesh and blood. The appearance of Judas with the soldiers, and the subsequent action, follow precisely as narrated, as is usually the case, though supplementary scenes are introduced and others amplified

from the brief outlines given in the New Testament.

Two hours had passed since the beginning of the drama when the side doors were thrown open, admitting fresh air and sunshine, and a recess of ten minutes was allowed for refreshment in the open air. At the farther corner outside there was a wooden booth, where beer, wine, bread, and pastry of various sorts might be purchased.

The third scene of the second act opens with Annas anxiously awaiting the outcome of the night's adventure, to whom Judas appears, bringing the glad tidings of his successful conduct of the undertaking—retreating, however, before the arrival of Jesus, who is brought to Annas for a brief examination, and then led before the Sanhedrim. A tableau showing Naboth accused by false witnesses and condemned to death precedes this scene. Caiaphas presided admirably over the assembly. You would never have suspected him of being the village baker as, with authoritative air and suitable gesture, he conducted the examination of the accused. The death-sentence is passed unanimously. As they are about to proceed to the house of Pilate the governor to demand the execution of their verdict, Judas rushes in, overcome with horror and despair, throws down the thirty pieces of silver, upbraids the high priests for their unjust sentence, and, cursing them and himself, goes out.

The scene changes. Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea converse with the friendly Roman centurion whose servant was healed at Capernaum. He promises to seek an audience for them with Pilate, in the hope that they may persuade him to veto the death-sentence of the Jews. Now we see the servants standing without, warming themselves, and the denial of Peter occurs as recorded.

The seventh tableau, representing the despair of Cain, fitly precedes that of Judas, who is seen in a solitary place lamenting over his conduct, and tormented by the spirits of hell. Peter now enters, weighed down with sorrow, bewailing his falsity, yet mourning not as one without hope. He calls on his Master for forgiveness, lamenting that he can no longer hear his voice. Then a happy thought strikes him: there is Mary, the mother of Jesus; she can pardon him in her Son's name. Feeling that this thought has been sent by Jesus himself, he goes to seek her, rejoicing in the assurance of the pardoning love of Jesus.

This episode and that of Veronica are the only ones to which the most rigid Protestant might object: not enough, it would seem, to interfere with any one's enjoyment of the drama. In any case one cannot help admiring the skilful and extremely natural manner in which the idea of Mary as a mediator is here introduced.

Again Judas comes forward, groaning over the contrast between himself and Peter, who can weep. To him tears are denied. His sin is too great to be forgiven, and his remorse can no longer be endured.

The third act should open with a tableau of Daniel in the lions' den, an excellent prototype of the situation of Christ surrounded by his enemies. Since genuine lions would obviously be out of the question, it is probably on account of the difficulty of procuring imitation lions that would look sufficiently real not to be ridiculous that this picture is omitted, and we come at once to the palace of Pilate. The several scenes before Pilate and Herod, though somewhat similar in character, are all of great interest, and are extremely well rendered. A tableau of Job precedes the scene before Herod, a man of fine presence and great dignity, who despises the Jews as much as Pilate does. Herod finally dismissing Christ and his accusers alike contemptuously, the cry again arises, «Death to the Nazarene! On to Pilate!» Again Pilate seeks to escape pronouncing an unjust verdict, though he is hardly prepared to risk his own position and prospects for the sake of protecting a blameless fanatic. He suggests to the people that they select this man as the one to be released at the Passover. Disappointed in this, but strengthened in his determination not to crucify the innocent by a message received from his wife, he decides upon a middle course, and orders the culprit to be scourged, hoping thus to satisfy the people. The next scene shows Jesus at the close of this ordeal, as the last blows fall. Released from his fetters, he sinks to the earth as if lifeless. In his helpless condition, being momentarily deserted by the soldiers, a Guardian Spirit enters, who laments over him in plaintive song, and bends down to kiss his brow. The guards, now returning, lift Jesus to his feet, place him upon a stool, and again mock him as king, adorning him with a scarlet robe, placing upon his head a crown of thorns, and in his hands a scepter. Thus he is led back to Pilate.

A variation from these scenes of persecution and mockery is presented by the appearance of Mary, the Magdalene, and John, who, having witnessed the sufferings of Christ, are overwhelmed with grief. Peter, meeting

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

CHRIST TAKING LEAVE OF HIS MOTHER.

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

A CHARACTER OF THE DISTRICT.

them, improves the opportunity to beg Mary's forgiveness, in the name of her Son, for his cowardly denial of his Lord. For the third time the crowd appears before the house of Pilate, loudly demanding Christ's crucifixion. In vain does Pilate seek to persuade them to ask for the release of the mild and inoffensive Jesus rather than the guilty murderer Barabbas. The moment when he places the two together before them, saying, «Behold the Man!» is perhaps the most dramatic of the entire representation. Accused of treachery to his emperor, and of responsibility for whatever outbreak may occur, Pilate seems compelled to yield, and, washing his hands of the whole matter, with evident distress he finally gives way. The death-sentence, preceded and followed by three blasts of the trumpet, is proclaimed by an officer who had recently played the part of Herod. The crowd, at last appeased, shout their thanks. The superscription for the cross is, however, received with disapprobation; but with an emphatic, «What I have written I have written,» Pilate disappears, leaving the multitude to go to Golgotha rejoicing in the final attainment of their wishes, yet with a slight sting of dissatisfaction over the title «King of the Jews.»

The first half of the drama occupied a little more than four hours, and the audience, with a sigh of relief, streamed out into the noonday for the intermission of an hour and a half. At two o'clock the second part began. A prologue by the choragus preceded a tableau representing the serpent lifted up by Moses in the wilderness—perhaps the finest of all the tableaux exhibited, more than fifty persons appearing together on the stage. The grouping was particularly effective.

The fourth act opens with Mary and the Magdalene upon the stage, to whom John, entering, relates the sad tidings of his Master's condemnation to death. As the mournful procession approaches, they withdraw to one side, Mary eager once more to behold her Son. A trumpeter advances, followed by an officer of justice, a centurion, and four Roman soldiers. The four Jewish servants who have hitherto guarded Jesus, and taken such delight in the mocking and buffeting, still attend him as he staggers along, bowed down beneath the weight of the cross. More soldiers, with the two thieves, the priests, and people, follow. As they proceed the officer proclaims in a loud voice the death by crucifixion of Jesus of Nazareth and two nameless evil-doers, in accordance with the command of Pontius Pilate, representative of Cæsar. It is not necessary here to repeat the whole of the mournful story—how the procession winds in and out, several times reappearing on the stage; how Jesus falls for the first, second, and third times; how his mother comes forward to weep over him; how Simon of Cyrene is compelled to help him bear his cross; the legend of Veronica; the lamentation of the

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

CAIAPHAS.

daughters of Jerusalem. All proceeds in an intensely impressive manner till the arrival on Calvary, where, stripped of his purple robe, Christ kneels, embracing the cross, as the curtain falls. When the curtain again rises the thieves are already in position, their arms simply thrown over the cross-bar, and arms and legs bound to the plank with ropes. The soldiers are driving the last nails into the hands of Jesus, whose cross is in a nearly horizontal position. It is then raised by several attendants, and with wedges is made fast in the wooden floor. Meanwhile there was plaintive music by the orchestra, and the audience gazed in breathless silence upon the scene.

When all is ready the soldiers in the foreground cast lots for the purple robe, John and the several women take their position at the foot of the cross, Annas, Caiaphas, and others pass by, uttering derisive words, and all that is recorded in the various Gospels is enacted in a most realistic manner. With the words, «Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit,» at last the end comes. Thunder and lightning follow; the scene is wrapped in gloom. Soldiers fall on their faces in alarm, declaring that this was indeed the Son of God. People rush about in terror, or sink prostrate, imploring mercy.

The scene is at once transferred to Jerusalem, where Pilate appears again, standing on his balcony, astonished at the uproar of the elements, and wondering if it can have any connection with the Nazarene. Soon the people rush by in terror, not staying to answer his questions as to the cause of their alarm; Roman soldiers, also, pausing only at the second word of command to confess that in fright and terror they have fled from Calvary. Reproached that such words should fall from the lips of Roman soldiers, they reply that on the field of battle they will indeed stand like Romans, but to contend against unknown, invisible powers is terrible. Others rush in, shouting, «The dead, the dead arise; the graves are opened! Help! Help!» Upon Pilate, as he demands peace, they turn, accusing him of guilt and unjust judgment; then, with mutual recrimination and curses, they flee onward. Still others appear, crying that the veil of the temple is rent from top to bottom. Annas and Caiaphas now enter, calling upon Pilate to quell the tumult with soldiery, the whole city being in an uproar. This he refuses to do, telling them that they but reap the consequences of their own hate and injustice. When the high priests themselves attempt to still the tumult, they in turn are upbraided by the people, who, however,

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

THE VILLAGE BAKER (THE CAIAPHAS OF THE PLAY).

are finally persuaded to go to the temple for prayer, being assured that the apparitions of the dead are only some magic spell wrought by the disciples of Jesus. Pilate, left alone, mourns over the day's unhallowed work, over his own weakness and complaisance. He sees that the edge of his authority is dulled, that by yielding he has forfeited the respect of the people. Already is Jesus avenged on him. If in like manner he takes vengeance on the people, fearful will be their doom. The entrance of Joseph and Nicodemus forms an agreeable diversion to his thoughts, and he gladly grants their request to receive and entomb the body of Jesus.

Again we behold the scene on Calvary; but

the bodies of the two thieves have already been removed, so that the ludicrous action of breaking their legs with inflated india-rubber clubs, as at Ammergau, is avoided. In spite of the entreaties of his mother and the other women, the side of Jesus is now pierced by the centurion. Blood spurts out and splashes upon the floor. At this opportune moment Joseph and Nicodemus arrive with permission to bury the body. With the help of two ladders and a long roll of linen they succeed in lowering it more easily than appears in Rubens's «Descent from the Cross,» and they place it in Mary's arms. After music by the chorus the entombment is enacted in silence, save for the accompanying vocal and instrumental music.

As these scenes of the fourth act occupy an hour and a quarter, a short recess is allowed. The audience now seemed to have become somewhat weary, and there was a good deal of passing in and out after the intermission.

The fifth act begins with a tableau in which Christ, clothed in white, is dimly seen through a veil, presumably in the lower world among the departed spirits. Yet another scene before Pilate is presented, in which a guard and a seal for the tomb are demanded. In great wrath at the continual reappearance of the Jews, Pilate is nevertheless obliged to yield to their wishes. A soliloquy by Caiaphas follows. At this late hour a horrible suspicion arises that perhaps, after all, he has made a mistake. In spite of his outward contempt and courage, he has been greatly disturbed by the signs and omens. As he remembers the dignity and patience of Jesus, the terrible thought will come: Can it be that he has really crucified the Son of God? But this he will utter to no one. In that case his doom is sealed. If Jesus *should* rise again, as he has promised, it will be all over with him both in this world and in the next. He will be hated and reviled as the chief persecutor of his Lord. Even his office will be destroyed if the kingdom of God is established on earth. Such thoughts are interrupted by the entrance of the captain of the city guard, who reports that outwardly the city is quiet, but in their homes the people are still excited over the day's events, some cursing the Nazarene, some Pilate, and some Caiaphas. Alarmed by the earthquakes, the darkness, and the appearance of the dead, they look for the resurrection of Jesus. Caiaphas, allowing for the moment that such a thing might happen, declares that it must be made impossible, if not actually in fact, yet in the minds of the people. Such a work of magic, if performed by Jesus, must be attributed to the disciples. Though too weak and cowardly to do anything of the sort, nevertheless they *must* have done it, and so the bargain is concluded that if the centurion will make such a statement, he (Caiaphas) will compel the people to believe it. Apart from the fact that the end is too long postponed, the night scene, with the soldiers guarding the tomb, is a good and natural one. To while away the time they talk of the wonderful works of Jesus. One who had witnessed the resurrection of Lazarus describes that occurrence. They wonder if Jesus himself may not have power to rise again. They look into the tomb, where all is dark and still. They rejoice that the morning is beginning to dawn; but just at that moment distant thunder is heard, there is a flash of light from the tomb, angels appear, then Christ, clad in spotless raiment, arises and stands for a moment, his right hand uplifted, a scepter in his left, but bearing the marks of the nails. Strains of joyous music proclaim the glorious tidings as the curtain falls at the close of the fifth act.

The last act begins with a tableau representing Joseph making himself known to his brethren, obviously in anticipation of Jesus disclosing himself to his disciples. Several scenes by the open grave follow in quick succession. The three women, John and Peter, and Mary the mother, in turn mourn over the deserted tomb, only to have their sorrow speedily changed into joy as they receive the glad tidings of the resurrection, or themselves behold their Lord.

The high priests, having heard the joyful news, which is spreading rapidly over the city, are filled with painful perplexity. They hear that the people are making threats against them. Caiaphas is on the verge of despair, but Annas is more hopeful. His plans are made, and his bait is ready for the Roman guard when these are announced. Accused of spreading lies in the city, the soldiers are filled with indignation. Finally one is induced to give an exact account of the events of the night, to which the others swear. Vain is the effort to bribe them to give a different version and to say that the body of Jesus has been stolen by his disciples. Spurning indignantly the offers of the high priests, they march abruptly out, leaving Annas and Caiaphas in despair.

A tableau follows, entitled «Jesus the Good Shepherd.» Surrounded by his disciples, he hands to Peter, who is kneeling, the keys of the church. In the last scene Jesus is stand-

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

ing on a mound a few feet above his disciples, Mary, and several other women. He bids them all farewell, utters his last commission, and then, with hand outstretched in blessing, by no visible means rises out of sight. The dramatic effect is here again marred by the two angels, a too close adherence to the Scripture text producing rather an anticlimax. The chorus now sings a grand triumphal song, after which the curtain rises for the last time, disclosing in the background Jesus sitting in glory at the right hand of his Father, among the holy angels; the women and the apostles kneeling in adoration below; and Annas and Caiaphas prone in the foreground. One more stanza by the chorus, a grand triumphal march by the orchestra, and the passion-play is ended.

The first question which naturally arises is, What is the effect of the play upon spectators and actors? As far as the actors and the majority of the spectators are concerned, the testimony of the village priest should have the greatest weight. He declares that its influence upon all parties is beneficial. Two services are held in the early morning in the village church, which the actors and others attend; but during the summer the play takes the place of the services usually held at a later hour. If one were to form an opinion from a superficial acquaintance with the people, it would be that Vorder-Thiersee is a community of unusually kindly and well-disposed folk. To the spectators in general it seems probable that through this pictorial representation the story of the cross becomes more vivid than any amount of Scripture reading or sermons could make it.

Of almost as much interest as the play itself was the meeting afterward with some of the leading actors, and seeing something of their every-day lives. The village of Vorder-Thiersee, the scene of the play, contains between five and six hundred inhabitants, from whom all the actors and musicians are drawn. As there is no compact settlement, these are widely scattered, some living a distance of an hour or two from the little church and theater. It is therefore a matter of much greater difficulty for all to be present at a rehearsal than if they lived in a compact village like Oberammergau. The inhabitants are all farmers, or are engaged in simple, necessary occupations. Thus, Caiaphas, who is also director of the play, is a baker. The Christus, Josef Uffinger, is a farmer—fortunately an eldest son, inheriting the patrimony of his fathers, upon which he lives, with his five younger brothers, his aged parents, wife, and two little children. He seemed to be a man of unusually amiable character, and he fortunately speaks very good German for one of the country-people, many of whom use a dialect quite unintelligible to the unpractised ear. A trace of this is visible on the stage, though here an effort is made to use the literary speech and to pronounce the best of German. One of the members of the choir is mine host of the Seewirth; and it is here, opposite the little lake and the tall Pentling, that when the day's labor is over, arduous for spectator, and still more for the leading performers, many of the natives and strangers gather; and over his pipe and glass of beer one may chat with the Christus and Caiaphas, Peter, John, and Judas, Herod and Pilate, not to mention a particularly obnoxious churl who, being one of the guards of Jesus, is especially forward in ill treating him. When pointed out as this disagreeable person, he said, «Ah, yes; but I have a good heart.» Judas, strange to say, married for his second wife a former Madonna, and the present Virgin Mary is his daughter. If, in witnessing the play, one is astonished at the excellence of the acting in so rural a community, still more is this the case when one meets the actors afterward. Mary, who takes her part with remarkable dignity and grace, and who displays great depth of feeling, is found to be a shy, rather awkward country girl of twenty, who at first hardly ventures monosyllabic answers when addressed. Her father, Judas, who is one of the best of the actors, is now taking his part for the *fifth* season, at the age of sixty-nine. Seeing his many wrinkles and his bald, gray head, one would never imagine the lightness with which he steps about in the play. Indeed the ease of manner generally exhibited on the stage is astonishing. A particularly noticeable feature is the excellence of their walk, which is free, simple, and utterly unaffected, as are their movements generally. Remembering the stiff angularity of some of the country students at a Western college commencement, the almost entire absence of it here seems the more remarkable. It appears, however, to some extent among the disciples, who, save Peter, John, and Judas, are the poorest of the actors. For this there are probably two reasons: one, that as they have little, almost nothing, to say, all of the best actors have been selected for the more prominent parts; the other, that it is much easier to be free and natural as a member of a gesticulating, angry crowd than to stand about and listen, to sit on a stool for the feet-washing, and to be meek and quiet

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

VIEW FROM THE THEATER ACROSS THE LAKE AND VALLEY.

generally. John, however, who possesses these characteristics to a marked degree, and who has also a good deal to say, looks and acts his part excellently. In his wig of long hair he has quite the ideal appearance; but in the evening, as a round-faced, dark-haired rustic of nineteen, though one could still see a little of the expression, the change was marvelous. Pontius Pilate, who acted his part with great power, though he had no make-up, was never-

The actors take part entirely for love of the work, receiving no compensation even for the time devoted to rehearsals or performance. Whatever profits accrue are for the benefit of the community as a whole.

Between the decennial representations of the passion-play other dramas are every summer enacted, which are to some extent attended by outsiders, and serve as a sort of training-school for the greater performance

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB

DURING THE PLAY.

theless a wholly different person in the gilt vestments of a Roman governor and in his every-day dress.

The Christus, unfortunately, was obliged to wear a wig which was a little too dark to compare well with his sandy beard, and so lessened the beauty of his appearance. When I asked him why he did not let his own hair grow long, as they do at Oberammergau, he said, «Oh, it would not do for a farmer; it would be altogether too warm.»

of the passion-play. All of the participants, and indeed the whole community, greatly enjoy these representations, which form a most agreeable diversion in their otherwise monotonous lives. Whoever is a student of human nature or religion, and is interested in seeing what may be achieved by simple, honest-hearted peasants, practically destitute of contact with the outside world, will be well repaid for a pilgrimage to Thiersee in 1905.

Annie S. Peck.

III.

DURING this same space of time, which for Miss Sewell's maid ended so disagreeably, Sir George Tressady was engaged in a curious conversation.

He had excused himself from smoking, on the ground of fatigue, immediately after his parting from Letty; but he had only nominally gone to bed. He, too, found it difficult to tear himself from thinking and the fire, and had not begun to undress when he heard a knock at his door. On his reply Lord Fontenoy entered.

«May I come in, Tressady?»

«By all means.»

George, however, stared at his invader in some astonishment. His relations with Fontenoy were not personally intimate.

«Well, I 'm glad to find you still up, for I had a few words on my mind to say to you before I go off to-morrow. Can you spare me ten minutes?»

«Certainly; do sit down. Only—well, I 'm afraid I 'm pretty well done. If it 's anything important, I can't promise to take it in.»

Lord Fontenoy for a moment made no reply. He stood by the fire, looking at the cigarette he still held, in silence. George watched him with repressed annoyance.

«It 's been a very hot fight, this,» said Fontenoy at last, slowly, «and you 've won it well. All our band have prospered in the matter of elections. But this contest of yours has been, I think, the most conspicuous that any of us have fought. Your speeches have made a mark—one can see that from the way in which the press has begun to take them, political beginner though you are. In the House you will be, I think, our best speaker—of course with time and experience. As for me, if you give me a fortnight to prepare in, I can make out something. Otherwise I am no use. You will take a good debating place from the beginning. Well, it is only what I expected.»

The speaker stopped. George, fidgeting in his chair, said nothing, and presently Fontenoy resumed:

«I trust you will not think what I am going to say an intrusion, but—you remember my letters to you in India?»

George nodded.

«They put the case strongly, I think,» Fontenoy went on, «but, in my opinion, not strongly enough. This wretched government is in power by the help of a tyranny—a tyranny of labor. They call themselves Conservatives—they are really State Socialists, and the mere cat's-paws of the revolutionary Socialists. You and I are in Parliament to break down that tyranny, if we can. This year and next will be all-important. If we can hold Maxwell and his friends in check for a time, if we can put some backbone into the party of freedom, if we can rally and call up the forces we have in the country, the thing will be done. We shall have established the counterpoise—we shall very likely turn the next election; and liberty—or what still remains of it!—will be saved for a generation. But to succeed, the effort, the sacrifice, from each one of us will have to be enormous.»

Fontenoy paused and looked at his companion. George was lying back in an armchair with his eyes shut. Why on earth—so he was thinking—should Fontenoy have chosen this particular hour and this particular night to *débiter* these very stale things, that he had already served up in innumerable

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speeches and almost every letter that George had received from him?

«I don't suppose it will be child's play,» he said, stifling a yawn—«hope I shall feel keener after a night's rest!» He looked up with a smile.

Fontenoy dropped his cigarette into the fender and stood silent a moment, his hands clasped behind his back.

«Look here, Tressady,» he said at last, turning to his companion; «you remember how affairs stood with me when you left England? I did n't know much of you, but I believe, like many of my juniors, you knew a great deal about me?»

George made the sign of assent expected of him.

«I knew something about you, certainly,» he said, smiling; «it was not difficult.»

Fontenoy smiled too, though without geniality. Geniality had become impossible to a man always overworked and on edge.

«I was a fool,» he said quickly—«an open and notorious fool. But I enjoyed my life. I don't suppose any one ever enjoyed life more. Every day of my former existence gave the lie to the good people who tell you that to be happy you must be virtuous. I was idle, extravagant, and vicious, and I was one of the happiest of men. As to my racing and my horses, they were a constant delight to me. I can't think now of those mornings on the Heath—the gallops of my colts, the change and excitement of it all—without longing for it to come back again. Yet I have never owned a horse, or seen a race, or made a bet, for the last three years. I never go into society, except for political purposes; and I scarcely ever touch wine. In fact, I have thrown overboard everything that once gave me pleasure and amusement so completely that I have, perhaps, some right to press upon the party that follows me my conviction that unless each and all of us give up private ease and comfort as I have done—unless we are contented, as the Parnellites were, to be bores in the House and nuisances to ourselves—to peg away in season and out of season—to give up everything for the cause—we may just as well not go into the fight at all, for we shall do nothing with it.»

George clasped his hands round his knee and stared stubbornly into the fire. Sermonizing was all very well, but Fontenoy did too much of it; nobody need suppose that he would have done what he had done unless, on the whole, it had given him more pleasure to do it than not to do it.

«Well,» he said, looking up at last with a laugh, «I wonder what you mean, really. Do you mean, for instance, that I ought n't to get myself married?»

His offhand manner covered a good deal of irritation. He made a shrewd guess at the idea in Fontenoy's mind, and meant to show that he would not be dictated to.

Fontenoy also laughed, with as little geniality as before. Then he applied himself to a deliberate answer:

«This is what I mean. If you, just elected,—at the beginning of this critical session,—were to give your best mind to anything else in the world than the fight before us, I should regard you as, for the time, at any rate, lost to us—as, so far, betraying us.»

The color rushed into George's cheeks.

«Upon my word!» he said, springing up—«upon my word—you are a taskmaster!»

Fontenoy hastened to reply, in a different tone, «I only want to keep the machine in order.»

George paced up and down for a few moments without speaking. Presently he paused.

«Look here, Fontenoy! I cannot look at the matter as you do, and we may as well understand each other. To me this election of mine is, after all, an ordinary affair. I take it, and what is to come after it, just as other men do. I have accepted your party and your program, and I mean to stick to them. I see that the political situation is difficult and exciting, and I don't intend to shirk. But I am no more going to slay my private life and interests at the altar of politics than my father did when he was in Parliament. If the revolution is coming, it will come in spite of you and me. And, moreover,—if you will let me say so,—I am convinced that your modes of procedure are not even profitable to the cause in the long run. No man can work as you do, without rest and without distraction. You will break down, and then where will the ‹cause› be?»

Lord Fontenoy surveyed the speaker with a curious, calculating look. It was as though, with as much rapidity as his mind was capable of, he balanced a number of pros and cons against each other, and finally decided to let the matter drop, perhaps not without some regret for having raised it.

«Ah, well,» he said, «I have no doubt that what I have said appears to you mere meddlesomeness. If so, you will change your view, and you will forgive me. I must trust the compulsion of the situation. You will realize it, as I have done, when you get well into the fight. There is something in this Labor tyranny which rouses all a man's passions,

bad and good. If it does not rouse yours, I have been much mistaken in my estimate of you. As for me, don't waste your concern. There are few stronger men than I. You forget, too—»

There was a pause. Of late years—since his transformation, in fact—Lord Fontenoy's stiff reserve about himself had been rarely broken through. At this moment, however, George, looking up, saw that his companion was in some way moved by a kind of somber and personal emotion.

« You forget,» the speaker resumed, « that I learned nothing either at school or college, and that a man who wants to lead a party must, some time or other, pay for that precious privilege. When you left England the only financial statement I could understand was a betting-book. I knew no history except what one gets from living among people who have been making it, and even that I was too lazy to profit by. I could n't understand the simplest economical argument, and I *hated* trouble of all kinds. Nothing but the toil of a galley-slave could have enabled me to do what I have done. You would be astonished sometimes if you could look in upon me at night and see what I am doing—what I am obliged to do to keep up the most elementary appearances.»

George was touched. The tone of the speaker had passed suddenly into one of plain dignity, in spite of, perhaps because of, the half-bitter humility that mingled with it.

« I know you make one ashamed,» he said sincerely, though awkwardly. « Well, don't distrust me; I 'll do my best.»

« Good night,» said Lord Fontenoy, and held out his hand. He had gained no promises, and George had shown and felt annoyance. Yet the friendship between the two men had sensibly advanced.

GEORGE shut the door upon him, and came back to the fire to ponder this odd quarter of an hour. His experience certainly contained no more extraordinary fact than this conversion of a gambler and a spendthrift into the passionate leader of an arduous cause. Only one quality linked the man he remembered with the politician he had now pledged himself to follow—the quality of intensity. Dicky Fontenoy in his follies had been neither gay nor lovable, but his fierce will, his extravagant and reckless force, had given him the command of men softer than himself. That will and that force were still there, steeled and concentrated. But George Tressady was sometimes restlessly doubtful as to how far he himself was prepared to submit to them.

His personal acquaintance with Fontenoy was of comparatively recent date. He himself had been for some four years away from England, to which he had returned only about three months before the Market Malford election. A letter from Fontenoy had been the immediate cause of his return; but before it arrived the two men had been in no direct communication.

The circumstances of Tressady's long absence concern his later story, and were on this wise. His father, Sir William, the owner of Ferth Place, in West Mercia, died in the year that George, his only surviving child and the son of his old age, left college. The son, finding his father's debts considerable, and his own distaste for the law, to which he had been destined, amazingly increased by his newly acquired freedom to do what he liked with himself, turned his mind at once toward traveling. Travel he must if he was ever to take up public and parliamentary life, and for no other profession—so he announced—did he feel the smallest vocation. Moreover, economy was absolutely necessary. During his absence the London house could be let, and Lady Tressady could live quietly at Ferth upon an allowance, while his uncles looked after the colliery property.

Lady Tressady made no difficulty, except as to the figure first named for the proposed allowance, which she declared was absurd. The uncles, elderly business men, could not understand why the younger generation should not go into harness at once without indulgences, as they themselves had done; but George got his way, and had much reason to show for it. He had not been idle at college, though perhaps at no time industrious enough. Influenced by natural ambition and an able tutor, he had won some distinction, and he was now a man full of odds and ends of ideas, of nascent interests, curiosities, and opinions, strongly influenced, moreover, already, though he said less about it than about other things, by the desire for political distinction. While still at college he had been especially attracted—owing mainly to the chances of an undergraduate friendship—by a group of Eastern problems bearing upon England's future in Asia; and he was no sooner free to govern himself and his moderate income than there flamed up in him the Englishman's passion to see, to touch, to handle, coupled with the young man's natural desire to go where it was dangerous to go, and where other men were not going. His friend—the son of an eminent geographer, possessed by inheritance of the explorer's instincts—was just leaving England for Asia Minor, Armenia, and Per-

sia. George made up his mind, hastily but firmly, to go with him, and his family had to put up with it.

The year, however, for which the young fellow had stipulated went by; two others were added to it, and a fourth began to run its course—still George showed but faint signs of returning. According to his letters home, he had wandered through Persia, India, and Ceylon; had found friends and amusement everywhere; and in the latter colony had even served eight months as private secretary to the governor, who had taken a fancy to him, and had been suddenly bereft by a boating accident of the indispensable young man who was accustomed to direct the hospitalities of Government House before Tressady's advent. Thence he went to China and Japan, made a trip from Peking into Mongolia, landed on Formosa, fell in with some French naval officers at Saigon, spending with them some of the gayest and maddest weeks of his life; explored Siam, and finally returned by way of Burma to Calcutta, with the dim intention this time of some day, before long, taking ship for home.

Meanwhile, during the last months of his stay in Ceylon, he had written some signed articles for an important English newspaper, which, together with the natural liking felt by the many important persons he had come to know in the East for an intelligent and promising young fellow, endowed with brains, family, and good manners, served to bring him considerably into notice. The tone of the articles was strongly English and Imperialist. The first of them came out immediately before his visit to Saigon, and Tressady thanked his lucky stars that the foreign reading of his French friends was, perhaps, not so extensive as their practical acquaintance with life. He was, however, proud of his first literary achievement, and it served to crystallize in him a number of ideas and sentiments which had previously represented rather the prejudices of a traveler accustomed to find his race in the ascendant, and to be well received by its official class, than any reasoned political theory. As he went on writing, conviction grew with statement, became a faith, ultimately a passion—till, as he turned homeward, he seemed to himself to have attained a philosophy sufficient to steer the rest of life by. It was the common philosophy of the educated and fastidious observer, and it rested on ideas of the greatness of England and the infinity of England's mission, on the rights of ability to govern as contrasted with the squalid possibilities of democracy, on the natural kingship of the higher races, and on a profound personal admiration for the virtues of the administrator and the soldier.

Now, no man in whom these perceptions take strong root early need expect to love popular government. Tressady read his English newspapers with increasing disgust. On that little England in those far seas all depended, and England meant the English workingman with his flatterers of either party. He blundered and blustered at home, while the Empire, its services and its defenses, by which alone all this pullulating «street folk» existed for a day, were in danger of starvation and hindrance abroad, to meet the unreasonable fancies of a degenerate race. A deep hatred of mob rule rooted itself in Tressady, passing gradually, during his last three months in India, into a growing inclination to return and take his place in the fight—to have his say. «Government to the competent—*not* to the many,» might have been the summary of his three years' experience.

Nor were private influences wanting. He was a West Mercian landowner in a coal-mining district, and owned a group of pits on the borders of his estate. His uncles, who had shares in the property, reported to him periodically during his absence. With every quarter it seemed to Tressady that the reports grew worse and the dividends less. His uncles' letters, indeed, were full of anxieties and complaints. After a long period of peace in the coal-trade, it looked as though a time of hot war between masters and men was approaching. «We have to thrash them every fifteen years,» wrote one of the uncles, «and the time is nearly up.»

The unreason, brutality, and extravagance of the men, the tyranny of the Union, the growing insolence of the Union officials—Tressady's letters from home after a time spoke of little else. And Tressady's bank-book, meanwhile, formed a disagreeable comment on the correspondence. The pits were almost running at a loss; yet neither party had made up their minds to the trial of strength.

Tressady was still lingering in Bombay—though supposed to be on his way home—when Lord Fontenoy's letter reached him.

The writer referred slightly to their previous acquaintance, and to a remote family connection between himself and Tressady; dwelt in flattering terms on the reports which had reached him from many quarters of Tressady's opinions and abilities; described the genesis and aims of the new parliamentary party, of which the writer was the founder and head; and finally urged him to come home

at once, and to stand for Parliament as a candidate for the Market Malford division, where the influence of Fontenoy's family was considerable. Since the general election, which had taken place in June, and had returned a moderate Conservative government to power, the member for Market Malford had become incurably ill. The seat might be vacant at any moment. Fontenoy asked for a telegram and urged the next steamer.

Tressady had already—partly from private talk, partly from the newspapers—learned the main outlines of Lord Fontenoy's later story. The first political speech of Fontenoy's he had ever read made a half-farcical impression on him—let Dicky stick to his two-year-olds! The second he read twice over, and alike in it, in certain party manifestos from the same hand printed in the newspapers, and in the letter he had now received, there spoke something for which it seemed to him he had been waiting. The style was rough and halting, but Tressady felt in it the note and power of a leader.

He took an hour's walk through the streets of Bombay to think it over, then sent his telegram, and booked his passage on his way home to luncheon.

Such, in brief outline, had been the origin of the two men's acquaintance. Since George's return they had been constantly together. Fontenoy had thrown his whole colossal power of work into the struggle for the Market Malford seat, and George owed him much.

AFTER he was left to himself on this particular night Tressady was for long restless and wakeful. In spite of resistance, Fontenoy's talk and Fontenoy's personality had nevertheless restored for the moment an earlier balance of mind. The interests of ambition and the intellect returned in force. Letty Sewell had, no doubt, made life very agreeable to him during the past three weeks; but, after all—was it worth while?

Her little figure danced before the inward eye as his fire sank into darkness; fragments of her chatter ran through his mind. He began to be rather ashamed of himself. Fontenoy was right. It was not the moment. No doubt he must marry some day; he had come home, indeed, with the vague intention of marrying; but the world was wide and women many. That he had very little romance in his temperament was probably due to his mother. His childish experiences of her character, and of her relations to his father, had left him no room, alas! for the natural childish opinion that all grown-ups, and especially all mothers, are saints. In India he had amused himself a good deal; but his adventures had, on the whole, confirmed his boyish bias. If he had been forced to put his inmost opinions about women into words, the result would have been crude, perhaps brutal, which did not prevent him from holding a very strong and vivid conviction of the pleasure to be got from their society.

Accordingly he woke up next morning precisely in the mood that Letty, for her own reasons, had foreseen. It worried him to think that for two or three days more he and Letty Sewell must still be thrown together in close relations. He and his mother were waiting on at Malford for a day or two till some workmen should be out of his own house, which lay twenty miles away, at the farther edge of the Market Malford division. Meanwhile a couple of shooting-parties had been arranged, mainly for his entertainment. Still, was there no urgent business that required him in town?

He sauntered in to breakfast a little before ten. Only Evelyn Watton and her mother were visible, most of the men having already gone off to a distant meet.

«Now sit down and entertain us, Sir George,» said Mrs. Watton, holding out her hand to him with an odd expression. «We 're as dull as ditch-water—the men have all gone, Florrie 's in bed with a chill, and Letty departed by the 9:30 train.»

George's start, as he took his coffee from her, did not escape her.

«Miss Sewell gone? But why this suddenness?» he inquired. «I thought Miss Letty was to be here to the end of the week.»

Mrs. Watton raised her shoulders. «She sent a note in to me at half-past eight to say her mother was n't well, and she was wanted at home. She just rushed in to say good-by to me, chattered a great deal, kissed everybody a great deal—and I know no more. I hear she had breakfast and a fly, which is all I troubled myself about. I never interfere with the modern young woman.»

Then she raised her eye-glass, and looked hard and curiously at Tressady. His face told her nothing, however, and as she was the least sympathetic of women she soon forgot her own curiosity.

Evelyn Watton, a vision of fresh girlhood in her morning frock, glanced shyly at him once or twice as she gave him scones and mustard. She was passing through a moment of poetry and happy dreams. All human beings walked glorified in her eyes, especially if they were young. Letty was not wholly to

her taste, and had never been a particular friend. But she thought ill of no one, and her little heart must needs flutter tenderly in the presence of anything that suggested love and marriage. It had delighted her to watch George and Letty together. Now, why had Letty rushed away like this? *She* thought with concern, thrilling all the time, that Sir George looked grave and depressed.

George, however, was not depressed—or thought he was not. He walked into the library after breakfast, whistling and quoting to himself:

> And there be they
> Who kissed his wings which brought him yesterday,
> And thank his wings to-day that he is flown.

He prided himself on his memory of some modern poets, and the lines pleased him particularly.

He had no sooner done quoting, however, than his mother peered into the room, claiming the business talk that had been promised. From that talk George emerged irritable and silent. His mother's extravagance was really preposterous—not to be borne. For four years now he had been free from the constant daily friction of money troubles, which had spoiled his youth and robbed him of all power of respecting his mother. And he had hugged his freedom. But all the time it seemed he had been hugging illusion, and the troubles had been merely piling up for his return. Her present claims—and he knew very well that they were not the whole—would exhaust all his available balance at his bankers'.

Lady Tressady, for her part, thought, with indignant despair, that he had not behaved at all as an only son should—especially an only son just returned to a widowed mother after four years' absence. How could any one suppose that in four years there would be no debts—on such a pittance of an income? Some money, indeed, he had promised her; but not nearly enough, and not immediately. He «must look into things at home.» Lady Tressady was enraged with herself and him that she had not succeeded better in making him understand how pressing, how urgent, matters were.

She must, indeed, bring it home to him that there might be a scandal at any moment. That odious livery-stable man, two or three dressmakers—in these directions every phase and shift of the debtor's long finesse had been exhausted long ago. Even she was at her wits' end.

As for other matters— But from these her thoughts turned hurriedly away. Luck would change, of course, some time; it must change! No need to say anything about that just yet, especially while George's temper was in such a queer state.

It was very odd—most annoying! As a baby even he had never been caressing or sweet like other people's babies. And now, really!—why *her* son should have such unattractive ways!

But, manœuver as she would, George would not be drawn into further discussion. She could only show him offended airs, and rack her brains morning and night as to how best to help herself.

Meanwhile George had never been so little pleased with living as during these few days. He was overwhelmed with congratulations; and, to judge from the newspapers, «all England,» as Lady Tressady said, «was talking of him.» It seemed to him ridiculous that a man should derive so little entertainment from such a fact. Nevertheless his dullness remained and refused to be got rid of. He discussed with himself, of course, for a new set of reasons, the possibility of evading the shooting-parties and departing. But he was deeply pledged to stay, and he was under considerable obligations to the Wattons. So he stayed; but he shot so as to increase his own dissatisfaction with the universe, and to make the other men in the house wonder what might be the general value of an Indian sporting reputation when it came to dealing with the British pheasant.

Then he turned to business. He tried to read some parliamentary reports bearing on a coming measure, and full of notes by Fontenoy, which Fontenoy had left with him. But it only ended in his putting them hastily aside, lest in the mood of obscure contradiction that possessed him he should destroy his opinions before he had taken his seat.

On the day before the last «shoot,» among the letters his servant brought him in the early morning was one that he tore open in a hurry, tossing the rest aside.

It was from Miss Sewell, requesting, prettily, in as few words as possible, that he would return her a book she had lent him.

«My mother,» she wrote, «has almost recovered from her sudden attack of chill. I trust the shooting-parties have amused you, and that you have read *all* Lord Fontenoy's Blue Books.»

George wrote a reply before he went down to breakfast—a piece of ordinary small talk, that seemed to him the most wretched stuff conceivable. But he pulled two pens to pieces before he achieved it.

Then he went out for a long walk alone,

pondering what was the matter with him. Had that little witch dropped the old familiar poison into his veins, after all? Certainly some women made life vivacity and pleasure, while others—his mother or Mrs. Watton, for instance—made it fatigue or tedium.

Ever since his boyhood Tressady had been conscious of intermittent assaults of melancholy, fits of some inner disgust, which hung the world in black, crippled his will, made him hate himself and despise his neighbors. It was possibly some half-conscious dread lest this morbid speck in his nature should gain upon the rest that made him so hungry for travel and change of scene after he left college. It explained many surprises, many apparent ficklenesses, in his life. During the three weeks that he had spent in the same house with Letty Sewell he had never once been conscious of this lurking element of his life. And now, after four days, he found himself positively pining for her voice, the rustle of her delicate dress, her defiant, provocative ways that kept a man on the alert—still more, her smiling silences, that seemed to challenge all his powers; the touch of her small, cool hand, that crushed so easily in his.

What had she left the house for in that wilful way? He did not believe her excuses. Yet he was mystified. Did she realize that things were becoming serious, and did she not mean them to be serious? If so, who or what hindered?

As for Fontenoy—

Tressady quickened his step impatiently as he recalled that harassed and toiling figure. Politics or no politics, he would live his life! Besides, it was obviously to his profit to marry. How could he ever make a common household with his mother? He meant to do his duty by her, but she annoyed and abashed him twenty times a day. He would be far happier married, far better able to do his work. He was not passionately in love—not at all. But—for it was no good fencing with himself any longer—he desired Letty Sewell's companionship more than he had desired anything for a long time. He wanted the right to carry off the little musical box, with all its tunes, and set it playing in his own house, to keep him gay. Why not? He could house it prettily, and reward it well.

As for the rest, he decided, without thinking about it, that Letty Sewell was well born and bred. She had, of course, all the little refinements a fastidious taste might desire in a woman. She would never discredit a man in society. On the contrary, she would be a great strength to him there. And she must be sweet-tempered, or that pretty child Evelyn Watton would not be so fond of her.

That pretty child, meanwhile, was absorbed in the excitement of her own small rôle. Tressady, who had only made duty-conversation with her before, had found out somehow that she was sympathetic—that she would talk to him charmingly about Letty. After a very little pretending he let himself go, and Evelyn dreamed at night of his confidences, her heart, without knowing it, leaping forward to the time when a man would look at her so, for her own sake—not another's. She forgot that she had ever criticized Letty, thought her vain or selfish. Nay, she made a heroine of her forthwith; she remembered all sorts of delightful things to say of her, simply that she might keep the young member talking in a corner, that she might still enjoy the delicious pride of feeling that she knew—she was helping it on.

After the big «shoot,» for instance, when all the other gentlemen were stiff and sleepy, George spent the whole evening in chattering to Evelyn, or, rather, in making her chatter. Lady Tressady loitered near them once or twice. She heard the names «Letty,» «Miss Sewell,» passing and repassing, one talker catching up the other. Over any topic that included Miss Sewell they lingered; when anything was begun that did not concern her it dropped at once, like a ball ill thrown. The mother went away smiling rather sourly.

She watched her son, indeed, cat-like all these days, trying to discover what had happened—what his real mind was. She did not wish for a daughter-in-law at all, and she had even a secret fear of Letty Sewell in that capacity. But somehow George must be managed, her own needs must be met. She felt that she might be undoing the future; but the present drove her on.

On the following morning, from one of Mrs. Watton's numerous letters there dropped out the fact that Letty Sewell was expected immediately at a country house in North Mercia whereof a certain Mrs. Corfield was mistress—a house only distant some twenty miles from the Tressadys' estate of Ferth Place.

«My sister-in-law has recovered with remarkable rapidity,» said Mrs. Watton, raising a sarcastic eye. «Do you know anything of the Corfields, Sir George?»

«Nothing at all,» said George. «One hears of them sometimes from neighbors. They are said to be very lively folk. Miss Sewell will have a gay time.»

«Corfield?» said Lady Tressady, her head on one side and her cup balanced in two jew-

eled hands. «What! *Aspasia Corfield!* Why, my dear George—one of my oldest friends!»

George laughed—the short, grating laugh his mother so often evoked.

«Beg pardon, mother; I can only answer for myself. To the best of my belief I never saw her, either at Ferth or anywhere else.»

«Why, Aspasia Corfield and I,» said Lady Tressady, with languid reflectiveness—«Aspasia Corfield and I copied each other's dresses and bought our hats at the same place when we were eighteen. I have n't seen her for an eternity. But Aspasia used to be a dear girl—and so fond of me!»

She put down her cup with a sigh, intended as a reproach to George. George only buried himself the deeper in his morning's letters.

Mrs. Watton, behind her newspaper, glanced grimly from the mother to the son.

«I wonder if that woman has a single real old friend in the world. How is George Tressady going to put up with her?»

The Wattons themselves had been on friendly terms with Tressady's father for many years. Since Sir William's death and George's absence, however, Mrs. Watton had not troubled herself much about Lady Tressady, in which she believed she was only following suit with the rest of West Mercia. But now that George had reappeared as a promising politician, his mother—till he married—had to be to some extent accepted along with him. Mrs. Watton, accordingly, had thought it her duty to invite her for the election, not without an active sense of martyrdom. «She always has bored me to tears since I first saw Sir William trailing her about,» she would remark to Letty. «Where did he pick her up? The marvel is that she has kept respectable. She has never looked it. I always feel inclined to ask her at breakfast why she dresses for dinner twelve hours too soon!»

Very soon after the little conversation about the Corfields Lady Tressady withdrew to her room, sat thoughtful for a while, with her writing-block on her knee, then wrote a letter. She was perfectly aware of the fact that since George had come back to her she was likely to be welcome once more in many houses that for years had shown no particular desire to receive her. She took the situation very easily. It was seldom her way to be bitter. She was only determined to amuse herself, to enjoy her life in her own way. If people disapproved of her, she thought them fools; but it did not prevent her from trying to make it up with them next day, if she saw an opening and it seemed worth while.

«There!» she said to herself as she sealed the letter and looked at it with admiration. «I really have a knack for doing those things. I should think Aspasia Corfield would ask him by return—me, too, if she has any decency, though she *has* dropped me for fifteen years. She has a tribe of daughters. Why I should play Miss Sewell's game like this I don't know! Well, one must try something.»

THAT same afternoon mother and son took their departure for Ferth Place.

George, who had only spent a few weeks at Ferth since his return from India, should have found plenty to do both indoors and out. The house struck him as singularly dingy and out of order. Changes were imperatively demanded in the garden and in the estate. His business as a colliery-owner was in a tangled and critical condition. And meanwhile Fontenoy plied him incessantly with a political correspondence which of itself made large demands upon intelligence and energy.

Nevertheless he shuffled out of everything, unless it were the correspondence with Fontenoy. As to the notion that all the langour could be due merely to an unsatisfied craving for Letty Sewell's society, when it presented itself he still fought with it. The Indian climate might have somehow affected him. An English winter is soon forgotten, and has to be relearned like a distasteful lesson.

About a week after their arrival at Ferth, George was sitting at his solitary breakfast when his mother came floating into the room, preceded by a rattle of bangles, a flutter of streamers, and the barking of little dogs.

She held various newly opened letters, and, running up to him, she laid her hands on his shoulders.

«Now,» thought George to himself, with annoyance, «she is going to be arch!»

«Oh, you silly boy!» she said, holding him, with her head on one side. «Who 's been cross and nasty to his poor old mammy? Who wants cheering up a bit before he settles down to his horrid work? Who would take his mammy to a nice party at a nice house, if he were prettily asked—eh? Who would?»

She pinched his cheek before he could escape.

«Well, mother, of course you will do what you like,» said George, walking off to supply himself with ham. «I shall not leave home again just yet.»

Lady Tressady smiled.

«Well, anyhow, you can read Aspasia Corfield's letter,» she said, holding it out to him. «You know, really, that house is n't bad. They

took over the Dryburghs' *chef*, and Aspasia knows how to pick her people.»

«Aspasia!» The tone of patronizing intimacy! George blushed, if his mother did not.

Yet he took the letter. He read it, then put it down, and walked to the window to look at a crowd of birds that had been collecting around a plate of food he had just put out upon the snow.

«Well, will you go?» said his mother.

«If you particularly wish it,» he said, after a pause, in an embarrassed voice.

Lady Tressady's dimples were in full play as she settled herself into her seat and began to gather a supply of provisions. But as he returned to his place, and she glanced at him, she saw that he was not in a mood to be bantered, and understood that he was not going to let her force his confidence, however shrewdly she might guess at his affairs. So she controlled herself, and began to chatter about the Corfields and their party. He responded, and by the end of breakfast they were on much better terms than they had been for some weeks.

That morning, also, he wrote a check for her immediate necessities, which made her—for the time—a happy woman; and she overwhelmed him with grateful tears and embraces, which he did his best to bear.

Early in December he and she became the Corfields' guests. They found a large party collected, and Letty Sewell happily established as the spoiled child of the house. At the first touch of her hand, the first glance of her eyes, George's cloud dispersed.

«Why did you run away?» George asked her on the first possible occasion.

Letty laughed, fenced with the question for four days, during which George was never dull for a single instant, and then capitulated. She allowed him to propose to her, and was graciously pleased to accept him.

THE following week Tressady went down with Letty to her home at Helbeck. He found an invalid father, a remarkably foolish, inconsequent mother, and a younger sister, Elsie, on whom, as it seemed to him, the burdens of the house mainly rested.

The father, who was suffering from a slow but incurable disease, had the remains of much natural ability and acuteness. He was well content with Tressady as a son-in-law, though in the few interviews that Tressady was able to have with him on the question of settlements, the young man took pains to state his money affairs as carefully and modestly as possible. Letty was not often in her father's room, and Mr. Sewell treated her, when she did come, rather like an agreeable guest than a daughter. But he was evidently extremely proud of her,—as also was the mother,—and he would talk much to George, when his health allowed it, of her good looks and her social success.

With the younger sister Tressady did not find it easy to make friends.

She was plain, sickly, and rather silent. She seemed to have scientific tastes, and to be a great reader. And, so far as he could judge, the two sisters were not intimate.

«Don't hate me for taking her away,» he said, as he was bidding good-by to Elsie, and glancing over her shoulder at Letty on the stairs.

The girl's quiet eyes were crossed by a momentary look of amusement. Then she controlled herself, and said gently:

«We did n't expect to keep her! Good-by!»

IV.

«OH, Tully, look at my cloak! You 've let it fall! Hold my fan, please, and give me the opera-glasses.»

The speaker was Miss Sewell. She and an elderly lady were sitting side by side in the stalls, about half-way down St. James's Hall. The occasion was a popular concert, and, as Joachim was to play, every seat in the hall was rapidly filling up.

Letty rose as she asked for the opera-glasses, and scanned the crowds streaming in through the side doors.

«No—no signs of him! He must have been kept at the House, after all,» she said, with annoyance. «Really, Tully, I do think you might have got a program all this time! Why do you leave everything to me?»

«My dear,» said her companion, protesting, «you did n't tell me to.»

«Well, I don't see why I should *tell* you everything. Of course I want a program. Is that he? No! What a nuisance!»

«Sir George must have been detained,» murmured her companion, timidly.

«What a very original thing to say, was n't it, Tully?» remarked Miss Sewell, with sarcasm, as she sat down again.

The lady addressed was silent, instinctively waiting till Letty's nerves should have quieted down. She was a Miss Tulloch, a former governess of the Sewells, and now often employed by Letty, when she was in town, as a convenient chaperon. Letty was accustomed to stay with an aunt in Cavendish Square, an old lady who did not go out in the evenings. A chaperon, therefore, was indispensable,

and Maria Tulloch could always be had. She existed somewhere in West Kensington, on an income of seventy pounds a year. Letty took her freely to the opera and the theater, to concerts and galleries, and occasionally gave her a dress she did not want. Miss Tulloch clung to the connection as her only chance of relief from the boarding-house routine she detested, and was always abjectly ready to do as she was told. She saw nothing she was not meant to see, and she could be shaken off at a moment's notice. For the rest, she came of a stock of gentlefolk, and her invariable black dress, her bits of carefully treasured lace, the weak refinement of her face, and her timid manner, did no discredit to the brilliant creature beside her.

When the first number of the program was over, Letty got up once more, opera-glass in hand, to search among the late comers for her missing lover. She nodded to many acquaintances, but George Tressady was not to be seen; and she sat down finally in no mood either to listen or to enjoy, though the magician of the evening was already at work.

«There 's something very special, is n't there, you want to see Sir George about to-night?» Tully inquired, humbly, when the next pause occurred.

«Of course there is!» said Letty, crossly. «You do ask such foolish questions, Tully! If I don't see him to-night he may let that house in Brook street slip. There are several people after it, the agents told me.»

«And he thinks it too expensive?»

«Only because of *her*. If she makes him pay her that preposterous allowance, of course it will be too expensive. But I don't mean him to pay it.»

«Lady Tressady is terribly extravagant,» murmured Miss Tulloch.

«Well, so long as she is n't extravagant with his money—*our* money—I don't care a rap,» said Letty; «only she sha'n't spend all her own and all ours too, which is what she has been doing. When George was away he let her live at Ferth and spend almost all the income, except five hundred a year that he kept for himself. And *then* she got so shamefully into debt that he does n't know when he shall ever clear her. He gave her money at Christmas, and again, I am *sure*, just lately. Oh, no!» said Letty, sharply, drawing herself up; «it must be *stopped*. I don't know that I shall be able to do much till I 'm married, but I mean to make him take this house.»

«Is Lady Tressady nice to you? She is in town, is n't she?»

«Oh, yes, she 's in town. Nice?» said Letty, with a little laugh. «She can't bear me, of course; but we 're quite civil.»

«I thought she tried to bring it on?» said the confidante, anxious, above all things, to be sympathetic.

«Well, she brought him to the Corfields', and let me know she had. I don't know why she did it. I suppose she wanted to get something out of him. Ah, *there* he is!»

And Letty stood up, smiling and beckoning, while Tressady's tall, thin figure made its way along the central passage.

«Horrid House! What made you so late?» she said, as he sat down between her and Miss Tulloch.

George Tressady looked at her with delight. The shrewish contractions in the face, which had been very evident to Tully a few minutes before, had all disappeared, and the sharp, slight lines of it seemed to George the height of delicacy. At sight of him color and eyes had brightened. Yet at the same time there was not a trace of the raw girl about her. She knew very well that he had no taste for *ingénues*, and she was neither nervous nor sentimental in his company.

«Do you suppose I should have stayed a second longer than I was obliged?» he asked her, smiling, pressing her little hand under pretense of taking her program.

The first notes of a new Brahms quartet mounted, thin and sweet, into the air. The musical portion of the audience, having come for this particular morsel, prepared themselves eagerly for the tasting and trying of it. George and Letty tried to say a few things more to each other before yielding to the general silence, but an old gentleman in front turned upon them a face of such disdain and fury they must needs laugh and desist.

Not that George was unwilling. He was tired; and silence with Letty beside him was not only repose, but pleasure. Moreover, he derived a certain honest pleasure of a mixed sort from music. It suggested literary or pictorial ideas to him which stirred him, and gave him a sense of enjoyment. Now, as the playing flowed on, it called up delightful images in his brain: of woody places, of whirling forms, of quiet rivers, of thin trees Corot-like against the sky—scenes of pleading, of frolic, reproachful pain, dissolving joy. With it all mingled his own story, his own feeling; his pride of possession in this white creature touching him; his sense of youth, of opening life, of a crowded stage whereon his «cue» had just been given, his «call» sounded. He listened with eagerness, welcoming each fancy as it floated past, con-

scious of a grain of self-abandonment even—a rare mood with him. He was not absorbed in love by any means; the music suggested to him a hundred other kindling or enchanting things. Nevertheless it made it doubly pleasant to be there, with Letty beside him. He was quite satisfied with himself and her; quite certain that he had done everything for the best. All this the music in some way emphasized—made clear.

When it was over, and the applause was subsiding, Letty said in his ear, «Have you settled about the house?»

He smiled down upon her, not hearing what she said, but admiring her dress, its little complication and subtleties, the violets that perfumed every movement, the slim fingers holding the fan. Her mere ways of personal adornment were to him like pleasant talk. They surprised and amused him—stood between him and ennui.

She repeated her question.

A frown crossed his brow, and the face changed wholly.

«Ah!—it is so difficult to see one's way,» he said, with a little sigh of annoyance.

Letty played with her fan, and was silent.

«Do you so much prefer it to the others?» he asked her.

Letty looked up with astonishment.

«Why, it is a house!» she said, lifting her eyebrows; «and the others—»

«Hovels? Well, you are about right. The small London house is an abomination. Perhaps I can make them take less premium.»

Letty shook her head.

«It is not at all a dear house,» she said decidedly.

He still frowned, with the look of one recalled to an annoyance he had shaken off.

«Well, darling, if you wish it so much, that settles it. Promise to be still nice to me when we go through the Bankruptcy Court!»

«We will let lodgings, and I will do the waiting,» said Letty, just laying her hand lightly against his for an instant. «Just think! That house would draw like anything. Of course we will only take the eldest sons of peers. By the way, do you see Lord Fontenoy?»

They were in the middle of the «interval,» and almost every one about them, including Miss Tulloch, was standing up, talking or examining their neighbors.

George craned his neck round Miss Tulloch, and saw Fontenoy sitting beside a lady on the other side of the middle gangway.

«Who is the lady?» Letty inquired. «I saw her with him the other night at the Foreign Office.»

George smiled.

«*That*—if you want to know—is Fontenoy's story!»

«Oh, but tell me at once!» said Letty, imperiously. «But he has n't got a story, or a heart. He 's only stuffed with Blue Book.»

«So I thought till a few weeks ago. But I know a good deal more now about Master Fontenoy than I did.»

«But who is she?»

«She is a Mrs. Allison. Is n't that white hair beautiful? And her face—half saint—I always think; you might take her for a mother-abbess—and half princess. Did you ever see such diamonds?»

George pulled his mustaches and grinned as he looked across at Fontenoy.

«Tell me quick!» said Letty, tapping him on the arm. «Is she a widow—and is he going to marry her? Why did n't you tell me before? Why did n't you tell me at Malford?»

«Because I did n't know,» said George, laughing. «Oh, it 's a strange story—too long to tell now. She is a widow, but he is not going to marry her, apparently. She has a grown-up son, just gone to college, and thinks it is n't fair to him. If Fontenoy wants to introduce her, don't refuse. She is the mistress of Castle Luton, and has delightful parties. Yes—if I 'd known at Malford what I know now!»

And he laughed again, remembering Fontenoy's nocturnal incursion upon him, and its apparent object. Who would have imagined that the preacher of that occasion had ever given one serious thought to woman and woman's arts—least of all that he was the creation and slave of a woman!

Letty's curiosity was piqued, and she would have plied George with questions, but that she suddenly perceived that Fontenoy had risen and was coming across to them.

«Gracious!» she said; «here he comes. I can't think why; he does n't like me.»

Fontenoy, however, when he had made his way to them, greeted Miss Sewell with as much apparent cordiality as he showed to any one else. He had received George's news of the marriage with all decorum, and had since sent a handsome wedding-present to the bride elect. Letty, however, was never at ease with him, which, indeed, was the case with most women.

He stood beside the *fiancés* for a minute or two, exchanging a few commonplaces with Letty on the performers and the audience; then he turned to George with a change of look.

«No need for us to go back to-night, I think?»

«What—to the House? Dear, no! Grooby and Havershon may be trusted to drone the evening out, I should hope, with no trouble to anybody but themselves. The Government are just keeping a house, that 's all. Have you been grinding at your speech all day?»

Fontenoy shrugged his shoulders.

«I sha'n't get anything out that I want to say. Are you coming to the House on Friday, Miss Sewell?»

«Friday?» said Letty, looking puzzled.

George laughed.

«I told you. You must plead trousseau if you want to save yourself!»

Amusement shone in his blue eyes as they passed from Letty to Fontenoy. He had long ago discovered that Letty was incapable of any serious interest in his public life. It did not disturb him at all. But it tickled his sense of humor that Letty would have to talk politics all the same, and to talk them with people like Fontenoy.

«Oh, you mean your Resolution!» cried Letty. «Is n't it a Resolution? Yes, of course I 'm coming. It 's very absurd, for I don't know anything about it. But George says I must, and till I promise to obey, you see, I don't mind being obedient!»

Archness, however, was thrown away on Fontenoy. He stood beside her, awkward and irresponsive. Not being allowed to be womanish, she could only try once more to be political.

«It 's to be a great attack on Mr. Dowson, is n't it?» she asked him. «You and George are mad about some things he has been doing? He 's Home Secretary, is n't he? Yes, of *course!* And he 's been driving trade away, and tyrannizing over the manufacturers? I *wish* you 'd explain it to me! I ask George, and he tells me not to talk shop.»

«Oh, for goodness' sake,» groaned George, «let it alone! I came to meet you and hear Joachim. However, I may as well warn you, Letty, that I sha'n't have time to be married once Fontenoy's anti-Maxwell campaign begins, and it will go on till the Day of Judgment.»

«Why anti-Maxwell?» said Letty, puzzled. «I thought it was Mr. Dowson you are going to attack?»

George, a little vexed that she should require it, began to explain that as Maxwell was «only a miserable peer,» he could have nothing to do with the House of Commons, and that Dowson was the official mouthpiece of the Maxwell group and policy in the Lower House. «The hands were the hands of Esau,» etc. Letty meanwhile, conscious that she was not showing to advantage, flushed, began to play nervously with her fan, and wished that George would leave off.

Fontenoy did nothing to assist George's political lesson. He stood impassive, till suddenly he tried to look across his immediate neighbors, and then said, turning to Letty:

«The Maxwells, I see, are here to-night.» He nodded toward a group on the left, some two or three benches behind them. «You 've seen her, have n't you, Miss Sewell?»

«Oh, yes, *often!*» said Letty, annoyed by the question, standing, however, eagerly on tiptoe. «I know her, too, a little; but she never remembers me. She was at the Foreign Office on Saturday, with such a *hideous* dress on—it spoiled her completely.»

«Hideous!» said Fontenoy, with a puzzled look. «Some artist—I forget who—came and raved to me about it; said it was like some Florentine picture—I forget what—don't think I ever heard of it.»

Letty looked contemptuous. Her expression said that in this matter, at any rate, she knew what she was talking about. Nevertheless her eyes followed the dark head Fontenoy had pointed out to her.

Lady Maxwell was at the moment the center of a large group of people, mostly men, all of whom seemed to be eager to get a word with her; and she was talking with great animation, appealing from time to time to a tall, broad-shouldered gentleman, with grayish hair, who stood, smiling and silent, at the edge of the group. Letty noticed that many glasses from the balcony were directed to this particular knot of persons; that everybody near them, or rather every woman, was watching Lady Maxwell, or trying to get a better view of her. The girl felt a secret pang of envy and dislike.

The figure of a well-known accompanist appeared suddenly at the head of the staircase leading from the artists' room. The interval was over, and the audience began to subside into attention.

Fontenoy bowed and took his leave.

«You see, he *did n't* introduce me,» said Letty, not without chagrin, as she settled down. «And how plain he is! I think him uglier every time I see him.»

George made a vague sound of assent, but did not really agree with her in the least. Fontenoy's air of overwork was more decided than ever; his eyes had almost sunk out of sight; the complexion of his broad, strong face had reddened and coarsened from lack of exercise and sleep; his brown hair was thinning and grizzling fast. Nevertheless a man saw much to admire in the ungainly head

and long-limbed frame, and did not think any the better of a woman's intelligence for failing to perceive it.

After the concert, as George and Letty stood together in the crowded vestibule, he said to her, with a smile:

«So I take that house?»

«If you want to do anything disagreeable,» she retorted quickly, «don't *ask* me. Do it, and then wait till I am good-tempered again!»

«What a tempting prospect! Do you know that when you put on that particular hood, I would take Buckingham Palace to please you? Do you know also that my mother will think us very extravagant?»

«Ah, we can't all be economical!» said Letty.

He saw the little toss of the head and sharpening of the lips. They only amused him. Though he had never, so far, discussed his mother and her affairs with Letty in any detail, he understood perfectly well that her feeling about this particular house in some way concerned his mother, and that Letty and Lady Tressady were rapidly coming to dislike each other. Well, why should Letty pretend? He liked her the better for not pretending.

There was a movement in the crowd about them, and Letty, looking up, suddenly found herself close to a tall lady whose dark eyes were bent upon her.

«How do you do, Miss Sewell?»

Letty, a little fluttered, gave her hand and replied. Lady Maxwell glanced across her at the tall young man with the fair, irregular face. George bowed involuntarily, and she slightly responded. Then she was swept on by her own party.

«Have you sent for your carriage?» George heard some one say to her.

«No; I am going home in a hansom. I 've tired out both the horses to-day. Aldous is going down to the club to see if he can hear anything about Devizes.»

«Oh! the election?»

She nodded, then caught sight of her husband at the door beckoning, and hurried on.

«What a head!» said George, looking after her with admiration.

«Yes,» said Letty, unwillingly. «It 's the hair that 's so splendid—the long black waves of it. How ridiculous to talk of tiring out her horses—that 's just like her! As though she might n't have fifty horses if she liked! Oh, George, there 's our man! Quick, Tully!»

They made their way out. In the press George put his arm half round Letty, shielding her. The touch of her light form, the nearness of her delicate face, enchanted him. When their carriage had rolled away, and he turned homeward along Piccadilly, he walked absently for a time, conscious only of pulsing pleasure.

It was a mild February night. After a long frost and a grudging thaw, westerly winds were setting in, and spring could be foreseen. It had been pouring with rain during the concert, but was now fair, the rushing clouds leaving behind them, as they passed, great torn spaces of blue, where the stars shone.

Gusts of warm, moist air swept through the street. As George's moment of intoxication gradually subsided, he felt the physical charm of the soft buffeting wind. How good seemed all living—youth and capacity, this roaring multitudinous London, the future with its chances! This common pleasant chance of marriage amongst them—he was glad he had put out his hand to it. His wife that was to be was no saint and no philosopher. He thanked the fates! He at least asked for neither—on the hearth. «Praise, blame, love, kisses»—for all of those life with Letty would give scope; yet for none of them in excess. There would be plenty of room left for other things, other passions—the passion of political power, for instance; the art of dealing with and commanding other men. He, the novice, the beginner, to talk of «commanding»! Yet already he felt his foot upon the ladder. Fontenoy consulted him and confided in him more and more. In spite of his engagement he was informing himself rapidly on a hundred questions, and the mental wrestle of every day was exhilarating. Their small group in the House, compact, tireless, audacious, was growing in importance and in the attention it extorted from the public. This attack upon Dowson—upon a meddling and tyrannical Home Office—would give them their first great chance. The «season» and «dangerous» trades harassed by the administrative energy of the Government had rallied to Fontenoy's support with loud alarums and lamentations. A certain number of Liberals, especially an active and Whiggish group of manufacturers, were likely to vote with him; while the socialist Labor party, who just at the moment were on bad terms with the Government, could not be trusted. The attack and defense would probably take two nights; for the Government, admitting the gravity of the assault, had agreed, in case the debate should not be concluded on Friday, to give up Monday to it. Altogether the affair would make a noise. George would probably get in his maiden speech on the second night, and was, in truth, devoting a great deal of his mind

to the prospect, though to Letty he had persistently laughed at it and belittled it, refusing altogether to let her come and hear him.

Then, after Easter, would come Maxwell's bill, and the fat in the fire! Poor little Letty!—she would get but few of the bridal observances due to her when *that* struggle began. But first would come Easter and their wedding; that one short fortnight, when he would carry her off—soft, willing prey—to the country, draw a «wind-warm space» about himself and her, and minister to all her whims.

He turned down St. James's street, passed Marlborough House, and entered the Mall, on the way to Warwick Square, where he was living with his mother.

Suddenly he became aware of a crowd, immediately in front of him, in the direction of Buckingham Palace. A hansom and horse were standing in the roadway; the driver, crimson and hatless, was bandying words with one of the policemen, who had his note-book open, and from the middle of the crowd came a sound of wailing.

He walked up to the edge of the circle.

«Anybody hurt?» he said to the policeman as the man shut his note-book.

«Little girl run over, sir.»

«Can I be of any assistance? Is there an ambulance coming?»

«No, sir. There was a lady in the hansom. She 's just now bandaging the child's leg, and says she 'll take it to the hospital.»

George mounted on one of the seats under the trees that stood handy, and looked over the heads of the crowd to the space in the center which the other policeman was keeping clear. A little girl lay on the ground, or rather on a heap of coats; another girl, apparently about sixteen, stood near her, crying bitterly; and a lady—

«Goodness!» said Tressady; and, jumping down, he touched the policeman on the shoulder.

«Can you get me through? I think I could be some help. That lady»—he spoke a word in the policeman's ear.

The man touched his hat.

«Stand back, please,» he said, addressing the crowd, «and let this gentleman through.»

The crowd divided unwillingly. But at the same moment it parted from the inside, and a little procession came through, both policemen joining their energies to make a free passage for it. In front walked the policeman carrying the little girl, a child apparently about twelve years old. Her right foot lay stiffly across his arm, held straight and still in an impromptu splint of umbrellas and handkerchiefs. Immediately behind him came the lady whom George had caught sight of, holding the other girl's hand in hers. She was bareheaded and in evening dress. Her opera-cloak, with its heavy sable collar, showed beneath it a dress of some light-colored satin, which had already suffered deplorably from the puddles of the road; and as she neared the lamp beneath which the cab had stopped, the diamonds on her wrists sparkled in the light. During her passage through the crowd, George perceived that one or two people recognized her, and that a murmur ran from mouth to mouth.

Of anything of the sort she herself was totally unconscious. George saw at once that she, not the policeman, was in command. She gave him directions, as they approached the cab, in a quick, imperative voice which left no room for hesitation.

«The driver is drunk,» he heard her say; «who will drive?»

«One of us will drive, ma'am.»

«What—the other man? Ask him to take the reins at once, please, before I get in. The horse is fresh, and might start. That 's right. Now, when I say the word, give me the child.»

She settled herself in the cab. George saw the policeman somewhat embarrassed for a moment with his burden. He came forward to his help, and between them they handed in the child, placing her carefully on her protector's knee.

Then, standing at the open door of the cab, George raised his hat. «Can I be of any further assistance to you, Lady Maxwell? I saw you just now at the concert.»

She turned in some astonishment as she heard her name, and looked at the speaker. Then, very quickly, she seemed to understand.

«I don't know,» she said, pondering. «Yes, you could help me. I am going to take the child to hospital. But there is this other girl. Could you take her home?—she is very much upset. No! first, could you bring her after me to St. George's? She wants to see where we put her sister.»

«I will call another cab, and be there as soon as you.»

«Thank you. Just let me speak to the sister a moment, please.»

He put the weeping girl forward, and Lady Maxwell bent across the burden on her knee to say a few words to her—soft, quick words in another voice. The girl understood; her face cleared a little, and she let Tressady take charge of her.

One of the policemen mounted the box of the hansom, amid the «chaff» of the crowd, and the cab started. A few hats were raised in George's neighborhood, and there was something of a cheer.

«I tell yer,» said a voice, «I knowed her fust sight—seed her picture lots o' times in the papers, and in the winders, too. My word, ain't she good-lookin'! And did yer see all them diamonds?»

«Come along!» said George, impatiently, hurrying his charge into the four-wheeler the other policeman had just stopped for them.

In a few more seconds, he, the girl, and the policeman were pursuing Lady Maxwell's hansom at the best speed of an indifferent horse. George tried to say a few consoling things to his neighbor, and the girl, reassured by his kind manner, found her tongue, and began to chatter in a tearful voice about the how and when of the accident; about the elder sister in a lodging in Crawford street, Tottenham Court Road, whom she and the little one had been visiting; the grandmother in Westminster with whom they lived; poor Lizzie's place in a laundry, which now she must lose; how the lady had begged handkerchiefs and umbrellas from the crowd to tie up Lizzie's leg with—and so on through a number of other details incoherent or plaintive.

George heard her absently. His mind all the time was absorbed in the dramatic or ironic aspects of what he had just seen. For dramatic they were—though perhaps a little cheap. Could he, could any one, have made acquaintance with this particular woman in more characteristic fashion? He laughed to think how he would tell the story to Fontenoy. The beautiful creature in her diamonds, kneeling on her satin dress in the mud, to bind up a little laundry-maid's leg—it was so extravagantly in keeping with Marcella Maxwell that it amused one like an overdone coincidence in a clumsy play.

What made her so beautiful? The face had marked defects; but in color, expression, subtlety of line—incomparable! On the other hand, the manner—no!—he shrugged his shoulders. The remembrance of its mannish—or should it be, rather, boyish?—energy and assurance somehow set him on edge.

In the end, they were not much behind the hansom, for the hospital porter was only just in the act of taking the injured child from Lady Maxwell as Tressady dismounted and went forward again to see what he could do.

But, somewhat to his chagrin, he was not wanted. Lady Maxwell and the porter did everything. As they went into the hospital George caught a few of the things she was saying to the porter as she supported the child's leg. She spoke in a rapid, professional way, and the man answered, as the policeman had done, with a deference and understanding which were clearly not due only to her «grand air» and her evening dress. George was puzzled.

He and the elder sister followed her into the waiting-room. The house surgeon and a nurse were summoned, and the injured leg was put into a splint there and then. The patient moaned and cried most of the time, and Tressady had hard work to keep the sister quiet. Then nurse and doctor lifted the child.

«They are going to put her to bed,» said Lady Maxwell, turning to George. «I am going up with them. Would you kindly wait? The sister»—she dropped her business tone, and, smiling, touched the elder girl on the arm—«can come up when the little one is undressed.»

The little procession swept away, and George was left with his charge. As soon as the small sister was out of sight the elder one began to chatter again out of sheer excitement, crying at intervals. George did not heed her much. He walked up and down with his hands in his pockets, conscious of a curious irritability. He did not think a woman should take a strange man's service quite so coolly.

At the end of another quarter of an hour a nurse appeared to summon the sister. Tressady was told he might come too if he would, and his charge threw him a quick, timid look, as though asking him not to desert her in this unknown and formidable place. So they followed the nurse up white stone stairs, and through half-lit corridors, where all was silent, save that once a sound of delirious shrieking and talking reached them through a closed door, and made the sister's consumptive little face turn whiter still.

At last the nurse, putting her finger on her lip, turned a handle, and George was conscious of a sudden feeling of pleasure.

They were standing on the threshold of a children's ward. On either hand was a range of beds, bluish-white between the yellow picture-covered walls and the middle way of spotless floor. Far away, at the other end, a great fire glowed. On a bare table in the center, laden with bottles and various surgical necessaries, stood a shaded lamp, and beside it the chair where the night nurse had been sitting. In the beds were sleeping children of various ages, some burrowing

face downward, animal-like, into their pillows; others lying on their backs, painfully straight and still. The air was warm, yet light, and there was the inevitable smell of antiseptics. Something in the fire-lit space and comfort of the great room, its ordered lines and colors, the gentleness of the shaded light as contrasted with the dim figures in the beds, seemed to make a poem of it—a poem of human tenderness.

Two or three beds away to the right, Lady Maxwell was standing with the night nurse of the ward. The little girl had been undressed, and was lying quiet, with a drawn, piteous face that turned eagerly as her sister came in. The whole scene was new and touching to Tressady. Yet, after the first impression, his attention was perforce held by Lady Maxwell, and he saw the rest only in relation to her. She had slipped off her heavy cloak, in order, perhaps, that she might help in the undressing of the child. Beneath she wore a little shawl or cape of some delicate lace over her low dress. The dress itself was of a pale shade of green; the mire and mud with which it was bedabbled no longer showed in the half light, and the satin folds glistened dimly as she moved. The poetic dignity of the head, so finely wreathed with its black hair, of the full throat and falling shoulders, received a sort of special emphasis from the wide spaces, the pale colors and level lines of the ward. Tressady was conscious again of the dramatic, significant note as he watched her, yet without any softening of his nascent feeling of antagonism.

She turned and beckoned to the sister as they entered.

«Come and see how comfortable she is! And then you must give this lady your name and address.»

The girl timidly approached. While she was occupied with her sister and with the nurse, Lady Maxwell suddenly looked round, and saw Tressady standing by the table a yard or two from her.

A momentary expression of astonishment crossed her face. He saw that, in her absorption with the case and the two sisters, she had clean forgotten all about him. But in a flash she remembered and smiled.

«So you are really going to take her home? That is very kind of you. It will make all the difference to the grandmother that somebody should go and explain. You see, they leave her in the splint for the night, and to-morrow they will put the leg in plaster. Probably they won't keep her in hospital more than about three weeks, for they are very full.»

«You seem to know all about it!»

«I was a nurse myself once, for a time,» she said, but with a certain stiffness which seemed to mark the transition from the professional to the great lady.

«Ah! I should have remembered that. I had heard it from Edward Watton.»

She looked up quickly. He felt that for the first time she took notice of him as an individual.

«You know Mr. Watton? I think you are Sir George Tressady, are you not? You got in for Market Malford in November? I recollect. I did n't like your speeches.»

She laughed. So did he.

«Yes, I got in just in time for a fighting session.»

Her laugh disappeared.

«An odious fight!» she said gravely.

«I am not so sure. That depends on whether you like fighting, and how certain you are of your cause!»

She hesitated a moment, then she said:

«How can Lord Fontenoy be certain of his cause!»

The slight note of scorn roused him.

«Is n't that what all parties say of their opponents?»

She glanced at him again curiously. He was evidently quite young—younger than herself, she guessed. But his careless ease and experience of bearing, contrasted with his thin boy's figure, attracted her. Her lip softened reluctantly into a smile.

«Perhaps,» she said. «Only sometimes, you know, it must be true! Well, evidently we can't discuss it here at one o'clock in the morning—and there is the nurse making signs to me. It is really very good of you. If you are in our neighborhood on Sunday, will you report?»

«Certainly—with the greatest pleasure. I will come and give you a full account of my mission.»

She held out a slim hand. The sister, red-eyed with crying, was handed over to him, and he and she were soon in a cab speeding toward the Westminster mews, whither she directed him.

Well, was Maxwell to be so greatly envied? Tressady was not sure. Such a woman, he thought, for all her beauty, would not have greatly stirred his own pulses.

(To be continued.)

Mary A. Ward.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

NAPOLEON THE WAR LORD.

TRAFALGAR—AUSTERLITZ—THE NEW MAP OF EUROPE—THE BUSINESS OF EMPEROR.

DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN.

NAPOLEON IN PETIT COSTUME OF THE EMPEROR.

TRAFALGAR.

THE fantastic movements of the French fleet, whereby Napoleon intended to give an air of verisimilitude to his grand feint against England, and perhaps to make invasion actually possible, had resulted, as will be recalled, in a partial fiasco. Villeneuve consumed so much time in recrossing the Atlantic that Nelson's cruiser brought word to London of the French admiral's return in time for Lord Barham, head of the English admiralty, to raise the blockade of Rochefort and reinforce Calder's squadron off Ferrol with Cornwallis's five ships, for the purpose of enabling the former to intercept Villeneuve, should he attempt to enter the Channel. The meeting occurred off Finisterre on July 22, 1805. It was indecisive in the sense that the allied French and Spanish fleets were not annihilated; but it thwarted Napoleon, inasmuch as Villeneuve was compelled to retreat toward Cadiz. In spite of this result, England was by no means sure of her naval superiority. The French had fought bravely at the battle of the Nile; Nelson, though not exactly outwitted in the chase to the West Indies and back, had failed to catch his opponent; Villeneuve had again escaped without serious loss. In the administration of the admiralty there had been great slackness, except during Barham's short term; and it is now generally agreed that the navy was not highly efficient. Every official except Admiral Collingwood was totally in the dark as to the enemy's plans, and even he was correct only in one surmise, the firm belief that Villeneuve would return at once from the West Indies; he was wrong in his conviction that Ireland was Napoleon's mark. The united French and Spanish fleets made a fine appearance in the accounts which reached the admiralty, and the activity of the French dockyards was alarming. England's naval ascendancy appeared to the English to be seriously jeopardized.

Villeneuve and his subordinates were apparently the only ones who positively knew that the show made by the allied fleets was deceptive. They complained bitterly of the deficiencies in the equipment of both. They had good cause to do so, and that Napoleon was not altogether unaware of it is sufficiently proved by Villeneuve's being retained in command, and by the fact that some one less despondent was not put in his place. In justice to the French admiral it should be remembered that after his return from the West Indies he displayed great ability. It was a series of masterly movements in which he withdrew from before Calder, and, entering Ferrol, sailed thence on August 13 with his own and the ships he found there. For nearly a week he sought to beat up against a storm and enter the Channel. Finally, on the 20th he was informed by a Danish merchantman that three English ships then in sight were the advance-guard of a fleet of twenty-five. This, together with the bad condition of many of his ill-equipped craft, which were much damaged by the gale, constituted, to his mind, the unforeseen casualty before which, according to the Emperor's alternative orders, he should make for Cadiz. Accordingly he ran for that harbor, and entered it the same evening with thirty-five ships. Collingwood drew off his little blockading squadron, but immediately returned to hover before

FROM THE PAINTING BY LEMUEL F. ABBOTT, IN THE ENGLISH NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

HORATIO, VISCOUNT NELSON, ADMIRAL OF THE BRITISH FLEET AT TRAFALGAR.

the port. For the moment he was not strong enough to do more, but reinforcements were already on their way from England. Villeneuve remained at anchor. On September 25 he received orders which had been issued on the 14th to weigh anchor, pass through the Strait of Gibraltar, take up the ships lying at Cartagena, and proceed to Naples, in order to coöperate with the army under Saint-Cyr. He was to engage the enemy wherever found. The wretched admiral was in despair; for lack of stores he had been unable to improve his equipment during the interval of inaction, and the number of his ships was an embarrassment rather than a source of strength. He prepared to obey, but sent home a remonstrance. In the mean time, however,—in fact, on the very heels of his first order,—Napo-

leon had despatched Rosily to supersede Villeneuve, who was evidently destined for a scapegoat, since he was to return immediately to Paris and answer charges preferred by Napoleon himself. The news outran Rosily's speed. Villeneuve, hearing of the disgrace which had overtaken him, hastened his preparations, and sailed on October 19 with thirty-three ships of the line, five frigates, and two brigs. It is easy to see what a tremendous effect the presence of such a naval power in the Mediterranean would have had upon the grand campaign Napoleon had arranged against Austria.

Meantime repeated reinforcements from England had reached the blockading fleet, and in the last days of September seven more ships of the line arrived, raising the total number to thirty-three. On the 28th Nelson himself came to take command, Collingwood remaining as second. What the former was to British sailors need not again be told: his very name was worth a second fleet. He hoped for nothing short of absolutely annihilating the naval power of the allies. But he was compelled to send his vessels to Gibraltar for water in detachments, and consequently had only twenty-seven present and available when called on to fight. These were disposed southwestwardly from Cadiz toward Cape Spartel, the main body being fifty miles away when Villeneuve sailed, believing that there were only twenty confronting him. On October 10 Nelson had already published to his fleet the plan of the coming battle, with orders similar in kind and quite as brilliant as those of Napoleon before reaching Ulm. In order not to terrify his enemy he hovered at a long distance from the shore. On the 20th he advanced toward the northwest, having learned from his frigates, which had been watching Cadiz, that the allies had started. Next morning at daybreak his own watch descried the enemy sailing southeasterly, and far beyond, low on the horizon, the downs which line the bay north of Cape Trafalgar. The French fleet, simultaneously descrying the English, at once turned northward so as to be ready for retreat toward Cadiz; and Villeneuve, skilful but ever despondent, drew up his ships for battle in a disposition which, on the whole, was admirable: two long lines parallel with the shore, those of the rear covering the spaces between those of the first, so as to make the whole virtually a single compact curved line, concave toward the enemy, and therefore prepared to deliver a cross-fire.

It was a bright morning, with a light westerly breeze, but a heavy ocean swell, as the British, with the advantage of the wind, slowly advanced in two columns, one led by Nelson in the *Victory*, the other by Collingwood in the *Royal Sovereign*. All was silent when at the appointed moment the famous signal fluttered from the flag-ship, «England expects every man to do his duty.» Responsive cheers burst from ship after ship, and the French admiral murmured, «All is lost!» Nelson had given a stirring order: «In case signals cannot be seen or clearly understood, no captain can do wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy.» Villeneuve's was scarcely less so: «Any captain not under fire is not at his post, and a signal to recall him would be a disgrace.» It was a splendid audacity on Nelson's part which, fearing lest the light wind might make an engagement impossible, offered each of his ships in two attacking columns, one after the other, to the fire of a whole fleet. Collingwood's line—the southern—came into action first, just at noon, and broke through the enemy's ranks, as was expected; but although this was by prearrangement with Nelson, yet the *Royal Sovereign*, having outsailed her consorts, went too far, and was isolated for twenty minutes, being exposed to the fire of all the enemy's ships which could reach her, and was nearly lost before she could manœuver or aid could reach her. Instead of furling his sails, Collingwood had cut his sheets, and the flapping canvas could not be put into use.

The *Victory* hastened on against the *Bucentaure*, which carried the standard of Villeneuve, as fast as the treacherous breeze would permit, and in turn attacked on the north. She too was in advance of her consorts, and was riddled before they could come to her relief. For a time the *Redoutable* withstood the onset both of the *Victory* and the next in line; but three more British vessels coming up, the five finally broke through, capturing the *Bucentaure*, the *Redoutable*, and the *Santissima Trinidad*, which had so gallantly opposed them. Both the English flag-ships were saved in the end, but the fighting was terrific on both sides. To the over-confidence of the British was opposed a dull timidity in their opponents, and in the end this began to tell. The allied van failed to use their guns with either rapidity or precision, while their inner line drifted away to leeward and was enveloped by the enemy. In a few hours they were scattered, and about four o'clock were at the mercy of their foes. Of the whole armada only eleven ships—five French and six Spanish—finally escaped.

About half-past one Nelson received a mortal wound from the maintop of the *Redoutable*, but lived to hear the news of victory. His last order was for the ships to anchor for safety against a storm which was evidently approaching. He was a victim to his own system, which subordinated caution and every other idea to the single one of success. His men loved him just as Napoleon's did, and fought desperately for his approval. Like his great contemporary, he was a master of his own profession, and to an extent equaled by no other admiral of Great Britain. He was still in his prime, and in many minds his loss offset the victory.

That night the storm broke with violence. It continued throughout the 23d, and three of the eleven vessels which had escaped under Admiral Gravina were dashed to pieces on the shore; all but four of the English prizes were wrecked, and of Villeneuve's proud squadron only eight were left. He himself survived as a prisoner, and the following spring was released on parole. Early in April he landed at Morlaix, and, proceeding to Rennes, forwarded thence a letter asking for an opportunity to plead his cause before the Emperor. What the reply was is not known, but on the 22d he was found dead in his room, stabbed in several places, the knife embedded in the last wound. The reproaches Napoleon had heaped upon him must have been in the main undeserved, for he was never degraded; but they broke his spirit, and he doubtless committed suicide. It was long believed that he had been killed by one of his own officers, Magendie, captain of the *Bucentaure*, lest he should make disclosures disgraceful to the fleet and to the Emperor. Captain Wright, who commanded the English ship in which Georges Cadoudal the Chouan and other Bourbon conspirators had landed at Biville, had been thrown on French shores from a wreck, and taken prisoner. In October, 1805, he, like Pichegru, was found dead in his cell. The circumstances were equally theatrical and damning. He was lying with his throat cut, and near at hand was a razor and a copy of the "Moniteur" containing the news of Ulm. The Parisians murmured under their breath that this Bonaparte was indeed unfortunate, as all his enemies died in his hands. Later, however, the most convincing testimony proved Magendie's innocence, and there is little evidence that Fouché or any of his agents were concerned in the deaths of Pichegru and Wright. It is nevertheless possible, and suspicion will never entirely disappear, for the coincidences are startling.

The effect of Trafalgar in England was enormous. No doubt of her superiority on the seas could now remain, for the navies of her foes were wiped out. She was freed from the fear of invasion, and, in spite of the tremendous subsidies paid on the Continent, might hope for a revival of industry and trade. Napoleon's career was one long, thick shadow which hung menacingly over English life. The victory of Trafalgar was a great rift in the cloud. Consequently a disproportionate importance has always been assigned by her people and her historians to this battle, which, although it ended French maritime aggressions for the duration of the war, in reality changed but little the eventual course of affairs by land, and in no way interfered with Napoleon's operations for the moment. It did not necessitate, as has been claimed, the notorious Continental system, for that system was already in existence; it merely hastened the effort to enforce it rigorously enough to lame England by attacking her commerce. Her naval supremacy had been from the beginning a factor in determining French policy; it became after Trafalgar the most powerful element in molding Napoleon's policy, though it was not the only one. The Continental allies of England, while of course they rejoiced, felt that, after all, the effects of Nelson's victory were remote. For the moment Austria and Russia were engaged in a struggle which even Trafalgar did not influence to their advantage. Napoleon's simple but characteristic remark on receiving the news was, «I cannot be everywhere.» He began at once the reconstruction of a navy for the purpose of destroying commerce, but he never again assigned it any other share in his plans. In France there was a stunned feeling, but it quickly passed away under the influence of another event which marked nearly the highest point ever reached by the imperial power. The one noticeable result of Trafalgar was the quick dejection it produced in Napoleon's grand army; this was symptomatic of an evil still in its initiatory stages, which, though easily cured for the moment, became in a short time periodic, and finally fatal.

To trace any connection between the annihilation of Napoleon's sea power and his European campaign is impossible. He was almost immediately confronted by a new foe, but there is no link between the two facts.

While the French had been crossing from the valley of the Rhine into that of the Danube, the Emperor had treated the minor German states with scant courtesy, using their

FROM THE STEEL-ENGRAVING, BY W. MILLER, OF THE PAINTING BY CLARKSON STANFIELD, IN THE UNITED SERVICE CLUB.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

territories as those of either conquered people or dependent allies. This ruthless treatment did not, however, awaken a spirit of resentment among them. But Prussia, still considering herself a great power, grew furious when Bernadotte rashly violated her neutrality and marched over her lands at Ansbach. The Czar, who had already directed his troops toward the Prussian frontier in order to coerce Frederick William into joining the coalition, and intended, if necessary, to violate Prussian neutrality as Napoleon had done, appeared in Berlin about the middle of October. The court party, headed by Queen Louisa, sympathized with the coalition, used the French ruthlessness to arouse public opinion in its favor, and, aided by Alexander's presence, soon gained a temporary victory in the treaty of Potsdam with Russia, signed November 3, which virtually ended the policy of neutrality so carefully cherished for ten years by Frederick William, and in the pursuit of which Prussia had lost her vigor and her political importance. The wavering king finally bound himself to armed mediation, to put his army on a war footing, and then either to secure from the Emperor of the French the liberties of Naples, Holland, and Switzerland, with the separation of the crown of Italy from that of France, and an indemnification for the King of Sardinia, or else to enter the coalition with 180,000 men. The Russian troops might occupy or cross Prussian territory whenever needful. It was believed that the necessary negotiations with Napoleon would turn one way or the other by the middle of December. Shortly afterward the two monarchs, who had wrought themselves into an exalted fervor, swore eternal friendship over the tomb of Frederick the Great. The scene appears, in the light of later events, to have had a mystic character for both parties. They had seen the letter of the treaties made at Lunéville and Amiens utterly disregarded; they felt that the treaty just signed was more profoundly significant than its language indicated. Their dramatic oath initiated a policy of secret dealing in everything pertaining to the imperial usurper who had defied all Europe, and with whom no faith in any literal sense could be kept. This feeling among the divine-right monarchs, though at times kept under by necessity, is recurrent and determinative to the end of Napoleon's career. There was some momentary compensation to the Emperor of the French for the serious blow he had received by the new alliance in the fact that he could now openly consolidate his power in western and southern Germany, relying on the interested friendship of the three electors who had gained so much by the enactment of the imperial delegates, so called, in 1803—those, namely, of Baden, Würtemberg, and Bavaria. The grateful Elector of Bavaria personally thanked Napoleon for his condescension, and again occupied Munich, from which the Austrians had driven him. His visit was short, for Napoleon was in haste; in fact, his position was critical. As to the immediate future, Russia and Austria were in front, and if he should give unsatisfactory answers to the envoy from Berlin, Prussia would be in his rear. All depended, therefore, on a quick and decisive struggle with the two allied empires.

During his advance to Vienna, Napoleon, without a single conflict which might justly be called a pitched battle, had manœuvered both Austrians and Russians out of his way. By serious inadvertence he had suffered the division of Mortier, left isolated on the left bank of the Danube, to be annihilated at Dürrenstein; and through Murat's vainglorious stubbornness, Kutusoff had escaped with the Russian contingent. Nevertheless, as we have seen, the main French army had, by the most amazing marches, reached Vienna on November 14, and the same day Napoleon had established his headquarters in the neighboring palace of Francis at Schönbrunn. Murat was hurrying forward with his cavalry, and the divisions of Suchet and Lannes were close on the heels of Murat. If these should attack one Russian flank while a second army turned the other, Kutusoff's force could be dispersed. But two important duties demanded immediate attention. In all this long eastward march from the sea to Vienna, the Emperor would not listen to questions of commissariat. The season was propitious: there were potatoes in the fields and forage in abundance, so that the troops had been quite able to live by their own exertions. To do so, however, they were scattered over a wide territory; now the season was already late, and the troops must be gathered in to strike. It was consequently essential that regular provision-trains be organized and supplied. Both these tasks were pursued with untiring zeal. «They say I have more talent than some others,» Napoleon wrote to Marmont on November 15, «and yet to defeat an enemy whom I am accustomed to beat I feel I can never have enough troops. I am calling in all I can unite.»

Murat pushed onward after the retreating Russians, and in spite of their tremendous marches overtook them on the 15th. Kutusoff's men were so weary that they could pro-

FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN-LOUIS-ANDRÉ-THÉODORE GÉRICAULT, IN THE LOUVRE. ENGRAVED BY H. HAIDER.

A CARBINEER.

ceed no farther without a rest, and from Schrattenthal he sent back a subordinate, Bagration, to Hollabrunn, with 6000 of the freshest troops, to check the French advance, if possible. Believing the main army of Kutusoff to be before him, and having only Lannes with his own cavalry, since Suchet had not arrived, the French leader felt unable to engage. He determined, therefore, to gain time for reinforcements to come in, and to try with the Russians the same unscrupulous game which had succeeded in Vienna with the Austrians. Accordingly he despatched a messenger under a flag of truce with the statement, purely fictitious, though speciously based on certain irrelevant facts, that negotiations had been opened for a general armistice. Kutusoff was as sly as his foe, and, pretending to be familiar with the details of the falsehood, heartily entered into a proposition to negotiate, using the time thus gained to prepare his further retreat. A paper was duly drawn up, signed, and sent to Napoleon at Schönbrunn, where the messenger arrived on the 16th. The Emperor, seeing how Murat had been outwitted, immediately sent off an adjutant to him with peremptory orders to attack at once. When the messenger arrived at Hollabrunn, Soult had come in with three divisions, but Kutusoff with his army was far away on the highroad to Znaim. Murat fought bravely, but Bagration's vastly inferior force resisted with equal stubbornness until eleven at night, when, their purpose of gaining time having been accomplished, the decimated ranks formed in column, broke through the French troops who had turned their rear, and followed the main army. Napoleon had by this time come up to take charge in person, but it was too late. The Russian army had eluded him. Murat, by delaying to attack, had «destroyed the fruits of a campaign.» Near Brünn, Kutusoff met the Vienna garrison, and at Wischau the united force of 45,000 men joined the first detachment, 14,000 strong, of a second Russian army which was advancing under Buxhöwden. The second detachment of this army, 10,000 strong, was found next day (November 20) at Prossnitz. The great fortress of Olmütz was just beyond, with a garrison of about 15,000; Alexander had arrived with his imperial guard; and Bennigsen, one of Paul's assassins, who had been preferred to high command by Alexander, was already marching from Breslau with another army of 45,000. The Archduke Ferdinand was in Bohemia with an Austrian corps to guard the right, and the Archduke Charles was on his way to Vienna with the Austrian army from Italy—the two together about 80,000 strong.

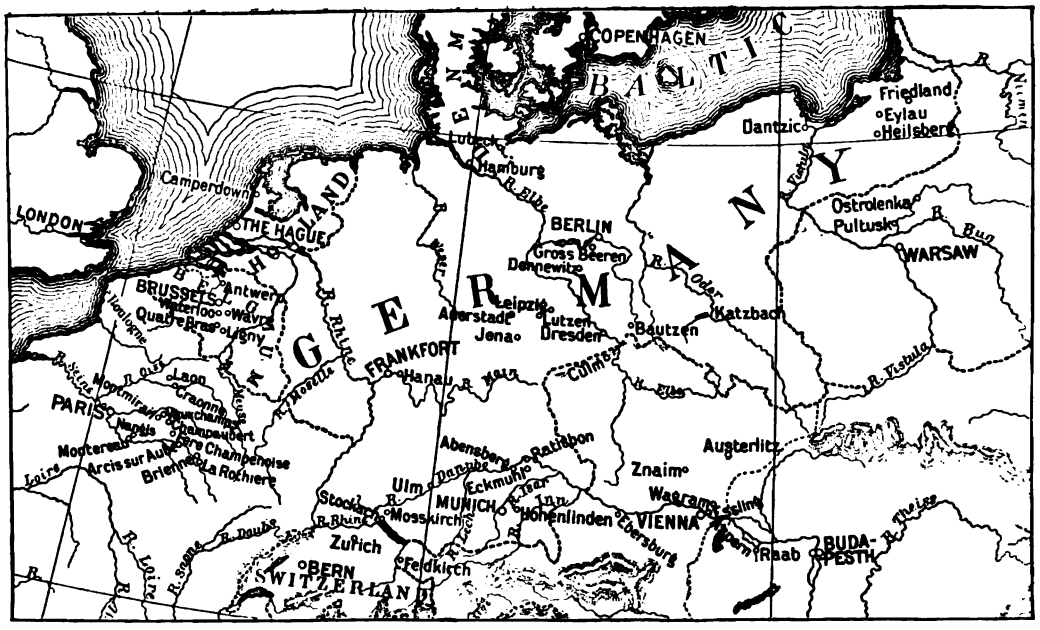
AUSTERLITZ.

At first sight it appears as if the force opposed to Napoleon was much greater than his own, and as if by his haste to succor Murat he had marched so rashly as both to endanger his communications and render dubious the coördination of his scattered detachments. Both charges have been brought in order to attribute his subsequent success to good fortune alone. But a scrutiny of the Emperor's grand strategy will show that he could be perfectly secure. From far and near his scattered but well-trained divisions were moving on. Masséna had left Italy; Ney, having swept the enemy from the Tyrol, was coming up; and all about the southern line divisions were moving to guard strategic points, to stop the hurrying Austrians, and yet be within «marching distance.» With this comfortable assurance, the great captain waited for a day, nominally that the Emperor Francis might withdraw in comfort from Brünn; but this bit of imperial courtesy secured at the same time a much-needed rest for the weary troops. He then advanced to the Moravian capital, and there established his headquarters on the 19th. The danger was really over, for once again, by his amazing power of combination, he had gained the day. His front was more than two hundred miles in length from west to east, but his troops were so disposed that in one day he could call in 54,000 men; in two, 75,000; in four, 85,000; and his line of retreat was secure. If compelled to withdraw, he could fall back on Davout, Mortier, and Klein, assemble 100,000 men, and again make a stand. If Kutusoff and Charles should march straight to Vienna to effect a junction, he could oppose to their combined army of 169,000 troops, 172,000 of his own. The defensive position of his foes was virtually impregnable, but they could not unite for attack as swiftly or advantageously as he. His own defensive position was less strong, because he had for some distance about and behind a hostile country. What the allies, therefore, needed was time; what Napoleon wanted was a battle.

But where and how? There would be little advantage and much danger in simply attacking the foe to drive them farther back into their own lands. This battle must be swift and conclusive, or else the year, with all the prestige of Ulm, would be lost. In this juncture what Napoleon chose to call

DRAWN BY F. DE MYRBACH.

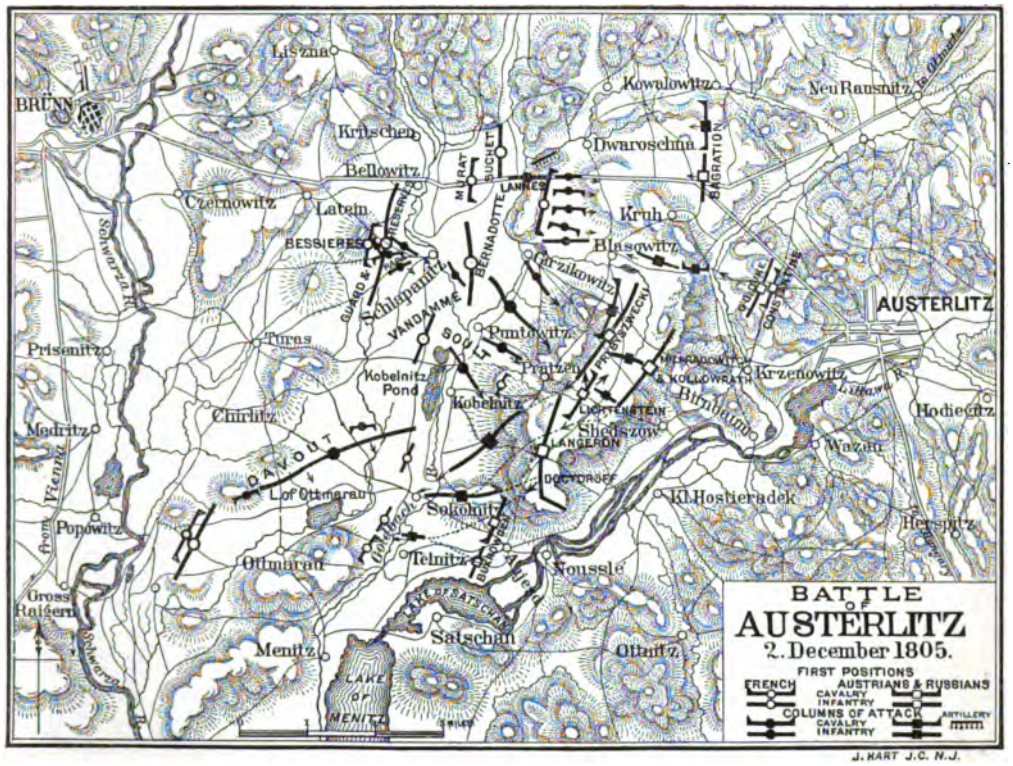
NAPOLEON AND HIS STAFF AT AUSTERLITZ.



MAP OF THE AUSTERLITZ CAMPAIGN.

his fate or destiny signally favored him; in reality it was his own calm assurance which misled his opponents. The two emperors in the Austro-Russian camp at Ollschann deliberated long and earnestly with their advisers. The Austrians had too often felt the weight of Napoleon's hand, and all their officers except Colonel Weirother, a favorite of Alexander's, were cautious; the Russians remembered that Napoleon had never fought with them, and were eager to destroy his renown. Czartoryski, Alexander's Polish counselor, though he had resigned his post of foreign minister after making the alliance with England, was again at his master's side. «Our true policy—and this I told to every one who would listen," he wrote, in 1806, «was to weary the foe with skirmishes and keep the main army out of reach, secure Hungary, and unite with the Archduke Charles.» But at the time the Czar's other advisers would not listen. These were the more intent because there was no love lost between them and Austria. Francis had already despatched two able agents, Gyuläi and Stadion, to coöperate with the Prussian envoy Haugwitz, who was expected at Brünn, in enforcing Frederick William's demands, and negotiating with Napoleon for peace. These negotiations, if successful, would greatly diminish Russia's importance. Moved, therefore, by a characteristic pride, Alexander harkened to those who clamored for battle, and, taking the momentous decision on his own account, began to draw up a plan of attack. Napoleon could scarcely realize the possibility of such rashness, and received the news with delight. Haugwitz, whose heart was not in his errand, had not yet arrived. A messenger had already been despatched to meet him at Iglau and turn him aside toward Vienna, where Talleyrand was to conduct the negotiations; the Austrian diplomats were also directed to the same rendezvous, where they too should discuss their proposition with the French minister until the Emperor himself should arrive in a few days; another messenger—Napoleon's own adjutant, Savary—was sent direct to Alexander himself, nominally to see whether he would consider a partition of Turkey, in reality to observe the state of the Russian forces. The crafty disposition of the diplomats was the never-failing second bow-string, in case the decision of arms should be doubtful; Savary's mission was a feint to gain time and information.

Napoleon heard on November 27, from a deserter, that his enemy was actually advancing, but could not believe it. Next day the news was confirmed by his own cavalry, and in such a way as to indicate the plan of attack—a flank movement against the French right. That night his own plan was completed and the outlying divisions were summoned. They came so promptly that the very next morning found him ready to meet the enemy's attack on the heights above Austerlitz, twelve miles to the east of southeast from Brünn. Bernadotte accomplished what seemed



J. HART J.C. N.J.

impossible, and on December 1 was in position across the highway between Brünn and Olmütz. Davout was close behind, and the same night reached the cloister of Great Raigern, seven miles south of Brünn, and about twelve from Austerlitz. But the enemy was not yet visible in force on November 29, and it was only when Savary returned from the Russian camp with complete and precious information that there seemed no longer room for doubt. Accordingly the French were withdrawn during that day in a line southwesterly from Austerlitz, to take up a position stronger than that in which they stood. To preserve the appearance of sincerity, Savary was sent back in hot haste to Alexander with a second meaningless proposition. As a return move Prince Dolgoruki was sent on the 30th with a like message from Alexander to Napoleon. The prince was not admitted to headquarters, but was received by Napoleon on the picket-line. He was utterly hoodwinked, and some have thought that the Russian decision to fight was due to his report that the French were on the point of retreat.

In the rich agricultural land of Moravia rolling and gentle slopes alternate with fertile and well-watered vales. On the highest hilltop between Brünn and Austerlitz, still known as «Napoleon's Mount,» the Emperor bivouacked during the night of November 30. Before him to the eastward spread the country like a map. Far in the distance on a hillside was the great yellow mansion of Prince Kaunitz, with the village of Austerlitz clustered at its feet on the brook known as the Littawa. Its former owner had consummated that iniquitous Hapsburg-Bourbon alliance which proved to be the ruin of the latter house; if his shade now lingered near, it might naturally, though falsely, have foreboded the downfall of the former. Napoleon, having been aware since morning that the enemy's slowness would give him yet another day, had carefully ridden over and examined the land in front and far to his right. The result was a daring resolution. The Czar's advisers had determined to turn the right wing of the French: this he had now definitely learned through a traitor in the Russian camp. It would be easy to thwart them by occupying a high plateau to the right, on which stood the hamlet of Pratzen, with his right wing on the Littawa stream; in which case he would win «an ordinary battle,» to use his own phrase. But it was not such a victory that he wished: his aim was nothing less than the annihilation of the coalition. So he determined to leave this apparently

DRAWN BY F. DE MYRBACH.

CHARGE OF THE MAMELUKES AT THE BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ.

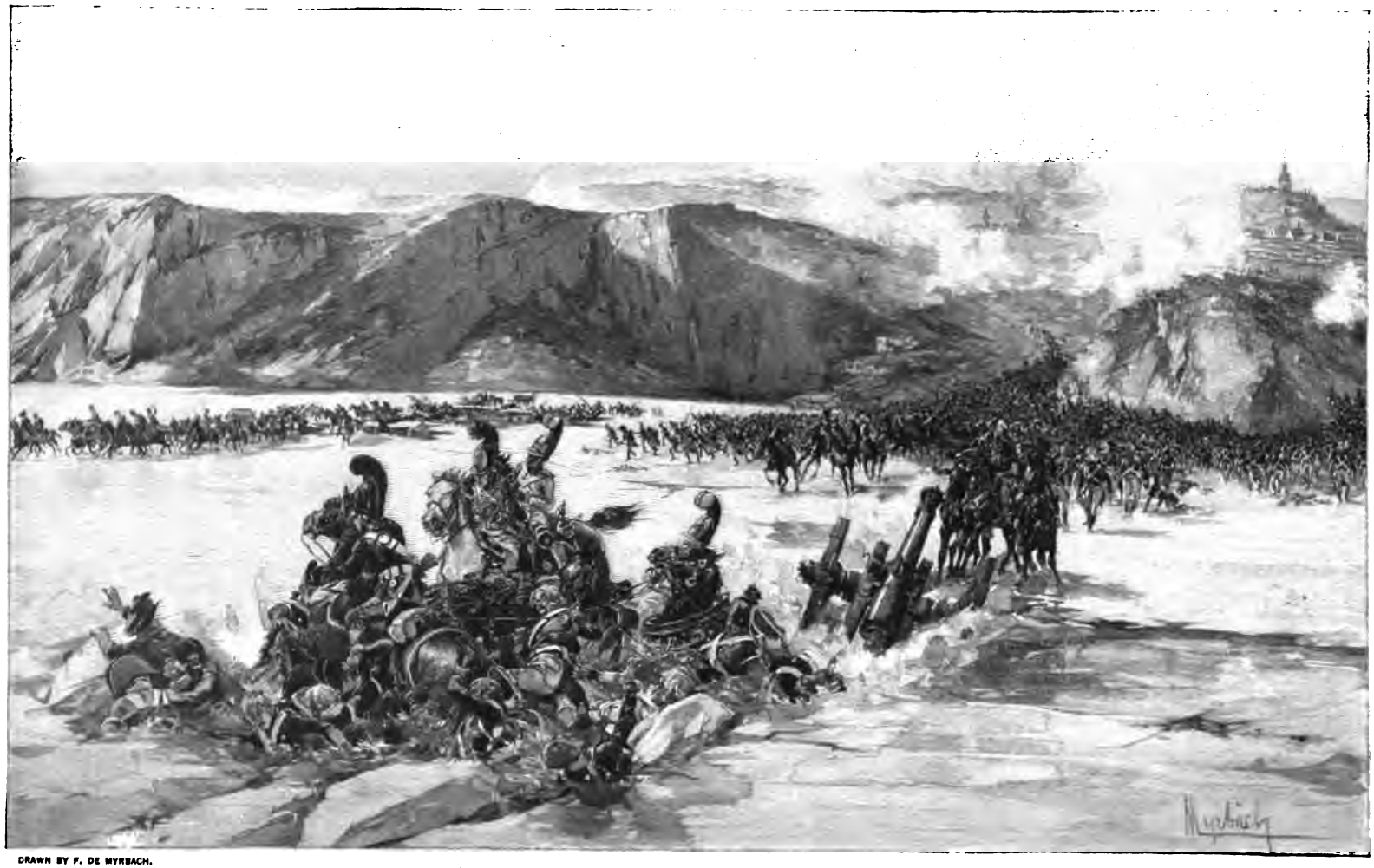
commanding position, feeling sure that his over-confident foe would occupy it as a manifest vantage-ground.

On December 1 the hostile army appeared, marching in five columns, and before night the two divisions of the center were drawn up on and behind the plateau of Pratzen; the three which composed the left were on and before its southern slopes. Their movements and their position convinced the experienced observer that his information was exact. Late in the afternoon was held a council of war in which every general received the most minute directions. Soult especially was carefully instructed as to the «manœuver of the day»—an advance in echelon, right shoulder forward. The evening and the night were not periods of rest for Napoleon—nicely poised combinations need careful watching. For a time the uneasy but confident Emperor passed from watch-fire to watch-fire, encouraging and observing his own men. With noisy enthusiasm they besought him not to expose his life on the morrow, and promised to bring him a suitable bouquet for the anniversary of his coronation. For a time the whole camp was illuminated with extemporized torches of hay. But, though excited, the troops, as well as their general, were confident; they understood his casually uttered but carefully considered words, which passed from mouth to mouth: «While they are marching to surround my right, they will offer me their flank.» For a time, also, he rode in the darkness to reconnoiter the enemy's position, and being convinced that no movement was to be made before morning, he returned to his tent about three and slept until dawn. He has been charged with having for the first time shown cowardice at Austerlitz. This is because in a proclamation he promised not to risk his life, as his men had requested, but only in case they did their duty, and kept his word because they kept theirs. Bonaparte the division general and even Bonaparte the First Consul had led his soldiers where danger was greatest, but Napoleon the Emperor, having won his stake, had no need to take such risks; having more to lose, he now for the first time used the ordinary caution of a man whose life is worth that of many common men. It was only what every great royal and imperial general is accustomed to do.

The early hours of December 2, 1805, were misty, although there was a sharp frost; but by seven the sun had dimly risen, and soon the thick fog lay only along the streams. At that hour the Russians and Austrians began their marching. Those behind the Pratzen heights passed swiftly up, and, uniting with those already there, marched in the general direction of the forest near Turas, intending to cross the intervening Goldbach and with their own left, which stood at Telnitz and Sokolnitz, surround Napoleon's right wing. The battle-field of Austerlitz is approximately an isosceles triangle, the short base extending north and south between Raigern and Brünn, a distance of about seven miles, and the equal sides, twelve miles in length, converging in Austerlitz to the eastward. About half-way on a perpendicular let fall from the apex to the base the Goldbach flows on the west side of the Pratzen plateau, parallel with its base, nearly due south, with the villages of Schlapanitz, Puntowitz, Kobelnitz, Sokolnitz, and Telnitz at about equidistant intervals from north to south on its banks. A mile north of Schlapanitz the road from Brünn to Olmütz forms the north side of the triangle; the forest of Turas lies about two miles to the west of Puntowitz, on a high plain. In a line eastward of Schlapanitz, about a mile from that village and from each other, are the villages of Girzikowitz and Blasowitz. Napoleon's bivouac was on the high hill northwest of Schlapanitz, at the base of which, on the other side, was Bellowitz. North of the Olmütz road is a commanding hill, dubbed by the veterans of the Egyptian expedition with an Egyptian name, Santon, from a fancied resemblance of the little spire which crowned it to a minaret. This was to be the pivot of the battle, and Napoleon fortified it with a redoubt and eighteen pieces of cannon. South of it stood the left wing under Lannes; next toward the south stood the cavalry under Murat; then the center under Bernadotte; and Soult with the right was west of Puntowitz. Oudinot was eastward, in front of the imperial bivouac, with ten battalions; and ten battalions of the guard, with forty field-pieces, were westward behind it. Davout, having arrived the night before, was

NOTE TO THE PICTURE ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE.—Marbot says of the struggle for the Pratzen hill: «Several lines of Russian cavalry quickly advanced to support this momentary success of the [Russian] guards; but Napoleon hurled against them the Mamelukes, the mounted chasseurs, and the mounted grenadiers of his guard, under Marshal Bessières and General Rapp.»

According to Larousse, the Mamelukes of the guard consisted of Arabs who accompanied the French army when it retired from Egypt, reinforced from time to time by men of color of various countries. They wore the costume of the ancient Mamelukes. At the fall of the empire this squadron numbered 250 men, exclusive of the officers.—EDITOR.



DRAWN BY F. DE MYRBACH.

THE FRENCH, BY A PLUNGING FIRE, ENGULF THE ENEMY RETREATING ACROSS THE SATSCHAN LAKE.

at Raigern. Legrand stood between him and Sokolnitz, on a pond lying southeast of that village.

At five in the morning Davout marched from Raigern, arriving about nine, to reinforce Legrand and engage the enemy's left. Meantime, at a quarter to eight, Soult began to climb the Pratzen slopes with the divisions of Vandamme and Saint-Hilaire. In about twenty minutes—the exact time in which he had declared he could do so—he had made good his position, and was fiercely engaged with the column of Kollowrath, which formed the enemy's center, and with which Kutusoff was present in person. The latter, realizing for the first time what the loss of Pratzen would mean, endeavored to concentrate toward the right; but his efforts were unavailing: he could only stand and fight. The two Austro-Russian columns on his left swooped down to the Goldbach, and seized both Telnitz and Sokolnitz. Simultaneously with Soult's advance, Bernadotte and Murat moved forward, encountering between Girzikowitz and Blasowitz the enemy's cavalry under Prince Lichtenstein, and the Russian imperial guard under the grand duke Constantine. Napoleon advanced to observe this conflict, and a little before eleven, at the critical moment, when the regiment of his brother Joseph was on the verge of being engulfed and lost, he threw in the cavalry of his own guard, under Bessières and Rapp, upon the Russian guard, turned the scale against them, and with his own eyes saw Constantine withdraw. The Russian vanguard under Bagration had meantime come in from Bosenitz, and was hotly engaged with a portion of the French left. The entire cavalry mass of Lichtenstein and Murat was commingled in bitter conflict. With the retreat of Constantine began the rout of the entire Austro-Russian right wing. Lannes, supported by the Santon redoubt, had stood like a rock until then; at once he precipitated himself, with the divisions of Suchet and Caffarelli, upon Bagration, and drove him back. Lichtenstein, who, up to that moment, had at least held his own,—if, indeed, he had not shown himself the stronger,—could no longer stand, and late in the afternoon he too began to yield.

Between eleven and twelve Soult had cleared the Pratzen heights, and pushing ever toward the right, had finally, just as the sun burst in splendor through the clouds, separated the enemy's left wing from its center. The latter had been sadly weakened both by detachments to strengthen the left and by its losses in conflict. At noon it began to retreat, and Napoleon, having satisfied himself that all was well on his left to the north, rode south to join Soult, and in passing despatched Drouot's division against the fugitive Kutusoff, whose column was thus overpowered and thrown into utter confusion. Since nine in the morning Davout had stood on the west shore of the Goldbach, flinging back the successive charges of the enemy's overgrown left. The continuous struggles had been terrific; the stream literally flowed blood as the soldiers of both sides crashed through the ice, and, unable to disengage themselves from the muddy bottom, stood fighting until they died. By two o'clock his labors were over: the great move of the day, Soult's echelon march, right shoulder forward, was complete; Saint-Hilaire and Vandamme had recaptured the villages of Sokolnitz and Aujezd; the three southernmost Austro-Russian columns were entirely surrounded, and only a few from each escaped to join the remnants of their right, center, and reserve, running for life across frozen ponds and ditches, by dikes, and over rough-plowed fields toward Austerlitz. About 5000 of the fugitives, mostly Russians under Doctoroff and Langeron, had risked themselves on the ice of the Satschan lake and were hurrying across when Napoleon arrived. He ordered the field-pieces to be turned on the ice so that the balls weakened and cracked it. In a few moments it gave way; with shrieks and groans the multitude sank into the slowly rising waters and disappeared under the tossing ice-floes. Nearly 2000 of them were drowned. The fighting strength of the coalition was destroyed; so likewise was their moral courage. Shortly after Kutusoff's retreat General Toll found Alexander seated weeping by the wayside, and accompanied by only a single adjutant.

As the sun went down, Napoleon, according to his custom, passed from one scene of conflict to the next over the whole field, noting the ground and calculating his loss and gain. So fixed was the Austrian emperor's determination to make peace that hostilities were scarcely ended for the day before he despatched Lichtenstein with proposals for an armistice. Napoleon received the envoy while making his round of the battle-field, but refused to treat for two days. He intended to reap the fruits of victory, and ordered a skilful, thorough pursuit. At midnight the labors of his greatest day, the anniversary of his coronation, were over, and he lay down to sleep in the posting-station of Posorzitz. Next morning he moved his quarters to the Kaunitz manor-house. Such was the rout of the allies that the position of the shattered columns

FROM THE PAINTING BY ANTOINE-JEAN GROS, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

MEETING OF NAPOLEON AND FRANCIS I. AFTER AUSTERLITZ.

of Austria and Russia was not known until the 4th of December. On the afternoon of that day the Emperor Francis was received by Napoleon in a tent near Holitsch, and the campaign was ended by Austria's acceptance of such terms for an armistice as the Emperor of the French chose to impose.

Considering the character of the battle, the terms first suggested were not hard: No loss of territory for Austria if the Russian emperor would withdraw to his own territories and shut out England from his harbors; otherwise Napoleon would take Venetia for Italy and Tyrol for Bavaria. Alexander would not listen to the embargo project, nor to Francis's desperate suggestion that they should continue the war. On the 6th, having, according to Savary, exchanged fulsome compliments with Napoleon, he marched away for Russia, leaving his ally to take the consequences of what was really his own rashness. The only hope of Austria for endurable terms of peace lay in Prussian coöperation. But Haugwitz could no longer offer the ultimatum agreed upon at Potsdam: the battle had of course utterly changed the situation. Napoleon now demanded nothing less from Prussia than the long-desired alliance offensive and defensive. On December 15 Frederick William's envoy assented provisionally, and set out for Berlin to secure the royal assent, if possible. His master was to keep Hanover and close her ports to the English; to give Cleves, Wesel, and Neuchâtel to France; to cede Ansbach to Bavaria; and to acknowledge the latter as a kingdom, with such eastern boundaries as Austria would agree to yield.

For an instant Napoleon thought of continuing the war to annihilate Austria forever. Talleyrand's hand, however, had been crossed, as no one doubted, with an enormous bribe from Austrian sources, and he persuaded the Emperor not to follow the bad advice of his generals, but to «rise higher as a statesman» and make peace. With his assent to this went ever larger and harder demands, until Francis actually contemplated a renewal of the desperate and unequal struggle alone and unassisted. He had in all probability a fighting chance, but his longing for peace prevailed. When the treaty was signed, on December 26, 1805, at Presburg, Austria surrendered Venice, with Friuli, Istria, and Dalmatia, to Italy; ceded Tyrol to Bavaria; consented to the banishment of the Bourbons from Naples, and to all the new arrangements which had recently been made by Napoleon in Italy, agreeing to pay a war indemnity of 40,000,000 francs. The recognition of Bavaria as an independent kingdom, and the rearrangement of German territories, put an end to the German Empire; Würtemberg received five cities on the Danube, the counties of Hohenembs and Wellenburg, with part of the Breisgau, and became a kingdom like Bavaria; Baden got the rest of the Breisgau, together with Ortenau, Mainau, and the city of Constance; Bavaria received not only Tyrol, with the Vorarlberg, but Brixen, Trent, Passau, Eichstädt, Burgau, Lindau, and other minor possessions, to round out her new frontier.

The fighting on both sides at Austerlitz was in the main superb. «My people,» said the Emperor to his soldiers—«my people will see you again with delight; and if one of you shall say, ‹I was at Austerlitz,› every one will respond, ‹Here stands a hero.›» The legions of the empire had indeed fought with unsurpassed bravery, as had likewise the Austrians. The Russians were not so steadfast. In their first experience of the «furia Francesa» their old notions of courage were wiped out. «Those who saw the battle-field,» said the «Moniteur,» «will testify that it lay strewn with Austrians where the fight was thickest, while elsewhere it was strewn with Russian knapsacks.» Such was the effect upon his men that not only did Alexander leave his ally in the lurch and march back into Poland, but he felt called on to publish a bulletin asserting the valor of his own and the timidity of the Austrian troops. But the «Battle of Austerlitz,» as it is called in French phrase, the «Fight of the Three Emperors,» as the Germans designate the day, was epochal, not merely for the courage displayed, but for the tactical revolution it wrought. It was the first true Napoleonic battle. Thenceforward the greatest conflicts were arranged on its commanding principle—a principle which had long been used, but was then for the first time fully developed and accepted. Throughout the preceding period of warfare an army was set in motion as a whole, every portion being from first to last in the commander's hand ready for manœuvering. If any division was hemmed, or any portion of the line was broken, the result was defeat. From 1805 onward any single part, center or either wing, could be annihilated and the victory still be won elsewhere by the other parts. For this two things are essential: first, fresh troops to throw into the proper place at the proper time; second, a line of retreat, with a new basis for operations, previously prepared. The highest military authorities go so far as to say that in a well-arranged battle one portion of the line should

DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE, AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY FRANÇOIS GÉRARD, IN THE HÔTEL DE VILLE, AJACCIO.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE, KING OF SPAIN.

even be sacrificed to the enemy in order to secure victory with the others. The pursuit after Austerlitz was as fine as the attack, and so colossal and comprehensive was Napoleon's genius that he had made complete arrangements for withdrawing in case of defeat, not, as the enemy thought, toward Vienna, but through Bohemia to Passau. The total numbers engaged were, on the side of the allies, about 90,000; on that of the French, about 80,000. The Austrians and Russians lost 15,000 killed and wounded, with 20,000 taken prisoners, while the French had 7000 killed and wounded in the long and dreadful stand made at the Goldbach by their right, and about 5000 elsewhere. The Emperor thought it a small price to pay for the hegemony of Europe, and his favorite title was «Victor of Austerlitz.» «Soldiers,» he cried at Moscow as the sun burst through the dun clouds, «it is the sun of Austerlitz!» and his flagging army revived its drooping spirits.

THE NEW MAP OF EUROPE.

THE political effects of Austerlitz were the devastation of the old system. Austria was driven, apparently forever, from leadership in Germany, and consigned to the difficult and thorny path of aggrandizement down the Danube valley which she has ever since trodden. There was only a difference of degree between the subserviency of Bavaria and that of Prussia, between the humiliation of Baden and that of Russia. Pitt, who was in Bath recovering from an attack of gout, grew old within twenty-four hours after receipt of the news; his features became pinched and blue, taking on an expression long known as the «Austerlitz look.» Returning to his villa at Putney, with the hand of death upon him, he is said to have entered through a corridor on the wall of which hung a map of Europe. «Roll up that map,» he hoarsely murmured to his niece; «it will not be needed these ten years.» He died soon afterward, on January 23, 1806, in his forty-seventh year; and the last words he was heard to utter were, «My country—oh, how I leave my country!» He had hoped, and, as the sequel proved, not in vain, that as England had saved herself by her own exertions, so she might save Europe by her example. To his ministry succeeded that known by the sobriquet of «All the Talents,» in which Grenville was First Lord of the Treasury, and Pitt's great rival, Fox, was Secretary of State.

The effect of Austerlitz in the French army was to silence criticism, which had been rife after Kutusoff's escape. In France itself the war had for some time been growing unpopular; the long-feared panic had actually begun; for since Trafalgar all prospect of colonial trade was at an end, while commerce with the East had well-nigh ceased. The people, moreover, groaned under the hardships of the ruthless conscription, and many cared more that France herself should be at peace than that she should have the ascendancy in Europe. But the news of Austerlitz was irresistible; the national pride was strengthened by the achievements of French soldiers and a French emperor, while a victory of hitherto unknown brilliancy, which at the same time brought peace, was enough to have intoxicated a less mercurial people. New shifts were devised to tide over the financial crisis until the great administrator should return and with the aid of his war indemnities rearrange the pieces on the board of domestic affairs.

These circumstances opened the way for what was the most profound and influential effect of Austerlitz: the attempted substitution for the effete Holy Roman Empire under a German prince, of a Western empire to be ruled by the Emperor of the French, with territorial subdivisions under Napoleonic princes and subject to the central power. It is not a matter of quite so great importance in the history of the time that the Holy Roman or German Empire ceased to exist as it is that the Napoleonic empire was instituted; but both facts are fundamental to the history of the nineteenth century.

The first step taken toward establishing this new conception was a further advance in Italy. At the critical moment of the Austerlitz campaign, Caroline, the Queen of Naples, Napoleon's irreconcilable enemy, had broken her sourly given engagement with him. Her harbors were opened to English ships, and Russian troops occupied her territories. The day after Austerlitz an army order was issued which sent Masséna to Naples, and declared that the Bourbon dynasty had ceased to exist. The Czar withdrew his soldiers to Corfu, the English vessels sailed to Sicily, the offending court was left to the tender mercies of its enemy, and within a few months Joseph Bonaparte, by decree of the French senate, was on March 30, 1806, made king of Naples and Sicily. He had refused the comparative independence of the Italian crown; as a punishment he was forced to accept one far inferior, with only a nominal autonomy. The new monarch retained his French dignities, and assumed the rôle of a dependent ally

FROM THE PAINTING BY HENRI SCHEFFER, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

EUGÈNE DE BEAUHARNAIS, KNOWN AS PRINCE EUGÈNE.

of France. At the same time and in the same way all Venetia was incorporated with the kingdom of Italy. Élise's appanage of Lucca was increased by the districts of Massa-e-Carrara and Garfagnana; the principality of Guastalla was made over to the Princess Pauline Borghese.

As if to proclaim in no uncertain tones the complete supremacy of the Napoleonic empire in Italy, a new feudal system was called into being, which was like the old in this, that it was intended to reward men for services still to be rendered, and not, like the Roman benefice, to repay veterans for sacrifices already made. It was carried out in the lands around the Adriatic. Twenty hereditary duchies were organized, either at once or later, bearing the titles of Dalmatia, Istria, Friuli, Cadore, Belluno, Conegliano, Treviso, Feltre, Bassano, Vicenza, Padua, Rovigo, Ragusa, Gaeta, Otranto, Tarentum, Reggio, Lucca, Parma, and Piacenza. The dignity and state of each holder was to be supported by the annual gift of one fifteenth of the yearly income of the respective domains. These were fiefs, not of France, but of the French

empire; the first duty of the holders was to the Emperor, their second to France. To the Emperor himself the kingdom of Italy was to pay 14,000,000 francs a year, and the kingdom of Naples, 1,000,000. This latter sum was to be distributed among those of his officers and soldiers «who had rendered the greatest service to the country and the throne.» These Italian titles were intended for French citizens, and later the same system was extended to Germany and Poland. What could be plainer than the meaning of this?

As to the Pope, the question was very knotty. Pius was in a curious frame of mind. He had gone to the coronation, it will be remembered, without conditions, hoping to secure his ends by the exercise of his personal influence. He had returned with empty hands, though partly under the fascination of Napoleon; but removed from the Emperor's presence, he had become disposed to self-assertion. Jerome Bonaparte returned in 1805 to France, and professed repentance for his American marriage. Although Napoleon had asked the sovereign pontiff to pronounce a divorce, the request had been firmly refused. Throughout the last campaign the Pope had asserted his absolute neutrality and had given no cause for offense. But nevertheless, as if in contempt for the pontiff's claims of feudal suzerainty, Bernadotte was made prince of Ponte Corvo, and Talleyrand prince of Beneventum; the French soldiers seized and held Ancona on the plea that its sovereign was not strong enough to maintain it against the English and Turks (heretics and pagans); and immediately after, the cap-stone of imperiousness was added by orders to close the Roman ports to all enemies of France.

The Pope was plainly to be regarded as having no longer any politics; he was, to be sure, the sovereign of Rome, but Napoleon, as the inheritor of Charles the Great, on whose enlargement and confirmation of Pepin's gift the Pope's temporal power rested, was its emperor, and would protect it against the world. A chronicler of the times declares that the victor of Austerlitz had actually in mind the project of being crowned Western emperor in St. Peter's, but relinquished it when he learned that the cardinals would rather suffer death than such disgrace. Whether or not this be true, he demanded recognition as emperor of Rome, and exacted the expulsion of Russians, English, and Sardinians from the Papal States. The Pope pleaded that for the Emperor of the French to be recognized as Roman emperor would destroy the papal power in all other lands, and obtained a respite of two years by dismissing from his office as secretary of state Consalvi, who headed the opposition.

The additional title of Western emperor was unimportant compared with the reality, and this Napoleon set about securing still further by erecting Holland into a Napoleonic kingdom. Louis Bonaparte had been pardoned, and though now governor-general of Piedmont, he had previously been stationed for a time in the Batavian Republic to defend it against the English and Swedes. Schimmelpenninck, Napoleon's stanch supporter, was still grand pensionary, and at a wink from the Emperor a deputation of Dutch officials came to Paris in order to discuss the situation. Their chairman, Verhuel, was informed by Napoleon in a personal interview that he meant to give their country a new executive in the person of Prince Louis; otherwise he could not, at the peace, hand back her colonies; that as to religion, the new king would keep his own, but every part of his kingdom should have the same right. The constitution should remain unchanged. The delegates protested, and pleaded the treaties of 1795 and 1803, which guaranteed Dutch independence; but the Emperor stood firm: either Louis as king, or incorporation with France. The bitterness of faction, the plague of indolence, and the love of wealth were so abroad among the Dutch that there was no resistance; on May 24, 1806, the «High and Mighty States» ceased to exist, and on June 5 a new king, much against his will, was added to the great vassals of the empire.

The humiliation of Germany was scarcely less profound than that of Italy and Holland. For some time past Napoleon had been negotiating with the electors of both Würtemberg and Bavaria for matrimonial alliances between certain of their children and various members of his own family. Previous to Austerlitz his efforts had been in vain. With the advance of years Napoleon's earlier religious impressions, always vague, had degenerated into a mild and tolerant deism; less than a fortnight after Austerlitz he found time to reprimand sharply a member of the Institute for printing atheistic books; but the orthodox faith of Western Christendom, with its attendant morality, was for him, after all, only an important social phenomenon of which atheism would be destructive. Nevertheless, outward respect for Roman Catholicism had been a powerful lever for his own ambitious purposes both in Italy and in France. He had formed to his own profit an

SKETCH BY ERIC PAPE. FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS GÉRARD, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

AUGUSTA AMELIA OF BAVARIA, VICE-QUEEN OF ITALY.

alliance between Church and State in the latter country so perfect and stable that in spite of all the intervening political changes it stands in full validity to-day. This same lever he purposed to make use of for the complete overturning of the old political system of Germany. Among other complaints which he poured out to the Pope was one concerning the utter disorganization of the Church among the Germans. The discussion of this theme was a welcome occupation to many of the faithful in the Roman Catholic districts of southern and central Germany; and the common people, having been told from the outset that they were victims of a worn-out tyranny, and having been so treated by the French generals, finally began to feel that their rulers were indeed what the conquerors declared they were. This sentiment was further strengthened because there was truth in the allegations that the petty ecclesiastical and secular princes of Germany were licentious and corrupt. Religion and morality were both at a low ebb among them.

The more important rulers of south Germany in the year 1806 were men of some shrewdness and power. When Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Baden were enlarged and emancipated from the overlordship of Austria, the reigning princes and their people alike felt their obligations so deeply that they either misunderstood what had actually occurred,— the transfer of their suzerainty from Austria to France,—or else they felt no sense of shame in becoming vassals of the French emperor, by whom their aggrandizement had come. The so-called sovereigns occasionally made a mild endeavor to assert some little independence; but such efforts were so often followed by a message from Paris suggesting that they held their offices, not for themselves, but as part of the French system, that they soon desisted entirely. On January 14, 1806, six weeks after Austerlitz, Max Joseph of Bavaria yielded to the Empress Josephine's long-cherished desire, and gave his daughter Augusta, the affianced bride of the heir apparent in Baden, to the viceroy Eugène. Soon after, Eugène's cousin Stéphanie, whose relations with Napoleon had made a scandal even in Paris, was married to the prince who had been Augusta's lover. A year after, Jerome, whose submission had given him swift promotion in his profession of the navy, and was soon to make him king of Westphalia, was married, in defiance of ecclesiastical laws, to the Princess Catharine, daughter of King Frederick of Würtemberg. The two new kingdoms were thus connected by marriage with the Napoleonic system. Although the royal and princely alliances of his family gratified the Emperor's personal pride, these arrangements were made primarily to support the new imperial state policy. In them there was nothing calculated to alarm England and rouse her from the comparative lethargy into which she fell after Trafalgar, nor to exasperate Prussia unduly. But this moderation was only apparent. There was a bolt in the forge which, if rightly wielded, would speedily reduce Prussia to vassalage, and eventually bring England herself to terms.

When Haugwitz, the Prussian envoy, returned from Schönbrunn to Berlin, the treaty of alliance with France which he had felt bound to make was not welcomed, and with some suggestions for important changes the bearer was despatched to Paris by the King to see whether better terms could not be obtained. The Emperor received the plenipotentiary kindly, and seemed on the point of yielding the modifications suggested by Frederick William, which were that he should receive along with Hanover the cities of Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck. The King was, in fact, afraid of the Prussian national temper, and dared not face his people without something more than Hanover to show for his previous losses on the left bank of the Rhine, and the new cessions he had been compelled to make after Austerlitz. But the advent of Fox to power momentarily turned Napoleon's head. With one great Liberal at the helm in England, and another autocratic in France, the two could change the face of Europe and the character of the world.

This momentary delusion suggested immediate peace with England, and the Emperor thought for an instant of keeping Hanover as a medium of exchange; his second thought, however, was not to buy peace, but to enforce it. Accordingly, even harder conditions than before were laid upon Prussia as to the exchange of territories, and besides she was compelled to enter the Continental embargo on English trade. Haugwitz, who had long represented the French influence in Berlin, did not dare to carry back the new treaty, and sent it by Lucchesini, the Prussian minister to France. The King was in despair, but he yielded. Hardenberg, the head of his cabinet, was dismissed, at Napoleon's desire, because he represented the national self-respect; and Prussia, lately so proud, but now humbled and disgraced, listened, stunned and incredulous, to the insults of the «Moniteur,» while

SKETCH BY ERIC PAPE. FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS GÉRARD, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

STÉPHANIE-LOUISE-ADRIENNE, GRAND DUCHESS OF BADEN.

her king, on March 9, 1806, set his hand to a paper which, though securing Hanover, really destroyed Prussian independence. To occupy Hanover was to incur the hostility of England, and three months later, on June 11, Fox declared war against Prussia. The Emperor of the French, utterly regardless of his obligations to Frederick William, in fact, scornfully indifferent to them, was at that moment negotiating for the return of that electorate to George III. of England, its hereditary prince, as the price of a peace with Great Britain.

Fox, whose admiration for the First Consul had never been concealed, seized an opportunity to open communications with the French government which was offered by the report of a plot to assassinate the Emperor. His overtures were not repulsed, and the English ministry was given to understand that Napoleon would gladly make peace on the basis of the treaty of Amiens. Negotiations were opened through Lord Yarmouth, one of the travelers detained in France under the Emperor's retaliatory measure when war was declared by England. Talleyrand offered all

that England could desire, including the restitution of Hanover to George III., and the principle of *uti possidetis*, which meant that England could keep Malta and the conquered colonies; besides, the Naples Bourbons, though banished from the mainland, could reign in the island of Sicily. But the French minister would not consent that Russia should treat in common with Great Britain. With these seemingly favorable terms Yarmouth set out for London.

Separate negotiations with Russia had been opened shortly before, through Oubril, a special plenipotentiary sent to Paris for the purpose. It was under instruction from Alexander that this envoy acted, he, and not Talleyrand, having taken the ground that Russia could not join England in negotiation. The Czar was unwilling to hamper himself in the Orient by even a temporary alliance with his rival in that quarter. This was playing directly into the hands of Napoleon, who had gained too much by separate peaces not to understand their value. It was soon evident that the new Russian minister was wax in Talleyrand's hands. The Emperor's diplomacy was, like his strategy, dependent for its overwhelming success on the utter surprises it prepared for his opponents. Such a one was now in readiness. No sooner had Yarmouth returned to Paris in June than the French government began to draw back. King Joseph could not get on without Sicily, and the only possible indemnity to the former rulers would be a domain formed from the Hanseatic cities. After a few weeks of fencing, in which Yarmouth appeared to mirror by a yielding complacency the supposed peace policy of Fox's cabinet, Oubril provisionally signed just such a treaty with Russia as Napoleon desired. Then the bolt thus far kept in concealment was first loosed by publishing as an accomplished fact the organization of a great power subsidiary to France in the heart of Europe —the Confederation of the Rhine. This was the most audacious of all Napoleon's audacious schemes, being an awful blow to Prussia, and scarcely less stunning to England.

It meant, indeed, a new map of Europe, the minimizing of England's influence on the Continent, the permanent neutralizing of both Austrian and Prussian power, the exclusion of Russia from the councils of western Europe. The means by which it was brought about were as astute as the measure was momentous. Among the German princes who had lent their presence to the splendors of Napoleon's coronation was the only ecclesiastic who had maintained himself amid the changes incident to the general secularization which took place after the treaty of Lunéville—to wit, the Archbishop Dalberg, Elector of Mainz. Having been treated with distinction in Paris, he formed the ambitious plan of securing by his own efforts that unity and efficiency of the German Church which both the Pope and the Emperor desired. Of an ancient and noble line, he found no difficulty in putting himself at the head of an extensive movement among the Roman Catholics of western and central Germany, who desired to restore the church in Germany to a position of influence, and to secure her purity and power in a way similar to that which had been taken in France through the Concordat. For some time past—in fact, ever since 1804, when he had had an interview with Napoleon and Talleyrand—he had been perfectly aware of their wishes.

The rulers of France had for more than a century been desirous of establishing between their own territories and those of the great German states, Prussia and Austria, a belt of weak states, to serve as a bulwark against their enemies and as a field for the extension of their own influence. In Napoleon's mind this arrangement had now become a necessity, and, making use of the malleable temper produced in Europe by the fires of Austerlitz, he proceeded to realize the project. To the Pope he said that if his authority were not sufficient to bring order out of the ecclesiastical chaos in Germany he would intrust the task to Dalberg as primate. That prelate was not unwilling, and with his own purposes in view expressed to the French ambassador a desire for the reëstablishment of Charles the Great's empire by the union under Napoleon of Italy, Germany, and France.

Assured, therefore, not only of subservient obedience from Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Baden, but of considerable good will from the devout inhabitants of the still numerous petty states in western Germany, the Emperor of the French had formed the plan of confederating the three considerable powers above mentioned with new ones to be formed by mediatizing most of the petty ones still remaining—that is, by depriving them of their autonomy and consolidating them in new governments. No sooner was the existence of this design whispered abroad than Talleyrand was beset by agents from the twenty-four princelings concerned, all anxious to retain their power and escape the indiscriminate destruction which was imminent. The hands of these suppliants were not empty, and again the minister lined his

coffers with their ample bribes. When the document was at last ready, and the necessary signatures were added, it was found that only a few of the little principalities and counties had escaped annihilation. For various reasons, those of Isenburg, Arenberg, Lichtenstein, Salm, Hohenzollern, and Von der Leyen were still permitted to live. All the rest were cut off from their immediate dependency on the empire and given a «mediate» relation to the various sovereigns composing the federation, the former rulers retaining only their patrimony and personal effects. The electors of Hesse-Cassel and of Saxony, who were friendly to Prussia, were excluded from the league.

The members of this new federal organism, which came into existence under the «protection» of the Emperor of the French, were Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, Nassau, Hesse-Darmstadt, the city and lands of Frankfort, with Dalberg as prince-primate, the six districts just enumerated, and, lastly, a new state, the grand duchy of Cleves and Berg, created for Murat, another Napoleonic prince, who reigned as Joachim I. These all declared themselves members of a federal state independent of both Prussia and Austria, but under the protection of the French empire. Napoleon could introduce new members to the confederation, had the right of appointing the primate, and, most important privilege of all, was to control the army. This followed as a corollary of the article which declared that every Continental war which one of the contracting powers had to wage was common to the others. Bavaria was to furnish 30,000 men, Würtemberg 12,000, Baden 8000, Darmstadt 4000, Berg 5000, Nassau and the other pygmies 4000. This arrangement, whereby 63,000 soldiers were added to the armies of France, was then dignified by the name of «alliance.»

The decree was published on July 12, 1806; on August 1 the Diet at Regensburg was informed that the Germanic Empire had ceased to exist; on August 6 the Emperor Francis, who had declared himself hereditary emperor of Austria in 1804, now declared under compulsion that he laid down his Germanic crown. «If the Germanic body were not in existence,» Bonaparte had said during the Congress of Rastatt, «we should create it.» The shaky, irrational anachronism had, indeed, been a mighty weapon in his hands; the work of separation and subdivision which Richelieu had accomplished in Germany on behalf of France and by the treaty of Westphalia was well done; Napoleon temporarily reaped the harvest. But another century and a half was not to pass before another convulsion; he himself was first to gather the crop of retribution which he had sown, and then, in less than sixty years, France was to bow before a second German Empire. The way to true German national union was opened by this wholesale contempt for local prejudice and the wholesome but ruthless violation of dynastic ties.

It was ostensibly to perfect his communications with this new ally that the Emperor now for the first time established a permanent garrison on the right bank of the Rhine. The spot he chose was Wesel, in the grand duchy of Cleves and Berg. To be sure, he gave a formal assurance that he did not intend to extend the borders of France beyond the Rhine. This doubtless was literally true; but the French empire was another thing than France. The attitude of the Emperor was perfectly illustrated in his continued negotiations with Yarmouth, whose easy compliance had to be neutralized by a new commissioner, Lord Lauderdale, specially instructed by Fox to be peremptory about preserving the existing conditions of sovereignty on the Continent. Napoleon did not hesitate to offer England, as a substitute for Sicily, either Albania or Ragusa or the Balearic Isles. In other words, he made clear to the world that the whole idea of territorial sanctity was in his opinion antiquated, except when so-called sovereigns could make good their claim. Hanover had passed to Prussia by French conquest and treaty agreement, the Hanseatic towns were free cities, Albania belonged to Turkey, Ragusa was nominally independent under Austria's protection, and the Balearic Isles acknowledged the sovereignty of Spain; but he offered any one of them as if it were his own.

Alexander of Russia had much the same conception. Seeing his Oriental designs menaced by the treaty of Presburg, he had evacuated Naples to strengthen Corfu, and now proceeded to occupy the Bocche di Cattaro as an outpost. This station, though so far autonomous, was held by Napoleon to be a part of Dalmatia, and that province was to go to Italy with the rest of Venetia. This act of open hostility by the Czar was the complement to a haughty rejection of the treaty with Napoleon which Oubril submitted for his signature. In consequence, Francis, the third of the three emperors, was informed that the French army would not evacuate his fortress of Braunau until he could fulfil his obligations and deliver Dalmatia intact. The great

army of France, therefore, was not withdrawn, and still continued to occupy Swabia, Franconia, and all southern Germany. This fact assured the existence of the Rhine Confederation and reduced Prussia to impotence. Moreover, it was one among many reasons which finally ended the negotiations with England. Lord Lauderdale gave the surrender of Sicily as his ultimatum, and when it was refused, demanded his passports on August 9. Fox had for some time been convinced that a stable peace with the empire was impossible, and finally grasped in its fullest meaning the aggressive, all-inclusive policy of Napoleon. The cabinet of All the Talents finally saw itself compelled to accept, item for item, the program of Pitt; and during the short remainder of Fox's life, although he did not appear in Parliament after June, he was the hearty, persistent supporter of a policy he had so bitterly opposed when followed by his predecessor. His death on September 13 made no change in the attitude of England. The coalition which was dissolved at Austerlitz was cemented again, as far as two of its members were concerned, early in the following autumn; this time, not exhausted Austria, but her rival Prussia, who had so far preserved a selfish neutrality, was to be associated with England and Russia.

THE BUSINESS OF EMPEROR.

WHEN Napoleon returned to Paris on January 27, 1806, he promptly laid aside the character of general, abandoned the avocation of war, and reassumed his favorite rôle of emperor. On New Year's day the republican calendar had ceased to exist; there was not even that to remind him of the past. This time his carriage was more stately, as his figure was beginning to grow more portly, and his demeanor more distant. The great Corsican began to emulate, if not to surpass, the Oriental conquerors of old—men of the people, who, like himself, had risen to giddy heights by usurpation and military conquest—in surrounding himself with mystery and hedging himself about with various ranks of courtiers. Nearest him, absent in person, but present in their representatives, were the subsidiary reigning kings, princes, and grand dukes. Next in order, present in the flesh and first in actual splendor, were the newly made honorary princes and dukes. The former were but three in number—Talleyrand, Bernadotte, and Berthier, with the titles of Beneventum, Ponte Corvo, and Neuchâtel, respectively. The latter were twenty, all either marshals or ministers of state. Some of the old nobility continued to smile contemptuously at this array of former republicans and Jacobins who had thus risen by inborn talent, whether for war, for politics, or for the courtier's art, and who, with human weakness and to their own hurt, had then donned the garb and orders of feudalism. But many of the very oldest and most famous aristocracy, and those not the least able and influential, nor perhaps even the fewest in number, hurried to accept office at the court, where their presence was earnestly desired. Etiquette became a matter of the highest importance, and reached an artificial perfection which showed how unnatural it was to those who practised it. In the Tuileries, as was wittily said, everything moved to the tap of the drum. The parvenu princes and dukes had all their proper state, and being now assured of ample income and hereditary office, displayed a self-assertion, a self-indulgence, and an independence which augured ill for their continued and submissive devotion to their creator.

Behind this impenetrable screen the activities of the Emperor were resumed with a greater intensity and a higher velocity than ever. Not content with a daily task, his hours of recreation became shorter and shorter, until he ceased to have any capacity for pleasure, and found no comfort for his mind except in labor. Paris was in raptures of loyalty, and from senate, tribune, and newspapers—in fact, from every conceivable source—came proposals for triumphs, statues, or other honors to «Napoleon the Great.» The church vied with the populace. Among many similar utterances one bishop declared him the chosen of God to restore his worship and lead his people; another announced that recent events, occurring on the anniversary of the Emperor's unction, had given him a divine character; while the cardinal archbishop of Paris cried aloud, «O God of Marengo, thou declarest thyself the God of Austerlitz; and the German eagle with the Russian eagle, both of which thou dost desert, is become the prey of the French eagle, which thou ceasest not to protect.» Before long the Emperor was everywhere called the «man of God, the anointed of the Lord,» and occasionally he was designated as «his sacred Majesty.»

The opportunity was therefore ripe for radical changes. «My house,» «my line,» «my people,» were phrases which had for a year past been on his lips and in his letters. He now began to take measures for lending a theocratic character to his reign, which, in

view of his religious belief, were simply shocking. Not only did he express the wish that his imperial standards should be regarded with «religious reverence,» but he closed his letters with the royal, absolutist, and Roman Catholic formula, «I pray God to have you in his holy keeping,» and was styled in public papers, «Napoleon, by the grace of God Emperor.» For this he could plead the universal though antiquated customs of the existing European dynasties, which still claimed to reign by divine right. But he went further, and in personal coöperation with an obsequious church dignitary prepared a catechism from which every French child learned in a few months such medieval and now blasphemous dogmas as these: Napoleon is «the minister of the power of God, and his image on earth»; «to honor and serve the Emperor is to honor and serve God.» The climax of this insincerity was to be found in the awful menace, instilled with absolute solemnity into the mind of every learner throughout all the dioceses, that as to disobey the Emperor was to resist the order ordained by God, such disobedience would prepare eternal damnation for the guilty. Although Napoleon ever refused to admit that he himself had any moral responsibility, and seemed to act on the doctrine that he had been born what he remained to the end, he nevertheless attributed immense influence to education in others. «There can be no settled politics,» he said of the university, «without a settled body of teachers.»

Thus while the coming generation was imbibing such ideas, the Emperor was not forgetful of the present one. His passion for writing had never been extinguished since the first rude beginnings of childhood. Although he never learned to spell, he did eventually learn the secret of that concise and masterful style which characterizes so much of his voluminous correspondence. The thirty enormous volumes of his letters published by a commission under the Second Empire, though giving most of what he wrote before 1804, are for the remaining years of his reign little more than scanty selections obsequiously and ingeniously chosen to increase his fame and hide his faults. But from these and from the testimony of contemporaries the astonishing extent and the exact character of his occupations are clearly shown.

Above all else, he was solicitous for the army. «The reports on the situation of my armies,» he said, «are for me the most agreeable literary works in my library, and those which I read with the greatest pleasure in my hours of relaxation.» He was so assiduous and thorough that, as it has been declared, and probably without great exaggeration, he knew to a man his effective force; and when his armies were scattered over half the world he was more familiar than his ministers with the station of every battalion. This was only the beginning of his cares; his chief concern was for the equipment and well-being of the men—not only for their uniforms, accoutrements, and arms, but for their food, shelter, and pay. It was with the same thoroughness that accounts, inventories, and all the other dry details were examined; his fighting-machine must not only be perfect, but he must know that it was so. The enormous levies raised in the late campaigns were turned into an army-chest for the benefit of the army, and the management of that fund was intrusted to Mollien, his most skilful financier.

The pleasures of his soldiery were also a matter of interest to him. But carefully as he had studied their psychology, both personal and collective, he was mistaken when he asked the city of Paris to provide Spanish bull-fights and contests of wild beasts for his returning soldiers; and recognizing his blunder, he revoked his order. For, after all, by the rigid enforcement of the conscription laws the nation and the army were not far from being identical, and the softening influences of home life, which were not entirely absent from the conscripts even when fighting and marching like the perfect machines they were made to be, were powerfully present when on furlough with their mothers and sweethearts. No captain ever understood the art of appealing to the pride and affection of his men as did Napoleon; but his success was in the field and on the eve of battle, not in peace and among the normal influences of civil life.

As the clever physician understands that the bodily organs are interdependent, and that the welfare of all is essential to the soundness of each, so Napoleon apprehended the same doctrine in regard to his empire. In applying it, like the physician, he first regarded diet and digestion. Quite as much as for the army he spent his energies upon the finances. But here he was not an expert. There were no pains he would not take, no toil he would not endure, to master the endless lines of figures, which, as one of his ministers said, he sought to marshal like battalions. Whether in military or in civil life, he desired to prearrange and order every detail. For this end he employed, in addition to his official machinery, an extensive unofficial correspondence. Among other things, he had news

of the stock-market, of the banks, and of all prices current. When a fact was incomprehensible he had it explained by an expert.

The intensity of his interest in finance, and the just appreciation he had of its importance, appear in his acts. The very evening of his arrival in Paris after Austerlitz, a midnight message summoned the ministers to council for eight next morning. Their congratulations were brusquely cut off by the dry statement: « We have more serious matters to consider. It appears that the greatest danger to the state has not been in Austria. Let us hear the report from the minister of the treasury.» The document, read by Barbé-Marbois, was able, and mercilessly displayed the situation: the insufficiency of income, the venality of officials, and the shifts to which he had been put in order to avoid, not a panic,—for that had come,—but an utter crash. Three of the guilty office-holders were summoned on the spot. The scene, according to Mollien, who was present, could be described only as « a discharge of thunderbolts from the highest heaven for a whole hour.» One culprit burst into tears, a second stammered weak excuses, the third was stiffened into blank silence, and all three were dismissed with a threatening gesture. The session of the council, which lasted nine hours without a break, was not ended until five o'clock in the evening.

When Marbois, who, though honest himself, had failed to keep others so, finally left the room, the Emperor turned to Mollien and said: « You are now minister of the treasury. Find sixty millions stolen by the officials, and I will appoint a successor to you in the management of the sinking fund I have destined for the reward of the army.» He would listen to no excuse, and could not then, or in fact at any time, be brought to understand the rise or fall, and even disappearance, of values. He thought government bonds could be kept at one price no matter what happened, and that an annual budget was simply a nuisance. « It could not be more difficult to govern the little corner of Paris they called the Exchange than to govern France,» he said. The lesson which he had to learn cost him many millions of his hoarded contributions. By pouring his treasure into the gulf he succeeded in reëstablishing public confidence for the time.

These were the serious occupations of the first half-year; its avocations were of a social nature—chiefly banishing the possessors of those biting tongues whose clever sayings could not be hushed, and arranging matrimonial alliances between what the Emperor designated as the old and the new aristocracy. Napoleon's words and mien had at last become so menacing and awe-inspiring that the accustomed quip and jest of the old nobility were now uttered only in whispers behind the closed doors of their residences in the Faubourg St. Germain. Well might they be cautious; for the Emperor, unlike many great talkers, was a great doer. The most famous and clever society of the consulate and early empire was accustomed to gather in the drawing-rooms of Mme. Récamier, wife of the great banker. The wealth of her husband and the distinction of her own manners made her a personage of great importance among the returned emigrants, who flattered and caressed her. By her spirit and beauty she wielded enormous influence, but not in Napoleon's behalf, for she considered him a parvenu. She was in reality one of the most insidious, and consequently one of the most dangerous, of his foes. He tried to buy her silence, through Fouché's intermediation, by the offer not merely of a place as lady in waiting, but of the influence she might hope to exercise over himself. Her persistent refusal was really the cause of her husband's bankruptcy, for the Bank of France refused him assistance in his straits. She was not an intimate friend of Mme. de Staël, although the latter, when banished from Paris, had visited her at St. Ecouen; but many of those who had frequented her parlor were. Necker's great daughter, that « rascally Mme. de Staël,» as Napoleon called her in a letter to Fouché, had since her retirement to Switzerland played the rôle of exile so well that she had rendered herself almost a divinity to her friends. They made annual pilgrimages to Coppet, returning to Mme. Récamier's parlors with new arrows of spite and wit to discharge against the empire. In the end both the hostess herself and the frequenters of her husband's house were therefore visited with condign punishment, on the charge that they had excited public alarm and discredited the Bank of France. With several of her friends the great lady was banished from Paris, and later was sent into exile.

From 1806 onward the police became ever more rigorous and active. Every word uttered about the state was apparently overheard by them, and high and low alike suffered for any indiscretion. This made clear to the ancient aristocracy and gentry that criticism of the new court must cease; and under the influence of fear many gave their daughters in marriage to the imperial generals. The most conspicuous wedding of this sort was

that of Savary, the man of mystery at the Duc d'Enghien's execution, the conspirator suspected of complicity in the death of Pichegru and Captain Wright, who married Mlle. de Coigny, a great heiress, and the daughter of a most ancient family.

Another of the Emperor's avocations was the consideration of ways and means to put into execution the law of May 1, 1802, establishing the University of France. It is said, not without probability, that he was deeply impressed by the Jesuit system of education, which so perfectly subordinated every detail to a central power. Having already substituted in the schools the study of military science for that of history and philosophy, he hoped so to organize the university as to secure the absolute devotion of all its instructors, with a subordination of all its parts to the support of his political sovereignty. Although more important matters compelled the postponement of his plan until 1810, he eventually succeeded on the lines which he was at this time considering.

(To be continued.)

William M. Sloane.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT.

By the Author of «Social Evolution.»

IT is one A.M. We are on the open chalk downs under the stars, and twenty miles due south from London as the crow flies. The low summer moon, which has been but a few hours above the horizon, is already sinking away in the southwest. There is but little light, for the pale yellow beams do not illuminate; now, even before the dawn has come, they are waning, and a ghostly air has settled upon the almost invisible landscape. The northerly breeze has come through the wood which meets the sky in the foreground, and the aroma of leaves, still in all their delicate summer freshness, lingers on the night air. The distant bay of the watch-dog comes over the hills, to be answered by another still farther away, and yet now by another in the valley below. But the sounds themselves are part of the solitude; they seem only to increase the silence.

Under the clear sky the heavy dew has made the grass dripping wet, and in the uncertain light it is difficult to keep to the steep pathway through the upland meadows. In the low ground below, where the trees rise specter-like through the mist, the railway runs. It is but a few hours ago since the roar and crash of wheels echoed up here, and the tail lights of the Continental Express flashed through the trees; but shadowy and unreal seems the world to which such life belongs, a part of a far-off existence which has no touch or communication with these rural fastnesses. It is a silent land. Celt and Roman and Saxon alike have carried highways of the world through it. But it is still silent; now, as ever, the life of the highways tarries not in these solitudes which sleep between London and the southern sea.

Chur-r-r-r-r!—distinct and eerie, the sound comes up the hillside, the air vibrating with the harsh, rolling note. Now it is answered by a similar sound, and the belt of small oaks and bracken below seems suddenly possessed by a troop of invisible spirits. It is the fern-owl, or night-jar, calling to his mate—a sound which has caused a growth of superstition to follow the bird into every land in which it has traveled. The female, who nests on the ground, is usually sitting when the male makes the night air thrill with his strange note. The bird is heard here only about this season. Out of the unknown it comes with the rising year, and thither it returns with its decline, reaching here on the crest of that great migratory wave of life from the south, of which we know so little, and which now, almost with the summer solstice, will turn again as mysteriously as it came.

Slowly the splendid summer night opens out as the ground still rises. Far away in the north, in the direction of London, a soft opal light hangs upon the horizon. It is the fringe of twilight from the midnight sun circling below the horizon, though it is still more than two hours to sunrise. The moon has almost ceased to shine, but the planets burn more brightly as the light wanes, and a deeper hush seems to fall upon the darkening landscape. Hark! In the still night air at this altitude the ear catches now for the first time a solemn undertone of the night. It is like the subdued echo of the surf, but from a shore so distant that the sound is here only the gentlest sigh in the air; the ear strains after it when at times it seems to

melt back again into the silence. The ground here is the watershed between two rivers, the northern Thames and the eastern Medway. It has been raining heavily during the past week; every little rill is full, and the river in the valley below is still in flood. It is the faint sound of the plash and fall of many waters which reaches here in the stillness. This is that voice which, once heard at night on the open hills or moors, is never forgotten; that sound which, more than any other audible to human ear, suggests the infinite—

> The sound of streams that swift or slow
> Draw down Æonian hills, and sow
> The dust of continents to be.

The pathway through the fields runs close to the hedge now. The scent of white clover comes down the breeze. In front, where the ground rises highest, the Southdown sheep lie huddled against the sky-line. They have given a historic name to a breed famous for its mutton; yet even in such descendants survive the instincts of long-forgotten ancestors. It is the highest spot of the pasture they have chosen to rest in, and they lie with noses to the wind, waiting, they know not why, for an enemy that will never more disturb the slumber of their degenerate lives. Faint brushing sounds come through the grass; shadowy forms which the eye does not catch seem to move before; a hollow, sepulchral double knock comes from the depths of the hedge: it is only the angry, warning stamp of the rabbits that have been disturbed feeding.

As the road goes north the scene changes. These rolling chalk downs, with the deep combs nestling at intervals between, have given trouble to the ancient road-makers: now the track mounts suddenly and steeply, and in an instant descends again almost precipitously. Here the hills have closed round again, the breeze is no longer felt in the valley, and the shadows seem to come closer. The long, lush grass, almost ripe for cutting, still stands by the road, and the green wheat, already in the ear, makes a somber gloom on the southern slopes under the hazel copses. Crake-crake, crake-crake!—far and wide the sound echoes through the still air. It is not a stone's throw off now, and it comes from the thick cover by the roadside, harsh, loud, and strident, drowning all other noises of the night. It is only the love-note of the land-rail, one of the most familiar of all the night sounds in this strange, wanton honeymoon of our Northern year, when for a few short weeks all nature stirs and glows and seeks to utter herself of a life that passeth understanding. Thus still for a little does the male bird cheer the female as she sits on the eggs. Yet a few weeks more, and he will be no longer heard; for he will change and relapse into silence and other moods when the young are hatched out. The sound ceases suddenly now, only to render audible a similar note in the distance. When it is renewed, after a short interval, the bird has moved. He travels quickly through the long grass. Well do you remember how in other days you hunted him, what good sport he made, how fleetly the long legs carried the slim, brown body, how loath he was to fly, and how heavily he rose. The country-people said, indeed, that his wings were of little use; that, left to himself, he never used them; and even that he shed his feathers, and slept through the winter in the rabbit-burrows. Yet not the least of nature's mysteries are the now well-established wanderings of this familiar land-rail of our homestead meadows. By what strange routes has he been tracked over land and ocean with the waning year, south along the Nile valley, and even across the equator into southern Africa! And yet, withal, what faithful ardor drives him, that he should return again to woo his mate and rear his chicks in this gray twilight of our Northern night.

The path leaves the road and crosses the fields again. The shrill cry of the partridge comes up the breeze. A little while ago, leaving the beaten track, the foot stumbled into a cut thorn-bush on the open ground. Now where the grass is smooth and short the same accident happens again. We are in a land where the love of wild nature has left many a strange mark on character—a land in which respect for law still struggles unsuccessfully with the inborn belief that a man may take wild game and yet scorn to be a thief. The poacher loves these long, even slopes as they will be later in the year, and the cut thorn-bushes have relation to his visits. The men walk them at night, two abreast and far apart, carrying a long, narrow net between them, slightly lifted in front and weighted behind. The birds lie on the open ground and do not rise. As soon as the net is over them they are doomed, and a whole covey may be captured at once. The thorn-bushes are the snares which wreck the net.

In the dim light mansions begin to loom out of the trees, and to take up the best positions on the higher grounds. The outskirts of the metropolis have met us; just now, where no landmark showed the spot, the first

boundary line was crossed—the line which marks the limits of the London Metropolitan Police area, a circle within which sleeps a population of nearly 6,000,000. Under the oak copses the way winds. It is sheltered here from the north, and the air is warm and still. Hark! From the depths of the straggling thicket which skirts the wood there comes now a sound in which there is something curiously weird when heard for the first time and from a distance. It is a bird singing in the night. Clear, soft, and distinct, the notes rise and fall in the silence. It is the nightingale; this is a favorite haunt of the birds. It is surprising how far the sound travels; even after a quarter of a mile has been traversed in its direction it is still a considerable distance off. Similar sounds come now from the copses above, but the birds have each appropriated a situation; solitary they sit without changing position, each in continuous song throughout the night. It is the male bird which thus sings to the female as she sits on the nest. It is only a few steps from the thicket at last, and the songster cannot be more than twenty yards off. You do not wonder now at the estimate of the extraordinary quality of the bird's song, nor that it should have stirred the tongues of men to strophes in many languages. Full, rich, and liquid, the notes fall with a strange loudness into the still night. Yet it is not so much the form of the song itself which is remarkable as the passion with which it seems to thrill. Sweet, sw-e-e-t, sw-e-e-e-t—lower and tenderer the long-drawn-out notes come, the last of the series prolonged till the air vibrates as if a wire had been struck, and the solitary singer seems almost to choke with the overmastering intensity of feeling in the final effort. The stars shine through the feathery branches of the silver birches as you listen; the hoarse bay of the watch-dog still comes at intervals on the breeze; far down the valley burns the red eye of the railway signal; in the distance a coal-train is slowly panting southward, a pillar of fire seeming to precede it when the white light from the engine fire shines upon the steam: but the bird still sings on and on. It is lost in a world to which you have no key; it has not changed its position nor ceased its song since sunset, and it will be singing still with the dawn. Strange infinity of nature! Thus must its kind have sung here while the name of England was yet unfashioned on men's lips, and it was still a pathless wood to the northern Thames. Thus do the birds sing still on the fringes of modern Babylon, oblivious and indifferent to all that men consider the vast import of the seething life beyond.

The nesting season, when the birds sing, is drawing to a close. As the road winds near the copses, the voices of other nightingales are heard, but they are not nearly so numerous as a few weeks ago. The birds are slowly retiring before the growth of the metropolis. The writer's experience must have been that of many a Londoner in the outer zone. He has heard the bird from his bedroom window at night for a season; then the builder has come, its favorite grove or thicket has been cut down, and it has flown farther out, to return no more. The nightingales begin song here by the end of April, and they are almost silent by the end of June. They do not migrate till much later, and they continue year after year to frequent a locality until driven away; for, like the swallow, the same nightingale returns each year, faithful to its old haunts. The nightingale is not the very shy bird it is often supposed to be; although it usually keeps in the depths of its thicket, it may be easily seen moving about in the daytime. It sings then also, but its song is usually not continuous as at night.

The opal light in the northeast is spreading to the zenith. The path is through the fields again—another of those public footways which render England dear to the lover of nature. Although it is yet an hour and a half to sunrise, a red tinge is on the horizon, but everything is still ghostly and indistinct. Flip, flip!—a pair of larks flutter up from under the feet in the half light; they do not rise skyward, but they are already on the alert waiting to welcome the dawn. Hark! There is the first songster away on the right, the herald of the approaching day. This ridge is the last wrinkle of the chalk downs, the land which the larks love; from the next we shall overlook the outer rim of the great clay basin on which the metropolis is built, and London will have straggled to our feet. A large gray bird, slimmer than a pigeon, sails out of the elms by the wayside into the morning twilight. It is the restless cuckoo, already astir. She does not call—it is too early. Besides, she has grown silent; the purpose of her strange, feckless life here is spent; a fortnight more, and her voice will no longer be heard in the land. The chorus of larks grows louder in the growing light. Already the southern slopes of London are in sight, shadowy and indistinct in outline, yet with a clearness rarely seen, and peculiar only to the smokeless summer dawn.

Away still on the horizon runs the inner rim of the London basin, the line along which rise the heights of Richmond, Wimbledon, Sydenham, and Blackheath. Not so long ago, and its southern limit was still a wooded solitude; now the life of London has flowed far over its crest to the south, west, and east.

The bats are still wheeling in the streets of Croydon; a railway signalman swinging a red lamp crosses the way in front, and passes homeward; two men carrying lanterns and searching the ground pass down a yet unfinished side street. They are looking for the water-valves; this is the hour at which they can try the water in the new-laid connections with least fear of protest from the sleeping householder. Through the deserted roadways and sleeping squares the way mounts to the hill on which the water-tower stands. No other footsteps have broken the silence. Our janitor has kept his promise, and the key grates in the lock in a moment. Up we go the many steps,—almost in the dark, it seems, for it is still nearly an hour to sunrise,—and then out into the open at the top.

It is a strange world, dim and silent, which unrolls itself before the eye here. There are in many ways few aspects of life more impressive than the awakening of nature on the fringes of a great city, and there are not many points of vantage better than this. Far below, the rows of houses and streets spread away on every side, the southern outskirts of the great circle, twenty miles across, which London occupies. Away to the north, farther in, though still only in the outer zone, rises the last ridge which shuts in the Thames valley; on its crest the gaunt glass structure of the Crystal Palace sits darkly on the horizon. Behind, to the south, stretch the downs we have traversed in the night. Between lies a great suburban land of brick buildings, new for the most part, here ranged in great solid blocks deep and wide, there straggling loosely apart. Everywhere between rise tall trees, now dark in their full summer foliage, the last survivors of that great North Wood in which, down almost into recent times, the charcoal-burners plied their trade—the North Wood which still gives its name to the district of Norwood, and which was so called to distinguish it from the other great wood, the Southern Weald, which stretched through Kent, Surrey, and Sussex. It is a fair land still, as it sleeps now under a cloudless sky out of which the stars have not yet faded, a battle-field, withal,—a land upon which the invading Celt and Roman and Saxon has in turn left his hand, it is true,—but a battle-field, most of all, where nature fights year after year a losing stand against the blighting and despoiling forces of civilization.

Hark! There comes now the first sound from below. It is a thrush tuning for the opening symphony. After a few tentative notes it bursts into full song. Cherry-dew, cherry-dew! Be-quick, be-quick! Strangely clear and distinct, the full notes ring out in the still morning. Soon it is joined by another, and in a moment another and another have answered from the high elms around. The volume of sound continues to grow, but as yet it is only the thrushes which greet the dawn. Soon there reaches the ear a faint, harsh murmur; now it is louder, and soon it swells into a hoarse din. It is as if a great army of workmen had suddenly begun to labor below, and the harsh chip and fret of countless iron tools rose upward in blended discord. It is the multitudinous voice of the house-sparrow. He rears three families in the year, and he has begun his day's work of eighteen hours. He it is who, alone of wild birds, can regard the nineteenth century as an era of unexampled prosperity. He has multiplied in incredible numbers with the growth of towns. Nay, more: following the Anglo-Saxon, he has spread with the extending race to the ends of the world, till over two continents, with a certain appropriate inaccuracy, he is known and banned as the English sparrow. From the lower shrubs of the private gardens the rich, mellow note of the blackbird begins now to blend with the others. Louder and louder swells the chorus of voices, as the finches, robins, and other small birds join in at last. It is a strange harmony—one which is seldom heard by the sleeping world. The strangest feature is, indeed, the almost complete absence of any human sound; save for the occasional scream of the whistle of a belated locomotive shunting on the distant line, all but the voices of the birds is silent.

Round the tower the bats are still hawking. From below there reaches up a familiar twitter. It comes from a line of swallows which stand huddled up after the night on the paling, their white breasts showing in marked contrast to the black-painted fence. One takes wing now, at last, to begin that long chase after flying insects which the bats have not yet abandoned. Thus do the fringes of the night overlap the coming day.

As the light grows, the features of the land open out. One does not wonder here why the migratory wild birds come to us in the far Northwest in such numbers. Why should they

linger amid the barren larch plantations and the *petite culture* of the Continent? Where else, despite the growth of the towns, has the country been preserved so unchanged as in England? To the right stretch the natural woods and copses in the direction of Chiselhurst; nearer at hand lie the Addington hills and the splendid wooded lands of the manor of Croydon, still an appanage of the see of Canterbury, and doubtless not greatly changed since the great Lanfranc held them of the Conqueror. Away to the left roll the level plains toward Windsor, the great trees so thickly strewn over the land as almost to give it the appearance of a thickly wooded country—trees which rise unkempt in the free air of heaven, with limbs unlopped, in all their natural beauty. To the south stretches the open land, the commons of Epsom and Banstead, and the range of the North Downs, with the little village of Purley, associated with the fame of Horne Tooke, sleeping on the edge. It is all little changed since the days of the author of the «Diversions,» always and except for the vast growth of London. What would the eccentric parson and politician have thought of the age if he had lived to see the metropolis almost at his doors, and all that the whirligig of time had brought with it? Would he have thought any better now of the crime which split the Anglo-Saxon peoples in two, or of his countrymen who fined and imprisoned him for opening a subscription for the widows and orphans of the Americans «murdered by the King's troops at Lexington and Concord»?

The rooks are spreading out across the sky as they sail from their nests to the distant pastures. As the light ripens, the view enlarges of greater London stretching away to the north. Like the arms of a great octopus, its fringes strike far into the open land. Farther in, caught between them, rises bravely many a pleasant grove; parks, open spaces, and even fields gleam a fitful green among the bricks in the morning light—but surrounded all; doomed, injected morsels waiting to be digested at leisure, to serve the strenuous purposes of another life. And yet only the outer suburban zone is visible here—a land of beauty without refinement, of wealth without distinction; a land of groves and spires and villas hedged round with reformatories, schools, and asylums. And everywhere, from horizon to horizon, the unfinished brick and timber of the builder, emblems of the ever-rising flood, of a movement of which the springs are at the ends of the earth, of a life which takes toll of every land under heaven.

Now at last, away in the northeast, the fiery red rim of the sun shows above the horizon. There has been no gorgeous preparatory display, no massing of shades and colors for the opening ceremony. With scarce an anticipatory flush he rises full into a gray, expressionless sky, and a moment afterward disappears into a bank of fog which hangs on the horizon over the Essex marshes. A fitting tribute, perhaps, to the race and clime. For he has risen over the first meridian, over the mother city of the Northern vikings. It is from here that the nations have learned to count their distance. It is from here that they measure his course in his race round the trackless seas.

Benjamin Kidd.

SHAKSPERE.

HE heard the Voice that spake, and, unafraid,
Beheld at dawning of primeval light
The systems flame to being, move in flight
Unmeasured, unimagined, and unstayed.
He stood at nature's evening, and surveyed
Dissolvèd worlds—saw uncreated night
About the universe's depth and height
Slowly and silently forever laid.
Down the pale avenues of death he trod,
And trembling gazed on scenes of hate that chilled
His blood, and for a breath his pulses stilled;
Then clouds from sunbright shores a moment rolled,
And, blinded, glimpsed he One with thunder shod, ...
Crowned with the stars, and with the morning stoled!

Henry Jerome Stockard.

CAPTAIN ELI'S BEST EAR.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

WITH PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.

THE little seaside village of Sponkannis lies so quietly upon a protected spot on our Atlantic coast that it makes no more stir in the world than would a pebble which, held between one's finger and thumb, should be dipped below the surface of a mill-pond and then dropped. About the post-office and the store—both under the same roof—the greater number of the houses cluster, as if they had come for their week's groceries, or were waiting for the mail; while toward the west the dwellings become fewer and fewer, until at last the village blends into a long stretch of sandy coast and scrubby pine-woods. Eastward the village ends abruptly at the foot of a wind-swept bluff, on which no one cares to build.

Among the last houses in the western end of the village stood two neat, substantial dwellings, one belonging to Captain Eli Bunker, and the other to Captain Cephas Dyer. These householders were two very respectable retired mariners, the first a widower about fifty, and the other a bachelor of perhaps the same age, a few years more or less making but little difference in this region of weather-beaten youth and seasoned age.

Each of these good captains lived alone, and each took entire charge of his own domestic affairs, not because he was poor, but because it pleased him to do so. When Captain Eli retired from the sea he was the owner of a good vessel, which he sold at a fair profit; and Captain Cephas had made money in many a voyage before he built his house in Sponkannis and settled there.

When Captain Eli's wife was living, she was his household manager; but Captain Cephas had never had a woman in his house, except during the first few months of his occupancy, when certain female neighbors came in occasionally to attend to little matters of cleaning which, according to popular notions, properly belong to the sphere of woman.

But Captain Cephas soon put an end to this sort of thing. He did not like a woman's ways, especially her ways of attending to domestic affairs. He liked to live in sailor fashion, and to keep house in sailor fashion. In his establishment everything was shipshape, and everything which could be stowed away was stowed away, and, if possible, in a bunker. The floors were holystoned nearly every day, and the whole house was repainted about twice a year, a little at a time, when the weather was suitable for this marine recreation. Things not in frequent use were lashed securely to the walls, or perhaps put out of the way by being hauled up to the ceiling by means of blocks and tackle. His cooking was done sailor fashion, like everything else, and he never failed to have plum-duff on Sunday. His well was near his house, and every morning he dropped into it a lead and line, and noted down the depth of water. Three times a day he entered in a little note-book the state of the weather, the height of the mercury in barometer and thermometer, the direction of the wind, and special weather points when necessary.

Captain Eli managed his domestic affairs in an entirely different way. He kept house woman fashion, not, however, in the manner of an ordinary woman, but after the manner of his late wife, Miranda Bunker, now dead some seven years. Like his friend Captain Cephas, he had had the assistance of his female neighbors during the earlier days of his widowhood. But he soon found that these women did not do things as Miranda used to do them, and although he frequently suggested that they should endeavor to imitate the methods of his late consort, they did not even try to do things as she used to do them, preferring their own ways. Therefore it was that Captain Eli determined to keep house by himself, and to do it, as nearly as his nature would allow, as Miranda used to do it. He swept his floors and he shook his door-mats, he washed his paint with soap and hot water, and he dusted his furniture with a soft cloth, which he afterward stuck behind a chest of drawers. He made his bed very neatly, turning down the sheet at the top, and setting

the pillow up on edge, smoothing it carefully after he had done so. His cooking was based on the methods of the late Miranda; he had never been able to make bread rise properly, but he had always liked ship biscuit, and he now greatly preferred them to the risen bread made by his neighbors; and as to coffee and the plainer articles of food with which he furnished his table, even Miranda herself would not have objected to them had she been alive and very hungry.

The houses of the two captains were not very far apart, and they were good neighbors, often smoking their pipes together and talking of the sea. But this was always on the little porch in front of Captain Cephas's house, or by his kitchen fire in the winter. Captain Eli did not like the smell of tobacco-smoke in his house, or even in front of it in summer-time, when the doors were open. He had no objection himself to the odor of tobacco, but it was contrary to the principles of woman housekeeping that rooms should smell of it, and he was always true to those principles.

It was late in a certain December, and through the village there was a pleasant little flutter of Christmas preparations. Captain Eli had been up to the store, and he had stayed there a good while, warming himself by the stove, and watching the women coming in to buy things for Christmas. It was strange how many things they bought for presents or for holiday use—fancy soap and candy, handkerchiefs and little woolen shawls for old people, and a lot of pretty little things which he knew the use of, but which Captain Cephas would never have understood at all had he been there in the store.

As Captain Eli came out of the store he saw a cart in which were two good-sized Christmas trees which had been cut in the woods, and were going, one to Captain Holmes's house, and the other to Mother Nelson's. Captain Holmes had grandchildren, and Mother Nelson, with never a child of her own, good old soul, had three little orphan nieces who never wanted for anything needful at Christmas time, or any other time.

Captain Eli walked home very slowly, taking observations in his mind. It was more than seven years since he had had anything to do with Christmas, except that on that day he had always made himself a mince-pie, the construction and the consumption of which were equally difficult. It is true that neighbors had invited him, and they had invited Captain Cephas, to their Christmas dinners, but neither of these worthy seamen had ever accepted any of these invitations. Even holiday food, when not cooked in sailor fashion, did not agree with Captain Cephas, and it would have pained the good heart of Captain Eli if he had been forced to make believe to enjoy a Christmas dinner so very inferior to those which Miranda used to set before him.

But now the heart of Captain Eli was gently moved by a Christmas flutter. It had been foolish, perhaps, for him to go up to the store at such a time as this, but the mischief had been done. Old feelings had come back to him, and he would be glad to celebrate Christmas this year if he could think of any good way to do it; and the result of his mental observations was that he went over to Captain Cephas's house to talk to him about it.

Captain Cephas was in his kitchen, smoking his third morning pipe. Captain Eli filled his pipe, lighted it, and sat down by the fire.

«Cap'n,» said he, «what do you say to our keepin' Christmas this year? A Christmas dinner is no good if it 's got to be eat alone, and you and me might eat ourn together. It might be in my house, or it might be in your house; it won't make no great difference to me, which. Of course I like woman housekeepin', as is laid down in the rules of service for my house; but next best to that I like sailor housekeepin', so I don't mind which house the dinner is in, Cap'n Cephas, so it suits you.»

Captain Cephas took his pipe from his mouth. «You 're pretty late thinkin' about it,» said he, «for day after to-morrow 's Christmas.»

«That don't make no difference,» said Captain Eli. «What things we want that are not in my house or your house we can easily get either up at the store or else in the woods.»

«In the woods!» exclaimed Captain Cephas. «What in the name of thunder do you expect to get in the woods for Christmas?»

«A Christmas tree,» said Captain Eli. «I thought it might be a nice thing to have a Christmas tree for Christmas. Captain Holmes has got one, and Mother Nelson 's got another. I guess nearly everybody 's got one. It won't cost anything—I can go and cut it.»

Captain Cephas grinned a grin, as if a great leak had been sprung in the side of a vessel, stretching nearly from stem to stern.

«A Christmas tree!» he exclaimed. «Well, I am blessed! But look here, Cap'n Eli; you don't know what a Christmas tree 's fer: it 's fer children, and not fer grown-ups. Nobody

ever does have a Christmas tree in any house where there ain't no children.»

Captain Eli rose and stood with his back to the fire. «I did n't think of that,» he said, «but I guess it 's so; and when I come to think of it, a Christmas is n't much of a Christmas, anyway, without children.»

«You never had none,» said Captain Cephas, «and you 've kept Christmas.»

«Yes,» replied Captain Eli, reflectively; «we did do it, but there was always a lackment—Miranda has said so, and I have said so.»

«You did n't have no Christmas tree,» said Captain Cephas.

«No, we did n't; but I don't think that folks was as much set on Christmas trees then as they 'pear to be now. I wonder,» he continued, thoughtfully gazing at the ceiling, «if we was to fix up a Christmas tree—and you and me 's got a lot of pretty things that we 've picked up all over the world, that would go miles ahead of anything that could be bought at the store for Christmas trees—if we was to fix up a tree, real nice, if we could n't get some child or other that was n't likely to have a tree to come in and look at it, and stay awhile, and make Christmas more like Christmas; and then when it went away it could take along the things that was hangin' on the tree, and keep 'em for its own.»

«That would n't work,» said Captain Cephas. «If you get a child into this business, you must let it hang up its stockin' before it goes to bed, and find it full in the mornin', and then tell it an all-fired lie about Santa Claus if it asks any questions. Most children think more of stockin's than they do of trees; so I 've heard, at least.»

«I 've got no objections to stockin's,» said Captain Eli. «If it wanted to hang one up, it could hang one up either here or in my house, wherever we kept Christmas.»

«You could n't keep a child all night,» sardonically remarked Captain Cephas, «and no more could I; for if it was to get up a croup in the night, it would be as if we was on a lee shore with anchors draggin' and a gale a-blowin'.»

«That 's so,» said Captain Eli; «you 've put it fair. I suppose if we did keep a child all night, we 'd have to have some sort of a woman within hail in case of a sudden blow.»

Captain Cephas sniffed. «What 's the good of talkin'?» said he. «There ain't no child, and there ain't no woman that you could hire to sit all night on my front step or on your front step a-waitin' to be piped on deck in case of croup.»

«No,» said Captain Eli. «I don't suppose there 's any child in this village that ain't goin' to be provided with a Christmas tree or a Christmas stockin', or perhaps both, except, now I come to think of it, that little gal that was brought down here with her mother last summer, and has been kept by Mrs. Crumley sence her mother died.»

«And won't be kept much longer,» said Captain Cephas; «for I 've hearn Mrs. Crumley say she could n't afford it.»

«That 's so,» said Captain Eli. «If she can't afford to keep the little gal, she can't afford to give no Christmas trees nor stockin's; and so it seems to me, Cap'n, that that little gal would be a pretty good child to help us keep Christmas.»

«You 're all the time forgettin',» said the other, «that nuther of us can keep a child all night.»

Captain Eli seated himself, and looked ponderingly into the fire. «You 're right, Cap'n,» said he; «we 'd have to ship some woman to take care of her. Of course it would n't be no use to ask Mrs. Crumley?»

Captain Cephas laughed. «I should say not.»

«And there does n't seem to be anybody else,» said his companion. «Can you think of anybody, Cap'n?»

«There ain't nobody to think of,» replied Captain Cephas, «unless it might be Eliza Trimmer; she 's generally ready enough to do anything that turns up. But she would n't be no good—her house is too fur away for either you or me to hail her in case a croup came up suddint.»

«That 's so,» said Captain Eli; «she does live a long way off.»

«So that settles the whole business,» said Captain Cephas. «She 's too fur away to come if wanted, and nuther of us could n't keep no child without somebody to come if they was wanted, and it 's no use to have a Christmas tree without a child. A Christmas without a Christmas tree don't seem agreeable to you, Cap'n, so I guess we 'd better get along just the same as we 've been in the habit of doin', and eat our Christmas dinner, as we do our other meals, in our own houses.»

Captain Eli looked into the fire. «I don't like to give up things if I can help it. That was always my way. If wind and tide 's ag'in' me, I can wait till one or the other, or both of them, serve.»

«Yes,» said Captain Cephas; «you was always that kind of a man.»

«That 's so. But it does 'pear to me as if I 'd have to give up this time; but it 's a pity

to do it, on account of the little gal, because she ain't likely to have any Christmas this year. She 's a nice little gal, and takes as natural to navigation as if she 'd been born at sea. I 've given her two or three things because she 's so pretty, but there 's nothin' she likes so much as a little ship I gave her.»

«Perhaps she was born at sea,» remarked Captain Cephas.

«Perhaps she was,» said the other; «and that makes it the bigger pity.»

For a few moments nothing was said. Then Captain Eli suddenly exclaimed, «I 'll tell you what we might do, Cap'n; we might ask Mrs. Trimmer to lend a hand in givin' the little gal a Christmas. She ain't got nobody in her house but herself, and I guess she 'd be glad enough to help give that little gal a regular Christmas. She could go and get the child and bring her to your house or to my house, or wherever we 're goin' to keep Christmas, and—»

«Well,» said Captain Cephas, with an air of scrutinizing inquiry, «what?»

«Well,» replied the other, a little hesitatingly, «so far as I 'm concerned—that is, I don't mind one way or the other—she might take her Christmas dinner along with us and the little gal, and then she could fix her stockin' to be hung up, and help with the Christmas tree, and—»

«Well,» demanded Captain Cephas, «what?»

«Well,» said Captain Eli, «she could—that is, it does n't make any difference to me one way or the other—she might stay all night at whatever house we kept Christmas in, and then you and me might spend the night in the other house, and then she could be ready there to help the child in the mornin', when she came to look at her stockin'.»

Captain Cephas fixed upon his friend an earnest glare. «That 's pretty considerable of an idea to come upon you so suddint,» said he; «but I can tell you one thing: there ain't a-goin' to be any such doin's in my house. If you choose to come over here to sleep, and give up your house to any woman you can find to take care of the little gal, all right; but the thing can't be done here.»

There was a certain severity in these remarks, but they appeared to affect Captain Eli very pleasantly.

«Well,» said he, «if you 're satisfied, I am. I 'll agree to any plan you choose to make. It does n't matter to me which house it 's in, and if you say my house, I say my house; all I want is to make the business agreeable to all concerned. Now it 's time for me to go to my dinner; and this afternoon we 'd better go and try to get things straightened out, because the little gal, and whatever woman comes with her, ought to be at my house tomorrow before dark. S'posin' we divide up this business: I 'll go and see Mrs. Crumley about the little gal, and you can go and see Mrs. Trimmer.»

«No, sir,» promptly replied Captain Cephas, «I don't go to see no Mrs. Trimmer. You can see both of them just the same as you can see one—they 're all along the same way. I 'll go cut the Christmas tree.»

«All right,» said Captain Eli; «it don't make no difference to me which does which; but if I was you, Cap'n, I 'd cut a good big tree, because we might as well have a good one while we 're about it.»

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

"WHEN HE HAD EATEN HIS DINNER AND WASHED UP HIS DISHES."

When he had eaten his dinner and washed up his dishes, and had put everything away in neat, housewifely order, Captain Eli went to Mrs. Crumley's house, and very soon finished his business there. Mrs. Crumley kept the only house which might be considered a boarding-house in the village of Sponkannis; and when she had consented to take charge of the little girl who had been left on her hands she had hoped it would not be very long before she would hear from some of her relatives in regard to her maintenance; but she had heard nothing, and had now ceased to expect to hear anything, and in consequence had frequently remarked that she

must dispose of the child some way or other, for she could n't afford to keep her any longer. Even an absence of a day or two at the house of the good captain would be some relief, and Mrs. Crumley readily consented to the Christmas scheme. As to the little girl, she was delighted. She already looked upon Captain Eli as her best friend in the world.

It was not so easy to go to Mrs. Trimmer's house and put the business before her. «It ought to be plain sailin' enough,» Captain Eli said to himself, over and over again; «but for all that it don't seem to be plain sailin'.»

But he was not a man to be deterred by difficult navigation, and he walked straight to Eliza Trimmer's house.

Mrs. Trimmer was a comely woman, about thirty-five, who had come to the village a year before, and had maintained herself, or at least, had tried to, by dressmaking and plain sewing. She had lived at Stetford, a seaport about twenty miles away, and from there, three years before, her husband, Captain Trimmer, had sailed away in a good-sized schooner, and had never returned. She had come to Sponkannis because she thought that there she could live cheaper and get more work than in her former home. She had found the first quite possible, but her success in regard to the work had not been very great.

When Captain Eli entered Mrs. Trimmer's little room, he found her busy mending a sail. Here fortune favored him. «You turn your hand to 'most anything, Mrs. Trimmer,» said he, after he had greeted her.

«Oh, yes,» she answered, with a smile; «I am obliged to do that. Mending sails is pretty heavy work, but it 's better than nothing.»

«I had a notion,» said he, «that you was ready to turn your hand to any good kind of business, so I thought I would step in and ask you if you 'd turn your hand to a little bit of business I 've got on the stocks.»

She stopped sewing on the sail, and listened while Captain Eli laid his plan before her. «It 's very kind in you and Captain Cephas to think of all that,» said she. «I have often noticed that poor little girl, and pitied her. Certainly I 'll come, and you need n't say anything about paying me for it. I would n't think of asking to be paid for doing a thing like that. And besides»—she smiled again as she spoke—«if you are going to give me a Christmas dinner, as you say, that will make things more than square.»

Captain Eli did not exactly agree with her; but he was in very good humor, and she was in good humor, and the matter was soon settled, and Mrs. Trimmer promised to come to the captain's house in the morning and help about the Christmas tree, and in the afternoon to go to get the little girl from Mrs. Crumley's and bring her to the house.

Captain Eli was delighted with the arrangements. «Things now seem to be goin' along before a spankin' breeze,» said he. «But I don't know about the dinner; I guess you will have to leave that to me. I don't believe Captain Cephas could eat a woman-cooked dinner. He 's accustomed to livin' sailor fashion, you know, and he has declared over and over again to me that woman-cookin' does n't agree with him.»

«But I can cook sailor fashion,» said Mrs. Trimmer—«just as much sailor fashion as you or Captain Cephas; and if he don't believe it, I 'll prove it to him; so you need n't worry about that.»

When the captain had gone, Mrs. Trimmer gaily put away the sail. There was no need to finish it in a hurry, and no knowing when she would get her money for it when it was done. No one had asked her to a Christmas dinner that year, and she had expected to have a lonely time of it; but it would be very pleasant to spend Christmas with the little girl and the two good captains. Instead of sewing any more on the sail, she got out some of her own clothes to see if they needed anything done to them.

The next morning Mrs. Trimmer went to Captain Eli's house, and finding Captain Cephas there, they all set to work at the Christmas tree, which was a very fine one, and had been planted in a box. Captain Cephas had brought over a bundle of things from his house, and Captain Eli kept running here and there, bringing each time that he returned some new object, wonderful or pretty, which he had brought from China or Japan or Korea, or some spicy island of the Eastern seas; and nearly every time he came with these treasures Mrs. Trimmer declared that these things were too good to put upon a Christmas tree, even for such a nice little girl as the one for which that tree was intended. The presents which Captain Cephas brought were much more suitable for the purpose: they were odd and funny, and some of them pretty, but not expensive, as were the fans and bits of shell-work and carved ivories which Captain Eli wished to tie upon the twigs of the tree.

There was a good deal of talk about all this, but Captain Eli had his own way.

«I don't suppose, after all,» said he, «that

the little gal ought to have all the things. This is such a big tree that it 's more like a family tree. Cap'n Cephas can take some of my things, and I can take some of his things, and, Mrs. Trimmer, if there 's anything you like, you can call it your present, and take they all ought to be together the whole of that Christmas eve. As for the big dinner on the morrow, that was another affair, for Mrs. Trimmer undertook to make Captain Cephas understand that she had always cooked for Captain Trimmer in sailor fashion, and if he

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

"CAPTAIN CEPHAS HAD BROUGHT OVER A BUNDLE OF THINGS."

it for your own; so that will be fair and comfortable all round. What I want is to make everybody satisfied.»

«I 'm sure I think they ought to be,» said Mrs. Trimmer, looking very kindly at Captain Eli.

Mrs. Trimmer went home to her own house to dinner, and in the afternoon she brought the little girl. She had said there ought to be an early supper, so that the child would have time to enjoy the Christmas tree before she became sleepy.

This meal was prepared entirely by Captain Eli, and in sailor fashion, not woman fashion, so that Captain Cephas could make no excuse for eating his supper at home. Of course objected to her plum-duff, or if anybody else objected to her mince-pie, she was going to be very much surprised.

Captain Cephas ate his supper with a good relish, and was still eating when the rest had finished. As to the Christmas tree, it was the most valuable, if not the most beautiful, that had ever been set up in that region. It had no candles upon it, but was lighted by three lamps and a ship's lantern, placed in the four corners of the room, and the little girl was as happy as if the tree were decorated with little dolls and glass balls. Mrs. Trimmer was intensely pleased and interested to see the child so happy, and Captain Eli was much pleased and interested to see the child

so happy, and Captain Cephas was greatly interested, and perhaps a little amused in a superior fashion, to see Captain Eli and Mrs. Trimmer and the little child so happy.

Then the distribution of the presents began. Captain Eli asked Captain Cephas if he might have the wooden pipe that the latter had brought for his present. Captain Cephas said he might take it, for all he cared, and be welcome to it. Then Captain Eli gave Captain Cephas a red bandana handkerchief of a very curious pattern, and Captain Cephas thanked him kindly. After which Captain Eli bestowed upon Mrs. Trimmer a most beautiful tortoise-shell comb, carved and cut and polished in a wonderful way, and with it he gave a tortoise-shell fan, carved in the same fashion, because he said the two things seemed to belong to each other and ought to go together; and he would not listen to one word of what Mrs. Trimmer said about the gifts being too good for her, and that she was not likely ever to use them.

«It seems to me,» said Captain Cephas, «that you might be giving something to the little gal.»

And then Captain Eli remembered that the child ought not to be forgotten, and her soul was lifted into ecstasy by many gifts, some of which Mrs. Trimmer declared were too good for any child in this wide, wide world; but Captain Eli answered that they could be taken care of by somebody until «the little gal» was old enough to know their value.

Then it was discovered that, unbeknown to anybody else, Mrs. Trimmer had put some presents on the tree, which were things which had been brought by Captain Trimmer from somewhere in the far East or the distant West. These she bestowed upon Captain Cephas and Captain Eli, and the end of all this was that in the whole of Sponkannis, from the foot of the bluff to the east, to the very last house on the shore to the west, there was not one Christmas eve party so happy as this one.

Captain Cephas was not quite so happy as the three others were, but he was very much interested. About nine o'clock the party broke up, and the two captains put on their caps and buttoned up their pea-jackets, and started for Captain Cephas's house; but not before Captain Eli had carefully fastened every window and every door except the front door, and had told Mrs. Trimmer how to fasten that when they had gone, and had given her a boatswain's whistle, which she might blow out of the window if there should be a sudden croup, and it should be necessary for any one to go anywhere. He was sure he could hear it, for the wind was exactly right for him to hear a whistle from his house. And when they had gone, Mrs. Trimmer put the little girl to bed, and was delighted to find in what a wonderfully neat and womanlike fashion that house was kept.

It was nearly twelve o'clock that night when Captain Eli, sleeping in his bunk opposite that of Captain Cephas, was aroused by

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

"IT WAS A PROLONGED CRY."

hearing a sound. He had been lying with his best ear uppermost, so that he should hear anything if there happened to be anything to hear; and he did hear something, but it was not a boatswain's whistle. It was a prolonged cry, and it seemed to come from the sea.

In a moment Captain Eli was sitting on the side of his bunk, listening intently. Again came the cry. The window toward the sea was slightly open, and he heard it plainly.

«Cap'n!» said he, and at the word Captain Cephas was sitting on the side of his bunk, listening. He knew from his companion's attitude, plainly visible in the light of a lantern which hung on a hook at the other end of the room, that he had been awakened to listen. Again came the cry.

«That 's distress at sea,» said Captain Cephas. «Harken!»

They listened again for nearly a minute, when the cry was repeated.

«Bounce on deck, boys!» said Captain Ce-

phas, getting out on the floor. «There 's some one in distress offshore.»

Captain Eli jumped to the floor, and began to dress quickly.

«It could n't be a call from land?» he asked hurriedly. «It don't sound a bit to you like a boatswain's whistle, does it?»

«No,» said Captain Cephas, disdainfully. «It 's a call from sea.» And then, seizing a lantern, he rushed down the companionway.

As soon as he was convinced that it was a call from sea, Captain Eli was one in feeling and action with Captain Cephas. The latter hastily opened the drafts of the kitchen stove, and put on some wood, and by the time this was done Captain Eli had the kettle filled and on the stove. Then they clapped on their caps and their pea-jackets, each took an oar from a corner in the back hall, and together they ran down to the beach.

The night was dark, but not very cold, and Captain Cephas had been to the store that morning in his boat. Whenever he went to the store, and the weather permitted, he rowed there in his boat rather than walk. At the bow of the boat, which was now drawn up on the sand, the two men stood and listened. Again came the cry from the sea.

«It 's something ashore on the Turtle-back Shoal,» said Captain Cephas.

«Yes,» said Captain Eli; «and it 's some small craft, for that cry is down pretty nigh to the water.»

«Yes,» said Captain Cephas; «and there 's only one man aboard, or else they 'd take turns a-hollerin'.»

«He 's a stranger,» said Captain Eli, «or he would n't have tried, even with a catboat, to get in over that shoal on ebb-tide.»

As they spoke they ran the boat out into the water and jumped in, each with an oar. Then they pulled for the Turtle-back Shoal.

Although these two captains were men of fifty or thereabout, they were as strong and tough as any young fellows in the village, and they pulled with steady strokes, and sent the heavy boat skimming over the water, not in a straight line toward the Turtle-back Shoal, but now a few points in the darkness this way, and now a few points in the darkness that way, then with a great curve to the south through the dark night, keeping always near the middle of the only good channel out of the bay when the tide was ebbing.

Now the cries from seaward had ceased, but the two captains were not discouraged.

«He 's heard the thumpin' of our oars,» said Captain Cephas.

«He 's listenin', and he 'll sing out again if he thinks we 're goin' wrong,» said Captain Eli; «of course he don't know anything about that.»

And so when they made the sweep to the south the cry came again, and Captain Eli grinned. «We need n't to spend no breath hollerin',» said he; «he 'll hear us makin' for him in a minute.»

When they came to head for the Shoal they lay on their oars for a moment while Captain Cephas turned the lantern in the bow so that its light shone out ahead. He had not wanted the shipwrecked person to see the light when it would seem as if the boat were rowing away from him. He had heard of castaway people who would get so wild when they imagined that a ship or boat was going away from them that they would jump overboard.

When the two captains reached the shoal, they found there a catboat aground, with one man aboard. His tale was quickly told. He had expected to run into the little bay that afternoon, but the wind had fallen, and in trying to get in after dark, and being a stranger, he had run aground. If he had not been so cold, he said, he would have been willing to stay there till the tide rose; but he was getting chilled, and seeing a light not far away, he concluded to call for help as long as his voice held out.

The two captains did not ask many questions. They helped anchor the catboat, and then they took the man on their boat and rowed him to shore. He was getting chilled sitting out there doing nothing, and so when they reached the house they made him some hot grog, and promised in the morning, when the tide rose, they would go out and help him bring his boat in. Then Captain Cephas showed the stranger to a bunk, and they all went to bed. Such experiences had not enough of novelty to the good captains to keep them awake five minutes.

In the morning they were all up very early, and the stranger, who proved to be a seafaring man with bright blue eyes, said that as his catboat seemed to be riding all right at its anchorage he did not care to go out after her just yet. Any time during flood-tide would do for him, and he had some business that he wanted to attend to as soon as possible.

This suited the two captains very well, for they wished to be on hand when the little girl discovered her stocking.

«Can you tell me,» said the stranger, as he put on his cap, «where I can find a Mrs. Trimmer who lives in this village?»

At these words all the sturdy stiffness which, from his youth up, had characterized

the legs of Captain Eli entirely went out of them, and he sat suddenly upon a bench. For a few moments there was silence; then Captain Cephas, who thought some answer should be made to the question, nodded his head.

«I want to see her as soon as I can,» said the stranger. «I have come to see her on particular business that will be a surprise to her. I wanted to be here before Christmas began, and that 's the reason I took that cat-boat from Stetford, because I thought I 'd come quicker that way than by land. But the wind fell, as I told you. If either one of you would be good enough to pilot me to where Mrs. Trimmer lives, or to any point where I can get a sight of the place, I 'd be obliged.»

Captain Eli rose, and with hurried but unsteady steps went into the house (for they had been upon the little piazza), and beckoned to his friend to follow. The two men stood in the kitchen and looked at each other. The face of Captain Eli was of the hue of a clam-shell.

«Go with him, Cap'n,» he said in a hoarse whisper; «I can't do it.»

«To your house?» inquired the other.

«Of course; take him to my house. There ain't no other place where she is. Take him along.»

Captain Cephas's countenance wore an air of the deepest concern, but he thought that the best thing to do was to get the stranger away.

As they walked rapidly toward Captain Eli's house there was very little said by either Captain Cephas or the stranger. The latter seemed anxious to give Mrs. Trimmer a surprise, and not to say anything which might enable another person to interfere with his project.

The two men had scarcely stepped upon the piazza when Mrs. Trimmer, who had been expecting early visitors, opened the door. She was about to call out «Merry Christmas!» but, her eyes falling upon a stranger, the words stopped at her lips. First she turned red, then she turned pale, and Captain Cephas thought she was about to fall; but before she could do this the stranger had her in his arms. She opened her eyes, which for a moment she had closed, and, gazing into his face, she put her arms around his neck. Then Captain Cephas came away, without thinking of the little girl and the pleasure she would have in discovering her Christmas stocking.

When he had been left alone, Captain Eli sat down near the kitchen stove, close to the very kettle which he had filled with water to heat for the benefit of the man he had helped bring in from the sea, and, with his elbows on his knees and his fingers in his hair, he darkly pondered.

«If I 'd only slept with my hard-o'-hearin' ear up,» he said to himself, «I 'd never have heard it.»

In a few moments his better nature condemned this thought.

«That 's next to murder,» he muttered; «for he could n't have kept himself from fallin' asleep out there in the cold, and when the tide riz he 'd have been blowed out to sea with this wind. If I had n't heard him, Captain Cephas never would, for he was n't primed up to listen in his sleep, as I was.»

But, notwithstanding his better nature, Captain Eli was again saying to himself, when his friend returned, «If I 'd only slept with my other ear up!»

Like the honest, straightforward mariner he was, Captain Cephas made an exact report of the facts. «They was huggin' when I left them,» he said, «and I expect they went indoors pretty soon, for it was too cold outside. It 's an all-fired shame she happened to be in your house, Cap'n; that 's all I 've got to say about it. It 's a thunderin' shame.»

Captain Eli made no answer. He still sat with his elbows on his knees and his hands in his hair.

«A better course than you laid down for these Christmas times was never dotted on a chart,» continued Captain Cephas. «From port of sailin' to port of entry you laid it down clear and fine; but it seems there was rocks that was n't marked on the chart.»

«Yes,» groaned Captain Eli; «there was rocks.»

Captain Cephas made no attempt to comfort his friend, but went to work to get breakfast.

When that meal—a rather silent one—was over, Captain Eli felt better. «There was rocks,» he said, «and not a breaker to show where they lay, and I struck 'em bow on. So that 's the end of that voyage; but I 've tuk to my boats, Cap'n, I 've tuk to my boats.»

«I 'm glad to hear you 've tuk to your boats,» said Captain Cephas, with an approving glance upon his friend.

About ten minutes afterward Captain Eli said, «I 'm goin' up to my house.»

«By yourself?» said the other.

«Yes, by myself; I 'd rather go alone. I don't intend to mind anything, and I 'm goin' to tell her that she can stay there and spend Christmas,—the place she lives in ain't no place to spend Christmas,—and she can make the little gal have a good time, and go 'long

just as we intended to go 'long—plum-duff and mince-pie all the same; and I can stay here, and you and me can have our Christmas dinner together, if we choose to give it that name. And if she ain't ready to go to-morrow, she can stay a day or two longer; it 's all the same to me, if it 's the same to you, Cap'n.»

And Captain Cephas having said that it was the same to him, Captain Eli put on his cap and buttoned up his pea-jacket, declaring that the sooner he got to his house the better, as she might be thinking that she would have to move out of it now that things were different.

Before Captain Eli reached his house he saw something which pleased him. He saw the sea-going stranger, with his back toward him, walking rapidly in the direction of the village store.

Captain Eli quickly entered his house, and in the doorway of the room where the tree was he met Mrs. Trimmer, beaming brighter than any morning sun that ever rose.

«Merry Christmas!» she exclaimed, holding out both her hands. «I 've been wondering and wondering when you 'd come to bid me ‹Merry Christmas› —the merriest Christmas I 've ever had.»

Captain Eli took her hands and bid her «Merry Christmas" very gravely. She looked a little surprised. «What 's the matter, Captain Eli?» she exclaimed. «You don't seem to say that as if you meant it.»

«Oh, yes, I do,» he answered; «this must be an all-fired—I mean a thunderin' happy Christmas for you, Mrs. Trimmer.»

«Yes,» said she, her face beaming again. «And to think that it should happen on Christmas day—that this blessed morning, before anything else happened, my Bob, my only brother, should—»

«Your what!» roared Captain Eli, as if he been shouting orders in a raging storm.

Mrs. Trimmer stepped back almost frightened. «My brother,» said she. «Did n't he tell you he was my brother—my brother Bob, who sailed away a year before I was married, and who has been in Africa and China and I don't know where? It 's so long since I heard that he 'd gone into trading at Singapore that I 'd given him up as married and settled in foreign parts; and here he has come to me as if he 'd tumbled from the sky on this blessed Christmas morning.»

Captain Eli made a step forward, his face very much flushed.

«Your brother, Mrs. Trimmer—did you really say it was your brother?»

«Of course it is,» said she. «Who else could it be?» Then she paused for a moment and looked steadfastly at the captain.

«You don't mean to say, Captain Eli,» she asked, «that you thought it was—»

«Yes, I did,» said Captain Eli, promptly.

Mrs. Trimmer looked straight in the captain's eyes, then she looked on the ground. Then she changed color and changed back again.

«I don't understand,» she said hesitatingly, «why—I mean what difference it made.»

«Difference!» exclaimed Captain Eli. «It was all the difference between a man on deck and a man overboard—that 's the difference it was to me. I did n't expect to be talkin' to you so early this Christmas mornin', but things has been sprung on me, and I can't help it. I just want to ask you one thing: Did you think that I was gettin' up this Christmas tree and the Christmas dinner and the whole business for the good of the little gal, or for the good of you, or for the good of Captain Cephas?»

Mrs. Trimmer had now recovered a very fair possession of herself. «Of course I did,» she answered, looking up at him as she spoke. «Who else could it have been for?»

«Well,» said he, «you were mistaken. It was n't for any one of you; it was all for me —for my own self.»

«You yourself?» said she. «I don't see how.»

«But I see how,» he answered. «It 's been a long time since I wanted to speak my mind to you, Mrs. Trimmer, but I did n't ever have no chance; and all these Christmas doin's was got up to give me the chance not only of speakin' to you, but of showin' my colors better than I could show them in any other way; and everything went on a-skimmin' till this mornin', when that stranger that we brought in from the shoal piped up and asked for you. Then I went overboard—at least I thought I did—and sunk down, down, clean out of soundin's.»

«That was too bad, Captain,» said she, speaking very gently, «after all your trouble and kindness.»

«But I don't know now,» he continued, «whether I went overboard or whether I am on deck. Can you tell me, Mrs. Trimmer?»

She looked up at him; her eyes were very soft, and her lips trembled just a little. «It seems to me, Captain,» she said, «that you are on deck—if you want to be.»

The captain stepped closer to her. «Mrs. Trimmer,» said he, «is that brother of yours comin' back?»

« Yes,» she answered, surprised at the sudden question. « He 's just gone up to the store to buy a shirt and some things. He got all splashed trying to push himself off last night.»

« Well, then,» said Captain Eli, « would you mind tellin' him when he comes back that

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

"'PEOPLE DO HUG A LOT AT CHRISTMAS TIME.'"

you and me 's engaged to be married? I don't know whether I 've made a mistake in the lights or not, but would you mind tellin' him that?»

Mrs. Trimmer looked at him. Her eyes were not so soft as they had been, but they were brighter. « I 'd rather you 'd tell him that, yourself,» said she.

The little girl sat on the floor near the Christmas tree, just finishing a large piece of red-and-white candy which she had taken out of her stocking. « People do hug a lot at Christmas time,» said she to herself. Then she drew out a piece of blue-and-white candy and began on that.

Captain Cephas waited a long time for his friend to return, and at last he thought it would be well for him to go and look for him. When he entered the house he found Mrs. Trimmer sitting on the sofa in the parlor, with Captain Eli on one side of her and her brother on the other, and each of them holding one of her hands.

« It looks as if I was in port, don't it?» said Captain Eli to his astonished friend. « Well, here I am, and here 's my fust mate,» inclining his head toward Mrs. Trimmer. « And she 's in port too, safe and sound; and that strange captain on the other side of her, he 's her brother Bob, who 's been away for years and years, and is just home from Madagascar.»

« Singapore,» amended brother Bob.

Captain Cephas looked from one to the other of the three occupants of the sofa, but made no immediate remark. Presently a smile of genial maliciousness stole over his face, and he asked, « How about the poor little gal? Have you sent her back to Mrs. Crumley's?»

The little girl came out from behind the Christmas tree, her stocking, now but half filled, in her hand. « Here I am,» she said. « Don't you want to give me a Christmas hug, Captain Cephas? You and me 's the only ones that has n't had any.»

The Christmas dinner was as truly and perfectly a sailor-cooked meal as ever was served on board a ship or off it. Captain Cephas had said that, and when he had so spoken there was no need of further words.

It was nearly dark that afternoon, and they were all sitting around the kitchen fire, the three seafaring men smoking, and Mrs. Trimmer greatly enjoying it. There could be no objection to the smell of tobacco in this house so long as its future mistress enjoyed it. The little girl sat on the floor nursing a Chinese idol which had been one of her presents.

« After all,» said Captain Eli, meditatively, « this whole business come out of my sleepin' with my best ear up; for if I 'd slept with my hard-o'-hearin' ear up—» Mrs. Trimmer put one finger on his lips. « All right,» said Captain Eli, « I won't say no more; but it would have been different.»

Even now, several years after that Christmas, when there is no Mrs. Trimmer, and the little girl, who has been regularly adopted by Captain Eli and his wife, is studying geography, and knows more about latitude and longitude than her teacher at school, Captain Eli has still a slight superstitious dread of sleeping with his best ear uppermost.

« Of course it 's the most all-fired nonsense,» he says to himself over and over again. Nevertheless, he feels safer when it is his « hard-o'-hearin' ear » that is not upon the pillow.

Frank R. Stockton.

TOM GROGAN.

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

Author of «Colonel Carter of Cartersville,» «A Gentleman Vagabond,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES S. REINHART.

I.

BABCOCK'S DISCOVERY.

SOMETHING worried Babcock. One could see that from the impatient gesture with which he turned away from the ferry window on learning he had half an hour to wait. He paced the slip with hands deep in his pockets, his head on his chest. Every now and then he would stop, snap open his watch, shutting it again quickly, as if to hurry the lagging minutes.

For the first time in years Tom Grogan, who had always unloaded his boats, had failed him. A scow loaded with stone for the sea-wall that Babcock was building for the Light-house Department had lain three days at the government dock without a bucket having been swung across her decks. His foreman had just reported that there was not enough material to last the concrete-mixers two hours. If Grogan did not get to work at once, the divers must come up.

Heretofore to turn over to Grogan the unloading of material for any submarine work had been like feeding grist to a mill—so many tons of concrete stone loaded on the scows by the stone crushing company had meant that exact amount delivered by Grogan on Babcock's mixing-platforms twenty-four hours after arrival, ready for the divers below. This was the way Grogan had worked, and he had required no watching.

Babcock's impatience did not cease even when he took his seat on the upper deck of the ferry-boat, and caught the welcome sound of the paddles sweeping back to the landing at St. George. He thought of his men standing idle, and of the heavy penalties which would be inflicted by the Government, if the winter caught him before the section of wall was complete. Before now the weather had been on his side, and Grogan's delay would not have been so serious.

Only one northeaster had struck his work, carrying away some of the upper planking—the false work of the coffer-dam; but this had been repaired in a few hours without delay or serious damage. After that the Indian summer had set in—soft, dreamy days when the winds dozed by the hour, the waves nibbled along the shores, and the swelling breast of the ocean rose and fell as if in gentle slumber—days when the sky was a delicate violet blue, the sunlight tempered through the tender land haze and filmy mists from a still sea, and all the air redolent with autumn smells; when the sails of the oil-lighters hung listless, the boats drifting idly, and from away up the harbor, past Bedloe's Island and the Bronze Goddess, came the straining tugs towing impatient coasters eager to catch some vagrant breeze loafing seaward outside the Narrows.

He found it difficult to forgive his stevedore's failure. It was no way, he kept repeating to himself, to serve a man, leaving his gangs idle, when the good-weather days would soon be over. Renewed anxieties took possession of him. How long would this good weather last? Babcock rose hurriedly, and leaned over the deck-rail, scanning the sky. He did not like the drift of the low clouds off to the west; southeasters began that way. It looked as though the wind might change.

Some men would not have worried over these possibilities. Babcock did. He was that kind of man.

When the boat touched the shore he sprang over the chains, and hurried through the ferry-slip.

«Keep an eye out, sir,» the bridge-tender called after him,—he had been directing him to Grogan's house,—«perhaps Tom may be on the road.»

Then it suddenly occurred to Babcock that, so far as he could remember, he had never seen Mr. Thomas Grogan, his stevedore. His foreman knew him, and so did his paymaster, but he himself had never met him. If he had, he could not recall his face. He of course did not know by sight dozens of other men whose names were on his pay-rolls in

different localities, but he never thought of that. He wanted Grogan, and he wanted him at once, and he was impatient at the possible delay in finding him.

As he hurried along the road he recalled the face of his foreman, a big blond Swede, and the daughter, a fair-haired, bright girl, who once came to the office for her father's pay; but all efforts at reviving the lineaments of Grogan failed.

With this fact clear in his mind, he felt a tinge of disappointment. It would have relieved his temper to unload a portion of it upon the offending stevedore. Nothing cools a man's wrath so quickly as not knowing the size of the head he intends to hit.

When he approached near enough to the sea-wall to make out the swinging booms and the puffs of white steam from the hoisting-engines, his eye lighted upon the main derrick at work lowering the buckets of mixed concrete to the divers. Instantly his spirits rose. The delay on his contract might not be so serious. Perhaps, after all, Grogan was at work.

As he reached the temporary wooden fence built by the Government, shutting off the view of the depot yard, with its coal-docks and machine-shops, and neared the small door cut through its planking, a voice rang out clear and strong above the din of the mixers:

«Hold on, ye wall-eyed macaroni! Do ye want that fall cut? Turn that snatch-block, Cully, and tighten up the watch-tackle. Here, cap'n, lend a hand. Lively now, lively, before I mount the hull gang of ye!»

The voice had a ring of unquestioned authority. It was not quarrelsome or abusive or bullying—only earnest and forceful.

«Ease away on that guy! Ease away, I tell ye!» it continued, rising in intensity. «So—all gone! Now, haul out, Cully, and let that other team back up.»

Babcock pushed open the door in the fence and stepped in. A scow lay close beside the string-piece of the government wharf. Alongside its forward hatch stood a small derrick with a swinging gaff. The «fall» led through a snatch-block in the planking of the dock, and operated an iron bucket that was hoisted by a big gray horse driven by a boy. A gang of men were filling these buckets, and a number of teams were being loaded with their dumped contents. The captain of the scow was on the dock, holding the guy.

At the foot of the derrick, within ten feet of Babcock, stood a woman of perhaps thirty-five years of age, with big, clear gray eyes, made all the more luminous by the deep, rich color of her sunburned skin. Her teeth were snow-white, and her light brown hair was neatly parted over a broad forehead. She wore a loose ulster half concealing her well-rounded, muscular figure, and a black silk hood rolled back from her face, the strings falling over her broad shoulders, revealing a red silk scarf loosely wound about her throat, the two ends tucked in her bosom. Her feet were shod in thick-soled shoes laced tightly around her well-turned ankles, and her hands were covered by buckskin gauntlets creased with wear. From the outside breast-pocket of her ulster protruded a time-book, from which dangled a pencil fastened to a hempen string. Every movement indicated great physical strength, perfect health, and a thorough mastery of herself and her surroundings, coupled with a dignity and repose unmistakable to those who have watched the handling of large bodies of workingmen by some one leading spirit, master not only on the pay-roll, but master in every tone of the voice and every gesture of the body. The woman gave Babcock a quick glance of interrogation as he entered, and, receiving no answer, forgot him instantly.

«Come, now, ye blatherin' Dagos»—this time to two Italian shovelers filling the buckets—«shall I throw one of ye overboard to wake ye up, or will I take a hand meself? Another shovel there—that bucket 's not half full»—jerking one hand from her side pocket and pointing with an authoritative gesture, breaking as suddenly into a laugh over the awkwardness of their movements.

Babcock, with all his curiosity aroused, watched her for a moment, forgetting for the time his own anxieties. He liked a skilled hand, and he liked push and grit. This woman seemed to possess all three. He was amazed at the way in which she handled her men. He wished somebody as clear-headed and as capable were unloading his boat. He began to wonder who she might be. There was no mistaking her nationality. Slight as was her accent, her direct descent from the land of the shamrock and the shillalah was not to be doubted. The very tones of her voice seemed saturated with its national spirit—«a flower for you when you agree with me, and a broken head when you don't.» But underneath all these outward indications of dominant power and great physical strength he detected in the lines of the mouth and eyes a certain refinement of nature. There was, too, a fresh, rosy wholesomeness, a sweet cleanliness, about the woman, which, added

to the noble lines of her figure, would have stood for beauty, and that alone, had it not been that the firm mouth, well-set chin, and deep, penetrating glance of the eye, overpowered all other impressions.

Babcock moved down in front of her.

«Can you tell me, madam, where I can find Thomas Grogan?»

«Right in front of ye,» she answered, turning quickly, with a toss of her head like that of a great hound baffled in hunt. «I 'm Tom Grogan. What can I do for ye?»

«Not Grogan the stevedore?» Babcock asked in astonishment.

«Yes, Grogan the stevedore. Out with it —what can I do for ye?»

«Then this must be my boat. I came down—»

«Ye 're not the boss?»—looking him over slowly from his feet up, a good-natured smile irradiating her face, her eyes beaming, every tooth in her head glistening. «There 's me hand. I 'm glad to see ye. I 've worked for ye off and on for four years, and niver laid eyes on ye till this minute. Don't say a word. I know it. I 've kept the concrete gangs back half a day, but I could n't help it. I 've had four horses down with the 'zooty, and two men laid up with dip'thery. The big gray Cully 's drivin' over there—the one that 's a-hoistin'—ain't fit to be out of the stables. If ye were n't behind in the work, he 'd have two blankets on him this minute. But I 'm here meself now, and I 'll have her out tonight if I work till daylight. Here, cap'n, pull yerself together. This is the boss.»

On that same noon, just after whistle-blow, a mere scrap of humanity had stopped to rest a dinner-pail on a pile of spars heaped up behind a temporary wooden fence. He was a boy of perhaps seven or eight years of age, but with the face of an old man—pinched, weary, and scarred all over with suffering and pain. He wore a white tennis-cap and a short gray jacket that reached to his waist. Under one arm was a wooden crutch. One leg was bent at the knee, and swung clear when he jerked his little body along the ground. The other, though unhurt, was thin and bony, the yarn stocking wrinkling over the shrunken calf.

Beside him stood a big billy-goat, harnessed to a two-wheeled cart made of a soap-box.

Bending over the little cripple was a woman with her hood thrown back on her shoulders, her long ulster wide open at the throat.

«I thought ye were niver comin' wid that dinner, darlint,» she said softly. «What kept ye? Stumpy was tired, was he? Well, niver mind.» She lifted the little fellow in her arms, and pushed back his cap and smoothed his hair with her fingers, her whole face beaming with tenderness.

«Gimme the crutch, darlint, and hold on to me tight, and we 'll get under the shed out of the sun till I see what Jennie 's sent me.»

After she had propped him between two big spars, she lifted the cover.

«Pigs' feet, as I 'm alive, and hot cabbage, and the coffee a-b'ilin' too!»—pulling out a tin flask with a screw top, the whole embedded in the smoking cabbage. «There, we 'll be after puttin' it where Stumpy can't be rubbin' his nose in it»—setting the pail, as she spoke, on a big anchor-stone.

Here the goat moved up, rubbing his head in the boy's face, and then reaching around for the pail.

«Look at him, Patsy! Git out, ye imp, or I 'll hurt ye! Leave that kiver alone!» She laughed as she struck at the goat with her empty gauntlet, and shrank back out of the way of his horns.

At this instant she caught Babcock's eye. He was passing through the yard on his way back to New York.

«Oh, it 's the boss»—half rising from her seat. «Sure, I thought ye 'd gone back. Pull the hat off ye, me boy; it 's the boss we 're workin' for, the man that 's buildin' the wall. Ye see, sir, when I 'm driv' like I am to-day, I can't go home to dinner, and me Jennie sends me—big—man—Patsy—down» —rounding out each word in a pompous tone, as she slipped her hand under the boy's chin and kissed him on the cheek.

There was no apology at her being discovered unawares, squat in a fence-corner, an anchor-stone for a table, and a pile of spars for a chair. She continued to talk to Babcock in an unabashed, self-possessed way, pouring out the smoking coffee in the flask cup, chewing away on the pigs' feet, and throwing the bones to the goat, who sniffed them contemptuously. «Yes, he 's the youngest of our children, sir. He and Jennie—that 's home, and 'most as tall as meself—are all that 's left. The other two went to heaven when they was little ones.»

«Can't the little fellow's leg be straightened?» asked Babcock, in a tone which plainly showed his sympathy for the boy's suffering.

«No, not now; so Dr. Mason says. There was a time when it might have been, but I could n't take him. I had him over to Quar-

DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

PATSY.

antine again two years ago, but it was too late; it 'd growed fast, they said. When he was four years old he would be under the horses' heels all the time, and a-climbin' over them in the stable, and one day the big gray fetched him a crack, and broke his hip. He did n't mean it, for he 's as dacint a horse as I 've got; but the boys had been a-worritin' him, and he let drive, thinkin', most likely, it was them. He 's been a-hoistin' to-day—there he is on the dock.» Then, catching sight of Cully leading the horse back to work, she rose to her feet, all the fire and energy renewed in her face:

«Shake the men up, Cully! I can't give 'em but half an hour to-day. We 're behind time now. And tell the cap'n to pull them macaronis out of the hold, and start two of 'em to trimmin' some of that stone to starboard. She was a-listin' when we knocked off for dinner. Come, lively!»

II.

A BOARD FENCE LOSES A PLANK.

THE work on the sea-wall progressed. The coffer-dam, which had been built by driving into the mud of the bottom a double row of heavy tongued and grooved planking in two parallel rows, bulkheading each end, had been filled with concrete to low-water mark, absorbing not only the contents of the delayed scow, but two subsequent cargoes, both of which had been unloaded by Tom Grogan.

To keep out the leakage, steam-pumps were kept going night and day.

By dint of hard work the upper masonry of the wall had been laid to the top course, ready for the coping-stone, and there was now every prospect that the last stone would be lowered into place before the winter storms set in.

The shanty—a temporary structure, good only for the life of the work—rested on a set of stringers laid on extra piles driven outside of the working-platform. When the submarine work lies miles from shore, a shanty is the only shelter for the men, its interior being fitted up with sleeping-bunks, with one end partitioned off for a kitchen and a storage-room. This is filled with extra blocks, Manila rope, portable forges, tools, shovels, barrows—all perishable property.

For this present sea-wall—an amphibious sort of structure, with one foot on land and the other in the water—the shanty was of light pine boards, roofed over, and made water-tight by tarred paper. The bunks had been omitted, for most of the men boarded in the village. This gave increased space for the storage of tools, besides room for a desk containing the government working-drawings and specifications, pay-rolls, etc. In addition to its door, fastened at night with a padlock, and its one glass window, secured by a ten-penny nail, it had a flap-window, hinged at the bottom. When this was propped up with a barrel stave it made a counter from which to pay the men, the paymaster standing inside.

Babcock was sitting on a keg of dock spikes inside this working shanty some days after he had discovered Tom's identity, watching his bookkeeper preparing the pay-roll, when a face was thrust through the square of the window. It was not a prepossessing face, rather pudgy and sleek, with uncertain, drooping mouth, and eyes that always looked over one's head when he talked. It was the property of Mr. Peter Lathers, the yardmaster of the depot.

«When you 're done payin' off maybe you 'll step outside, sir,» he said, in a confiding tone. «I got a friend of mine who wants to know you. He 's a stevedore, and does the work to the fort. He 's never done nothin' for you, but I told him next time you come down I 'd

fetch him over. Say, Dan!»—beckoning with his head over his shoulder; then, turning to Babcock—«I make you acquainted, sir, with Mr. Daniel McGaw.»

Two faces now filled the window—Lathers's and that of a red-headed man in a straw hat.

«All right. I 'll attend to you in a moment. Glad to see you, Mr. McGaw,» said Babcock, rising from the keg, and looking out over his bookkeeper's shoulder.

Lathers's friend proved to be a short, big-boned, square-shouldered Irishman, about forty years of age, dressed in a once black broadcloth suit with frayed buttonholes, the lapels and vest covered with grease-spots. Around his collar, which had done service for several days, was twisted a red tie decorated with a glass pin. His face was spattered with blue powder-marks, as if from some quarry explosion. A lump of a mustache dyed dark brown concealed his upper lip, making all the more conspicuous the bushy, sandy-colored eyebrows that shaded a pair of treacherous eyes. His mouth was coarse and filled with teeth half worn off, like those of an old horse. When he smiled these opened slowly like a vise. Whatever of humor played about this opening lost its life instantly when these jaws clicked together again.

The hands were big and strong, wrinkled and seamed, their rough backs spotted like a toad's, the wrists covered with long spidery hairs.

Babcock noticed particularly his low, flat forehead when he removed his hat, and the dry, red hair growing close to the eyebrows.

«I wuz a-sp'akin' to me fri'nd Mishter Lathers about doin' yer wurruk,» began McGaw, resting one foot on a pile of barrow-planks, his elbow on his knee. «I does all the haulin' to the foort. Surgint Duffy knows me. I wuz along here las' week, an' see ye wuz put back fer stone. If I 'd had the job, I 'd had her unloaded two days befoore.»

«You 're dead right, Dan,» said Lathers, with an expression of disgust. «This woman business ain't no good, nohow. She ought to be over her tubs.»

«She does her work, though,» Babcock said, beginning to see the drift of things.

«Oh, I don't be sayin' she don't. She 's a dacint woman anough; but thim b'ys as is a-runnin' her carts is raisin'—— all the toime.»

«And then look at the teams,» chimed in Lathers, with a jerk of his thumb toward the dock—«a lot of staggerin' horse-car wrecks you could n't sell to a glue-factory. That big gray she had a-hoistin' is blind of an eye and sprung so forrard he can't hardly stand.»

At this moment the refrain of a song from somewhere near the board fence came wafting through the air:

«An' he whiped up the floor wid McGeechy.»

DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART. DAN McGAW.

McGaw turned his head in search of the singer.

«What are your rates per ton?» asked Babcock.

«We 're a-chargin' forty cints,» said McGaw, deferring to Lathers, as if for confirmation.

«Who 's (we)?»

«The Stevedores' Union.»

«But Mrs. Grogan is doing it for thirty,»

said Babcock, looking straight into McGaw's eyes, and speaking slowly and deliberately.

«Yis, I heared she wuz a-cuttin' rates; but she can't live at it. If I does it, it 'll be done roight, an' no throuble.»

«I 'll think it over,» said Babcock, quietly, turning on his heel. The meanness of the whole affair offended him—two big, strong men fighting a woman with no protector but her two hands. McGaw should never lift a shovel for him.

Again the song floated out; this time it seemed nearer:

«. . . wid McGeechy—
McGeechy of the Fourth.»

«Dan McGaw 's giv'n' it to you straight,» said Lathers, stopping for a last word, his face thrust through the window again. «He 's rigged for this business, and Grogan ain't in it with him. If she wants her work done right, she ought to send down something with a mustache.»

Here the song subsided in a prolonged chuckle. McGaw turned, and caught sight of a boy's head—a mop of black hair thrust through a crownless hat—leaning over a cement-barrel. Lathers turned, too, and instantly lowered his voice. The head ducked out of sight. In the flash glance Babcock caught of the face, he recognized the boy Cully, driver of the big gray. It was evident to Babcock that Cully at that moment was bubbling over with fun. Indeed, this waif of the streets, sometimes called James Finnegan, was seldom known to be otherwise.

«Thet 's the wurrst rat in the stables,» said McGaw, his face reddening with anger. «What kin ye do whin ye 're a-buckin' ag'in' a lot uv divils loike him?»—speaking through the window to Babcock. «Come out uv thet,» he called to Cully, «or I 'll bu'st yer jaw, ye sneakin' rat!»

Cully came out, but not in obedience to McGaw or Lathers. Indeed, he paid no more attention to either of those distinguished diplomats than if they had been two cement-barrels standing on end. His face, too, had lost its irradiating smile; not a wrinkle or a pucker ruffled its calm surface. His clay-soiled hat was in his hand—a very dirty hand, by the way, with the torn cuff of his shirt hanging loosely over it. His trousers bagged all over—knees, seat, and waist. On his stockingless feet were a pair of sun-baked, brick-colored shoes. His ankles were as dark as mahogany. His throat and chest were bare, the skin being tanned to leather wherever the sun could work its way through the holes in his garments. From out of this combination of dust and rags shone a pair of piercing black eyes, snapping with fun.

«I come up fer de mont's pay,» he said coolly to Babcock, the corner of his eye glued to Lathers. «De ole woman said ye 'd hev it ready.»

«Mrs. Grogan's?» asked the bookkeeper, shuffling over his envelops.

«Yep. Tom Grogan.»

«Can you sign the pay-roll?»

«You bet»—with an eye still out for Lathers. It was this flea-like alertness that always saved Mr. Finnegan's scalp.

«Where did you learn to write—at school?» asked Babcock, noting the boy's fearless independence with undisguised pleasure.

«Naw. Patsy an' me studies nights. Pop Mullins teaches us—he 's de ole woman's farder what she brung out from Ireland. He 's a-livin' up ter de shebang; dey 're all a-livin' dere—Jinnie an' de ole woman an' Patsy—all 'cept me an' Carl. I bunks in wid de big gray. Say, mister, ye 'd oughter git onter Patsy—he 's de little kid wid de crutch. He 's a corker, he is; reads po'try an' everythin'. Where 'll I sign? Oh, yes, I see; in dis 'ere square hole right alongside de ole woman's name»—spreading his elbows, pen in hand, and affixing «James Finnegan» to the collection of autographs. The next moment he was running along the dock, the money envelop tight in his hand, sticking out his tongue at McGaw, and calling to Lathers as he disappeared through the door in the fence, «Somp'n wid a mus-tache, somp'n wid a mus-tache,» like a newsboy calling an extra. Then a stone grazed Lathers's ear.

Lathers sprang through the gate, but the boy was half-way through the yard.

Once out of Lathers's reach, Cully bounded up the road like a careering letter X, with arms and legs in air. If there was any one thing that delighted the boy's soul, it was, to quote from his own picturesque vocabulary, «to set up a job on de ole woman.» Here was his chance. Before he reached the stable he had planned the whole scene, even to the exact intonation of Lathers's voice when he referred to the dearth of mustaches in the Grogan household. Within a few minutes of his arrival the details of the whole occurrence, word for word, with such picturesque additions as his own fertile imagination could invent, were common talk about the yard.

Meanwhile Lathers had been called upon to direct a gang of laborers who were mov-

ing an enormous iron buoy-float down the cinder-covered path to the dock. Two of the men walked beside the buoy, steadying it with their hands. Lathers was leaning against the board fence of the shop whittling a stick, while the others worked.

Suddenly there was an angry cry, and every man stood still. So did the buoy and the moving truck.

«Where 's the yardmaster—where 's Pete Lathers?»

It was Tom Grogan's voice. The next instant she broke through the crowd, brushing the men out of her way, and came straight toward him, head up, eyes blazing, her silk hood pushed back from her face, as if to give her air, her gray ulster open to her waist, her right hand bare of a glove.

«Pete Lathers,» she said, stopping in front of him, «why do ye want to be takin' the bread out of me children's mouths?»

Lathers pulled himself together, the stick dropping from his hand: «Well, who said I did? What have I got to do with your—»

«You 've got enough to do with 'em to want 'em to starve—you and your friend McGaw. Have I ever hurt ye that ye should try an' sneak me business away from me? Ye know the fight I 've made, standin' out on this dock many a day an' night in the cold an' wet, with nobody between Tom's children an' the street but these two hands—an' yet ye 'd slink in like a dog to get me—»

«Here, now, I ain't a-goin' to have no row. It 's against orders, an' I 'll call the yard-watch and throw you out if you make any fuss.»

«The yard-watch!»—with a look of supreme contempt, crowding him so closely that Lathers hugged the fence out of reach of her fist. «I can handle any two of 'em, an' you too, an' ye know it.»

By this time the gang had abandoned the buoy and were standing aghast, watching the fury of the Amazon.

«When ye were out of a job yerself, an' discharged, did n't Tom go to the fort and get ye on the pay-roll ag'in, when—»

«Well, who said he did n't? Now, see here, don't make a muss; the commandant 'll be down here in a minute.» Lathers's tone was changing.

«Let him come; he 's the one I want to see. If he knew he had a man in his pay that would do as dirty a trick to a woman as ye 've done, his name would be Dinnis. I 'll see him meself this very day, and—»

Here Lathers interrupted with an angry gesture.

«Don't ye lift yer arm at me,» she blazed out, «or I 'll break it at the wrist!»

Lathers's hand dropped. All the color was out of his face, his lip quivering.

«Whoever said I said a word against you, Mrs. Grogan, is a —— liar.» It was the last resort of a cowardly nature.

«Don't ye lie to me, Pete Lathers! If there 's anythin' in this world I hate, it 's a liar. Ye said it, and ye know ye said it. Ye want that drunken loafer Dan McGaw to get me work. Ye 've been at it all summer, an' ye think I have n't watched ye; but I have. And ye say I don't pay full wages, and have got a lot of boys to do men's work, an' oughter be over me tubs. Now let me tell ye»—she faced him squarely, with her fists clenched. Lathers shrank back against the fence—«if ever I hear ye openin' yer head about me, or me teams, or me work, I 'll make ye swallow every tooth in yer head. Send down somethin' with a mustache, will I? There 's not a man in the yard that 's a match for me, an' ye know it. Try that!»

There was a quick blow, a crash of breaking timber, and a flood of daylight broke in behind Lathers. With one blow of her fist she had knocked the fence-plank close beside his head clear of its fastenings.

«Now, the next time I come, Pete Lathers, I 'll miss the fence and take yer face, and don't ye forgit it!»

Then she turned and stalked out of the yard, the men falling back in silence to let her pass.

III.

SERGEANT DUFFY'S LITTLE GAME.

THE bad weather so long expected finally arrived. A day of soft, warm autumn skies, aglow with the radiance of the setting sun, and brilliant in violet and gold, had been followed by a cold, gray morning. Of a sudden a cloud the size of a hand had mounted clear of the horizon, and called together its fellows. An unseen herald in the east blew a blast, and winds and sea awoke.

By nine o'clock a gale was blowing. By ten Babcock's men were bracing the outer sheathing of the coffer-dam, strengthening the derrick-guys, tightening up the anchor-lines, and clearing the working-platforms of sand, cement, and other damageable property. The coarse masonry, fortunately, was above the water-line, but the coping was still unset and the rubble backing of much of the wall unfinished. Two weeks of constant work were necessary before that part of the structure contained in the first section of the contract

DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

"LATHERS SHRANK BACK AGAINST THE FENCE."

would be entirely safe for the coming winter. Babcock doubled his gangs, and utilized every hour of low water to the utmost, even when the men stood waist-deep. It was his only hope for completing the first section that season. After that would come the cold, freezing the mortar, and ending everything.

Tom Grogan performed wonders. Not only did she work her teams far into the night, but during all this bad weather she stood throughout the day on the unprotected dock, a man's sou'wester covering her head, a rough waterproof reaching to her feet. She directed every boat-load herself, and rushed the

materials to the shovelers, who stood soaking wet in the driving rain.

Lathers kept out of her way; so did McGaw. Everybody else watched her in admiration. Even the commandant, a bluff, gray-bearded naval officer,—a hero of Hampton Roads and Memphis,—passed her on his morning inspection with a kindly look in his face and an aside to Babcock: «Hire some more. She is worth a dozen men.»

Not until the final cargo required for the completion of the wall had been dumped on the platforms did she relax her vigilance. Then she shook the water from her oilskins and started for home. During all these hours of constant strain there was no outbreak of bravado, no spells of ill humor. She made no boasts or promises. With a certain buoyant pluck she stood by the derricks day after day, firing volleys of criticism or encouragement, as best suited the exigencies of the moment, now springing forward to catch a sagging bucket, now tending guy to relieve a man, or backing in the teams herself when the line of carts was blocked or stalled.

Every hour she worked increased Babcock's confidence and admiration. He began to feel a certain pride in her, and to a certain extent to rely upon her. Such capacity, endurance, and loyalty were new in his experience. If she owed him anything for her delay on that first cargo, the debt had been amply paid. Yet he saw that no such sense of obligation had influenced her. To her it had been a duty: he was behindhand with the wall, and anxious; she would help him out. As to the weather, she reveled in it. The dash of the spray and the driving rain added only another element of enjoyment to the clatter of rattling buckets and the rhythmic movements of the shovelers keeping time to her orders. This music seemed as dear to her as the steady tramp of men and the sound of arms to a division commander.

Owing to the continued bad weather and the difficulty of shipping small quantities of fuel, the pumping-engines ran out of coal, and a complaint from Babcock's office brought the agent of the coal company to the sea-wall. In times like these Babcock rarely left his work. Once let the Old Man of the Sea get his fingernails in between the cracks of a coffer-dam, and he has smashed the whole into wreckage.

«I was on my way to see Tom Grogan,» said the agent. «I heard you were here, so I stopped to tell you about the coal. There will be a load down in the morning. I am Mr. Crane, of Crane & Co., coal-dealers.»

«You know Mrs. Grogan, then?» asked Babcock, after the delay in the coal had been explained. He had been waiting for just such an opportunity. He never discussed personalities with his men.

«Well, I should say so—known her for years. Best woman on top of Staten Island. Does she work for you?»

«Yes; but I never knew Grogan was a woman until I found her on the dock some time ago, handling a cargo. She works like a machine. How long has she been a widow?»

«Well, come to think of it, I don't know that she is a widow. There 's some mystery about the old man, but I never knew what. But that don't count; she 's good enough as she is, and a hustler, too.»

Crane was something of a hustler himself —one of those busy Americans who open their daily life with an office-key and close it with a letter for the late mail.

Then, laying his hand on Babcock's arm: «And she 's square as a brick, too. Sometimes when a chunker captain waiting to unload shoves a few tons aboard a sneak-boat at night, Tom will spot him every time. They try to fool her into indorsing their bills of lading in full, but it don't work for a cent.»

«You call her Tom Grogan?» Babcock asked, with a certain tone in his voice. He resented, somehow, Crane's familiarity.

«Certainly. Everybody calls her Tom Grogan. It was her husband's name. Call her anything else, and she don't answer. She seems to glory in it, and after you know her awhile you don't want to call her anything else yourself. It comes kind of natural—like your calling a man ‹colonel› or ‹judge.›»

Babcock thought that Crane might be right. All the names which could apply to a woman who had been sweetheart, wife, and mother seemed out of place with this Queen of the Amazons who had faced Lathers, and with one blow of her fist sent the splinters of a fence flying about his head.

«We 've got the year's contract for coal at the fort,» continued Crane. «The quartermaster-sergeant who inspects it—Sergeant Duffy—has a friend named McGaw who wants to do the unloading into the government bins. We 've got a low price on the coal, and there 's no margin for anybody; and if Duffy should kick about the quality of the coal,—and you can't please these fellows if they want to be ugly,—Crane & Co. will be in a hole, and lose money on the contract. I hate to go back on Tom Grogan, but there 's no help for it. The ten cents a ton I 'd save if she hauls the coal instead of McGaw would be eaten up in

Duffy's short weights and rejections. I sent Sergeant Duffy's letter to her, so she can see how the land lies, and I 'm going up now to her house to see her, on my way to the fort. I don't know what Duffy gets out of it; perhaps he gets a few dollars out of the hauling. The coal is shipped, by the by, and ought to be here any minute.»

«Wait a moment; I 'll go with you,» said Babcock, handing him an order for more coal. «She has n't sent down the tally-sheet for my last scow.» There was not the slightest necessity, of course, for Babcock to go to Grogan's house for this document.

As they walked on, Crane talked of everything except what was uppermost in Babcock's mind. Babcock tried to lead the conversation back to Tom, but Crane's thoughts were on something else.

When they reached the top of the hill, the vast harbor lay spread out below them, stretching away on every side from the purple line of the great cities to the silver sheen of the sea inside the Narrows. The clearing wind had hauled to the northwest. The sky was heaped with soft clouds floating in the blue. At the base of the hill nestled the buildings and wharves of the Lighthouse Depot, with the unfinished sea-wall running out from the shore, fringed with platforms and bristling with derricks—the rings of white steam twirling from the exhaust-pipes.

There is nothing more inspiring than this noble harbor, guarded by its grim, silent forts, crouched on grassy slopes like great beasts with claws concealed. And the infinite variety of its floating life—the white-winged yachts, curving tufts of foam from their bows; the big, lazy steamers, sullen and dull, resting motionless at Quarantine, awaiting inspection; the elevators, as high as church steeples; the long lines of canal-boats, stretched out like huge water-snakes, with hissing tugs for heads; enormous floats groaning under whole trains of cars; big, burly lighters; monster derricks that pick up a hundred-ton gun as easily as an ant does a grain of sand—each made necessary by some special industry peculiar to the port of New York, and each unlike any other craft in the harbor of any other city of the world.

Grogan's house and stables lay just over the brow of this hill, in a little hollow. The house was a plain, square frame dwelling, with front and rear verandas, protected by the arching branches of a big sycamore-tree, and surrounded by a small garden filled with flaming dahlias and chrysanthemums. Everything about the place was scrupulously neat and clean.

The stables—there were two—stood on the lower end of the lot. They looked new, or were newly painted in a dark red, and appeared to have accommodations for a number of horses. The stable-yard lay below the house. In its open square were a pump and a horse-trough, at which two horses were drinking. One, the big gray, had his collar

DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

"'GRAN'POP, THIS IS THE GENTLEMAN MOTHER WORKS FOR.'"

off, showing where the sweat had discolored the skin, the traces crossed loosely over his back. He was drinking eagerly, and had evidently just come in from work. About, under the sheds, were dirt-carts tilted forward on their shafts, and dust-begrimed harnesses hanging on wooden pegs.

A strapping young fellow in a red shirt came out of the stable door leading two other horses to the trough. Babcock looked

about him in surprise at the extent of the establishment. He had supposed that his stevedore had a small outfit and needed all the work she could get. If only boys, as McGaw had said, did Grogan's work, they at least did it well.

Crane mounted the porch first, and knocked. Babcock followed.

«No, Mr. Crane,» said a young girl, opening the door, «she 's not at home. I 'm expecting her every minute. Mother went to the fort early this morning. She 'll be sorry to miss you, sir. She ought to be home now, for she 's been up 'most all night at the fort. She 's just sent Carl up for two more horses. Won't you come in and wait?»

«No; I 'll keep on to the fort. I may meet her on the road.»

«May I come in?» Babcock asked, explaining his business in a few words.

«Oh, yes, sir. Mother won't be long now. You 've not forgotten me, Mr. Babcock? I 'm her daughter Jennie. I was to your office once. Gran'pop, this is the gentleman mother works for.»

An old man rose with some difficulty from an arm-chair, and bowed in a kindly, deferential way. He had been sitting near the window, reading. He was in his shirt-sleeves, his collar open at the throat. He seemed rather feeble, his legs shaking as if he were weak from some recent illness. There was a certain kindliness about the eyes that did not escape Babcock's quick glance; they were clear and honest, and looked straight into his—the kind Babcock liked. The old man's most striking features were his silver-white hair, parted over his forehead, and falling almost to his shoulders; and his thin, straight, almost transparent nose, indicating both ill health and a certain refinement and sensitiveness of nature. Had it not been for his dress, he might have passed for an English curate on half pay.

«Me name 's Richard, sor—Richard Mullins,» said the old man. «I 'm Mary's father. She won't be long gone now. She promised me she 'd be home for dinner.» He placed a chair for Babcock, and remained standing.

«I will wait until she returns,» said Babcock. He had come to discover something more definite about this woman who worked like a steam-engine, crooned over a cripple, and broke a plank with her fist, and he did not intend to leave until he knew. «Your daughter must have had great experience. I have never seen any one man handle work better,» he continued, shaking the old man's hand. Then, noticing that Mullins was still standing, «Don't let me take your seat.»

DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

"'ME NAME 'S RICHARD, SOR—RICHARD MULLINS.'"

The old man hesitated, glanced at Jennie, and, moving another chair from the window, drew it nearer the stove, and settled slowly beside Babcock.

The room was as clean as bare arms and scrubbing-brushes could make it. Near the fireplace was a cast-iron stove, and opposite this stood a parlor organ, its top littered with photographs. A few chromos hung on the walls. There were also a big plush sofa and two haircloth rocking-chairs, of walnut, covered with cotton tidies. The carpet on the floor was new and clean, and in the window,

where the old man had been sitting, some pots of nasturtiums were blooming, their tendrils reaching up both sides of the sash.

Opening from this room was the kitchen, resplendent in bright pans and a copper wash-boiler. The girl passed constantly in and out its open door, spreading the cloth and bringing dishes for the table. She had her mother's eyes and color, but not her air of fearlessness and self-reliance—that kind of self-reliance which comes only of many nights of anxiety and many days of success. Her girlish figure was clothed in a blue calico frock and white apron, the sleeves rolled up to the elbows, showing some faint traces of flour clinging to her wrists, as if she had been suddenly summoned from the bread-bowl. Altogether she was fresh and sweet, strong and healthy, with a certain grace of manner about her that pleased Babcock instantly. He noticed, too, that when she spoke to the old man her voice was tempered with a peculiar tenderness, as if his infirmities were more to be pitied than complained of. This pleased him most of all.

«You live with your daughter, Mrs. Grogan?» Babcock asked in his kindest voice, turning to the old man.

«Yis, sor. Whin Tom got sick she sint fer me, four years ago, ter come over an' hilp her. I feeds the horses whin Oi 'm able, an' looks after the garden, but Oi 'm not much good.»

«Is Mr. Thomas Grogan living?» asked Babcock, cautiously, and with a certain tone of respect, hoping to get closer to the facts, and yet not to seem intrusive.

«Oh, yis, sor; an' moight be dead fer all the good he does. He 's in New Yorruk some'er's, on a farm»—lowering his voice to a whisper and looking furtively at Jennie—«belongin' to the State, I think, sor. He 's hurted pretty bad, an' p'haps he 's a leetle off—I dunno. Mary has niver tould me.»

Before Babcock could pursue the inquiry further there was a firm tread on the porch steps, and the old man rose from the chair, his face brightening.

«Here she is, gran'pop,» said Jennie, laying down her dish and springing to the door.

«Hold tight, darlint,» came a voice from the outside, and the next instant Tom Grogan strode in, her face all aglow with laughter, her hood awry, her eyes beaming, Patsy perched on her shoulder, his little crutch fast in one hand, the other tightly wound about her neck. «Let go, darlint; ye 're a-chokin' the wind out of me»—gently removing his arm.

«Oh, it 's ye a-waitin', Mr. Babcock—me man Carl thought ye 'd gone with Mr. Crane. Jennie 'll get the tally-sheet of the last load for ye. I 've been to the fort since daylight, and pretty much all night, to tell ye God's truth. Oh, gran'pop, but I smashed 'em!»—laying Patsy in the old man's arms. «That 's the last job that sneakin' Duffy and Dan McGaw 'll ever put up on me. Oh, but ye should 'a' minded the face on him, gran'pop!»—untying her hood and breaking into a laugh.

She stood facing her father, with hood and ulster off, the light of the windows silhouetting the splendid lines of her well-rounded figure, with its deep chest, firm bust, broad back, and full throat, her arms swinging loose and free.

«Ye see,»—turning to Babcock,—«that man Duffy—he 's the sergeant at the fort—an' Dan McGaw—ye know him—he 's the divil that wanted to work for ye—tried to do me. Ye know I always had the haulin' of the coal at the fort, an' I want to hold on to it, for it comes every year. I 've been a-watchin' for this coal for a month. Every October there 's a new contractor, and this time it was me friend Mr. Crane, I 've worked for before. So I sees Duffy the other day, an' he says, ‹Well, I think ye better talk to the quartermaster, who 's away, but who 'll be home next week.› An' that night when I got home there lay a letter from Mr. Crane, with another letter inside from Sergeant Duffy to him, sayin' to Mr. Crane he 'd recommend Dan McGaw to do the stevedorin'—the sneakin' villain!—an' sayin' that he—Duffy—was a-goin' to inspect the coal, an' if his friend Dan McGaw hauled it the quality would be all right. Think of that! I tell ye, Mr. Babcock, they 're divils. Then Mr. Crane put down at the bottom of his own letter to me that he was sorry not to give me the job, but that he must give it to Duffy's friend McGaw, or Duffy might reject the coal. So I jumps into me bonnet yisterday, and over I goes to the fort; an' I up an' says to Duffy, ‹I can't wait for the quartermaster. When 's that coal a-comin'?› An' he says, ‹In a couple of weeks.› An' I turned onto him and says: ‹Ye 're a pretty loafer to take the bread out of Tom Grogan's children's mouths! An' ye want Dan McGaw to do the haulin', do ye? An' the quality of the coal 'll be all right if he gits it? An' there 's sure to be twenty-five dollars for you, won't there? If I hear a word more out of ye, I 'll see Colonel Howard sure, an' hand him this letter.› An' Duffy turned white as a load of lime, and says, ‹Don't do it, for God's sake! It 'll cost me me place.› While I was a-talkin' I see a

chunker-boat with the very coal on it round in to the dock with a tug; an' I ran to the string-piece and catched the line, and has her fast to a spile before the tug lost headway. Then I started for home on the run to git me derricks and stuff. I got home, hooked up by twelve o'clock last night, an' I had me rig up an' the fall set and me buckets over her hatches. At six o'clock this mornin' I took the teams an' was a-runnin' the coal out of her, when down comes Mr. Daniel McGaw with a gang and his big derrick on a cart.» Here she swung her big shoulders exactly as her rival would have done.

«‹That 's me rig,› I says to him, p'intin' up to the gaff, ‹an' me coal, an' I 'll throw the fust man overboard who lays hands on it!› An' then the sergeant come out and took McGaw one side an' said somethin' to him, with his back to me; an' when McGaw turned he was white too, an' without sayin' a word he turned the team and druv off. An' just now I see Mr. Crane comin' down. ‹Tom Grogan,› he says, ‹I hate to disappoint ye, an' would n't, for ye 've always done me work well; but I 'm stuck on the coal contract, an' the sergeant can put me in a hole if you do the haulin'.› An' I says, ‹Mr. Crane, there 's a hole, but ye ain't in it, an' the sergeant is. I 'll unload every pound of that coal, if I do it for nothin', and if that sneak in striped trousers interferes, I 'll pull him apart an' stamp on him!›»

Through all her talk there was a triumphant good humor, a joyousness, a glow and breeziness, which completely fascinated Babcock. Although she had been up half the night, she was as sweet and fresh and rosy as a child. Her vitality, her strength, impressed him as no woman's had ever done before.

When she had finished her story she caught Patsy out of her father's arms and dropped with him into a chair, smothering him with kisses, hugging him to her breast, his pinched face against her ruddy cheek, smoothing his forehead with her well-shaped hand, rocking back and forth, and telling him of the stone that the big gray got in his hoof down at the fort, and how lame he was, and how Cully got it out with—a—great—big—spike!—dwelling on the last words as if it were a fairy-tale, the little fellow sitting up in her lap and laughing feebly as he called out, «Cully can do it—Cully can do anything!» Babcock, apparently, made no more difference to her than if he had been an extra chair.

As he watched her afterward moving about her rooms, calling to her men from the open door, consulting with Jennie, her arms about her neck, or crooning over her child, she somehow lost all identity with the woman on the dock. The spirit that enveloped her seemed rather to belong to some royal dame of heroic days. The room became her castle, the rough stablemen her knights.

On his return to his work—he had dined with her—she walked back with him part of the way. Babcock, still bewildered, and consumed with curiosity to learn something of her past, led the talk to her life along the docks, expressing his great surprise at discovering her so capable and willing to do a man's work, asking who had taught her, and whether her husband in his time had been equally efficient and strong.

Instantly she grew reticent. She did not even answer his question. He waited a moment, and, realizing his mistake, turned the conversation in another direction.

«And how about those rough fellows around the wharves—those who don't know you—are they never coarse and brutal to you?»

«Not when I look 'em in the face,» she answered slowly and deliberately. «No man ever opens his head, nor dar's n't. When they see me a-comin' they stops talkin' if it 's what they would n't want their daughters to hear; an' there ain't no dirty back talk, neither. An' I make me own men civil, too, with a dacint tongue in their heads. I had a young strip of a lad once who would be a-swearin' round the stables. I told him to mend his manners or I 'd wash his mouth out, an' that I would n't have nobody hit me horses on the head. He kep' along, an' I see it was a bad example for the other drivers (this was only a year ago, an' I had three of 'em); so when he hit the big gray ag'in, I hauled off and give him a crack that laid him out. I was scared solid for two hours, though they never knew it.»

Then, with an almost piteous look in her face, and with a sudden burst of confidence, born, doubtless, of faith in the man's evident sincerity and esteem, she said in a faltering tone:

«God help me! what can I do? I 've no man to stand by me, an' somebody 's got to be boss.»

(To be continued.)

F. Hopkinson Smith.

APPEALS TO LINCOLN'S CLEMENCY.

IN all his many-sided aspects Abraham Lincoln is perhaps better understood and more thoroughly appreciated than any other great American, for his life was as open as the day. His heart went out spontaneously to the lowly, whose hopes and aspirations he understood. He was very approachable. With a cause to plead, the meanest as well as the greatest could reach Lincoln's ear at all times. Lincoln hated strife and bloodshed, yet his career culminated in the greatest war of modern times. He was made miserable by the trials and misfortunes of his country; his honest heart was wrung by cases of cruelty and hardship incident to a state of war that were daily brought to his attention on appeal in some form. The tender-hearted President was the terror of military despots and brutal jailers everywhere. Through appeals to him many criminals richly deserving punishment were allowed to go free.

It was almost impossible at first to secure Lincoln's consent to the execution of a soldier for desertion, and through immunity for this crime the army just after Fredericksburg was actually threatened with dissolution. He could not withstand the agonized tears of fathers, mothers, and friends of the condemned; seemingly would not understand why a man who had enlisted to be shot by the enemy, perhaps, should be shot in cold blood by his own friends.

In some respects the foregoing would appear to characterize an essentially weak, womanish nature; but Lincoln was far from being a weak man, though easily moved by misery and suffering, and apparently totally free from every sort of prejudice. On occasion he could be as firm as a rock when he thought justice should be vindicated, and especially so when the well-being or lives of the struggling soldiers at the front were involved. In cases of the wanton murder of Union soldiers it was seldom that an appeal for clemency was successful.

It has been my duty[1] to handle, in the departments at Washington, thousands of official documents relating to prisoners of war and analogous subjects. This has been a wonderful revelation to me, although the knowledge thus gained has in no wise modified my original impressions of the War President, and every scrap and line I have examined confirms in all particulars the world's affectionate judgment upon his noble and magnanimous character.

The multitude as well as the multifarious character of the appeals made to Lincoln are evidence of the unalterable conviction of the people that he was their sheet-anchor. There was not the least hesitation in approaching him, because there was a popular confidence that he was kind, unselfish, and honest. The wounded soldier hobbling alone into the White House was not an unusual sight, and he never came away without cheer of some kind.

Among the wounded Bull Run prisoners returning from Richmond after many weary months in Libby was a lad named Will Upham, of the Second Wisconsin Infantry. This boy found his way into the presence of Lincoln, who sympathetically drew from him the story of his adventures in battle and in prison, and sent him away with an appointment to West Point, from which academy Upham was subsequently graduated with honors. Recently this protégé of Lincoln was chosen Governor of Wisconsin. One day Lincoln was found counting over and dividing into parcels a small sum in greenbacks for a negro messenger in the Treasury Department who was in hospital with the smallpox, unable to sign the roll and draw his pay. The President of the United States cheerfully undertook to cut the Gordian knot of red tape, procure the poor man's wages, and make the desired disposition thereof. Books and newspapers and living men teem with anecdotes of Lincoln like the foregoing.

But as the war progressed, Mr. Lincoln's cares increased. He became too deeply engrossed in more important affairs to devote much time to mere individual concerns, even when they involved the liberty of a citizen. To the ordinary appeals from prisoners for release or redress he paid but little attention himself, beyond referring them to the proper bureau; occasionally he made a personal order, generally, as appears, on the representation of some influential political friend or supporter. These latter orders were of the most formal and perfunctory kind, and en-

[1] The writer, a member of the Government Commission engaged in publishing the War Records, has charge of the compilation relating to prisoners of war.—EDITOR.

tirely lacking in the original and sometimes humorous characteristics of the earlier indorsements found on papers of this nature passing through his hands, unerringly indicating, as they did, a deep interest in the matter in hand. It must not be understood, however, that he had become callous to the call of humanity. He was harassed by greater duties; besides, he had learned that this sort of thing could be handled as well by others.

In the multitude of appeals brought by prisoners and their friends many deceits and frauds were practised, and even perjuries committed, to secure release and immunity through the soft-hearted Lincoln. Doubtless the good man was often deceived; in many cases it is not unlikely he was willing to be deceived. Still, in those matters where there was doubt, he sometimes dealt with the crafty wariness of a criminal lawyer,—a phase of character not ascribed to him by the masses,—more likely rather to protect himself than from any fear that real harm to public interests would ensue.

In the case of Michael Dazey of Quincy, Ill., who appealed through Senator Browning for the release of his brother, a prisoner at Alton, Mr. Lincoln carefully indorsed the following on the letter:

Senator Browning personally knows, and vouches for, the writer of this letter. Let William T. Dazey, named within, take the oath prescribed in the proclamation of December 8, and be bailed to his brother, the writer of this letter. A. LINCOLN.

December 9, 1863.

The foregoing is unique. Now, Senator Browning had not indorsed the letter in writing; he had simply made oral representations to the President. The latter, very properly and wisely, made a complete record of the case, and at the same time made Mr. Browning responsible, with the brother, to himself for the prisoner's good behavior after release. The terms of this indorsement show the thorough politician. There is more or less of this element—protective clauses, so to speak—in nearly every indorsement made by Mr. Lincoln on papers submitted for disposition at his hands.

There is another of the same kind worth quoting. Thomas Thoroughman of St. Joseph, Mo., was arrested for disloyalty by General Totten, some time in May, 1862, and afterward sent by General Loan to Quincy, Ill. Strong appeals were made to the President for his discharge. On the face of a large official envelop which probably originally contained all the papers relating to the case I find the following in the President's handwriting:

Will the Secretary of War please direct that Mr. Thoroughman may be disposed of at the discretion of Abram Jonas and Henry Asbury of Quincy, Ill., both of whom I know to be loyal and sensible men? A. LINCOLN.

December 13, 1862.

Inside is a single paper,—the report of Henry Asbury and Abram Jonas,—from which it appears that Mr. Thoroughman was duly paroled and permitted to go to his home.

Henry N. Warfield of Lexington, Ky., a prisoner of war at Camp Douglas, Chicago, in company with other Confederate prisoners made his escape from that military prison on the night of December 2, 1862, and made his way to the house of his brother-in-law, Dr. L. W. Brown, who resided thirteen miles east of Jacksonville, Morgan County, Ill. Dr. Brown was a loyal man, and advised Warfield, who was a lad of only eighteen, to surrender himself to the Union military authorities and then take the oath of allegiance. This he did at Jacksonville, after which a petition, signed by Governor Yates, Senator Trumbull, E. B. Washburne, I. N. Arnold, and several other political notabilities, was forwarded to the President for his release. Mr. Lincoln made the following order in this case:

Let Henry N. Warfield, named within, be paroled and delivered to the custody,—bailed, so to speak,—to his brother-in-law, Dr. L. W. Brown, who and whose brothers are very near friends of mine in Illinois. A. LINCOLN.

December 14, 1863.

And if anything further were needed to prove that the President did not always permit his woman's heart to mislead him, even in cases of this nature, the following will convince the most skeptical. Henry A. Wilkerson of Nashville, Tenn., a boy of seventeen, ran away from school in Kentucky and joined the Confederate army. He was captured, and his friends in Nashville prevailed upon Governor Johnson to recommend his discharge to the President. A formal petition of citizens of Nashville was forwarded to Washington by Governor Johnson, but unaccompanied by any indorsement or recommendation of his own. After examining the paper, Mr. Lincoln indorsed upon it:

If Governor Johnson will say in writing on this sheet that in his opinion this man should be discharged, I will discharge him.

A. LINCOLN.

December 5, 1864.

On the 10th Governor Johnson telegraphed his recommendation that young Wilkerson be released on taking the amnesty oath, to report at Nashville to «enter upon such further obligation as may be agreed upon.» This telegram was attached to the original paper, and the careful President indorsed the following order upon it:

Let this man take the oath of December 8, 1863, and be discharged as recommended by Governor Johnson. A. LINCOLN.
December 15, 1864.

Charles O. Roby of Fairfax County, Va., whose father was a Union man, was wounded and captured at Gettysburg in the Confederate service, into which, according to the affidavit of his father, he had been conscripted, and from which he tried to escape. On the father's affidavit Mr. Lincoln indorsed:

My impulse would be to say, "Let Charles O. Roby take the oath and be discharged," yet I do not so say, not knowing what valid objection there may be known at the War Department. Mr. Foster, who presents this, was a M.C. from New York several years ago, and afterwards a resident of Virginia, as he states. He is vouched to me as a respectable and worthy gentleman. I submit the case to the Secretary of War. A. LINCOLN.
October 14, 1863.

Roby was soon after released, on the order of the Secretary of War, on taking the oath.

Notwithstanding his kindly impulses, Mr. Lincoln appears to have combined policy largely with his mercy, even in dealing with cases appealing to the heart rather than to the head. A son of the Hon. Thomas A. R. Nelson, a distinguished Union citizen of east Tennessee, floated into the Confederate army, like hundreds of other young fellows of the South, from one cause or another. He was captured by Grant at the Big Black in 1863, and sent to Point Lookout. War did not have the same rosy hue to the young man after he had languished in prison several months, and he longed for liberty. His father made application for his release, stating as a basis for it that his son had been practically coerced into the rebel service, and had always been favorable to the Union side. He also stated that one of his sons, from choice, had served twelve months in the Confederate army and been discharged, and that two others were then in the Union armies. Mr. Lincoln's indorsement reads:

The writer of this, Hon. Mr. Nelson of Tennessee, is a man of mark, and one whom I would like to have obliged. I am in favor of discharging his son, with pledge that he shall not be conscripted, upon his taking the oath of December 8. A. LINCOLN.
February 19, 1864.

Mr. Lincoln, lawyer-like, appears never to have taken anything for granted in the cases submitted, and no matter what his ultimate intentions were, he never concluded a case without proper inquiry. Abraham Samuels was caught passing through the Union lines to obtain medical supplies for the Southern army; but an application for his release asserted that his real purpose was to escape from the South. Mr. Lincoln indorsed:

It is confessed in this case that Samuels, when arrested, had on his person a paper *prima facie* showing that he was going North to obtain medical supplies for the rebels. Will the officer in command at Fort Monroe please give him an opportunity of trying to prove that this was not his real object, and report the evidence, with his opinion on it, to me?
A. LINCOLN.

The above is an exception to the almost invariable rule of Mr. Lincoln carefully to date every indorsement, of whatever nature, that he made upon a paper. Considerable testimony was taken by General Shepley in the Samuels case, and December 10, 1864, the original application turns up again, and is indorsed with the laconic order:

Let the prisoner Samuels be discharged.
A. LINCOLN.

A prisoner in Camp Morton, Indianapolis, whose name need not be written, made a feeling personal appeal to the President for release, the opening paragraph of which was as follows: «Mr. President, I never was, am not, and never can be, a secessionist. I have been of a highly nervous temperament, with weak lungs, and easily excited. I was shamefully deceived by a supposed friend, who made me believe that I would be killed unless I fled my home and native State to seek safety in the South,» etc. Upon this document the President made this droll indorsement:

This man being so well vouched, and talking so much better than any other I have heard, let him take the oath of December 8, and be discharged. A. LINCOLN.
July 1, 1864.

On a paper presented by a tearful mother in behalf of her imprisoned son he wrote:

Let this woman have her boy out of Old Capitol Prison. A. LINCOLN.
January 3, 1863.

Mr. Lincoln's absolute impartiality when dealing with affairs wherein he was personally interested is well illustrated in the following despatch to a Union general:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
August 8, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL BURBRIDGE, Lexington, Ky.:

Last December Mrs. Emily T. Helm, half-sister of Mrs. L., and widow of the rebel general Ben. Hardin Helm, stopped here on her way from Georgia to Kentucky, and I gave her a paper, as I remember, to protect her against the mere fact of her being General Helm's widow. I hear a rumor to-day that you recently sought to arrest her, but was prevented by her presenting the paper from me. I do not intend to protect her against the consequences of disloyal words or acts spoken or done by her since her return to Kentucky, and if the paper given her by me can be construed to give her protection for such words or acts, it is hereby revoked *pro tanto*. Deal with her for current conduct just as you would with any other. A. LINCOLN.

His sense of humor, as well as lack of prejudice, finds expression in this telegram to the Governor of Kentucky:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
November 10, 1864.

GOVERNOR BRAMLETTE, Frankfort, Ky.:

Yours of yesterday received. I can scarcely believe that General John B. Houston has been arrested "for no other offense than opposition to my reëlection," for if that had been deemed sufficient cause of arrest I should have heard of more than one arrest in Kentucky on election day. If, however, General Houston has been arrested for no other cause than opposition to my reëlection, General Burbridge will discharge him at once, I sending him a copy of this as an order to that effect.

A. LINCOLN.

He had a fashion of writing his most important orders on any scrap of paper, envelop, or blank card at hand at the moment. On both sides of a small visiting-card I find this request, which is in fact an order:

SECRETARY OF WAR:

Please oblige Senator Powell by giving the limits of Cleveland to Charles F. Johnson, on his parole, the Senator pledging me that the parole will not be violated. He is a prisoner now at or near Sandusky. A. LINCOLN.

July 1, 1862.

On another card he wrote:

Allow Charles H. Jonas, now a prisoner of war at Johnson's Island, a parole of three weeks to visit his dying father, Abram Jonas, at Quincy, Ill. A. LINCOLN.

June 2, 1864.

In those days it was very difficult for friends to get access to prisoners. On another card is the following order:

Allow this lady, Mrs. Parks, with her friend, Mr. Tallmadge, to see her two sons, prisoners of war at Point Lookout. A. LINCOLN.

June 24, 1864.

Occasionally there is an official communication in the shape of a formal letter on note-paper:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
May 26, 1864.

HONORABLE SECRETARY OF WAR.

DEAR SIR: Let Stephen C. Campbell, now held as a prisoner of war at Johnson's Island, be discharged on taking the oath. This is a special case, not a precedent, the man having voluntarily quitted the rebel service, and also being subject to fits. Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

The fact that the man was «subject to fits» struck the President as an important item in the bill of particulars favoring his discharge. Following is another formal note to the Secretary of War, who was a much more difficult personage to reach than Mr. Lincoln. In this instance it looks as if the President sought to shift responsibility.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
September 7, 1863.

HONORABLE SECRETARY OF WAR.

MY DEAR SIR: This lady says her husband, Theophilus Brown, and his brother, George E. Brown, are in the Old Capitol Prison as prisoners of war, that they were conscripted into the rebel army, and were never for the rebel cause, and are now willing to do anything reasonable to be at liberty. This may be true, and if true they should be liberated. Please take hold of the case, and do what may seem proper in it. Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

Several Union Quakers made representations to Mr. Lincoln that three North Carolina Confederate prisoners were Quakers, and at heart for the Union. The President made this indorsement on the application for their release:

This paper is presented to me by Friends John W. Tatum of Delaware, and Joseph Tatum of New Jersey, who are satisfied that the statement is correct. Let the men within named be discharged on affirming according to the oath of December 8, 1863, and that they will remain North. A. LINCOLN.

November 30, 1864.

An appeal was made in behalf of a man under sentence of death with whom the Pres-

ident had formerly been acquainted, whereupon he telegraphed this order:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., December 17, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL HURLBUT, Memphis, Tenn.: I understand you have under sentence of death a tall old man by the name of Henry F. Luckett. I personally knew him, and did not think him a bad man. Please do not let him be executed, unless upon further order from me, and in the meantime send me a transcript of the record. A. LINCOLN.

Here is one of his queer indorsements upon some papers filed with him by Judge-Advocate-General Holt:

I wish to grant a pardon in this case, and will be obliged to the Judge-Advocate of the Army if he will inform me as to the *way* in which it is to be done. A. LINCOLN.
March 25, 1862.

On a large bundle of papers covering but a single case, and that unimportant, appears the following sententious remark:

What possible injury can this lad work upon the cause of this great Union? I say let him go. A. LINCOLN.
April 10, 1862.

The release of A. M. Hughes, Jr., of Columbia, Tenn., a Confederate prisoner at Camp Morton, was recommended by Governor Andrew Johnson. On this paper Mr. Lincoln indorsed these words:

As a boon to Governor Johnson, let this young man take the oath of December 8, and be discharged. A. LINCOLN.
February 17, 1864.

As previously stated, in those last days there was very little circumlocution, and, indeed, very few got out except by exchange or escape, unless on the special order of the President. Congress had prescribed a special oath of allegiance for those prisoners who were tired of the war, and it was easy for the President to fall back upon this. I will give an example of Mr. Lincoln's style of treating ordinary cases coming under this provision. Governor Lewis of Wisconsin, Henry J. Raymond of the «New-York Times,» and other influential people, appealed to him for the release of William H. Turley of east Tennessee, arbitrarily arrested in April, 1863, and imprisoned at Johnson's Island for more than a year. Mr. Lincoln simply indorsed upon this petition these words:

Let this man Turley take the oath of December 8, 1863, and be discharged.
October 24, 1864. A. LINCOLN.

Occasionally, however, I find a slight variation from this blunt phraseology, as upon the papers of Louis Kinney, a Kentucky prisoner at Point Lookout:

Let this man take the oath of December 8, and be discharged. He is said to be barely past eighteen years of age, and is at Point Lookout, and sick. A. LINCOLN.
August 30, 1864.

Most of the foregoing relate to the cases of individuals who had perpetrated no crime other than being Confederate soldiers, or sympathizers with the rebellion. Mr. Lincoln seems to have been willing to consider them each and all as «special cases, and not precedents.» His clear, practical head enabled him to hold lightly the probable influence, either for good or evil, of any obscure individual upon the fortunes of the great struggle going on; and being totally free from the passions of hate and revenge, it was thus very easy for this humane man to exercise mercy in such cases.

But with all his tenderness of heart there was another and firmer side to his nature, which, when called into activity in extreme cases, was as noteworthy as the other. When he was fully convinced that it would be hurtful to the public interest to interpose executive clemency, his action was manifested in numerous instances by a terse indorsement, of which the following is an example:

I cannot interfere in this case.
A. LINCOLN.
January 1, 1863.

In the particular case—a capital one—of which the above is a part, there is ample evidence that he arrived at this, to him, painful and portentous conclusion at the end of a thorough investigation, and then only after a hard struggle for the mastery between his lawyer's head and human heart. One further illustration of this phase of his character, and I have done.

On July 11, 1863, a shocking tragedy occurred in Norfolk, Va. As it was a *cause célèbre*, all the circumstances of the murder being at the time generally discussed and the principals well known, I can see no harm, thirty years afterward, in introducing the facts here. On that day Second Lieutenant A. L. Sanborn of the First United States Colored Troops, was marching at the head of his company of blacks along one of the main streets of Norfolk. Being nettled by some taunting remarks of ex-slaveholders and Southern sympathizers, he threatened

with arrest, as perhaps was his duty, one Dr. David M. Wright, who appeared to be the most conspicuous of the offenders. There was an altercation, in the midst of which Wright drew a revolver and shot the Union officer dead.

The murderer was at once arrested, and subsequently tried by a military commission, of which General R. S. Foster was president. He was ably defended by Hon. Lemuel J. Bowden and Hon. L. H. Chandler, but was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. The testimony was clear and conclusive. The most desperate efforts were made during and after the trial to save Wright, who was a man of considerable note and good character. Petitions poured in upon the President from all quarters. Among the papers is one letter from Canada interceding for him. The pressure upon Mr. Lincoln was something tremendous; his first appearance in the case is in the shape of a telegram:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., August 3, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL FOSTER (or whoever may be in command of the military department with headquarters at Fort Monroe, Va.):

If Dr. Wright, on trial at Norfolk, has been or shall be convicted, send me a transcript of his trial and conviction, and do not let execution be done upon him until my further orders.

A. LINCOLN.

Judge-Advocate-General Holt transmitted the papers to the President on the 19th of August, with a report characterizing the killing of Sanborn as an «undefended assassination.» Yet the execution was delayed until Mr. Lincoln had gone through all the channels of investigation. The President found:

Upon the presentation of the record in this case and the examination thereof, aided by the report thereon of the Judge-Advocate-General, and on full hearing of counsel for the accused, being satisfied that no proper question remained open except as to the insanity of the accused, I caused a very full examination to be made on that question, upon a great amount of evidence, including all offered by counsel of accused, by an expert of high reputation in that professional department, who thereon reports to me, as his opinion, that the accused "Dr. David M. Wright was not insane prior to or on the 11th day of July, 1863, the date of the homicide of Lieutenant Sanborn; that he has not been insane since, and is not insane now." I therefore approve the finding and sentence of the military commission, and direct that the Major-General in command of the department including the place of trial, and wherein the convict is now in custody, appoint time and place and carry said sentence into execution.

A. LINCOLN.

October 7, 1863.

The execution was fixed for the 16th of October, 1863, but Messrs. Bowden and Chandler did not cease their efforts in behalf of the doomed man. On the intercession of Mr. Bowden, Mr. Lincoln sent the following reprieve the day before that fixed for the execution:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., October 15, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL FOSTER, Fort Monroe, Va.:

Postpone the execution of Dr. Wright to Friday, the 23d instant (October). This is intended for his preparation, and is final.

A. LINCOLN.

On the 17th General Foster informed the President that Dr. Wright's wife desired to visit Washington to intercede with him for her husband's life. The effect on Mr. Lincoln of such an appeal from a woman can well be imagined by the reader of the foregoing pages. The responsibility with such a man of denying the agonized woman's prayer must have been dreadful, and the tenor of the following answer to General Foster shows how the President felt it:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., October 17, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL FOSTER, Fort Monroe, Va.:

It would be useless for Mrs. Dr. Wright to come here. The subject is a very painful one, but the case is settled. A. LINCOLN.

This ended the case. On the final day Dr. Wright was executed.

It may be remarked that there are very few instances of record wherein Mr. Lincoln, combating his own disposition as well as the pleadings of the convict's friends, as in Dr. Wright's case, took an inexorable stand, from which no entreaty apparently could move him. When he did assume that attitude, we may safely conclude that he was controlled wholly by cogent reasons of a public nature.

Leslie J. Perry.

HUMPERDINCK'S «HÄNSEL UND GRETEL.»

IT is seldom that a musical stage-play achieves so marked a success as «Hänsel und Gretel,» by Engelbert Humperdinck; more seldom still that a success is so richly deserved. The reason for its triumphal tour through the theaters is obvious: the public were weary, not only of Norse-Germanic god and hero operas done in alliterative verse, but also of adultery dramas in one or two acts, with dagger-stabs and intermezzi obbligato. This being so, of a sudden appeared an opera showing masterly workmanship on its musical side, and on its poetical a fine appreciation of the naïve character of the popular German fairy-tale—the *Volksmährchen*. «'Hänsel und Gretel,' a fairy-play in three scenes, by Adelheid Wette, music by Engelbert Humperdinck»—thus ran the title. The author of the libretto is the sister of the writer of the music, who is known as a gifted composer and an admirable teacher of counterpoint and composition. He was born at Mayence, but has lived for some years at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Siegfried Wagner, son of Richard Wagner, is one of his pupils.

It will be two years next Christmas since Humperdinck's fairy-opera received its first performance at Weimar. Richard Strauss, one of the most talented of modern composers, directed its production, a sympathetic management gave generous assistance in the task of staging, and the work achieved an emphatic success. Naturally enough, «Hänsel und Gretel» is a growth from the soil created by Richard Wagner's lyric dramas. Its more particular habitat might be said to be the style of «Die Meistersinger.» Like the prelude to that drama, the introduction in C major is built out of the principal *motivi* of the opus. Already in this prelude Humperdinck displays his brilliant talents in the invention of characteristic themes and masterly counterpoints, which, in spite of complexity of treatment, never show a paucity of sensuous beauty. The prelude begins with the theme of the «Evening Blessing,» first intoned by four horns and then echoed by the stringed instruments and wood-winds. The composer has assigned an important part to this theme, which runs like a scarlet thread through the whole opera, and brings it to a brilliant conclusion.

It is not the purpose of this writing to give a detailed analysis of the opera. I shall confine myself to a condensed résumé of the libretto, with a few side glances at particularly characteristic passages in the music. The first scene, «At Home,» discloses a small, poverty-stricken room. According to the stage directions, there is a low door in the background, and beside it a tiny window, which offers a glimpse of the woods beyond. Brooms of various sizes hang on the wall. Hänsel, occupied with broom-making, and Gretel, with stocking-knitting, sit facing each other. Gretel sings a child's song, the familiar «Suse, liebe Suse, was raschelt im Stroh,» the melody of which Hansel takes up to give expression to his hunger. Gretel seeks to cheer and divert her brother by playing and dancing. Their lark is at its height when their mother enters, and after upbraiding the children for their neglect of work, sends them into the forest to gather berries. Overcome by hunger and weariness, she falls asleep beside the hearth, when from the distance comes the voice of the returning father, who, having been lucky enough to sell out his entire stock, is bringing home potatoes, eggs, sausages, and even a quarter of a pound of coffee. Great is the rejoicing over this unexpected wealth; but when the father asks after the children, the mother becomes embarrassed, and hesitatingly confesses that she has driven them into the wood to pick berries. The father upbraids her, and calls to mind that the wood is the home of the wicked Gingerbread Witch, whose practice it is to catch children, put them in her oven, and eat them after they have been baked into tasty gingerbread. Wringing her hands the while, the mother rushes into the forest to seek her children, the father after her.

Thus closes the first scene, which is followed without interruption by «The Witch's Ride,» an extremely characteristic piece of music, which gradually leads into the second scene—a dense forest near the Ilsenstein. Gretel is making a wreath of posies, Hänsel hunting strawberries. It is evening. This

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. C. SCHAARWÄCHTER.

ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK.

forest scene is musically one of the gems of the work. The mood of the gathering twilight has been marvelously caught. There is a rustling in the tops of the pines, and from a thicket a solitary cuckoo sends forth its call. The children have lost their way, and in their terror fancy they see and hear all manner of dreadful things. Suddenly a little gray man appears—the Sandman. He puts sleep into the eyes of the children, who kneel, fold their hands, repeat the evening blessing, and fall asleep lying in each other's arms. A ray of light now pierces the darkness. Fourteen angels, in long, light, flowing garments, descend a cloudy staircase in pairs, and group themselves around the sleeping children. The music which accompanies this pantomime, chiefly built up on the theme of the «Evening Blessing,» is developed into a superb climax, and then brings the scene to a solemn close. Few living composers, perhaps, are able to write so euphonious and fitting a symphonic piece as Humperdinck has created here—certainly the musical high-water mark of the opera. The stage-setting of the third scene is the same as the preceding, save that the angels have disappeared. The background is still wrapped in mist. Morning dawns. The Dewman appears, and from a bell-flower sprinkles drops of dew upon the sleeping children.

They awake, and tell each other of their dreams, in which they have seen the fourteen angels who watched over their sleep. The mists in the background are gradually dissipated, and instead of the pine-trees there appears glittering in the sun the house of the Gingerbread Witch. At first the children are overwhelmed with amazement; but they recover their wits, curiosity gets the better of their discretion, and amidst the strains of an ingratiating waltz they creep up to the house a-tiptoe and break off a bit of the gingerbread. Immediately there is heard the voice of the witch:

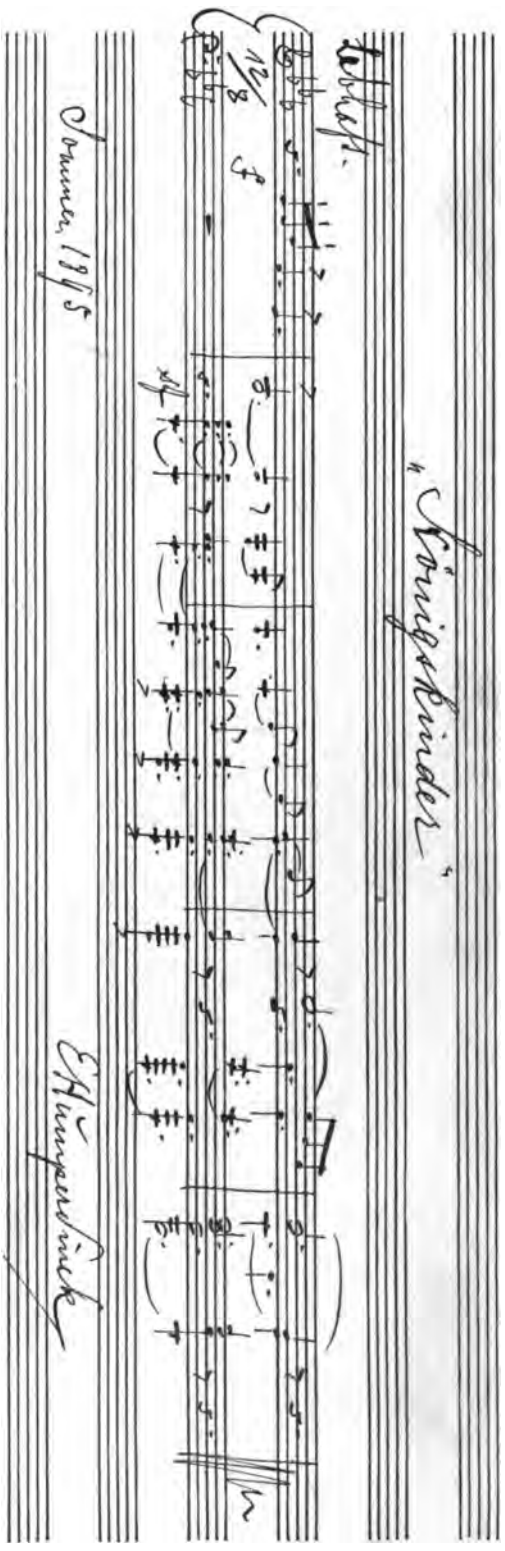
«Munching, crunching, munching,—
Who 's eating up my house?»

The children start back in alarm, but answer timidly:

«The wind, the wind,—
Only the wind.»

Then they grow bolder, and help themselves to another piece. Suddenly the witch steps out of the door, and throws a rope over the head of the unsuspecting, greedily munching Hänsel. He is now put into the stable to be fattened up a bit, but chubby Gretel is destined to be roasted at once. The children, however, frustrate the plans of the witch, and push her into the oven in their stead. Through the death of the witch other gingerbread children are released from enchantment, and with a prayer of thanksgiving to God for having preserved the children the opera ends. Thus the action of the piece.

«Hänsel und Gretel» is a German fairy-tale—one that has been familiar to us all from childhood; and in this new guise it awakens in us recollections of our earliest youth. To it how many of us owe rare hours of enjoyment! Humperdinck's next work is eagerly awaited. «Die Königskinder,» also a fairy-opera, will have its first performance this fall [1895] in Munich. It will be difficult for it to hold its own against the older «Hänsel und Gretel»; but whatever Humperdinck produces will surely rejoice the soul of the musician. He is not only one who knows how to do a thing, but also one to whom something occurs. The melodic fount flows within him without effort, and his great contrapuntal knowledge is not used as a substitute for a weak fancy. Everything in his score exhales life, and is accepted as spontaneously and warmly as it was conceived and created.



Bernhard Stavenhagen.

PAINTED BY J. G. VIBERT.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT.

HE was a little boy of restless mind, who wished to know all. He inquired the why and the wherefore of everything, and asked more questions in a day than are set down in the examination for a bachelor of arts. He broke cherry-stones to see the little tree inside them, and hunted among all the cabbages in the kitchen-garden for little brothers.

In order to appease his insatiable curiosity, his parents were compelled to make up stories for him of all the characters represented in the pictures about the house. He knew that the pretty little golden man seated on the clock was a minstrel, and that his guitar, as big as himself, was called a lute. He knew, besides, that minstrels were musicians who wrote sonnets, and went to sing them in castles, where they were loaded with presents and dainties. For this reason he was somewhat puzzled at seeing that this one remained perched on the clock, where no one gave him anything; but he never dared to ask why, for fear of giving him the idea of going away, which would have been a pity.

One day this inquisitive little fellow learned a fable,—his first!—and was moved to pity at the fate of the poor grasshopper who, having sung all the summer away without a thought of thrift, was left hungry when winter set in. On the other hand, he despised the wicked ant who, having plenty in store, would give the grasshopper nothing.

At night he still thought of it, and as he was going to bed he asked what a grasshopper was like. He had never seen one. His mother, who doubtless knew no more about it than he, replied that it was a kind of locust. The locust he knew—a pretty insect, all green, that jumps on two long legs, and has wings hanging from its back, and a triangular head with big eyes.

Ants—he knew them, too. They are those ugly little brown animals that live in houses built by themselves, which they store with everything they can gather from all around; and they follow one another along the same path in single file, always carrying something, like the monks he had seen on the road leading to the convent.

Having thus readily identified the two characters in his fable, our young philosopher fell asleep, and in his sleep he had a dream.

The whole country was covered with snow, and on the road, alone and shivering with cold, was the minstrel, wretched and in rags. He was no longer a golden man. His emaciated body and long, thin legs were still clad in the same clothing, but it was green from head to foot. His lute, slung across his back, looked like the folded wings of an insect, and his peacock's feather looked like a great eye in his pointed hood. He resembled a great locust.

Some monks were just then passing by. They were driving horses and asses laden with barrels and baskets full of all kinds of good provender, even to a whole hog, cut open and with its trotters in the air.

The minstrel asked them for alms, but the wicked monks continued on their way without listening to him. One alone stopped. He was fatter than the others, and carried a fine turkey in his basket. He wore a good cloak, a comforter, and mittens.

The poor beggar extended his hand, but the monk said in a harsh voice, « What did you do in the hot weather, Sir Minstrel? »

« I sang. »

« You sang? I am glad of it. Well, then, go now and dance! »

The little boy, when he grew up, became a painter; and one day, when he was recalling old memories, he bethought himself of this artless vision, still fresh and realistic.

And that is how this picture came to be painted—from the work of a great poet and the dream of a little boy.

J. G. Vibert.

DRAWN BY SIDDONS MOWBRAY.

"A VISION CAME TO RAPT EURIPIDES."

A WOODLAND DREAM.

I.

IN such a nook, upon the Attic shore,
A vision came to rapt Euripides:
He heard the swell of wild, tumultuous seas
Beating against the cliffs with sullen roar;
And winds that swept through forest vistas bore
Unto his dreaming ears the Bacchic glees,
The flute's clear voice across the flowery leas,
The drum's deep chorus from the mountains hoar.
And with proud Pentheus, where the woods enlaced,
His daring fancy, roving, saw the band
Of maids and matrons through the green expanse
Wooing the god with revel, song, and dance,
The mystic thyrsus in each lifted hand,
The fawn-skin serpent-girdled round each waist.

II.

In such a glade did dreaming Spenser stray,
And, half-awakened, heard the merry sound
Of fauns and satyrs dancing in a round,
With gleeful pipes, and chant and liltings gay,
While slow advancing, 'mid their wild array,
Fair Una passed along the greenwood's bound:
With branches green they strew the broken ground,
And worship as they lead her on her way.
The hamadryads hastened from the wood,
Amazed, enchanted by her presence bright;
The naiads swam from out the billows' flow,
Veiling with rippling curls their bosoms' snow,
Their vaunted beauty paling in the light
That crowned this flower of perfect womanhood.

III.

In such a spot young Keats forgot his woes,
The while he saw, as in a magic glass,
Fair maidens caroling along the grass,
Brown shepherds piping through the budded close.
Then from the hoary priest the hymn arose
To Pan the Helper, lord of glen and pass,
Guardian of lonely moor and dark morass,
And savior from the spell of unseen foes.
The maiden Dian soothed his heart to rest.
Himself the fond Endymion of the scene,
Tender, and sweet, and perilously near,
His eyes forgot their awe, his lips their fear;
Low, tasseled branches swept the world between,
And all his cares were pillowed on her breast.

Sarah D. Hobart.

SEE "OPEN LETTERS." IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE. ENGRAVED BY W. B. CLOSSON.

TITIAN'S FLORA.

THE BRUSHWOOD BOY.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

Girls and boys, come out to play:
The moon is shining as bright as day!
Leave your supper and leave your sleep,
And come with your playfellows out in the street!
Up the ladder and down the wall —

A CHILD of three sat up in his crib and screamed at the top of his voice, his fists clenched and his eyes full of terror. At first no one heard, for his nursery was in the west wing, and the nurse was talking to a gardener among the laurels. Then the housekeeper passed that way, and hurried to soothe him. He was her special pet, and she disapproved of the nurse.

«What was it, then? What was it, then? There 's nothing to frighten him, Georgie dear.»

«It was—it was a policeman! He was on the Down—I saw him! He came in. Jane *said* he would.»

«Policemen don't come into houses, dearie. Turn over, and take my hand.»

«I saw him—on the Down. He came here. Where is your hand, Harper?»

The housekeeper waited till the sobs changed to the regular breathing of sleep before she stole out.

«Jane, what nonsense have you been telling Master Georgie about policemen?»

«I have n't told him anything.»

«You have. He 's been dreaming about them.»

«We met Tisdall on Dowhead when we were in the donkey-cart this morning. P'r'aps that 's what put it into his head.»

«Oh! Now you are n't going to frighten the child into fits with your silly tales, and the master know nothing about it. If ever I catch you again,» etc.

A CHILD of six was telling himself stories as he lay in bed. It was a new power, and he kept it a secret. A month before it had occurred to him to carry on a nursery tale left unfinished by his mother, and he was delighted to find that the tale as it came out of his own head was just as new and surprising as though he were listening to it «all new from the beginning.» There was a prince in that tale, and he killed dragons, but only for one night. Ever afterward Georgie dubbed himself prince, pasha, giant-killer, and all the rest (you see, he could not tell any one, for fear of being laughed at), and his tales faded gradually into dreamland, where adventures were so many that he could not recall the half of them. They all began in the same way, or, as Georgie explained to the shadows of the night-light, there was «the same starting-off place»—a pile of brushwood stacked somewhere near a beach; and round this pile Georgie found himself running races with little boys and girls. These ended, things began to happen, such as ships that ran high up the dry land and turned into cardboard boxes; or gilt-and-green iron railings that surrounded beautiful gardens, but were all soft and could be walked through and overthrown so long as he remembered it was only a dream. He could never hold that knowledge more than a few seconds before things became real, and instead of pushing down houses full of grown-up people (a just revenge), he sat miserably upon gigantic door-steps trying to sing the multiplication-table up to four times six. It was most amusing at the very beginning, before the races round the pile, when he could shout to the others, «It 's only make believe, and I 'll smack you!»

The princess of his tales was a person of wonderful beauty (she came from the old illustrated edition of Grimm, now out of print), and as she invariably looked on at Georgie's valor among the dragons and buffaloes and so forth, he gave her the two finest names he had ever heard in his life—Annie and Louise, pronounced «Annie*an*louise.» When the dreams swamped the stories, she would change into one of the little girls round the brushwood pile, still keeping her title and crown. She saw Georgie drown once in a

dream-sea by the beach (it was the day after he had been taken to bathe in a real sea by his nurse); and he said as he sank: «Poor Annie*an*louise! She 'll be sorry for me now!» But «Annie*an*louise,» walking slowly on the beach, called, «(Ha! ha!) said the duck, laughing,» which to a waking mind might not seem to bear on the situation. It consoled Georgie at once, and must have been some kind of spell, for it raised the bottom of the deep, and he waded out with a twelve-inch flower-pot on each foot. As he was strictly forbidden to meddle with flower-pots in real life, he felt triumphantly wicked.

THE movements of the grown-ups, whom Georgie tolerated, but did not pretend to understand, removed his world, when he was seven years old, to a place called «Oxford-on-a-visit.» Here were huge buildings surrounded by vast prairies, with streets of infinite length, and, above all, something called the «buttery,» which Georgie was dying to see, because he knew it must be greasy, and therefore delightful. He perceived how correct were his judgments when his nurse led him through a stone arch into the presence of an enormously fat man, who asked him if he would like some bread and cheese. Georgie was used to eat all round the clock, so he took what «buttery» gave him, and would have taken some brown liquid called «auditale» but that his nurse led him away to an afternoon performance of a thing called «Pepper's Ghost.» This was intensely thrilling. People's heads came off and flew all over the stage, and skeletons danced bone by bone, while Mr. Pepper himself, beyond question a man of the worst, waved his arms and flapped a long gown, and in a deep bass voice (Georgie had never heard a man sing before) told of his sorrows unspeakable. Some grown-up or other tried to explain that the illusion was made with mirrors, and that there was no need to be frightened. Georgie did not know what illusions were, but he did know that a mirror was the looking-glass with the ivory handle on his mother's dressing-table. Therefore the «grown-up» was «just saying things» after the distressing custom of «grown-ups,» and Georgie cast about for amusement between scenes. Next to him sat a little girl dressed all in black, her hair combed off her forehead exactly like the girl in the book called «Alice in Wonderland,» which had been given him on his last birthday. The little girl looked at Georgie, and Georgie looked at her. There seemed to be no need of any further introduction.

«I 've got a cut on my thumb,» said he. It was the first work of his first real knife, a savage triangular hack, and he esteemed it a most valuable possession.

«I 'm tho thorry!» she lisped. «Let me look—pleathe.»

«There 's a di-ack-lum plaster on, but it 's all raw under,» Georgie answered, complying.

«Dothent it hurt?»—her gray eyes were full of pity and interest.

«Awf'ly. Perhaps it will give me lockjaw.»

«It lookth very horrid. I 'm *tho* thorry!» She put a forefinger to his hand, and held her head sidewise for a better view.

Here the nurse turned, and shook him severely. «You must n't talk to strange little girls, Master Georgie.»

«She is n't strange. She 's very nice. I like her, an' I 've showed her my new cut.»

«The idea! You change places with me.»

She moved him over, and shut out the little girl from his view, while the grown-up behind renewed the futile explanations.

«I am *not* afraid, truly,» said the boy, wriggling in despair; «but why don't you go to sleep in the afternoons, same as the Provost of Oriel?»

Georgie had been introduced to a grown-up of that name, who slept in his presence without apology. Georgie understood that he was the most important grown-up in Oxford; hence he strove to gild his rebuke with flatteries. This grown-up did not seem to like it, but he collapsed, and Georgie lay back in his seat, silent and enraptured. Mr. Pepper was singing again, and the deep, ringing voice, the red fire, and the misty, waving gown all seemed to be mixed up with the little girl who had been so kind about his cut. When the performance was ended she nodded to Georgie, and Georgie nodded in return. He spoke no more than was necessary till bedtime, but meditated on new colors and sounds and lights and music and things as far as he understood them, the deep-mouthed agony of Mr. Pepper mingling with the little girl's lisp. That night he made a new tale, from which he shamelessly removed the Rapunzel-Rapunzel-let-down-your-hair princess, gold crown, Grimm edition, and all, and put a new Annie*an*louise in her place. So it was perfectly right and natural that when he came to the brushwood pile he should find her waiting for him, her hair combed off her forehead more like Alice in Wonderland than ever, and the races and adventures began.

TEN years at an English public school do not encourage dreaming. Georgie got his

growth and chest measurement, and a few other things which did not appear in the bills, under a system of compulsory cricket, foot-ball, and paper-chases, from four to five days a week, which provided for three lawful cuts of a ground-ash if any boy absented himself from these entertainments without medical certificate or master's written excuse. From the child of eight, timid and shrinking, consoled by the sick-house matron as he wept for his mother, Georgie shot up into a hard-muscled, pugnacious little ten-year-old bully of the preparatory school, and was transplanted to the world of three hundred boys in the big dormitories below the hill, where the cheek so brazen and effective among juniors had to be turned to the smiter many times a day. There he became a rumple-collared, dusty-hatted fag of the Lower Third, and a light half-back at Little Side foot-ball; was pushed and prodded through the slack back-waters of the Lower Fourth, where all the raffle of a school generally accumulates; won his «second-fifteen» cap at foot-ball, enjoyed the dignity of a study with two companions in it, and began to look forward to office as a sub-prefect. At this crisis he was exhorted to work by the head-master, who saw in him the makings of a good man. So he worked slowly and systematically, and in due course sat at the prefects' table with the right to carry a cane, and, under restrictions, to use it. At last he blossomed into full glory as head of the school, ex-officio captain of the games; head of his house, where he and his lieutenants preserved discipline and decency among seventy boys from twelve to seventeen; general arbiter in the quarrels that spring up among the touchy Sixth—quarrels which on no account the vulgar must hear discussed; and intimate friend and ally of the head himself. He had a study of his own, where the black-and-gold «first-fifteen» cap hung on a bracket above the line of hurdle, long-jump, and half-mile cups that he had picked up year after year at the yearly sports; he used real razors, which the fags stropped with reverence; and outside his door were laid the black-and-yellow match goal-posts carried down in state to the field when the school tried conclusions with other teams. When he stepped forth in the black jersey, white knickers, and black stockings of the first fifteen, the new match-ball under his arm, and his old and frayed cap at the back of his head, the small fry of the lower forms stood apart and worshiped, and the «new caps» of the team talked to him ostentatiously, that the world might see. And so, in summer, when he came back to the pavilion after a slow but eminently safe game, it mattered not whether he had made nothing in, as once happened, a hundred and three, the school shouted just the same, and women-folk who had come to look at the match looked at Cottar—Cottar, *major;* «that 's Cottar!» —and the day-boys felt that though home and mother were pleasant, it were better to live life joyously and whole, a full-blooded boarder in Cottar's house. Above all, he was responsible for that thing called the tone of the school, and few realize with what passionate devotion a certain type of boy throws himself into this work. Home was a far-away country, full of ponies and fishing and shooting, and men-visitors who interfered with one's plans; but school was the real world, where things of vital importance happened, and crises arose that must be dealt with promptly and quietly. Not for nothing was it written, «Let the consuls look to it that the republic takes no harm,» and Georgie was glad to be back in authority when the holidays ended. Behind him, but not too near, was the wise and temperate head, now suggesting the wisdom of the serpent, now counseling the mildness of the dove; leading him on to see, more by half hints than by any direct word, how boys and men are all of a piece, and how he who can handle the one will assuredly in time control the other. On the other side—Georgie did not realize this till later—was the wiry drill-sergeant, contemptuously aware of all the tricks of ten generations of boys, who ruled the gymnasium through the long winter evenings when the squads were at work. There, among the rattle of the single-sticks, the click of the foils, the jar of the spring-bayonet sent home on the plastron, and the incessant «bat-bat» of the gloves, little Schofield would cool off on the vaulting-horse, and explain to the head of the school by what mysterious ways the worth of a boy could be gaged between half-shut eyelids.

For the rest, the school was not encouraged to dwell on its emotions, but rather to keep in hard condition, to avoid false quantities, and to enter the army direct, without the help of the expensive London crammer, under whose roof young blood learns too much. Cottar, *major*, went the way of hundreds before him. The head gave him six months' final polish, taught him what kind of answers best please a certain kind of examiners and win marks, and handed him over to the properly constituted authorities, who passed him into Sandhurst fairly high up the

list. Here he had sense enough to see that he was in the Lower Third once more, and behaved with respect toward his seniors, till they in turn respected him, and he was promoted to the rank of corporal, and sat in authority over mixed peoples with all the vices of men and boys combined. For the first of many occasions school experience served him well. His reward was another string of athletic cups, a good-conduct sword, and, at last, Her Majesty's commission as a subaltern in a first-class line regiment. He did not know that he bore with him from school and college a character worth much fine gold, but was pleased to find his mess so kindly and companionable. He had plenty of money of his own; his training had set the public-school mask upon his face, and had taught him how many were the «things no fellow can do.» By virtue of the same training he kept his pores open and his mouth shut; and he looked very well with his company on parade.

The regular working of the empire shifted his world to India, where he tasted utter loneliness in subaltern's quarters,—one room and one bullock-trunk,—and, with his mess, learned the new life from the beginning. But there were horses in the land—ponies at reasonable price; there was polo for such as could afford it; there were the disreputable remnants of a pack of hounds; and there were cricket, and musketry instruction, and the fitting up of the new gymnasium; and Cottar worried his way along without too much despair. It dawned on him that a regiment in India was nearer the chance of active service than he had conceived, and that a man might as well study his profession. A major of the new school backed this idea with enthusiasm (he was a black little man, full of notions), and he and Cottar accumulated a good library of military works, and read and argued and disputed far into the nights. But the adjutant said the old thing: «Get to know your men, young un, and they 'll follow you anywhere. That 's all you want—know your men.» Cottar thought he knew them fairly well at cricket and the regimental sports, but he never realized the true inwardness of them till he was sent off with a detachment of twenty to sit down in a mud fort near a rushing river which was spanned by a bridge of boats. When the floods came they went out and hunted stray pontoons down the banks. Otherwise there was nothing to do, and the men got drunk, gambled, and quarreled. They were a sickly crew, for a junior subaltern is by custom saddled with the worst men. Cottar endured their rioting as long as he could, and then sent down-country for a dozen pairs of boxing-gloves. (Nothing in the regulations forbids an officer taking part in healthy sports.)

«I would n't blame you for fightin',» said he, «if you only knew how to use your hands; but you don't. Take these things, and I 'll show you.» It was great sport, for he could pay back an insubordinate young thief, and teach him something at the same time; and the men appreciated his efforts. Now, instead of blaspheming and swearing at a comrade, and threatening to shoot him, they could take him apart, and soothe themselves to exhaustion. As one man explained whom Cottar found with a shut eye and a diamond-shaped mouth spitting teeth through an embrasure: «We tried it with the gloves, sir, for twenty minutes, and *that* done us no good, sir. Then we took off the gloves and tried it that way for another twenty minutes, same as you showed us, sir, an' that done us a world o' good. 'T was n't fightin', sir; there was a bet on.»

Cottar dared not laugh, but he invited his men to other sports, such as racing across country in shirt and trousers after a trail of torn paper, and to single-stick in the evenings, till the native population, who had a lust for sport in every form, wished to know whether the white men understood wrestling. They sent in an ambassador, who took the soldiers by the neck and threw them about the dust; and the entire command were all for this new game. They spent money on learning new falls and holds, which was better than buying beer and other doubtful commodities; and the big-limbed peasantry grinned five deep round the tournaments.

That detachment, who had gone up in bullock-carts, returned to headquarters at an average rate of thirty miles a day, fair heel and toe; no sick, no prisoners, and no court-martials pending. They scattered themselves among their friends, singing the praises of their lieutenant and looking for causes of offense.

«How did you do it, young un?» the adjutant asked.

«Oh, I sweated the beef off 'em, and then I sweated some muscle on to 'em. It was rather a lark.»

«If that 's your way of lookin' at it, we can give you all the larks you want. Young Davies is n't feelin' quite fit, and he 's next for detachment duty. Care to go for him?»

«Sure he would n't mind? I don't want to shove myself forward in any way.»

«You need n't bother on Davies's account.

We 'll give you the sweepin's of the corps, and you can see what you can make of 'em.»

«All right,» said Cottar. «It 's better fun than loafin' about cantonments.»

«Rummy thing,» said the adjutant, after Cottar had returned to his wilderness with twenty other devils worse than the first. «If Cottar only knew it, half the women in the station would give their eyes—confound 'em!—to have the young un in tow.»

«That accounts for Mrs. Elery sayin' I was workin' my nice new boy too hard,» said a wing commander.

«Oh, yes; and ‹Why does n't he come to the band-stand in the evenings?› and ‹Can't I get him to make up a four at tennis with the Hammon girls?›» the adjutant snorted. «Look at young Davies makin' an ass of himself over mutton-dressed-as-lamb old enough to be his mother!»

«No one can accuse young Cottar of runnin' after women, white *or* black,» the major replied thoughtfully. «But, then, that 's the kind that generally goes the worst mucker in the end.»

«Not Cottar. I 've only run across one of his muster before—a fellow called Ingles, in South Africa. He was just the same hard-trained, athletic-sports build of animal. Always kept himself in the pink of condition. Did n't do him much good, though. Shot at Wesselstroom the week before Majuba. Wonder how the young un will lick his detachment into shape.»

Cottar turned up six weeks later, on foot, with his pupils; and if they did not carry so fine a gloss as the others, it was because they were the baser metal. He never told his experiences, but the men spoke enthusiastically, and fragments of it leaked back to the colonel through sergeants, batmen, and the like.

There was great jealousy between the first and second detachments, but the men united in adoring Cottar, and their way of showing it was by sparing him all the trouble that men know how to make for an unloved officer. He sought popularity as little as he had sought it at school, and therefore it came to him. He favored no one—not even when the company sloven pulled the company cricket match out of the fire with an unexpected forty-three at the last moment. There was very little getting round him, for he seemed to know by instinct exactly when and where to head off for a trickster or malingerer; but if one were in trouble of mind or body, he headed straight to Cottar, who knew that the difference between a dazed and sulky junior of the upper school and a bewildered, browbeaten lump of a private fresh from the depot was very small indeed. The sergeants, seeing these things, told him secrets generally hid from young officers, and the regimental sergeant-major gave him the sifted wisdom of twenty years of service to remember against the time when he should be adjutant. His words were quoted as barrack authority on bets in canteen and at tea; his batman treated his belongings as reverently as the fags of old had treated his razors; and the veriest shrew of the corps, bursting with charges against other women who had stolen her fuel or used the cooking-ranges out of turn, forbore to speak when Cottar, as the regulations ordained, asked of a morning if there were «any complaints.»

«I 'm full o' complaints,» said Mrs. Corporal Morrison, «an' I 'd kill O'Halloran's fat cow of a wife any day, but ye know how it is. 'E puts 'is head just inside the door, an' looks down 'is blessed nose so bashful, an' 'e whispers, ‹Any complaints?› Ye can't complain after that. *I* want to kiss him. Some day I think I will. Heigho! she 'll be a lucky woman that gets Young Innocence. See 'im now, girls! Do yer blame me?»

Cottar was cantering across to polo, and he looked a very satisfactory figure of a man as he gave easily to the first excited bucks of his pony, and slipped over a low mud wall to the dusty practice-ground. There were more than Mrs. Corporal Morrison who felt as she did. But Cottar was busy for eleven hours of the day in one way or another. He did not care to have his tennis spoiled by petticoats giggling about the court, and after one long afternoon at a garden-party he explained to his major that this sort of thing was «futile piffle,» and the major laughed. Theirs was not a married mess, except for the colonel's wife, and Cottar stood rather in awe of the good lady. She said «my regiment,» and the world knows what that means. None the less, when they wanted her to give away the prizes after a regimental shooting-match, and she flatly refused because one of the prize-winners was married to a girl who, she believed, had made a jest of her behind her broad back, the mess ordered Cottar to «tackle her» in his best calling-kit, and he did, simply and laboriously, and she gave way altogether.

«She only wanted to know the facts of the case,» he explained. «I just told her, and she saw at once.»

«Ye-es,» said the adjutant. «I expect that 's what she did. Comin' to the Fusiliers' dance to-night?»

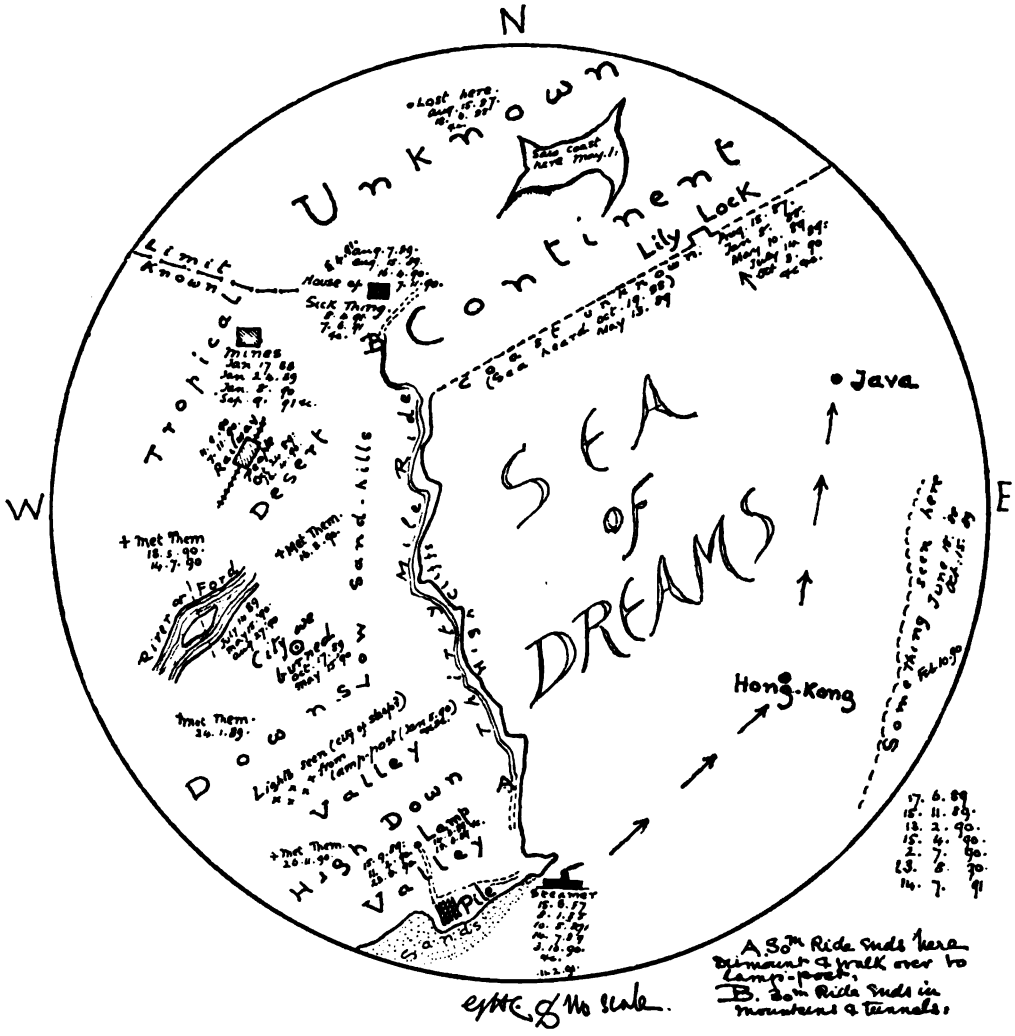
«No, thanks. I've got a fight on with the major.» The virtuous apprentice sat up till midnight in the major's quarters, with a stop-watch and a pair of compasses, shifting little painted lead blocks about a map of four inches to the mile. Then he turned in and slept the sleep of innocence, which is full of healthy dreams. One peculiarity about his dreams he noticed at the beginning of his second hot weather. Two and three times a month they duplicated or ran in series. He would find himself sliding into dreamland by the same road—a road that ran along a beach near a pile of brushwood. To the right lay the sea, sometimes at full tide, sometimes withdrawn to the very horizon; but he knew it for the same sea. By that road he would travel over a swell of rising ground covered with short, withered grass, into valleys of wonder and unreason. Beyond the ridge, which was crowned with some sort of street lamp, anything was possible; but up to the lamp it seemed to him that he knew the road as well as he knew the parade-ground. He learned to look forward to the place; for, once there, he was sure of a good night's rest, and the hot weather can be rather trying. First, shadowy under closing eyelids, would come the outline of the brushwood pile; next the white sand of the beach road, almost overhanging the black, changeful sea; then the turn inland uphill to the single light. When he was unrestful for any reason, he would tell himself how he was sure to get there—sure to get there—if he shut his eyes and surrendered to the drift of things. But one night after a foolishly hard hour's polo (the thermometer was 94° in his quarters at ten o'clock), sleep stood away from him altogether, though he did his best to find the well-known road, the point where true sleep began. At last he saw the brushwood, and hurried along to the ridge, for behind him he felt was the wide-awake, sultry world. He reached the lamp in safety, tingling with drowsiness, when a policeman—a common country policeman—sprang up before him and touched him on the shoulder before he could dive into the dim valley below. He was filled with terror—the hopeless terror of dreams—for the policeman said, in the awful, distinct voice of dream-people, «I am Policeman Day coming back from the City of Sleep. You come with me.» Georgie knew it was true—that just beyond him in the valley lay the lights of the City of Sleep, where he would have been sheltered, and that this Policeman Thing had full power and authority to head him back to miserable wakefulness. He found himself looking at the moonlight on the wall, dripping with fright; and he never overcame that horror, though he met the policeman several times that hot weather, and his coming was the forerunner of a bad night.

But other dreams—perfectly absurd ones—filled him with an incommunicable delight. All those that he remembered began by the brushwood pile. For instance, he found a small clockwork steamer (he had noticed it many nights before) lying by the sea-road, and stepped into it, whereupon it moved with surpassing swiftness over an absolutely level sea. This was glorious, for he felt he was exploring great matters; and it stopped by a lily carved in stone, which, most naturally, floated on the water. Seeing the lily was labeled «Hong-Kong,» Georgie said: «Of course. This is precisely what I expected Hong-Kong would be like. How magnificent!» Thousands of miles farther on (passengers were arriving and departing all the while) it halted at yet another stone lily, labeled «Java»; and this again delighted him hugely, because he knew that now he was at the world's end. But the little boat ran on and on till it lay in a deep fresh-water lock the sides of which were carven marble, green with moss. Lily-pads grew in the water, and reeds arched above. Some one moved among the reeds—some one whom Georgie knew he had traveled to this world's end to reach. Therefore everything was entirely well with him. He was unspeakably happy, and vaulted over the ship's side to find this person. When his feet touched that still water, it changed with the rustle of unrolling maps to nothing less than a sixth quarter of the globe, beyond the most remote imagining of man—a place where islands were colored yellow and blue, their lettering strung across their faces. They gave on unknown seas, and Georgie's urgent desire was to return swiftly across this floating atlas to known bearings. He told himself repeatedly that it was no good to hurry, but still he hurried desperately, and the islands slipped and slid under his feet, the straits yawned and widened, till he found himself utterly lost in the world's fourth dimension, with no hope of return. Yet only a little distance away he could see the old world with the rivers and mountain-chains marked according to the Sandhurst rules of map-making. Then that person for whom he had come to the Lily Lock (that was its name) ran up across unexplored territories, and showed him a way. They fled hand in hand till they reached a road that spanned ravines, and ran along the edge of precipices, and was tun-

neled through mountains. «This goes to our brushwood pile,» said his companion, and all his trouble was at an end. He took a pony, because he understood that this was the Thirty-Mile Ride and he must ride swiftly, and raced through the clattering tunnels and round the curves, always down-hill, till he heard the sea to his left, and saw it raging under a full moon, against sandy cliffs. It was heavy going, but he recognized the nature of the country, the dark-purple downs inland, and the bents that whistled in the wind. The road was eaten away in places, and the sea lashed at him—black, foamless tongues of smooth and glossy rollers; but he was sure that there was less danger from the sea than from «Them,» whoever «They» were, inland to his right. He knew, too, that he would be safe if he could reach the down with the lamp on it. This came as he expected: he saw the one light a mile ahead along the beach, dismounted, turned to the right, walked quietly over to the brushwood pile, found the little steamer had returned to the beach whence he had unmoored it, and—must have fallen asleep, for he could remember no more. «I 'm gettin' the hang of the geography of that place,» he said to himself as he shaved next morning. «I must have made some sort of circle. Let 's see. The Thirty-Mile Ride (now how the deuce did I know it was called the Thirty-Mile Ride?) joins the sea-road beyond the first down where the lamp is. And that atlas country lies at the back of the Thirty-Mile Ride, somewhere out to the right beyond the hills and tunnels. Rummy thing, dreams. Wonder what makes mine fit into each other so?»

He continued on his solid way through the recurring duties of the seasons. The regiment was shifted to another station, and he enjoyed road-marching for two months, with a good deal of mixed shooting thrown in; and when they reached their new cantonments he became a member of the local Tent Club, and chased the mighty boar on horseback with a short stabbing-spear. There he met the *mahseer* of the Poonch, beside whom the tarpon is as a herring, and he who lands him can say that he is a fisherman. This was as new and as fascinating as the big-game shooting that fell to his portion, when he had himself photographed for the mother's benefit, sitting on the flank of his first tiger.

Then the adjutant was promoted, and Cottar rejoiced with him, for he admired the adjutant greatly, and marveled who might be big enough to fill his place; so that he nearly collapsed when the mantle fell on his own shoulders, and the colonel said a few sweet things that made him blush. An adjutant's position does not differ materially from that of head of the school, and Cottar stood in the same relation to the colonel as he had to his old head in England. Only, tempers wear out in hot weather, and things were said and done that tried him sorely, and he made glorious blunders, from which the regimental sergeant-major pulled him with a loyal soul and a shut mouth. Slovens and incompetents raged against him; the weak-minded strove to lure him from the ways of justice; the small-minded—yea, men whom Cottar believed would never do «things no fellow can do»—imputed motives mean and circuitous to actions that he had not spent a thought upon; and he tasted injustice, and it made him very sick. But his consolation came on parade, when he looked down the full companies and reflected how few were in hospital or cells, and wondered when the time would come to try the machine of his love and labor. They had risen ten or twelve places in the annual musketry returns; they had a smaller percentage of bad characters and a higher average of chest measurement than half a hundred other corps; and he believed that their tone, which is, after all, what makes a regiment or a school, was good. But they needed and expected the whole of a man's working-day, and maybe three or four hours of the night. Curiously enough, he never dreamed about the regiment as he was popularly supposed to. The mind, set free from the day's doings, generally ceased working altogether, or, if it moved at all, carried him along the old beach road to the downs, the lamp-post, and once in a while to terrible Policeman Day. The second time that he returned to the world's lost continent (this was a dream that repeated itself again and again, with variations, on the same ground) he knew that if he only sat still the person from the Lily Lock would help him, and he was not disappointed. Sometimes he was trapped in mines of vast depth hollowed out of the heart of the world, where men in torment chanted echoing songs; and he heard this person coming along through the galleries, and everything was made safe and delightful. They met again in low-roofed Indian railway-carriages that halted in a garden surrounded by gilt-and-green railings, where a mob of white people, all unfriendly, sat at breakfast-tables covered with roses, and separated Georgie from his companion, while underground voices sang deep-voiced songs. Georgie was filled



with enormous despair till they two met again. They foregathered in the middle of an endless, hot tropic night, and crept into a huge house that stood, he knew, somewhere north of the railway-station where the people ate among the roses. It was surrounded with gardens, all moist and dripping; and in one room, reached through leagues of white-washed passages, a Sick Thing lay in bed. Now the least noise, Georgie knew, would unchain some waiting horror, and his companion knew it; but when their eyes met across the bed, Georgie was disgusted to see that she was a child—a little girl in strapped shoes, with her black hair combed back from her forehead.

«What disgraceful folly!» he thought. «Now she could do nothing whatever if Its head came off.»

Then the Thing coughed, and the ceiling shattered down in plaster on the mosquito-netting, and «They» rushed in from all quarters. He dragged the child through the stifling garden, voices chanting behind them, and they rode the Thirty-Mile Ride under whip and spur along the sandy beach by the booming sea, till they came to the downs, the lamp-post, and the brushwood pile, which, Georgie shouted, was «in bounds.» Very often dreams would break up about them in this fashion, and they would be separated, to endure awful adventures alone. But the most amusing times were when he and she had a clear understanding that it was all make-believe, and walked through mile-wide roaring rivers without even taking off their shoes, or set light to populous cities to see how they would burn, and were rude as any children to

the vague shadows met in their rambles. Later in the night they were sure to suffer for this, either at the hands of the Railway People eating among the roses, or in the tropic uplands at the far end of the Thirty-Mile Ride. Together, this did not much affright them; but often Georgie would hear her shrill cry of «Boy! Boy!» half a world away, and hurry to her rescue before «They» maltreated her.

He and she explored the dark-purple downs as far inland from the brushwood pile as they dared, but that was always a dangerous matter. The interior was filled with «Them,» and «They» went about singing in the hollows, and Georgie and she felt safer on or near the seaboard. So thoroughly had he come to know the place of his dreams that even waking he accepted it as a real country, and made a rough sketch of it. A still rougher copy of the sketch is given in this place for the better understanding of geography. He kept his own counsel, of course; but the permanence of the land puzzled him. His ordinary dreams were as formless and as fleeting as any healthy dreams could be, but once at the brushwood pile he moved within known limits and could see where he was going. There were months at a time when nothing that he could remember crossed his sleep. Then the dreams would come in a batch of five or six, and next morning the map that he kept in his writing-case would be written up to date, for Georgie was a most methodical person. There was, indeed, a danger—his seniors said so—of his developing into a regular «Auntie Fuss» of an adjutant, and when an officer once takes to old-maidism there is more hope for the virgin of seventy than for him.

But fate sent the change that was needed, in the shape of a little winter campaign on the border, which, after the manner of little campaigns, flashed out into a very ugly war; and Cottar's regiment was chosen among the first.

«Now,» said a major, «this 'll shake the cobwebs out of us all—especially you, young Huron; and we can see what your hen-with-one-chick attitude has done for the regiment.»

There were four months in which to try the men, and Cottar nearly wept with joy as the campaign went forward. They were fit—physically fit beyond the other troops; they were good children in camp, wet or dry, fed or unfed; and they followed their officers with the quick suppleness and trained obedience of a first-class foot-ball fifteen. Once satisfied of this, their officers used them unsparingly, exactly as a man takes liberties with a tried horse. They were cut off from their apology for a base, and cheerfully cut their way back to it again; they crowned and cleaned out hills full of the enemy with the precision of well-broken dogs of chase; and in the hour of retreat, when, hampered with the sick and wounded of the column, they were persecuted down eleven miles of waterless valley, they, serving as rear-guard, covered themselves with a great glory in the eyes of fellow-professionals. Any regiment can advance, but few know how to retreat with a sting in the tail. Then they turned to and made roads, most often under fire, and dismantled some inconvenient mud redoubts. They were the last corps to be withdrawn when the rubbish of the campaign was all swept up; and after a month in standing camp, which tries morals severely, they departed to their own place in column of fours, singing:

'E 's goin' to do without 'em—
  Don't want 'em any more;
'E 's goin' to do without 'em,
  As 'e 's often done before.
'E 's goin' to be a martyr
On a 'ighly novel plan,
An' all the boys and girls will say,
"Ow! what a nice young man—man—
    man!
  Ow! what a nice young man!"

There came out a «Gazette» in which Cottar found that he had been behaving with «courage and coolness and discretion» in all his capacities; that he had assisted the wounded under fire, and blown in a gate, also under fire. Net result, his captaincy and a brevet majority, coupled with the Distinguished Service Order, which is vulgarly called the «Don't Stay On,» inasmuch as it is supposed to block the way permanently to the Victoria Cross.

As to his wounded, he explained that they were both heavy men, whom he could lift more easily than any one else. «Otherwise, of course, I should have sent out one of my men; and, of course, about that gate business, we were safe the minute we were well under the walls.» But this did not prevent his men from cheering him furiously whenever they saw him, or the mess from giving him a dinner on the eve of his departure to England. (A year's leave was among the things he had «snaffled out of the campaign,» to use his own words.) The doctor, who had taken quite as much as was good for him, quoted poetry about «a good blade carving the casques of men,» and so on, and everybody told Cottar that he was an excellent person; but when he rose to make his maiden speech they

shouted so that he was understood to say, «It is n't any use tryin' to speak with you chaps rottin' me like this. Let 's have some pool.»

It is not unpleasant to spend eight and twenty days in an easy-going steamer on warm waters, in the company of a woman who lets you see that you are head and shoulders superior to the rest of the world, even though that woman may be, and most often is, ten counted years your senior. P. O. boats are not lighted with the disgustful particularity of Atlantic liners. There is more phosphorescence at the bows, and greater silence and darkness by the hand-steering-gear aft.

Awful things might have happened to Georgie but for the little fact that he had never studied the first principles of the game he was expected to play. So when Mrs. Zuleika, at Aden, told him how motherly an interest she felt in his welfare, medals, brevet, and all, Georgie took her at the foot of the letter, and promptly talked of his own mother, three hundred miles nearer each day, her dearness and general sweetness, of his home, and so forth, all the way up the Red Sea. It was much easier than he had supposed to converse with a woman for an hour at a time. Then Mrs. Zuleika, turning from parental affection, spoke of love in the abstract as a thing not unworthy of study, and in a discreet twilight after dinner demanded confidences. Georgie would have been delighted to supply them, but he had none, and did not know it was his duty to manufacture them. Mrs. Zuleika expressed surprise and unbelief, and asked those questions which deep asks of deep. She learned all that was necessary to conviction, and, being very much a woman, resumed (Georgie never knew that she had abandoned) the motherly attitude.

«Do you know,» she said, somewhere in the Mediterranean, «I think you 're the very dearest boy I have ever met in my life, and I 'd like you to remember me a little. You will when you are older, but I want you to remember me now. You 'll make some girl very happy.»

«Oh! Hope so,» said Georgie, gravely; «but there 's heaps of time for marryin' an' all that sort of thing, ain't there?»

«That depends. Here are your bean-bags for the Ladies' Competition. I think I 'm growing too old to care for these *tamashas*.»

They were getting up sports, and Georgie was on the committee. He never noticed how perfectly the bags were sewn, but another woman did, and smiled once. He liked Mrs. Zuleika greatly. She was a bit old, of course, but uncommonly nice. There was no nonsense about her.

A few nights after they passed Gibraltar his dream returned to him. She who waited by the brushwood pile was no longer a little girl, but a woman with black hair that grew into a «widow's peak,» combed back from her forehead. He knew her for the child in black, the companion of the last six years, and, as it had been in the time of the meetings on the Lost Continent, he was filled with delight unspeakable. «They,» for some dreamland reason, were friendly or had gone away that night, and the two flitted together over all their country, from the brushwood pile up the Thirty-Mile Ride, till they saw the House of the Sick Thing, a pin-point in the distance to the left; stamped through the Railway Waiting-room where the roses lay on the spread breakfast-tables; and returned, by the ford and the city they had once burned for sport, to the great swells of the downs under the lamp-post. Wherever they moved a strong singing followed them underground, but this night there was no panic. All the land was empty except for themselves, and at the last (they were sitting by the lamp hand in hand) she turned and kissed him. He woke with a start, staring at the waving curtain of the cabin door; and he could have sworn that the kiss was real.

Next morning the ship was rolling in a Biscay sea, and people were not happy; but as Georgie came out to breakfast, shaven, tubbed, and smelling of soap, several turned to look at him because of the light in his eyes and the splendor of his countenance.

«Well, you look beastly fit,» snapped a neighbor. «Any one left you a legacy in the middle of the Bay?»

Georgie reached for the curry, with a seraphic grin. «I suppose it 's the gettin' so near home, and all that. I do feel rather festive this mornin'. Rolls a bit, does n't she?»

Mrs. Zuleika stayed in her cabin till the end of the voyage, when she left without bidding him farewell, and wept passionately on the dock-head for pure joy of meeting her children, who, she had often said, were so like their father.

Georgie headed for his own county, wild with delight of the first long furlough after the lean seasons. Nothing was changed in that orderly life, from the coachman who met him at the station to the white peacock that stormed at the carriage from the stone wall above the shaven lawns. The house took toll

of him with due regard to precedence—first the mother; then the father; then the housekeeper, who wept and praised God; then the butler; and so on down to the under-keeper, who had been dog-boy in Georgie's youth, and called him «Master Georgie,» and was reproved by the groom who had taught Georgie to ride.

«Not a thing changed,» he sighed contentedly, when the three of them sat down to dinner in the late sunlight, while the rabbits crept out upon the lawn below the cedars, and the big trout in the ponds by the home paddock rose for their evening meal.

«*Our* changes are all over, dear,» cooed the mother; «and now I am getting used to your size and your tan (you 're very brown, Georgie), I see you have n't changed in the least. You 're exactly like the pater.»

The father beamed on this man after his own heart,—«youngest major in the army, and should have had the V. C., sir,»—and the butler listened with his professional mask off when Master Georgie spoke of war as it is waged to-day, and his father cross-questioned. The pater had retired when the Martini-Henry was a new thing and the Maxim unborn.

They went out on the terrace to smoke among the roses, and the shadow of the old house lay long across the wonderful English foliage, which is the only living green in the world.

«Perfect! By Jove, it 's perfect!» Georgie was looking at the round-bosomed woods beyond the home paddock, where the white pheasant-boxes were ranged; and the golden air was full of a hundred sacred scents and sounds. Georgie felt his father's arm tighten in his.

«It 's not half bad—but *hodie mihi, cras tibi*, is n't it? I suppose you 'll be turning up some fine day with a girl under your arm, if you have n't one now, eh?»

«You can make your mind easy, sir. I have n't one.»

«Not in all these years?» said the mother.

«I had n't time, mummy. They keep a man pretty busy, these days, in the service, and most of our mess are unmarried, too.»

«But you must have met hundreds in society—at balls, and so on?»

«I'm like the Tenth, mummy: I don't dance.»

«Don't dance! What have you been doing with yourself, then—backing other men's bills?» said the father.

«Oh, yes; I 've done a little of that too; but you see, as things are now, a man has all his work cut out for him to keep abreast of his profession, and my days were always too full to let me lark about half the night.»

«Hmm!»—suspiciously.

«It 's never too late to learn. We ought to give some kind of housewarming for the people about, now you 've come back. Unless you want to go straight up to town, dear?»

«No. I don't want anything better than this. Let 's sit still and enjoy ourselves. I suppose there will be something for me to ride if I look for it?»

«Seeing I 've been kept down to the old brown pair for the last six weeks because all the others were being got ready for Master Georgie, I should say there might be,» the father chuckled. «They 're reminding me in a hundred ways that I must take the second place now.»

«Brutes!»

«The pater does n't mean it, dear; but every one has been trying to make your home-coming a success; and you *do* like it, don't you?»

«Perfect! Perfect! There 's no place like England—when you 've done your work.»

«That 's the proper way to look at it, my son.»

And so up and down the flagged walk till their shadows grew long in the moonlight, and the mother went indoors and played such songs as a small boy once clamored for, and the squat silver candlesticks were brought in, and Georgie climbed to the two rooms in the west wing that had been his day and night nursery and his playroom in the beginning. Then who should come to tuck him up for the night but the mother? And she sat down on the bed, and they talked for a long hour, as mother and son should, if there is to be any future for the empire. With a simple woman's deep guile she asked questions and suggested answers that should have waked some sign in the face on the pillow, and there was neither quiver of eyelid nor quickening of breath, neither evasion nor delay in reply. So she blessed him and kissed him on the mouth, which is not always a mother's property, and said something to her husband later, at which he laughed profane and incredulous laughs.

All the establishment waited on Georgie next morning, from the tallest six-year-old, «with a mouth like a kid glove, Master Georgie,» to the under-keeper strolling carelessly along the horizon, Georgie's pet rod in his hand, and «There 's a four-pounder risin' below the lasher. You don't 'ave 'em in Injia, Mast—Major Georgie.» It was all beautiful beyond telling, even though the mother

insisted on taking him out in the landau (the leather had the hot Sunday smell of his youth) and showing him off to her friends at all the houses for six miles round; and the pater bore him up to town and a lunch at the club, where he introduced him, quite carelessly, to not less than thirty ancient warriors whose sons were not the youngest majors in the army and had not been mentioned in recent gazettes. After that it was Georgie's turn; and remembering his friends, he filled up the house with that kind of officer who lives in cheap lodgings at Southsea or Montpelier Square, Brompton—good men all, but not well off. The mother perceived that they needed girls to play with; and as there was no scarcity of girls, the house hummed like a dovecote in spring. They tore up the place for amateur theatricals; they disappeared into the gardens when they ought to have been rehearsing; they swept off every available horse and vehicle, especially the governess-cart and the fat pony (Georgie could not see where the fun came in here); they fell into the trout-ponds; they picnicked and they tennised; and they sat on gates in the twilight, two by two, and Georgie found that he was not in the least necessary to their entertainment.

«My word!» said he, when he saw the last of their dear backs. «They told me they 've enjoyed 'emselves, but they have n't done half the things they said they would.»

«I know they 've enjoyed themselves—immensely,» said the mother. «You 're a public benefactor, dear.»

«Now we can be quiet again, can't we?»

«Oh, quite. I 've a very dear friend of mine that I want you to know. She could n't come with the house so full, because she 's an invalid, and she was away when you first came. She 's a Mrs. Lacy.»

«Lacy! I don't remember the name about here.»

«No; they came after you went to India—from Oxford. Her husband died there, and she lost some money, I believe. They bought The Firs on the Bassett Road. She 's a very sweet woman, and we 're very fond of them both.»

«She 's a widow, did n't you say?»

«She has a daughter. Surely I said so, dear?»

«Does she fall into trout-ponds, and gas and giggle, and ‹Oh, Major Cottar!› and all that?»

«No, indeed. She 's a very quiet girl, and very musical. She always came over here with her music-books—composing, you know; and she generally works all day, so you won't—»

«Talking about Miriam?» said the pater, coming up. The mother edged toward him within elbow-reach. There was no finesse about Georgie's father. «Oh, Miriam 's a dear girl. Plays beautifully. Rides beautifully, too. She 's a regular pet of the household. Used to call me—» The elbow went home, and, ignorant but obedient always, the pater shut himself off.

«What used she to call you, sir?»

«All sorts of pet names. I 'm very fond of Miriam.»

«Sounds Jewish—Miriam.»

«Jew! You 'll be calling yourself a Jew next. She 's one of the Herefordshire Lacys. When her aunt dies—» Again the elbow.

«Oh, you won't see anything of her, Georgie. She 's busy with her music or her mother all day. Besides, you 're going up to town tomorrow, are n't you? I thought you said something about an Institute meeting?» The mother spoke.

«Go up to town *now!* What nonsense!» Once more the pater was shut off.

«I had some idea of it, but I 'm not quite sure,» said the son of the house. Why did the mother try to get him away because a musical girl and her invalid parent were expected? He did not approve of unknown females calling his father pet names. He would observe these pushing persons who had been only seven years in the county.

All of which the delighted mother read in his countenance, herself keeping an air of sweet disinterestedness.

«They 'll be here this evening for dinner. I 'm sending the carriage over for them, and they won't stay more than a week.»

«Perhaps I shall go up to town. I don't quite know yet.» Georgie moved away irresolutely. There was a lecture at the Institute on the supply of ammunition in the field, and the one man whose theories most irritated Major Cottar would deliver it. A heated discussion was sure to follow, and perhaps he might find himself moved to speak. He took his rod that afternoon and went down to thresh it out among the trout.

«Good sport, dear!» said the mother from the terrace.

«'Fraid it won't be, mummy. All those men from town, and the girls particularly, have put every trout off his feed for weeks. There is n't one of 'em that cares for fishin'—really. Fancy stampin' and shoutin' on the bank, and tellin' every fish for half a mile exactly what you 're goin' to do, and then

chuckin' a brute of a fly at him! By Jove, it would scare *me* if I was a trout!»

But things were not as bad as he had expected. The black gnat was on the water, and the water was strictly preserved. A three-quarter-pounder at the second cast set him for the campaign, and he worked downstream, crouching behind the reed and meadow-sweet; creeping between a hornbeam hedge and a foot-wide strip of bank, where he could see the trout, but where they could not distinguish him from the background; lying almost on his stomach to switch the blue-upright (black gnat tail-fly) sidewise through the checkered shadows of a gravelly ripple fenced on three sides by overarching trees; or throat-deep in the rank hemlocks. But he had known every inch of the water since he was four feet high. The aged and astute between the sunk roots of trees, with the large and fat that lay in the frothy scum below some strong rush of water, sucking as lazily as carp, came to trouble in their turn, at the hand that duplicated so delicately the flicker and wimple of an egg-dropping fly. That was so consoling an afternoon that Georgie found himself five miles from home when he ought to have been dressing for dinner. The housekeeper had taken good care that her boy should not go empty, and before he changed to the white moth he sat down to excellent claret with sandwiches of potted egg and things that adoring women make and men never notice. Then back, the pipe between his teeth, to surprise the otter grubbing for fresh-water mussels, the rabbits on the edge of the beechwoods foraging in the clover, and the policeman-like white owl stooping to the little field-mice, till the moon was strong, and he took his rod apart, and went home through well-remembered gaps in the hedges. He fetched a compass round the house, for though he might have broken every law of the establishment every hour, the law of his boyhood was unbreakable: after fishing you went in by the garden back door, cleaned up in the outer scullery, and did not present yourself to your elders and your betters till you had washed and changed.

«Half-past ten, by Jove! Well, we 'll make the sport an excuse. They would n't want to see me the first evening, at any rate. Gone to bed, probably.» He skirted by the open French windows of the drawing-room. «No, they have n't. They look very comfy in there.»

He could see his father in his own particular chair, the mother in hers, and the back of a girl at the piano by the big potpourri jar. The gardens looked half divine in the moonlight, and he turned down through the roses to finish out his pipe.

A prelude ended, and there floated out a voice of the kind that in his childhood he used to call «creamy»—a full, true contralto; and this is the song that he heard, every syllable of it:

Over the edge of the purple down,
Where the single lamp-light gleams,
Know ye the road to the Merciful Town
That is hard by the Sea of Dreams—
Where the poor may lay their wrongs away,
And the sick may forget to weep?
But we—pity us! Oh, pity us!
We wakeful; ah, pity us!—
We must go back with Policeman Day—
Back from the City of Sleep!

Weary they turn from the scroll and crown,
Fetter and prayer and plow—
They that go up to the Merciful Town,
For her gates are closing now.
It is their right in the baths of Night
Body and soul to steep:
But we—pity us! ah, pity us!
We wakeful; oh, pity us!—
We must go back with Policeman Day—
Back from the City of Sleep!

Over the edge of the purple down,
Ere the tender dreams begin,
Look—we may look—at the Merciful Town,
But we may not enter in.
Outcasts all, from her guarded wall
Back to our watch we creep:
We—pity us! ah, pity us!
We wakeful; oh, pity us!—
We that go back with Policeman Day—
Back from the City of Sleep!

At the last echo he was aware that his mouth was dry and unknown pulses were beating in the roof of it. The housekeeper, who would have it that he must have fallen in and caught a chill, was waiting to catch him on the stairs, and, since he neither saw nor answered her, carried a wild tale abroad that brought his mother knocking at the door.

«Anything happened, dear? Harper said she thought you were n't—»

«No; it 's nothing. I 'm all right, mummy. *Please* don't bother.»

He did not recognize his own voice, but that was a small matter beside what he was considering. Obviously, most obviously, the whole coincidence was crazy lunacy—«blind rot.» He proved it to the satisfaction of Major George Cottar, who was going up to town to-morrow to hear a lecture on the supply of ammunition in the field; and having so proved it, the soul and brain and heart and body of

Georgie cried joyously: «That 's the Lily Lock girl—the Lost Continent girl—the Thirty-Mile Ride girl—the Brushwood girl! *I* know her!»

He waked, stiff and cramped in his chair, to reconsider the situation by sunlight, when it did not appear normal. But a man must eat, and he went to breakfast, his heart between his teeth, holding himself severely in hand.

«Late, as usual,» said the mother. «This is my son, Miss Lacy.»

A tall girl in black raised her eyes to his, and Georgie's life training deserted him—just as soon as he realized that she did not know. He stared coolly and critically. There was the abundant black hair, growing in a widow's peak, turned back from the forehead, with that peculiar ripple over the right ear; there were the gray eyes set a little close together; the short upper lip, resolute chin, and the known poise of the head. There was also the small, well-cut mouth that had kissed him.

«Georgie—*dear!*» said the mother, amazedly, for Miriam was flushing under the stare.

«I—I beg your pardon!» he gulped. «I don't know whether the mother has told you, but I 'm rather an idiot at times, specially before I 've had my breakfast. It 's—it 's a family failing.» He turned to explore among the hot-water dishes on the sideboard, rejoicing that she did not know—she did not know.

His conversation for the rest of the meal was mildly insane, though the mother thought she had never seen her boy look half so handsome. How could any girl, least of all one of Miriam's discernment, forbear to fall down and worship? But deeply Miriam was displeased. She had never been stared at in that fashion before, and promptly retired into her shell when Georgie announced that he had changed his mind about going to town, and would stay to play with Miss Lacy if she had nothing better to do.

«Oh, but don't let me throw you out. I 'm at work. I 've things to do all the morning.»

«What possessed Georgie to behave so oddly?» the mother sighed to herself. «Miriam 's a bundle of feelings—like her mother.»

«You compose, don't you? Must be a fine thing to be able to do that. [«Pig—oh, pig!» thought Miriam.] I think I heard you singin' when I came in last night after fishin'. All about a Sea of Dreams, was n't it? [Miriam shuddered to the core of the soul that afflicted her.] Awfully pretty song. How d' you think of such things?»

«You only composed the music, dear, did n't you?»

«The words too. I 'm sure of it,» said Georgie, with a sparkling eye. No; she did not know.

«Yes; I wrote the words too.» Miriam spoke slowly, for she knew she lisped when she was nervous or unhappy.

«Now how *could* you tell, Georgie?» said the mother, as delighted as though the youngest major in the army were ten years old, showing off before company.

«I was sure of it, somehow. Oh, there are heaps of things about me, mummy, that you don't understand. Looks as if it were goin' to be a hot day—for England. Would you care for a ride this afternoon, Miss Lacy? We can start out after tea, if you 'd like it.»

Miriam could not in decency refuse, but any woman might see she was not filled with delight.

«That will be very nice, if you take the Bassett Road. It will save me sending Martin down to the village,» said the mother, filling in gaps.

Like all good managers, the mother had her one weakness—a mania for little strategies that should economize horses and vehicles. Her men-folk complained that she turned them into common carriers, and there was a legend in the family that she had once said to the pater on the morning of a meet, «If you *should* kill near Bassett, dear, and if it is n't too late, would you mind just popping over and matching me this?»

«I knew that was coming. You 'd never miss a chance, mother. If it 's fish or a trunk, I won't.» Georgie laughed.

«It 's only a duck. They can do it up very neatly at Mallett's,» said the mother, simply. «You won't mind, will you? We 'll have a scratch dinner at nine, because it 's so hot.»

The long summer day dragged itself out for centuries; but at last there was tea on the lawn, and Miriam appeared.

She was in the saddle before he could offer to help, with the clean spring of the child who mounted the pony for the Thirty-Mile Ride. The day held mercilessly, though Georgie got down thrice to look for imaginary stones in Rufus's foot. One cannot say even simple things in broad light, and this that Georgie meditated was not simple. So he spoke seldom, and Miriam was divided between relief and scorn. It annoyed her that the great hulking thing should know she had written the words of the song overnight; for though a maiden may sing her most secret fancies aloud, she does not care to have them

trampled over by the male Philistine. They rode into the little red-brick street of Bassett, and Georgie made untold fuss over the disposition of that duck. It must go in just such a package, and be fastened to the saddle in just such a manner, though eight o'clock had struck and they were miles from dinner.

«We must be quick!» said Miriam, bored and angry.

«There 's no great hurry; but we can cut over Dowhead Down, and let 'em out on the grass. That will save us half an hour.»

The horses capered on the short, sweet-smelling turf, and the delaying shadows gathered in the valley as they cantered over the great dun down that overhangs Bassett and the Western coaching-road. Insensibly the pace quickened without thought of molehills; Rufus, gentleman that he was, waiting on Miriam's Dandy till they should have cleared the rise. Then down the two-mile slope they raced together, the wind whistling in their ears, to the steady throb of eight hoofs and the light click-click of the shifting bits.

«Oh, that was glorious!» Miriam cried, reining in. «Dandy and I are old friends, but I don't think we 've ever gone better together.»

«No; but you 've gone quicker, once or twice.»

«Really? When?»

Georgie moistened his lips. «Don't you remember the Thirty-Mile Ride—with me—when ‹They› were after us—on the beach road, with the sea to the left—going toward the lamp-post on the downs?»

The girl gasped. «What—what do you mean?» she said hysterically.

«The Thirty-Mile Ride, and—and all the rest of it.»

«You mean—? I did n't sing anything about the Thirty-Mile Ride. I know I did n't. I have never told a living soul.»

«You told about Policeman Day, and the lamp at the top of the downs, and the City of Sleep. It all joins on, you know—it 's the same country—and it was easy enough to see where you had been.»

«Good God!—It joins on—of course it does; but—I have been—you have been—Oh, let 's walk, please, or I shall fall off!»

Georgie ranged alongside, and laid a hand that shook below her bridle-hand, pulling Dandy into a walk. Miriam was sobbing as he had seen a man sob under the touch of the bullet.

«It 's all right—it 's all right,» he whispered feebly. «Only—only it 's true, you know.»

«True! Am I mad?»

«Not unless I 'm mad as well. *Do* try to think a minute quietly. How could any one conceivably know anything about the Thirty-Mile Ride having anything to do with you, unless he had been there?»

«But where? But *where?* Tell me!»

«There—wherever it may be—in our country, I suppose. Do you remember the first time you rode it—the Thirty-Mile Ride, I mean? You must.»

«It was all dreams—all dreams!»

«Yes, but tell, please; because I know.»

«Let me think. I—we were on no account to make any noise—on no account to make any noise.» She was staring between Dandy's ears, with eyes that did not see, and a suffocating heart.

«Because ‹It› was dying in the big house?» Georgie went on, reining in again.

«There was a garden with green-and-gilt railings—all hot. Do *you* remember?»

«I ought to. I was sitting on the other side of the bed before ‹It› coughed and ‹They› came in.»

«You!»—the deep voice was unnaturally full and strong, and the girl's wide-opened eyes burned in the dusk as she stared him through and through. «Then you're the Boy—my Brushwood Boy, and I 've known you all my life!»

She fell forward on Dandy's neck. Georgie forced himself out of the weakness that was overmastering his limbs, and slid an arm round her waist. The head dropped on his shoulder, and he found himself with parched lips kissing the low, white forehead and babbling things that up till then he believed existed only in printed works of fiction. Mercifully the horses were quiet. She made no attempt to draw herself away when she recovered, but lay still, whispering, «Of course you 're the Boy, and I did n't know—I did n't know.»

«I knew last night; and when I saw you at breakfast—»

«Oh, *that* was why! I wondered at the time. You would, of course.»

«I could n't speak before this. Keep your head where it is, dear. It 's all right now—all right now, is n't it?»

«But how was it *I* did n't know—after all these years and years? I remember—oh, what lots of things I remember!»

«Tell me some. I 'll look after the horses.»

«I remember waiting for you when the steamer came in. Do you?»

«At the Lily Lock, beyond Hong-Kong and Java?»

«Do *you* call it that too?»

«You told me it was when I was lost in the continent. That was you that showed me the way through the mountains?»

«When the islands slid? It must have been, because you 're the only one I remember. All the others were ‹Them.›»

«Awful brutes they were, too.»

«I remember showing you the Thirty-Mile Ride the first time. You ride just as you used to—then. You *are* you!»

«That 's odd. I thought that of you this afternoon. Is n't it wonderful?»

«What does it all mean? Why should you and I of the millions of people in the world have this—this thing between us? What does it mean? I 'm frightened.»

«This!» said Georgie. The horses quickened their pace. They thought they had heard an order. «Perhaps when we die we may find out more, but it means this now.»

There was no answer. What could she say? As the world went, they had known each other rather less than eight and a half hours, but the matter was one that did not concern the world. There was a very long silence, while the breath in their nostrils drew cold and sharp as it might have been a fume of ether.

«That 's the second,» Georgie whispered. «You remember, don't you?»

«It 's not!»—furiously. «It 's not!»

«On the downs the other night—months ago? You were just as you are now, and we went over the country for miles and miles.»

«It was all empty, too. They had gone away. Nobody frightened us. I wonder why, Boy?»

«Oh, if you remember *that*, you must remember the rest. Confess!»

«I remember lots of things, but I *know* I did n't. I never have—till just now.»

«You *did*, dear.»

«I know I did n't, because—oh, it 's no use keeping anything back!—because I truthfully meant to.»

«And truthfully did.»

«No; meant to; but some one else came by.»

«There was n't any one else. There never has been.»

«There was—there always is. It was another woman—out there on the sea. I saw her. It was the 26th of May. I 've got it written down somewhere.»

«Oh, *you* 've kept a record of your dreams, too? That 's odd about the other woman, because I was on the sea just then.»

«I was right. How do I know what you 've done when you were awake—and I thought it was only *you!*»

«You never were more wrong in your life. What a little temper you 've got! Listen to me a minute, dear.» And Georgie, though he knew it not, committed black perjury. «It—it is n't the kind of thing one says to any one, because they 'd laugh; but on my word and honor, darling, I 've never been kissed by a living soul outside my own people in all my life. Don't laugh, dear. I would n't tell any one but you, but it 's the solemn truth.»

«I knew! You are you. Oh, I *knew* you 'd come some day; but I did n't know you were you in the least till you spoke.»

«Then give me another.»

«And you never cared or looked anywhere? Why, all the round world must have loved you from the very minute they saw you, Boy.»

«They kept it to themselves if they did. No; I never cared.»

«And we shall be late for dinner—horribly late. Oh, how can I look at you in the light before your mother—and mine!»

«We 'll play you 're Miss Lacy till the proper time comes. What 's the shortest limit for people to get engaged? S'pose we have got to go through all the fuss of an engagement, have n't we?»

«Oh, I don't want to talk about that. It 's so commonplace. I 've thought of something that you don't know. I 'm sure of it. What 's my name?»

«Miri—no, it is n't, by Jove! Wait half a second, and it 'll come back to me. You are n't—you can't? Why, *those* old tales—before I went to school! I 've never thought of 'em from that day to this. Are you the original, only Annie*an*louise?»

«It was what you always called me ever since the beginning. Oh! We 've turned into the avenue, and we must be an hour late.»

«What does it matter? The chain goes as far back as those days? It must, of course—of course it must. I 've got to ride round with this pestilent old bird—confound him!»

«‹Ha! ha! said the duck, laughing›—do you remember *that?*»

«Yes, I do—flower-pots on my feet, and all. We 've been together all this while, and I 've got to say good-by to you till dinner. *Sure* I 'll see you at dinner-time? *Sure* you won't sneak up to your room, darling, and leave me all the evening? Good-by, dear,—good-by.»

«Good-by, Boy, good-by. Don't let Rufus bolt into his stables. Good-by. Yes, I 'll come down to dinner; but—what shall I do when I see you in the light!»

Rudyard Kipling.

«HEAR, O ISRAEL;

THE LORD OUR GOD IS ONE LORD.»

BEN YEHUDAH IBN GEBIROL prayed this prayer:
Master of many mysteries, him they named
The Keeper of the Kabbalah, and all
The Secret Writing of the Law; who spoke
With the vast djinns confederate about
The ivory throne of Solomon the King
Unseen in the prodigious splendor there;
Who with his finger drew the awful lines,
The spheral ways, down which archangels run
Upon their mighty errands.
Such strange things—
White magic were they, or the scath of the brain
Long cramped in midnight poring over signs
At which the scorpion from his cranny gazed
As at his kindred—did men say of him.
But we, forsooth, we know not. All we know
Is that the thought, outsoaring such device
As the great heaven outsoars the gossamer,
Was his who in one glory of white light
Transfused the many colors of many creeds
While uttering this ascription, prayer, and praise:

Thou art God, he said, and all the living things
Upon this ball that swings in hoary space,
Or that live otherwhere, thy servants are.
And being God, essence of excellence,
Source of all life, soul of the beautiful,—
O sacred soul of souls and life of life,
O dearer than the dearness of delight,—
Felt in the dewy darks of dawn before
The rose flowers out in heaven; when north winds cry
Where the white wonder of the waning moon
Rides high through lonely midnights; when the storms
Hiss in the sea, and hide in shrouded snows;
Felt in the starry gulfs through which the thought
Sails in meridian; felt in the mere joy
Of being alive; and truly when Death smiles,
And reaches forth a strong and tender hand,
No less felt,—thou art God,—and being God,
All things are thy adorers.
In no wise
Thy majesty is lessened should they call
On other names than thine—seeming to adore
Other than thou, in midst of blinding light,
Phrah in his fire, or Om within his dream,
Or any precious phantasm that for them
Holds godhead as the jewel holds the spark—
Since all their aim entirely is to come
Nearer to thee, and only thee, and lose
Sense—ay, and self—within the whelming seas
Where broods thy prime, where brims thy blessedness.

If their way lead to Isis with her lily
Seeking the way herself through glimmering dark,
'T is thou. And if to She'keenah, 't is thou.
If to the immanent divine in man,
And if to the white Christ upon his cross,
Through all, and over all, and under all,
'T is thou.
What seek they but thy sweetness? What
But rest upon thy power—to feel in them
The rushing of thy life? Are they not thine?
With thy clear currents of immortal joy
Drown out in them all that is less than thou,
As morning drowns sky-deep the beacon-star,
Where with wild lightnings wash the lucid tides,
Leaping and shoaling when the day has laid
His beams upon the waters.
Near or far,
Seek they not God? I said. And thou art God!

Thus, in the dark, hot Spanish night long since,
While the white moth about his candle flew,
And fluttered forth into the larger light
Where the red moon rose in the gap of the hills,
Ben Yehudah Ibn Gebirol paused a space
As point by point he glossed the mystery
Within the ten Sephiroth, murmuring
The moving music of this joyous cry.

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

«MUSIC, HEAVENLY MAID.»

See deep enough, and you see musically.—CARLYLE.

IT was a remark of Mendelssohn that there are two subjects which are too sacred for discussion—religion and thorough-bass.

Religion and music are not only alike sacred, but they touch at so many points that they can hardly be separated, and in their higher ranges they melt into one. There are debased forms of music that have no suggestion of religion, and there are debased religions that do not call for music; but when each is worthy of its name they pass into each other as by creative affinity.

I hope I shall do no wrong to the memory of the great composer, who was himself a fine illustration of the blending of the two, if I discuss them somewhat for the purpose of showing not simply that music is helpful to religion, but that there is a scientific reality in those phrases, usually regarded as poetical, which speak of music as divine and as an exponent of the spiritual world; in other words, that music is literally, as Collins named it, a «Heavenly Maid.»

The first thing that strikes one who reflects on music is its uniqueness; it is like nothing else which men do. If a visitor from a songless planet were to come to earth, nothing would amaze him more than the use of the voice in singing. He could put other things together with more or less of understanding, but music would be a hopeless puzzle. It lies

so close and is so wrought into us that we are blind to the wonder of it. Browning has finely touched this point in his «Abt Vogler»:

And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.
Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is nought;
It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said:
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought:
And, there! Ye have heard and seen: consider and bow the head!

Let us turn into a church on a Sunday morning. The services will consist of prayers, readings, a sermon, and something very different from these, called the *music*. It is not like the sermon, which is an appeal to thought; it does not ask anything, as do the prayers; it does not declare anything, as do the lessons from the Bible; it may use words, but does not depend upon them; it may suggest, but does not insist on thought. The contrast is still greater in the method of expression. The ordinary use of the voice is set aside for a peculiar use of it—almost as if there were two voices in one person, suggesting a dual being. Instead of the conversational voice, which is without regard to pitch or time or harmony, the organs of speech are brought under the action of the will, which directs them to speak in a certain manner that is rigidly determined by certain laws pertaining to the air in its relation to the organs. There may be no absolute difference between the speaking and the singing voice in pronouncing a single syllable, but when it is sung there is a distinct act of the will, by which pitch is given and preserved, and if sung in concert, harmony also is preserved. The fundamental act in conversation is thought; in singing it is an act of the will. The voice, obeying a certain conception which has been passed over to the will, strikes a certain key or note, which it keeps in mind, and repeats at intervals. How it is able to repeat this note is an absolute mystery. We only know that, directed by some conception within, the voice is able to produce a certain vibration of the air which always yields the same sound. This vibration is rapid beyond conception, reaching several hundreds in a second; yet the exact number can be reproduced time after time, not only by one voice, but by a multitude of voices. All things are perhaps equally wonderful when looked at closely, but in some cases the mystery is more apparent and striking than in others. What is more wonderful than that the human voice by a conscious act can duplicate a sound that is what it is by virtue of an almost infinitely rapid vibration of the air? There is no explanation of it except on the theory that there is something correspondingly infinite in the mind that does it. As it is a matter of the highest mathematics, it must be that the mind is the mathematician that masters the problem, so that every singing child is an unconscious Helmholtz, and even more, since it does by nature what he has only described.

But let us go back to the church. Four or more singers begin this wonderful use of the voice. They strike a key, from which they make a certain departure, higher or lower, but are held by the key, as birds might fly when held by a cord. The parts also vary, departing from the fundamental note, but always within certain limits. They have no liberty of range, except as it is determined by unalterable laws; though, as Milton says, «some musicians are wont skilfully to fall out of one key into another without breach of harmony.» Under such inflexible restrictions the choir begin to *sing*, as it is called: Every note is determined by law; the relation of the parts to one another and to the key is a matter which, if examined, resolves itself into mathematics. The singers are simply starting the air about them into certain regular periodic vibrations, which they are able to measure and to reproduce by some faculty which we call *ear*. The whole operation is fundamentally mathematical, and is conducted under laws to which the singers are able to render exact obedience.

But how do they use these laws? By combining the sounds in a certain way,—slow or rapid, high or low, in one combination or another,—they arouse certain emotions in the minds of the hearers, which may be deepened in several ways, as by exactness of time, by accuracy of harmony, by modulation, by purity and volume of tone, but chiefly by a personal something which the singers throw into their voices. We call it feeling or soul or expression—words which conceal our ignorance, yet name an undoubted reality. That one singer can put into certain notes or vibrations of air an emotion which is felt by those who listen, such as another cannot, is the marvel of marvels. The notes, the vibrations of air, the time, the harmony, the accuracy of rendering, are alike, but one induces a feeling which the other does not. Music, when viewed scientifically, is not very abstruse; it is more nearly within reach than light or electricity or chemical affinity. It

is largely a matter of atmospheric vibration and rhythm. The air is an easy subject of examination; its action is readily determined by experiment; and rhythm, or accentuated time, is a simple matter. The strange thing is that when we have brought the whole operation, whether it comes from the voice or the organ or the orchestra, within the compass of science, and put every part of it under its law, so that we have the entire process set down in its equivalents, we have not touched the essential nature of it. So far it is a matter of mathematics—air set to quicker or slower vibration, in greater or less volume, with a narrow play of time accentuation. But we have not come to church for this. It does not explain why, when the organ prelude sends out its first soft notes, hardly heard, mere breathings of sound, then gently passes on to others which die away, or, acquiring force, grow strong and confident and swell into loudness, and at last call in other notes as allies, and so move on till the instrument leaps an octave higher, calling in still other sounds, and, finally dropping to lower tones, adds strength to gentleness—this does not explain why with these sounds a great change comes over us; why care and weariness slowly dissolve, and peace and rest take their place; nor why our mood and thought change under the changing tones, growing calmer and stronger as the instrument sends out louder, more complex, and firmer tones, until at last it has subdued us unto its own apparent temper. No analysis of music explains why it excites emotion or thought within us. And yet we are forced to the conclusion that in some way the emotion or thought is closely bound up with these same mathematical formulas, and even that they have a necessary or organic relation. The vibration of air and the emotion are not arbitrary associates, but run back into some common unity in which they both exist; and it must be that it is in that underlying unity, in that meeting-ground of mathematical law and human emotion, that the explanation of the power of one over the other is to be found. Or, in plainer language, these laws of atmospheric vibration and rhythm and tonality, when properly used, take us into a world of real cause; for the sake of a name, let us call it the world of the spirit.

If these facts indicate a substantial unity of creation, let us not hold back. It is only by recognizing such unity that we reach a real or spiritual basis of things. We do not thus merge all things in the material creation, but we rather carry material things back into the spiritual world. Music is not a matter of atmospheric vibration, rhythm, and harmony, but is a spiritual thing having them as its body.

Let us play a little with our thought, and as, when the organist suffers his fingers to wander over the keys, he sometimes strikes out a melody, so we perhaps may hit upon truth worth heeding. Creation finally is inexplicable, but it is well to have some working hypothetical conception of it. The most satisfactory conception is that it proceeds from an eternal and spiritual world under fixed laws. Creation rests upon this spiritual world, but is shut off from it; it is itself the barrier, and at the same time it is an expression of this world. It is the world of order, of truth, of love, of joy, of reality. The secret of life is to break through the barrier of created things, or rather to use it as a pathway into the world of spiritual reality. We came forth from it, we shall return into it; meanwhile the main business of humanity is to keep up communication with it, to take shape under it, and to partake of its eternal life. If we ask why we are drawn out from the world of the spirit into a finite creation and returned to it, we ask the forever unanswerable question. Personal existence is a mystery that eternity itself may not solve; but that we live and have our being in a spiritual order is a truth which is the necessary and final outcome of all thought. Unless we believe this, there is not much occasion for believing anything; and conduct has little worth or dignity except as it proceeds from such a belief. Life depends upon maintaining proper relations to environment; but man has a twofold environment, a material and a spiritual. While he must adjust himself to each, he uses one in order to reach the other, where alone he finds the end of life.

The plea of pessimism, the puzzle in philosophy, the stumbling-block in social science, the uncertain element in all thought, the irreducible factor in every human problem—all spring out of the fact that we exceed our material environment, we outmeasure the material world in which we find ourselves. Hence we predicate another world, not a future one alone, but a world present, eternal, spiritual, out of which we come, to which we return, and in which we exist. The one purpose of life is to find paths into this world, or to make paths if there are none. One of the broadest is music. It is the commonest way of escape from «this muddy vesture of decay»—one that religion always keeps open, and one that poetry and thought have ever trodden with delight.

It is a suggestive fact that the great

thinkers in all ages speak for the most part alike on music, and agree in assigning to it the special function to which I refer. No one has written more profoundly upon it than Schopenhauer. Wagner regarded him as the first philosopher who assigned to music its true place and function. It may seem strange that the philosopher of despair should find a theme in a thing so essentially joyous. It is because his philosophy, whether true or not, plays about the foundations of things, and so finds itself a near neighbor to the profoundest of the arts. The Greeks put all knowledge within music; the Nine are Muses, and their dance and hymn and art are the play of the world; but philosophy carries it a step further, and makes it the sign of the elemental laws of creation. It is not necessary to agree with Schopenhauer in his conception of the world as simply blind will in perpetual struggle with desire, destroying all things in its path that it may come into consciousness, thus turning existence into misery—resistless will, interminable desire; one crushing the other and cutting it short as it presses toward its goal—a theory that illustrates many aspects of the world, but leaves its origin unexplained and deprives its order of reason, for where there is order there must be reason, and where there is reason and order there must be consciousness. It is not necessary to believe this theory in order to agree with Schopenhauer that the present order of the world is one from which we are to escape, though we might wish to modify it by saying that this world is to be used as a pathway to a higher. He holds that in the contemplation of any art we are divested of our surroundings and behold the «real essence of things,» and so we are in a region of peace; we emerge from the world where will is forever striving to gratify desire, and come into the real and eternal world of rest. In this he is quite right, namely, that there is an escape from a transient and reposeless world; but the satisfaction comes, not from getting out of the sphere of the play of will, but rather by getting into the very heart of the will; or, if we adopt Schopenhauer's idea of it, by getting into the center of the whirling storm, where there is no motion. In simpler words, rest is found by passing into a world where there is perfect obedience to certain fundamental laws of human life, such as love, sympathy, and reverence. Schopenhauer would escape will by the ministration of art which momentarily diverts us from the conflict of will and desire. Instead, we thus come into a world where there is full obedience to will, where will and desire become commensurate through perfect and spontaneous obedience. This is specially a function of the art of music, which has for its most imperative condition obedience. While accepting Schopenhauer's main thought, we reverse his application of it, and escape its dreary conclusions. He is partly correct in his conception of the world as something from which we need deliverance, and of music as one of the means; but he is wrong in ascribing the misery of the world to will, and escape from it as the way to rest; it is escaped only as we become one with will through obedience. He is again right in making will fundamental; it is the ultimate fact, that in which and by which all things exist. Religiously God is love; metaphysically God is will. Hence the first function and duty of creation is obedience; it is the one thing that man or beast or tree or rock has to do. To obey is to fulfil creation; to obey perfectly is to come into oneness or harmony with all things, and in this harmony rest and peace are found. Creation realizes itself in perfect obedience to the laws of the eternal will. Then the spheres make music, and the «smallest orb like an angel sings.»

Shakspere, who never misses the heart of whatever he touches, says:

> Such harmony is in immortal souls;
> But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

These lines have the exactness of definition. The harmony of the universe is in our immortal souls, but it cannot be heard through the vesture of the body. The same thought appears in Hooker's «Ecclesiastical Polity»: «Touching musical harmony, . . . such is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man that is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself, by nature is, or hath in it, harmony.» Shakspere and Addison and many another poet caught with unerring instinct at the Pythagorean idea of the music of the spheres, which is by no means a fancy, but a bit of solid philosophy. Schopenhauer, with cold, hard meaning, says that «the world might be called embodied music,» and that «were we able to give a perfect and satisfactory explanation of music, we should also have a true philosophy of the world.» Turn this about and it is even truer. If we could get at a perfect and satisfactory explanation of the world we should find it to be harmony, and that music would be its best exponent. The delight we find in music springs from the fact that we share in the harmony of creation,

and have in some feeble degree reproduced it; and the measure of our delight is in exact proportion to the obedience to the laws involved, supplemented by the human feeling thrown into the expression, which may correspond to the feeling which God has put into his works.

If this discourse upon the metaphysics of the subject has not failed of its purpose, it has shown us that music is one of the paths by which we escape from the unrest of time and enter into the peace of eternity. I contend that this is what actually happens when we come under the power of true music. We are carried over into the world of the spirit, the world of reality, the enduring and permanent world; we feel its power, its repose, its satisfaction, because we are in the presence of obedience and harmony and sympathy, things to which we are correlated in our higher nature. I do not care to assert that such an experience is religious, although it deals with the elements of religion, and enters its very temple. Music is the stuff of which religion is made. What is religion but reverence, obedience, love, and sympathy; and what is music but these—expressions of what is wrought into the fabric of creation and so finds an echo in our hearts? Religion is the personal adoption of what music means.

The difficulty in any discussion of this sort is to persuade one's readers that one is not indulging in mere sentiment and fancy. I am willing to be accused of mysticism when I say with Schopenhauer that «the world is embodied music,» but I refuse to admit that it is fancy or mere sentiment; and when I assert that music is the type and expression of the eternal world I would be understood as speaking with as much exactness as if I were dealing with weights and measures. It would put us on the track of this truth to consider the real meaning of the words that are constantly used in respect to music. They had their origin in clear and profound conceptions; and the fact that they originated with poets and philosophers but confirms their truthfulness. There is no better way of getting at the secret of music than to find out what the great thinkers meant by their use of certain terms that have been universally accepted. Philosophers and poets, from Pythagoras and Plato down, say in their own way the same thing, and each pass into the domain of the other; the poets speculate and the philosophers sing.

Plato in the «Republic» cautions us against an excessive use of music, especially of «sweet and soft and melancholy airs,» lest the character become weak and irritable—a wise caution, for music is Promethean fire which burns to consume unless handled carefully. It is never safe except as it is combined with severe studies, or is studied severely, not because it is a weak or weakening thing, but because it is so spiritual and so unworldly. In the same dialogue he says that «musical training is a more potent instrument than any other, because rhythm and harmony find their way into the secret places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, imparting grace, and making the soul graceful; and also because he who has received this true education of the inner being will most shrewdly perceive omissions or faults in art or nature, and will receive into his soul the good, and become noble and good, and hate the bad even before he is able to know the reason why.» And again he says in «Laches»: «When I hear a man discoursing of virtue who is a true man, and worthy of his theme, I deem such an one to be the true musician.» Plato was a superior musical critic, and he rigidly excluded certain kinds as weakening and debasing, but insisted on what he called certain «harmonies.» «Leave,» he says, «the strain of necessity and the strain of freedom, the strain of the unfortunate and the strain of the fortunate, the strain of courage and the strain of temperance.» That is, the harmonies are the expressions of these virtues, which are real things.

Let us now listen to one who goes deeper —Amiel, poet, critic, philosopher, the Pascal of the nineteenth century. In that remarkable book «The Journal Intime,» he says on the 17th of March, 1870: «This morning the music of a brass band which had stopped under my window moved me almost to tears. It exercised an indefinable nostalgic power over me; it set me dreaming of another world, of infinite passion and supreme happiness. Such impressions are the echoes of Paradise in the soul; memories of ideal spheres, whose sad sweetness ravishes and intoxicates the heart. O Plato! O Pythagoras! ages ago you heard these harmonies, surprised these moments of inward ecstasy, knew these divine transports. If music thus carries us to heaven, it is because music is harmony, harmony is perfection, perfection is our dream, and our dream is heaven.» I cannot let these passionate words pass without calling attention to the solidity of the thought in them. Amiel was poetical and sensitive to the last degree, but he was at bottom a philosophical critic and a profound thinker. Starting with a feeling or sentiment, he lapses immediately into thought,

and with clear vision pierces to the depths of the subject before him; and whatever he says has the hardness and weight of severe argument. When he speaks of music as carrying us to heaven, he means to state a definite process; and when he indicates the steps,—harmony, perfection, the fulfilment of perfection, heaven,—he intends to make the assertion that music carries us into the world where these things are felt. He goes even deeper in another passage: «Harmony is the expression of right, order, law, and truth; it is greater than time and represents eternity.»

Amiel was one of the freest thinkers in this free-thinking century. Church, creed, school, nationality, had little weight of prejudice with him; he was simply a voice echoing his thought, and his thought was what his own eye and soul revealed to him. When he speaks of music taking him into heaven, he means it to the full; and when he identifies music with right, order, law, and truth, he speaks as closely as does a chemist over his compounded gases.

No one has touched the secret of music more closely than Charles Kingsley. «Music,» he says, «goes on certain laws and rules. Man did not make the laws of music; he has only found them out, and if he be self-willed and break them there is an end of music instantly. Music is a pattern and type of heaven, and of the everlasting life of God which perfect spirits live in heaven—a life of melody and order in themselves; a life in harmony with each other and with God.» This goes down to the bottom of the subject; music is that obedience to law which secures order, harmony, oneness, and sympathy, the realization of which is heaven. Kingsley does not here speak as a preacher so much as a student of natural science. The point at which the harmonies of the external world touch the corresponding moral chords of our inner nature is a mystery; it is a part of the greater question of the relation of sensation to consciousness. We only know that harmonies of sound touch the mind and suggest a moral harmony. So true is this that all these masters of thought whom I am quoting do not hesitate to name the result as heaven, by which they do not mean any place, nor any fulfilment of earthly expectation, nor any here nor there, but a moral condition which is the outcome of obedience to laws.

Schopenhauer, as he emerges from the metaphysics of the subject, speaks of «the unspeakable fervor or inwardness of all music, by virtue of which it brings before us so near and yet so remote a paradise,» and attributes it to «the quickening of our innermost nature.» And again, when describing a certain kind of music, he says it «bespeaks a noble, magnanimous striving after a far-off goal, the fulfilment of which is eternal.» Again, «Good music tells us what we are, or what we might be.»

Quotation to the same effect might be made without end, but I will go no further in this direction than to recall the famous words of which De Quincey says: «With the exception of the fine extravaganza on that subject in ‹Twelfth Night,› I do not recollect more than one thing said adequately on the subject of music in all literature; it is a passage in the ‹Religio Medici› of Sir Thomas Browne, and, though chiefly remarkable for its sublimity, has also a philosophic value, inasmuch as it points to the true theory of musical effects.» The passage is as follows:

> There is music wherever there is a harmony, order, or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres, for those well-ordered motions and regular paces, though they give no sound to the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony. Whatever is harmonically composed delights in harmony; which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which disclaim against our church music. For myself, not only for my Catholic obedience, but my particular genius, I am obliged to maintain it, for even that vulgar and tavern music which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion and a profound contemplation of my Maker; there is something in it of divinity more than the ear discovers.

I pause in the quotation to remark that Sir Thomas here touches a common experience, namely, that music, poor as such, and designed for simple ends, will often arouse the purest and loftiest emotions. Personally I must confess to having been more deeply moved, and in ways not intended, by a street band than by any other sounds I have ever heard—an experience similar to that of which Amiel speaks. It is not uncommon, and is worthy of analysis. The music must not be that produced by the turning of a crank, which contends with the sounds of the streets and beats its way through door and window, but it must be the music of brass instruments along with strings and the clarinet—a music that is the contrast of the noises about it, instead of their competitor. I take it that it is largely because the harmony is produced in the midst of material and moral discord, and that under such conditions it unlocks the heart down to its inmost recesses, and calls up that which is most remote from and most unlike the present.

A striking illustration of this experience

is to be found in Dr. Bushnell's discourse on «Religious Music» in «Work and Play.» Shall I ever forget hearing it in the dimly lighted and dingy old chapel of Yale College! The voice and cadences more musical than the organ that was being dedicated, the swing of the sentences as regular as the movement of an orchestra, and as true to the key-note; the argument varied, yet as sustained and harmonious as a symphony, its steady march broken at times by dashes of melody like that to which I refer. It is a description of the effect upon himself of mere shouting and echoes heard in Alpine passes. The rhetoric of the passage has gone out of fashion, but is to be remembered along with Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Browne, with prayers that it may come back again when one appears who is fit to use it. We forgot the instrument which was the occasion of the words, satisfied with the rhythmic flow of the sentences as they fell from his lips. This notable passage, in its rhythmic and melodic character, is an accurate illustration of a profound remark by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, that «every man has a rhythm in his walk, gesture, voice, modulation, and sentences—a rhythm which is the natural expression of the man when all the elements of his nature come into harmony, and the inner and the outward, the spiritual and the physical, flow together in perfect unison»; for seldom has there been a man who was so set to music in his whole nature as was this great doctor of theology. But the point suggested by Sir Thomas Browne's words in regard to «tavern music,» is that the effect of music is not commensurate with its cause, the simplest often awakening the deepest emotions. There are, of course, reasons for this, which may at least be guessed. Is it the chords or the melody, the harmony or the sentiment, that moves one most deeply? The melody interests us most, arouses the human part of us—tears or vows; but is it not the harmony, or even one clear, pure tone, that awakens the religious sense, and unveils eternity? It is, I take it, these chance harmonies or tones of unusual quality, sometimes heard in the simplest music, or even in the wind as it touches the boughs of trees, that so move us. It is true that much depends upon the hearer; that, filled as the world is with all the elements and conditions of music, the heart of man is set to it all because he comprises all in himself, and one note or chord from without will often start all the human strings into vibration.

But I will go on with the quotation from Sir Thomas Browne:

> It [music] is an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world and creatures of God, such a melody to the ear, as the whole world, well understood, would afford the understanding. In brief, it is a sensible fit of that harmony which intellectually sounds in the ears of God; it unties the ligaments of my frame, takes me to pieces, dilates me out of myself, and by degrees, methinks, resolves me into heaven.

Sir Thomas Browne loves to round his sentences, and he does it superbly; but if this were his only excellence he would not be read as he has been for two hundred and fifty years. He well supports the title of philosopher. His conception of music as «an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world» is one of those thoughts which have always haunted great minds. It was felt by that father of the church who said: «The heathen use a pipe or a flute for music, but the instrument of our God is the universe.»

Music most discloses its spiritual power in its indirect effects. It is when it makes itself a servant that it becomes most heavenly. Thoughtful men, and those whose vocation it is to think, understand this well, and often put themselves in contact with music,—especially the orchestra, where the harmonies are many and full,—not in order to listen to it, but to be affected by it. They do not listen in the sense of following and noting it, but they let it «creep into their ears» and start them into thought on other themes. The soul and grace of many intellectual compositions have been drawn from music hardly heard, but inly felt. Beethoven says: «Music opens a portal to an intellectual world ready to encompass us, but which we may never encompass.» It makes the mind intuitive; it suggests the larger and nobler view; it discloses the relations of truths and spreads them out, and especially it unites and harmonizes them. This is its office. It is not an end in itself; it is not an art for art's sake. Its office is not to tickle the ear with transient harmonies, but to reveal and to disclose eternal truths and realities. In a literal sense it brings all heaven before our eye; it is the language of eternity; it is both the witness of a spiritual world and the way into it—a door through which we pass to find ourselves in the midst of eternal things,—truth, purity, obedience, love, adoration,—the realities that compose life and are symbolically wrought into the rhythm and harmony of the world, and of which it is the truest interpreter.

T. T. Munger.

TISSOT'S «LIFE OF CHRIST.»

FROM THE PAINTING BY JAMES TISSOT.

"THE ANNUNCIATION."

IN the Paris of to-day a great religious work has been slowly accomplished, untouched by the insidious influences about it. In the production of this work, which externalizes his full development as man and artist, M. Tissot has been impelled by a desire to use his art for the purpose of presenting a truthful idea of the figure of Christ and the personages of his time—to disengage the whole, as far as possible, from the mass of conventional legend and inaccuracy which surrounds that period, and through which we are accustomed to view its events.

With this idea he made, in 1886, the first of two journeys to Palestine, beginning a serious study of its topography, and of the various races which have from time to time taken root there,—their manners, customs, dress, gestures, architecture, government,—endeavoring to sift through the overlying mass of foreign influences (Arab, Turkish, Persian, and Latin) the true elements of the old Jewish civilization, and essaying, as far as possible, to enter into the mental and moral attitudes of that race of Judea so unique in its design and destiny.

With this end in mind it was necessary to reproduce with some degree of exactitude the external setting of the events recorded in the Gospels, and he has thus reconstructed the architecture of that period with great minuteness, proportioned after dimensions and descriptions given in old historical and religious works. He rebuilds for us the ornate temples and houses of the Herods, and the simpler and more harmonious lines of older structures. We see, too, the little Syrian villages, with their narrow, winding streets

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FROM THE PAINTING BY JAMES TISSOT.

«MY SOUL DOTH MAGNIFY THE LORD.»

FROM THE PAINTING BY JAMES TISSOT.

"THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI."

and square, low dwellings, lighted through the door; and faithfully pictured are the varying types of the Syrian landscape, the smiling hillsides of Galilee, the severer beauty of Samaria, and the barren and melancholy wastes of Judea.

A devout Catholic, M. Tissot had, among other opportunities for study, the privilege of entering old monasteries and churches, generally inaccessible, where, jealously guarded from profane eyes, are to be found ancient and curious manuscripts, carvings, and relics which throw new light on the history of that time and the early centuries of the Christian era. Apart from what would seem almost special powers of intuition where his work is

FROM THE PAINTING BY JAMES TISSOT.

"THE SOJOURN IN EGYPT."

concerned, M. Tissot has been greatly aided by a study of the Talmud, Josephus, the early fathers of the church, and the works of the celebrated ecstatics, among the last those marvelous volumes of Katrine Emmerich, almost unknown and now out of print, which are among the most curious revelations of the human mind. In connection with his work M. Tissot has made a new translation of the Latin text of the Vulgate. To those occupying themselves with the history of that period, and specially to the student of mystic lore, the detailed catalogue of the pictures, accompanied by explanatory notes, will prove of the highest interest, as M. Tissot is deeply versed in that symbolism which made the smallest of the Jewish rites and customs pregnant with meaning. He has thus a significance for everything, from the jewel on the breast of the high priest to the color and shape of the garments of the participant at a feast.

It would be difficult to overestimate the documentary value of M. Tissot's great work apart from its high esthetic merit. Scene after scene is restored with what would seem almost the power of a seer. Each act is set in its peculiar and fitting environment of place and condition, and the great drama unrolls itself before us with a strange reality. In the minute exactitude of the portrayal one may follow the events with something of the intensity of an eye-witness. The diversity of types represented is most interesting in its ethnologic and historic fidelity, being drawn directly after those found there to-day, and which are presumably the same now as then, enduring through the inevitable changes of governments and customs the centuries have brought in their train. One sees the Jew, the Pharisee, the scribe, the Greek, the Egyptian, the Arab, the Roman, the aristocrat, the slave, each type made familiar by the Gospels, standing out distinct, unmistakable even to the casual observer. The Syrian woman, too, has been faithfully pictured in her dark-eyed loveliness and languid grace, reaching her highest perfection in the beauty of Mary the Mother and Mary Magdalen. Specially interesting from this point of view is the picture

FROM THE PAINTING BY JAMES TISSOT.

"JESUS WORKING WITH JOSEPH."

of the sanhedrim, where every possible modification of the Jewish type is represented in that famous assembly which so lightly pronounced the sentence that has brought down on it the malediction of all succeeding ages.

M. Tissot's work, colossal in its proportions, will consist of a great number of pen-drawings in the text, and some three hundred and fifty compositions in aquarelle, comprising portraits of the principal personages in the life of Christ, symbolic representations of certain phrases or passages of the New Testament, and scenes from private and public life or representations of Jewish customs and manners. These pictures are all small, and so exquisitely finished, so flawless in drawing, and so instinct with vitality, that a glass only brings out new beauties. Many have wondered why M. Tissot should have selected such small sizes for his work; but he, like some of the old masters, whose

pictures have been on a comparatively small scale, has felt that he could best obtain his desired effects in this way. Apart from his intimate knowledge of the subject, and his technical skill, which is fully adequate to the portrayal of even the most delicate and elusive of human emotions, he seems at times, in the subtle suggestiveness of his imagination, to be able to give some hints of things transmundane. In this latter quality he may here and there recall William Blake, in his most intuitive moments, though, unlike that artist, he is never naïf. In its whole, however, the work resembles that of no other master, belongs to no school. Sure of his art, unflagging in industry, tireless in the pursuit of truth, he has represented to us this old life of the Gospels as none other has done, clear, distinct, impressive, the mists of time lifted, the veil of legend pushed aside, those men and women revealed to us breathing and human, busied about many things, with petty griefs and joys, yet raised forever, as they are, out of the ranks of common history of peoples and countries by having had the Son of Man among them.

Throughout the whole the figure of the Christ gives an impression of apartness, something strong and serene exhaling from his presence. He is always represented in a white garment. Alone on the mountain, tempted of the devil, whose gigantic figure, ominous and black, covers half the sky, he stands calm, distinct, almost luminous, untouched by the shadow of evil. Again, amid the deep purple and red gowns of the disciples, his figure stands out with an immaculateness strangely touching. In the picture of the « Angels Ministering unto Jesus,» where they renew his strength with aliments not of this world, divinely and mysteriously fortifying him for his task, there is a certain awfulness of light and whiteness. Thus throughout the representations, even in crowds and apparent physical nearness, his figure is kept apart and untouched. In « The Last Supper » there is an exquisite blending and relating of dark rich tones, crimsons and purples and deep yellows, and a symmetrical and masterly arrangement of line. Some artists and historians of the customs and manners of that time represent several of the participants of a feast reclining on the same couch or divan, lying down on the left side, which enabled them to stretch out their right hands for their food. M. Tissot has chosen to represent short sofas or chairs, covered with richly colored rugs. The rest of the room, scarcely defined, serves simply as a dim background. There seems to be an incandescence in the figure of the Christ, and the apostles are represented with an accuracy that takes minute account of the differences of character, of employment, of district, of purpose, each standing out distinct and individual.

Tissot, like Renan, supposes the family and friends of Jesus to be in rather better worldly circumstances than they are usually represented, which, while it gave him an opportunity for the portrayal of fine raiment and rich interior, would seem, nevertheless, to be accurate, as it was customary among the Jews to have an occupation of some sort, no matter what the condition of the family. This was not necessarily indicative of poverty. It will be remembered that Paul, upon whom a careful and costly education had been bestowed, was also a maker of tents.

Not the least curious and interesting of the series are the so-called « portraits » of the personages of the Gospels, in which every possible distinguishing characteristic has been carefully studied and portrayed.

There are various representations of Mary, from her earliest youth, through maturity and old age; and in these M. Tissot, while bringing his highest art and powers of imagination to bear, has in no way departed from the historical records of the Jewish customs of those times. Thus, in the picture of the « Annunciation,» there are no conventional furnishings of the room, no accessories of a purely imaginative kind, such as are found in all the pictures of the great masters on this subject. The room is bare of furniture, as were the sleeping-rooms of the Jews; the narrow carpet, serving as bed, is unrolled, and one end slightly raised for the head; the Virgin, in a deep blue gown, is on her knees, with clasped hands and slightly bowed head; and in a corner of the room is the angelic messenger. The portraits of the apostles were among the first of the series, and differ slightly in manner from the later pictures, which have a certain patience in the working out of the details that is not noticeable in these. The portrait of John is perhaps the most beautiful, as, young, puissant, inspired, he stands with upturned face and slightly outstretched hands, clad in a white and green robe, the shape and color alike significant.

There is Mary Magdalen before her conversion, brilliant and jewel-laden, but still with something of dawning spirituality in her eyes; later the penitent woman, though never represented as she has been generally conceived, with uncovered face and flowing hair, but veiled to the eyes, as was the invariable cus-

FROM THE PAINTING BY JAMES TISSOT.

«THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN.»

FROM THE PAINTING BY JAMES TISSOT.

«JESUS EXHORTS THE APOSTLES TO REST.»

FROM THE PAINTING BY JAMES TISSOT.

"JESUS BEFORE PILATE."

FROM THE PAINTING BY JAMES TISSOT.

«THE PEOPLE LEAVE CALVARY.»

FROM THE PAINTING BY JAMES TISSOT.

«MATER DOLOROSA.»

tom of the Jewish women of that day. Many beautiful scenes and places are represented, as, for instance, the garden and house in Bethany where Lazarus and his sisters lived, and where, soothed and comforted by an understanding and adoring friendship, Jesus so often came. Directly in front was the Mount of Olives, while the holy city spread itself out below. This spot, with its palms and olive-gardens, which is the only part of the environs of Jerusalem that is other than melancholy and almost barren, M. Tissot has selected for one of his most beautiful pictures, that of «Christ Resting at the House of Lazarus.»

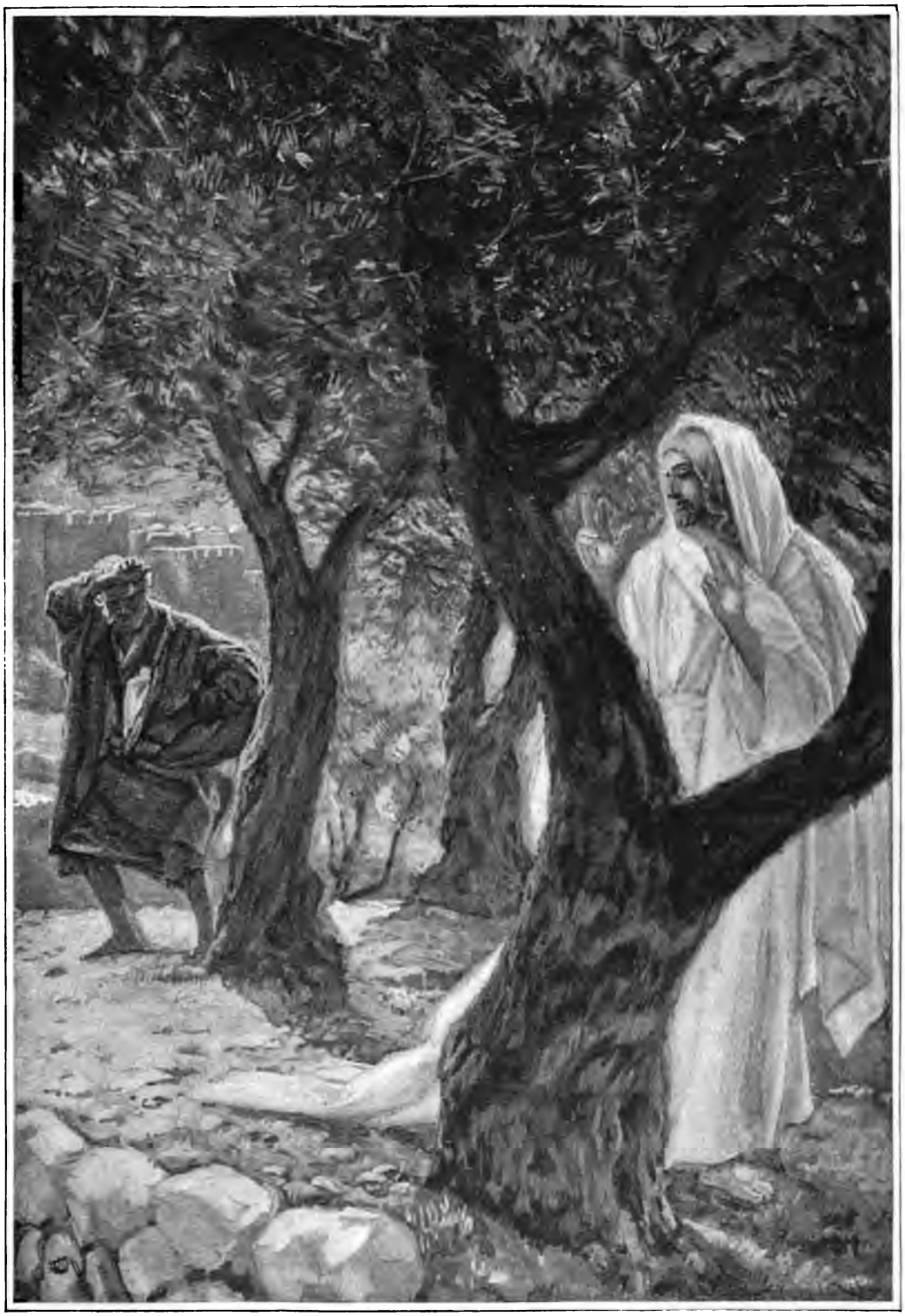
The picture of Lazarus after his resurrection is also most interesting,—touching, as it does, on a deep mystery. It is said of him that, though genial and benevolent before his death, and loving to mix with his kind, after his return to life he lived in a somber chamber apart, his spirit having had who shall say what glimpse of the other world during those hours that he lay in the tomb, and unable ever afterward to adjust itself to the common life of mortals. There is, again, a whole series of pictures illustrative of certain phrases, as, for instance, «Where Two or Three are Gathered together in My Name.» Here one sees several persons praying, and invisible to them is the Christ, bending over and encircling them with his mantle, the ends of which he holds in his outstretched hands, while light and warmth radiate from his presence.

The scenes of the Holy Week are so terrible in their reality, so extraordinary in their conception and working out, that any attempt at description must be entirely inadequate. No one having once seen the representations of the «Flagellation,» the «Agony in the Garden,» «What Jesus Saw from the Cross,» can ever forget them; they cut too deep a mark in the memory. No hour of that last week is left undepicted, M. Tissot's great love of his subject and his ardent imagination revealing themselves fully in this supremely difficult theme for human interpretation.

Of the art of Tissot the younger generation of painters knows little, for during the last ten years he has been represented in the annual exhibitions only at long intervals, and then by nothing other than an isolated portrait. In the early part of his career in France, and during his ten years' sojourn in England, he was known by pictures of a purely worldly character—ball-room scenes, garden parties; portraits of fashionable women like Lady Londonderry and the celebrated Lady Waldegrave, of men of rank and distinction,—among them the Prince Imperial and the brilliant, ill-fated Captain Burnaby,—with many other of the celebrities of twenty years ago. His powerful etchings, so well known, and by which alone he realized a fortune, have an additional value from the fact that they were always carefully printed by the artist himself, on his own press. He is also a skilful workman in enamels, bronzes, and in the art of the goldsmith, the many beautiful objects which fill his magnificent studio testifying to his great versatility, as well as to lifelong habits of unflagging industry. He has his own furnaces, where he carefully superintends the casting and all practical details of this last-mentioned sort of work, considering, as did Benvenuto Cellini and the master workmen of his time, that the mind which conceives must be one with the hand that executes, and that to deliver a design, no matter how completed, into the hands of merely mechanical workmen is inevitably to detract from its ultimate excellence.

To what combination of circumstances, fatigue of the world, or spiritual renewal, the abrupt change in M. Tissot's art was due, the world may never know. Suddenly, in the full tide of worldly prosperity and success, he withdrew himself, and in retirement, almost solitude, devoted himself to the development of this idea of a truthful, historical, and ethical portrayal of the life and times of Christ, bringing to it the patience and devotion of a monk of the middle ages, combined with the most refined skill of the nineteenth century.

Until recently this work was entirely unknown, save to the comparatively few who were fortunate enough to have access to his studio. In the spring of 1894, however, he exhibited about two thirds of the series in the salon of the Champ de Mars, where two large rooms were reserved for the unique display of his pictures. The rooms were colored rather soberly in dull reds, blues, and yellows, and the decoration was after the type of ornamentation of the time of the Herods. The various divisions of the work were indicated by pillars, and one thus followed the development regularly, step by step. The effect on those who visited the exhibition was both curious and interesting to observe, and testified amply to the emotional power of the work. People were seen to go away weeping; women made the tour of the rooms on their knees. Many came from the provinces in groups, with return tickets. It partook, indeed, toward the end, of the character of a



FROM THE PAINTING BY JAMES TISSOT.

«THE APPARITION.»

pilgrimage, seeming a new source of light and strength for pious souls. This quickening was visible not alone among professing Christians, but innumerable were the letters received by M. Tissot from that large class of people who, while unable to accept the Gospels as divinely inspired, unreligious in the common sense, are ever responsive to the noble and the good in whatever guise it comes to them, and to whom the pictures had possibly suggested new spiritual possibilities. This special effect it will be interesting to note when, later on, the work shall be seen in its entirety, not in France alone, but in our own land, here as elsewhere quickening, consoling, and enlightening.

Before bringing to a close these few and inadequate lines on a great subject I feel impelled to call to the reader's attention the relative value of M. Tissot's work and the work of other painters on religious themes, and also the spirit which animated him—that of ardent desire to serve religion by presenting to the world, through the medium of his art, the true external history of his great subject, and, as far as in him lay, to develop and illumine its inner sense.

Of all the countless representations of Christ across the ages and through the prism of various arts and temperaments, few were both conceived in faith and wrought out by skill. We have had the one and we have had the other, but they are generally and unhappily distinct. There were the naïf and ardently sincere creations of Fra Angelico, of Memling, and a few others of their time and way of thought, who were inspired by love of the Christ to essay some externalization of him in their own environment; but these were far from that truth to life which is the most distinguishing mark of the perfect creation. We have, again, the purely intellectual compositions of Raphael and his school, but these forever remain compositions, not adequate embodiments of spiritual things; and being thus academic and conventional, lack something in quickening power. There were the luxuriantly colored and fleshly Christs and Madonnas of Rubens and his followers, and of the great Venetian school; but there one will seek vainly for the enkindling spark of Christian ardor. It is the skilful artist, the combiner of form and color, who arouses our admiration, and instinctively we feel that he used these subjects for love of his art, and not for love of them.

To-day there are other conditions. We have come into new ways of thought and a greater and more general facility of expression; but the limitations of the older masters seem yet the heritage of the artist, while to them new errors, and perhaps greater in that they pretend to truth, have been added. Painting on religious themes seems again peculiarly the mode, and wonders of technic are held up for our admiration—that technic which dares all; which unfortunately is all; which portrays with equal readiness any subject from a crucifixion to a public-house interior, asking only that its skill shall manifest itself. And side by side with this means as an end, decrying it, but no better than it, we have the vague school of the mysticists, the symbolists, the dreamers, who, closing their eyes to nature, try to convey their meaning by strange distortions of the truth. The element of vagueness in the works of these, in whatever department of art they may select, is their keenest reproach, and is never found in any truly fine production. The great creations of the human mind, whether musical, artistic, or literary, have always been precise, even when highly imaginative in conception, and their dividing-lines are strongly marked, clear-cut, and exact.

Ruskin says somewhere that it yet remains for mankind to produce a work at once entirely skilful and entirely sincere. M. Tissot would seem to have more nearly accomplished this than any one else of modern times, unless we except the finest conceptions of Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and Holman Hunt; but even they have never given us a consecutive series on this greatest of subjects.

M. Tissot's talent has during ten years turned itself to the exclusive consideration of this idea, which he has worked out with a breadth, a continuity, a steadfastness, little known in this age of many small things; and the result has been that he has produced a work of inestimable value not only to the scholar, the artist, and the priest, but to thoughtful people of all classes.

I remember once seeing a letter from Meissonier, freethinker and man of the world, written a short time before his death, in which he speaks of the «*trouble d'ame*» into which the examination of the pictures had thrown him.

The greatest value of this work would seem, after all, to lie in its direct and quickening relation to life; and is not this, indeed, the highest possible value of any work? Its production was alone made possible by the rare combination of the master's hand, the scholar's mind, and the soul of the religious enthusiast.

Edith Coues.

ONE WAY OUT.

By the Author of «How the Other Half Lives,» «The Children of the Poor,» etc.

I MET Hans first on the steamer that carried me back to America after a summer's vacation in my old Danish home. He stood at the rail, cap in hand, his shock of dark hair tossed by the wind, looking wistfully back over the steamer's path, that was swallowed up so soon in the trackless waters. I saw that it was best for him to be alone, and went forward to walk there. When I returned he was gone. I came upon him next in the narrow passageway amidships on the lower deck. He was just from the steerage, with his pot of smoking potatoes in one hand, a tin pail of pea-soup in the other. He shortened leg to a sudden heave of the vessel, but lost his balance, and stumbled against me. Steadying himself carefully, lest he spill the soup, he pulled at his cap, and said, «Undskyld!» in his quiet way. I noticed that he did not smile or laugh like other boys of his age.

Then six months passed. I was busy at the office, and had forgotten the emigrant boy on the *Norge*, when one day a friend brought him to me there. He had found him in the street. It was midwinter, and he shivered in his thin jacket, the same he had worn on the ship. His story was brief. I had heard it many times before. Stranded in the strange city, he had drifted about until my friend happened upon him, yet in time, but none too soon. The question was what now to do with him. There was the Children's Aid Society, but he was hardly a child—big, strong lad of eighteen. Its lodging-houses certainly were not the place for him. He was too old to go to school. He ought by all means to be removed from the city, but the way did not seem to open. I was reminded of the words spoken a few years ago by Mr. Brace: «One

DRAWN BY ORSON LOWELL. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR.

STORING CORN.

of our old difficulties is with the large street-boys. There seems no place for them in the world as it is.» It really did seem as if there was none for Hans, willing as he was to squeeze into any odd little corner.

It ended in my going to the Children's Aid Society, after all, to talk it over with them. There I found out my mistake. The way had been opened. Mr. Brace's frequent appeals had at last found a response, now that he was in his grave, and a farm school had just been established up in Westchester County to supply the missing link in the society's chain of practical charities. There they took Hans, and there he is to-day, no longer a homeless boy, but, after one brief summer, a sturdy young farmer, earning wages like any hired hand. He is there in the picture, on page 307, driving his ox-team and binding sheaves in the buckwheat field with the best of them. I noticed one thing when I saw him at it on a visit to the farm last fall: he had learned to laugh. Whether it was that he had forgotten his homesickness, or Baxter street, I don't know. It is a fact that he did laugh.

From Baxter street to the hill-farm is a stride that fairly measures the length of the one the society has taken by forging this link in its educational machinery. It is well to remember that it is the one step that leads visibly out of the slough in which we are floundering more helplessly year by year. As it is the congestion of our city population that has got us into it, the way out of it is naturally to bring as much of the congested population as possible back to the soil; and the younger the transplanted contingent the greater the relief at one end and the gain at the other. This is not a new gospel. The farm has always been the most important end of the society's scheme. The regiment of boys the Children's Aid Society has sent forth from New York's tenements in forty years has helped to people more than one young State. But there was always this gap upon which Mr. Brace dwelt so anxiously. The small boys, as a rule, took kindly to the farm, and the farm to them. But with the larger boys that was not always the case. With all the unrestrained passions of the full-grown man in their half-grown bodies, with the roving spirit of the street strong in them, with its characteristic aversion to continued effort of any kind, and without any sense of responsibility, they were not always made welcome. It was not in reason that they should be. Even of these the great majority turned out all right in the end. Mr. Brace pointed with great pride to one who had been blacklisted for twenty years as a

DRAWN BY ORSON LOWELL. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR.

BRINGING IN THE APPLE CROP.

lost sheep, yet turned up suddenly as mayor of his town and a member of the State legislature. But in the mean time they occasionally gave the society a bad name where it could least afford it. All that might be avoided by testing them in a farm school, «with plenty of holes in the fence,» to make sure who would and who would not stay on the farm. Other cities have done it with success.

Mr. Brace pleaded vainly for his farm while he lived. One or two were offered, but they were too far away. He wanted it near enough to be within his immediate grasp. His instinct told him truly that only so could he be quite sure of it. It is little more than a year since Mrs. Joseph M. White, whose interest in the poor children of New York's streets has taken a very practical form more than once, gave to the society the money with which the Hall farm at Kensico, Westchester County, was purchased, and its proper equipment secured. The farm school was opened at once, and is by this time in very active operation. By last October it had sheltered seventy-odd big boys, of whom two remained as paid helpers. And despite the fact that the fence inclosing it is a rail fence, with more holes than rails in it, only two had run away. They were brought back and given the choice between staying or going decently, in their old rags, not the clothes furnished on the farm, lest they mislead some one into believing them honest laborers in search of work. They went.

Kensico is a small village an hour's journey out of New York, on the Harlem Railroad. The road to the farm leads over the hills, between stone fences and hedges and patches of woodland turning russet and gold in the mellow October sun. Ripe red apples drop from the trees into the hedge, and roll in our path. A little chipmunk peeps out furtively from an old stump. The woodpecker hammers on its hollow tree, as if his life depended on it rather than his dinner. The goldenrod nods by the wayside. Where the road turns, a man who leans on his gate tells us, «The second farm on the right.» The second farm on the right is nearly a mile farther on, as it happens. On the left there is only one house. One is not troubled with neighbors overmuch, it seems, in these Westchester hills. Perhaps that was why the two went back. The slum takes naturally to a crowd. They belong together. We had a girl once in our Long Island home who had come out of a hard life in a hard place; but kindness had no power to make her stay. All the green hurt her eyes, she said, and went back to her tenement. And she meant it. Her case was the whole case against the slum that so perverts and depraves natural human instincts.

But here is the gate «second on the right,» with a lane leading up to an old house half hidden in a clump of trees. The dinner-bell has just been rung, and half a dozen stalwart young fellows in overalls and big rubber boots are coming in from the fields. They walk with the heavy stride of the man who follows the plow. Perhaps it is the boots; rather the work, probably. There is nothing in their looks or ways to distinguish them from farmers' lads anywhere. If any one were to tell you now that within a few short weeks these were the present despair of the philanthropist and the prospective concern of the police, would you laugh? Probably. Yet it would be true. «There seemed to be no place for them in the world as it is.» How many are there who would not have thought this of all places the last for them? So simple is Mother Nature's solution of a riddle which, in our estrangement from her, we had almost persuaded ourselves there was no way of solving—when it is not too late.

At the dinner-table, where we take our seat with the rest, they prove that they have healthy appetites—an excellent thing when one is sure where the next meal is to come from. If the significance of grace before meat lies mainly in the meat with these, the grace loses nothing by that. The fare is frugal, but plentiful. It is easy to believe, sitting there among them, that they «fall easily under discipline,» as the superintendent says, bearing in mind his statement of the difficulties that beset the initial work of reforming the manners of some of them. There is no trace of that now. They are, to all appearances, as healthy a lot of young farmers, in every way, as one could find gathered about a table. When the meal is finished they go back to their work. It is noticeable that there is no scratching of matches and no lighting of pipes in the hall. Tobacco is as firmly tabooed on the farm as bad language—why, those comprehend easily who have gone among the young men, half boys yet, many of them, who fill our jails and penitentiaries, and have listened to their incessant pleading for «some tobacco, boss.» The weed certainly bears a direct relation, if not to the wickedness of the street, at least to the weakness of it, which is its characteristic symptom. The challenge meets it on the threshold of the Boys' Lodging-house,

whence most of these lads come. «Boys who swear and use tobacco cannot sleep here,» stands over its door, and the rule holds good on the farm. Not without an effort. The battle with the craving for this stimulant is the hardest they have to fight.

A walk over the 125 acres of the farm shows the boys at work hauling stone, cutting corn, and storing the stalks away for the winter, tending the cattle, and doing the hundred and one things farmers find to do in the busy autumn months. In the fields they are ever under the eye of the farmer and his assistants, who work with them, teaching them how to take hold. They are required to work steadily rather than hard. The idea is to teach them habits of industry and thrift as the beginning of their new life. A wagon-load of apples is coming in from the orchard. On the load behind the ox-team half a dozen of the lads are perched, munching away at the apples and enjoying the ride. One of them has the characteristic features and complexion of the refugee Jew. The sweaters' district on the East Side gave him up not long ago. What comparisons he draws in his mind between Ludlow street and life on the farm he does not say as he ducks his head under the low branches that overhang the wagon-track, and joyously «fires» a half-eaten apple at his chum. Consciously, perhaps, none. Youth is the thoughtless age. But, with or without his knowledge, the comparison is drawn, and fixed upon his mind, between the dark slum and the hills in their autumnal glory, between the filthy gutter and the brook that meanders through the green meadow with murmured speech. He understands without being taught, for all he was born in a tenement.

Will, another of the boys, only a few weeks from the city, runs anxiously, at sight of the camera, for his bull-calf, to get it «took.» The two have formed a compact which some day the butcher's knife will sever at the risk of grievously wounding Will's heart. It is based on mutual affection and respect. Unhappily his «other half» is too far afield, and misses the chance of his life.

Up on the hill the new building in which the boys are to be housed is nearing completion. In a few weeks it will be ready to receive as many as forty boarders, for whom the farm will furnish enough work, summer and winter, during their stay of two or three months. The old house has room hardly for a dozen. The «great house» is more striking of architecture, perhaps, than handsome. It has something in its square outlines and pillared porch to suggest the manor of a day that is past. When the grounds are laid out about it in something else than weeds, and trees are planted, it may even attain to some pretensions to beauty. Within it is commodious, and answers its purpose well. There are great, light dormitories, broad halls, and cheery school-rooms. The view from its windows west is toward the distant Hudson, sometimes discerned in brief glimpses of shining silver against the horizon, with a suggestion of the Highlands in the bold outlines of the blue hills. At the south end of the building the windows of a sunlit room look out upon an orchard lot, yellow with ripening pumpkins, and a litter of fat pigs rooting in the fence-corner. It is the trustees' room, full of savory suggestions in the landscape of coming Thanksgiving dinners.

The building is steam-heated throughout, and well supplied with water for the wash-room that is the moral as well as the sanitary pivot of the establishment. The first introduction of the new inmate is to the bath-room, the second to a pair of overalls and rubber boots, the third to the farm, and the fourth to the school. The last plays always an important part, usually one that has been sadly neglected in the past. Most of the boys that drift in from the lodging-houses are without father, mother, or home, or say they are, which often means more than proof of their assertion would. They have rarely had any bringing up. Hans was the exception. The farm is to begin the neglected task—rather late, to be sure, but late in this case is distinctly better than never. When the boys are not working in the field they are studying in the class-room. Most of them have much to learn. All of them must begin by learning to obey promptly and cheerfully.

The routine of the house leaves no time or chance for idleness. The boys are rung up at 5 A.M. After breakfast there is a brief season of prayer, in which the superintendent leads; then work, dinner, more work, until the time comes, toward evening, for doing the chores. There are the cattle to feed, the horses to look after, and the oxen to be stalled. Then come supper and another prayer-meeting, in which the help take a hand. The stormy days and the evening hours are spent in the reading-room or in amusements. Saturday afternoon is a holiday. The only complaint made by any of the boys to me was of the school, although the older boys do not attend, and the younger ones only half a day.

DRAWN BY ORSON LOWELL. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR.

"HANS."

The managers have another view of it. The superintendent is an old schoolmaster with some experience of the farm. He holds with them that school and field each has its rightful share in this very practical mission work, and that together they are bound to win the fight and the boy.

On Sunday master and boys go to church in a body, at Kensico or Pleasantville, as the fancy takes them, tramping two or three miles over the country roads together. If the weather is too bad, or the roads are impassable, they have church at home. Sunday on the farm is a day of rest, but it has duties that are not to be neglected. The farm is an outpost in the battle with the slum in a wider sense than that merely of teaching a few boys to read and to handle spade and hoe. Eventually, when it is all under the plow, it is expected to raise upon it all the potatoes, cabbage, milk, and butter consumed in the society's six city lodging-houses whence its tenants are drawn, and thus to set before the boys at both ends of the line an object-lesson in production at first hand, which will lose nothing in interest or value by the fact that what is raised by the one set of boys stands between the other and real starvation. It is a kind of teaching they will grasp the easier for having starved themselves, and will be apt to remember as long as they live.

The farm school is an experiment in New York,—more is the pity,—but its success was assured before it was fairly under way. The best evidence of that is that the boys, one and all, are eager to go West and begin life in earnest before they have served the prescribed three months' apprenticeship. The two backsliders I spoke of have so far been the only exceptions. When the boys do go West the society knows that they can be trusted, and is relieved of a cause of anxiety that troubled Mr. Brace more than all the others that beset his great life-work. One bad boy sent out from New York has sometimes done more mischief in a year of shiftless running about, or worse, than a thousand of his fellows, working hard and behaving themselves, could live down in ten. That is the way of the world. They have had the same experience in England with the children they sent to Canada from the slums of London, and with as little reason.

So far, then, the farm school has solved a troublesome question and been of great use. But it has a greater. It is not as New York's only real truant school, though in that rôle it is unique and soundly suggestive to a community that has heretofore found no better use for its truants than to jail them, and so make sure of putting the rascality in their way which there was some danger they might run across in the street: it is as the absolute demonstration that any plan of rescue for the boy in which the appeal to the soil has no place,—which would teach him a trade he can pursue only in the city, thus rooting him more firmly in an environment that is smothering character in him, and by smothering character is peopling the slum,—is a false plan, false in principle and in practice. It is as the guide-post standing at the meeting of the many ways that nowadays lead all to the city's whirlpool, and pointing back to the one sure and safe way out, which, busy with so many ambitious, philanthropic schemes, we were in danger of forgetting. So it is that the farm school is of the greatest, most lasting use; and as such it will, I believe, in a day not far off, have many allies patterned after it, and linking together the congested city and the deserted farm in a partnership, not again to be broken, that shall restore in some degree the lost balance as far as it can ever be restored.

Jacob A. Riis.

GLAMOUR.

«DOES the sight come gloomy upon your spirits?» asks one seer of a brother wizard in «The Legend of Montrose.» The Scotch, if we admit the claim made by them, are endowed with the mysterious gift of second sight; and so it is not strange that we should owe to them a necromantic word which, having no exact synonym, seems to cover the composite idea of hallucination, fascination, sorcery. Our dictionaries define this word as an «illusion of the eye which makes it see things other than they are.» To this definition is added an allied Icelandic word signifying a «disease of the eye in which a person afflicted sees all objects through a bluish or gray medium, doubtfully.»

Abandoning technical definition, attempting no scientific inquiry, the present paper, under the title of «Glamour,» would merely recall to the minds of such as may be interested in the subject those moments in which, by a subsequent exercise of memory, they have seemed to themselves to see things «other than they are»—moments marked by the transient visitation of delight, wonder, or even apprehension, with apparently no adequate provocation in the objects thus seen. To one to whom I referred the matter, with certain illustrations below cited, the experience had been a familiar one. «Yes,» was the reply; «I know what you mean. It is like the sudden turning on of a factitious light, just as in a theater the effects they call ‹transformation› are accomplished by a changing of lights. In glamour the facts remain the same, your appreciation of the facts remains the same; but the *significance* is entirely changed.»

Says Keats, in «Endymion»:

> The spirit blow was struck,
> And all were dreamers.

In those moments to which I have alluded, in the instances to be given, it happens to the dreamer that the whole natural world for the time being relates itself conformably to, and crystallizes anew around, the object or objects which his eye uses to conjure with, as it were. Nothing is quite familiar, all is invested with divine novelty, while what my country neighbors would call the «spell» lasts. From personal experience a few such instances may be cited as illustrative of a not unusual order of glamour.

Standing by a window one winter day when the landscape, covered by a deep snow, presented few salient objects of sight, I was suddenly aware that two gravely contemplative eyes, darkened by a gathering frown in the brows above, were fixed upon me. A Druidic face stood forth in the trunk of a fir-tree some few yards from the window. The face and the idea of a Druid completely occupied my mind for one instant; in the next I saw that the eyes and the frown were due to scars formed on the trunk of the tree through the lopping away of branches from time to time.

On a sultry, shimmering afternoon in August, three steel-blue dragon-flies, flitting abreast above the bank of a stream, all at once appeared to be a team of three drawing an invisible chariot of state in fairyland.

On a gusty evening in October my atten-

tion was attracted to a little company of brilliant maple-leaves, six in all, executing a wild, whirling dance in the middle of the street. Round and round they pirouetted, one after another, up and down,—yellow, russet, and crimson,—keeping time to some music I wot not of, provided for them by the wind. Had it been whispered, just then, that these were such and such small disguised elves,—say the jester, the page, and the maids of honor of Titania's court,—I should have been little surprised; but the next instant showed me nothing but fallen leaves compelled along a current of the air. Again, one evening, while dwelling upon those lines (which have more of necromancy than of exact science) about the moon and her «interlunar cave,» I looked up, to see the new moon faintly describing the entire rim of the orb, an effect often observed. There indeed it was—the «interlunar cave»! Only now it appeared that a curtain had been dropped across the cavern's mouth, and a lamp had been placed within, the light of which suffused the curtain. Another effect of glamour for which the moon was responsible is not soon to be forgotten. Nearing home one evening, the beams of the summer full moon, straggling through the boughs of the trees and falling upon the floor of the piazza, formed with their shadows a white-robed, kneeling figure. I had no terms at the time to express the mysterious pleasure produced by this illusion, since thought of and remembered as the «guardian of the threshold.» It is to be observed that the objects thus invested by glamour do not, as a rule, continue to present themselves in an extraordinary guise. After the first fine enchantment the bizarre effect is usually reproduced only through a conscious act of memory. Thus, though the Druid face in the tree and the moonlight angel of the portal could, at will, be summoned up again, they were no longer touched with magic and mystery; and I was fain to believe that these semblances might never have been discovered at all but for the interposition of fancy in some unusually apt and sensitive mood.

Though glamour more often selects for its pranks the solitary person, creating a lovely, or grotesque, or ominous strangeness out of familiar elements, it is possible for two pairs of eyes to be played upon by a simultaneous beam of enchantment. A friend and I were walking along a lonely strip of sea-beach, when our dog, an intelligent Newfoundland, which had been exploring the shore in advance, turned back, and deliberately approached us, with lifted head and a most sagacious expression of more than canine discretion. We waited, with this comment from me: «I believe that dog means to speak to us!» «Why,» returned my friend, «I thought that, too.» And we stood for the moment on the frontier of an uncouth Æsopian country—a Dean Swift's land, where, nevertheless, no one is long surprised that his dumb friends have found a tongue.

It might here be ventured that we owe to the power of glamour the loveliest legacy the ancient world ever left us, that which descends, even to us and possibly to all time, from the omni-sensuous Greek. And I make bold to say—what I sincerely believe—that had we not thus inherited a mythology we should have created one for ourselves, albeit in this present prosaic age. We should have come by a system of our own in due time, aided by glamour—that tricksiness of the eye and ear, or of the genie that dwells behind the physical eye and ear. One can readily see how the whole brood of field and sylvan, stream-side and ocean, deities were created. Indeed, Wordsworth in his «Excursion» tells us how, in all probability, these creatures of imagination and of faith were evoked out of next to nothingness—how the clouds resting upon the hilltops, or seen between the tree-trunks of somber groves, became white-robed dryad or nymph; how alternately sunlit and shadowed streams revealed the naiad. This and more he tells us, but he does not trace to its genesis, nor analyze for us, that mood of the beholder which in some illuminated moment first noted these things—transient mood it must have been, for it could scarcely have been at all times within the power either of seer or of swain to gather such intimations as nature lent to the making of a shadowy world of beauty.

Of that mood what can we know and affirm? How shall we chemically disintegrate and apply test to that «bluish or gray» (or even «rose-colored») medium through which we sometimes look, to our wonder or delight? What shall we say of those eyes which, with the brain behind them, would by all medical experimentation be pronounced normal and in good working condition, but which do often see things «other than they are» to the large average? What of the vision which opens on the «light that never was on sea or land,» the joyous perceiving which apprehends and reports to us the «hour of splendor on the grass,» that rapt discernment of all which lies as an invisible margin around palpable objects? What of ourselves, even, who are

not dreamers and poets, when for us some subtle, romantic value, some hitherto unrecognized spiritual significance, suddenly attaches to some familiar object of our environment, or to the changing aspects of nature —the wind-wave on the grass, the flutter of a single leaf when all others are still, the moving shadow of a cloud, a bird's flight? Whether we should say of these momentary special intimations that the veil of enchantment has been thrown over the scene, or that the veil of dull accustomedness has been lifted, may always remain a debatable question. The so-called «common-sense» view will adhere to the idea of illusion; the idealist, the poet, the artist, may well insist that *thus* should we always see objects if we saw them clearly and *in toto;* and I would hazard the theory that it is the perception, more or less perfect, of the subtle super-qualities of all objects of sense which keeps the poet in a divine emulation, tremulous between hope and despair, to make the rest of the world see what he himself quite habitually sees and hears. Whatever thus piques and holds the inner fantastic eye or ear, investing sight and sound with an enhanced wealth of significance to the soul, we may call glamour. Such effects we find in these lines of the young Milton:

Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Such, in more wooing accents, meet us in the dreamful invocation of the young Keats:

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on,
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.

We do not, to be sure, make our choice whether we shall be literalist or dreamer; enthusiast, or keyed in a lower pitch of the marvelous scale of human temperament. But, were that election within our power, who would choose to see things quite as they are, or as they are currently said to be? Who would not invite the good genius that could relieve us from the ennui of commonplace and every-day by touching these with such enchantment that we should seem to ourselves «surrounded by beauty and wonder»? Is it of more service to see dust-motes in a sunbeam as dust-motes merely, or to see in those shifting atoms what the youthful poet in the lecture-room beheld—ambassadors to spirit his fancy away to Oberon and fairy-land?

Of a similar order of unclassified impression and vagary is that curious focusing of the mind upon some trivial object in the field of vision, a phenomenon sometimes experienced during the stress of great sorrow, when an additional impetus seems to have been given to the sensitive working of the imagination. The observations made in such moments are usually most strangely irrelevant, often of no emotional or rational significance. Some slight new detail of outline, some mere numerical or mechanical property, suddenly dawns upon the consciousness of the beholder, and persistently contends for his undivided notice. I suspect if we were all poets there would more frequently be recorded such experiences as this which Dante Rossetti has embodied in pregnant and fascinating verse. Three stanzas from «The Woodspurge» suffice to illustrate this special mood of glamour:

Between my knees my forehead was,
My lips, drawn in, said not Alas!
My hair was over in the grass,
My naked ears heard the day pass.

My eyes, wide open, had the run
Of some ten weeds to fix upon;
Among those few, out of the sun,
The woodspurge flowered, three cups in one.

From perfect grief there need not be
Wisdom or even memory:
One thing then learnt remains to me—
The woodspurge has a cup of three.

Akin to these involuntary but insistent suggestions discovered in the near-at-hand and the familiar are the partialities we entertain for special places, attractions toward certain points of the compass, for all of which we are unable to give an origin or a reason. Destiny walks yonder greenwood path; Fame lives in yonder purple valley. From this direction or that is always approaching some unseen yet potential good, as material to our well-being as was the first light of day to «blind Orion hungry for the morn.» To illustrate: Thoreau confesses to an unaccountable preference for the west, which led him always to take his walks in that direction. Elsewhere he says, whimsically, that he keeps a mountain moored somewhere to the west or southwest, whither he sends his thoughts for supernal entertainment and reflection. Perhaps we might say that glamour sets more often toward this point of the compass than otherwise.

Out of the golden, remote wild west, where the sea without shore is,
Full of the sunset, and sad, if at all, with the fulness of joy,

sings Swinburne, with the power of a magician. One whom I know counts much upon seeing, twice each year,—at the vernal and the autumnal equinox,—the spectacle of the sun setting, bright and cloudless, apparently at the vanishing-point of the railroad track. She sees, to all practical purposes of the imagination, the last station on the route, which she calls Heliopolis, the chief object of interest there being the Phenix, which, according to Herodotus, migrates to that city at the close of its secular existence. All this my friend conjures up in the golden blaze at the end of those converging rails of steel.

And what is that variety of glamour which causes far-past and long-forgotten periods and events to come up to the unprepared mind in shadowy and haunting display, like a landscape lifted in mirage? There is a certain type of summer day—who knows it not?—that repeats and repeats itself throughout a lifetime. With it enters a host of vague and affable memories; but what their import or substance may be can never be quite elucidated. A dual impression obtains: these decimal memories may belong to this life, half obliterated by the rush of time and events, or they may be part and parcel of a preëxistence never to be recovered by our consciousness. In this apotheosis of a day long past, every sound,—such as the chirping of insects, the murmur of a stream, the whispering of leaves,—and every gleam of sunshine lighting grass-blade, or flower, or feathery seed, will contribute to emphasize a sense of the familiar united with the evasive. Rarely are these reminiscences sufficiently direct and interrelated to enable us to trace this multiplied image of a day to its source.

I would also observe that if the «little ones»—the children and the childlike—could or would report to us of their manifold, only half-conscious, and seldom-remembered momentary impressions, doubtless we should hear of more wonderful hoodwinkings of fancy than ever occur to us who look out of habitual and habituated eyes. A brief instance may be given. Many years ago, on a bright, hazy afternoon, a little country child was returning from an errand down a green lane, homeward. On a sudden her steps became weighted with inexpressible dread: the Indians were burning her dear home! She could not see the Indians, she could not see the flames, but she saw the smoke gathering around the house. She dared not go home, and she could not stay out of danger that threatened her mother. She never knew how she reached that imperiled home, but the terror did not abate until she was within its walls, in her mother's arms, and the absorbing illusion taken off her young eyes. It was many years later (for children do not often confide their fantastic realities) that she understood how a trivial woodcut in an old geography, representing a settler's cabin fired by Indians, and the woof of bright autumnal haze, alone, under the touch of glamour, were answerable for the breathless apprehension of that memorable afternoon.

Briefly and lightly touching in the realm of the blended objective and subjective, not knowing how much shall be credited as resident in the object seen, how much as due to the seeing eye and recording brain, I may venture no errand to that frontier which verges upon the so-denominated supernatural—that frontier which perhaps removes ever nearer to us, the more we know what *nature* is. But, illustrative of how glamour, if we shall call it no more than that, may pass one person by to lay the wand upon another, the following is related as the experience of a friend with whom, after a ramble through the autumn fields, I stopped to rest in the piazza of an empty house. The last occupants, it may be said, were strangers to both of us, and the house had been closed since the death of the mistress. As we rested in the vine-curtained piazza I was aware that my fellow-rambler was deep in reverie in which I had no participation. Coming away from the house, she imparted the substance of the thought that had so completely filled her mind. So vivid was her recital that, scarcely less impressed than if the experience had been mine at first hand, I subsequently attempted to give some expression in words to the voiceless drama in which my friend had engaged while I was wholly unaware of any special appeal in our surroundings.

From out the house there came a Voice (but why
To me a stranger, of no kindred ear?);
Above the shrill noise of the vine-leaves sear,
And the lone casement's reminiscent sigh,
It came,—the shadow of a human cry:
"Stay, stay with me; I am so lonely here!"
I would have risen, moved by nameless fear;
In soft reproach the Voice came wandering by:
"On thee, a passing stranger, I may call—
Not on my own. They are too sad to stay
Who loved me living (one more sad than all!).
Stranger, sweet memories stab thee not, nor slay,
And thou canst pity, yet thy grief be small."...
(I stayed until the Voice died all away.)

Edith M. Thomas.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Congress and the Currency System.

CHIEF of the questions of large public importance pressing for solution upon the new Congress is the reform of our currency system, which the last Congress refused to change in any way. That body even refused to uphold the President's hands in his efforts to maintain the public credit, endangered solely by our currency system, and declined to give him such additional legislation as would have enabled him to save for the country $16,000,000 in interest on a single issue of bonds. The new Congress ought to be wiser and more patriotic than this. Its members will come together in the light of the experience of the last few months—an experience which has shown more clearly than ever that we cannot hope for a stable financial condition until we reform our currency system.

Our readers will remember that in previous issues of the magazine we have pointed out the fact that so long as our banking business is conducted by the National government we shall be subject to these recurring periods of anxiety about our ability to maintain the gold basis. All our troubles of this kind arise from the $100,000,000 gold reserve which the Government undertakes to maintain as a guarantee that our nearly $500,000,000 of outstanding currency will be redeemed in gold. When the reserve is intact everybody is confident that all is well with our financial system; but the moment it begins to drop below the hundred-million limit a tremor is felt throughout all commercial, industrial, and financial circles, and the restoration of confidence is impossible until the loss is made good either through a new issue of bonds, or the offering of gold by the banks, or the aid of a syndicate which has agreed to help the Government out in such emergencies. So long as anybody can obtain gold for legal tenders at the treasury, and so long as the treasury cannot cancel these legal tenders, but must pay them out again, to be again presented for gold, just so long will these periodic troubles with the gold reserve occur.

No other nation in the world has trouble of this kind, for the simple reason that in no other nation is the banking business conducted by the government. In all of them the gold reserve which sustains the circulating medium is maintained by commerce through the operations of banks. Being an essential element in commerce, the gold reserve adjusts itself automatically. In all countries except ours the government has nothing to do with the money of the country save to certify to its weight and fineness, and to decree that it shall be accepted in the discharge of debts and obligations. The banks have entire control of it, under such regulations as guarantee the people against deceit and loss. It was the same in this country before the war. We departed from the universal custom because of the exigencies of war, and it is more than time that we returned to it, since those exigencies long ago passed away.

It is absurd to claim that the fundamental principles of finance are different in this country from what they are in all others, or that their operation now is different here from what it was prior to 1862. We are engaged in commerce and trade with the rest of the world, and we cannot, if we would, shut our eyes to the results of their experience as embodied in their financial systems. They have no troubles like ours, and it follows that since ours occur under a peculiar system, it must be the system which is at fault. On this point experience has left no room for argument. No other nation in the world could have gone on as long as we have with such a system and escaped financial collapse. Nothing has saved us but our virtually boundless resources, and the faith of the world in our ability and disposition to keep our credit unimpaired.

But it is flying in the face of Providence to continue in this way. It is a reflection upon our sagacity as a people, upon our ability to conduct our financial and business affairs in accordance with the established results of civilization, to go blundering along in our present course, actually piling up a public debt of more than $150,000,000 in order to escape the consequences of our own folly. And this entirely needless debt is the least harmful of the consequences of our course. Business is kept in a constant condition of nervous apprehension, so that permanent prosperity is made virtually impossible. Foreign capital, which is eagerly seeking investment, holds aloof from our securities, though it would most gladly come to us were there absolute assurance that all our obligations would be kept as surely as other civilized nations keep theirs.

The remedy is simple. It is to take the banking business away from the National government and put it into the hands of private banks, where it will rest, as in the case of other nations, not on credit, but on actual assets. The Baltimore plan, evolved by the American Bankers' Association last January, and described in this department of THE CENTURY for February, supplied a system which Congress might well make the basis for the needed change. It was accepted by Secretary Carlisle and Comptroller Eckels with certain modifications; but though they impressed upon the last Congress the need of some action of the kind, nothing was done. It is to be hoped that the new Congress will have a livelier sense of the perils of the present condition of affairs and of their own duty in the premises.

Fruits of Civic Spirit.

THE first year of the reform administration in New York City is drawing to a close, and it is well to survey the field and see what has thus far been accomplished through the overthrow of Tammany in the election of

1894. This is a subject which interests the whole country, for the problem of municipal government is pressing steadily more and more each year upon public attention, and any development in one city which throws light upon it is instructive and helpful for all other cities. New York's achievements are specially valuable, since in this city the problem is a more difficult one than it is anywhere else.

When Mayor Strong assumed office in January last, the entire city government was under Tammany control. The various departments were manned from top to bottom with members of the wigwam. The police-justice bench was nearly filled with them. The police board and the police force were under their absolute control. The street-cleaning department was in the same hands, and so on down through the entire list. Over one department, as its president, a homicide was installed. Upon the police-justice bench were several men who had for many years been the associates of the disorderly and criminal classes of the community. In the police board sat men under whose administration the police force had become a vast machine for the collection of blackmail and tribute from the vice and crime of the city. In every part of the municipal service incompetent men were in positions of authority; in many parts of it those in authority were worse than incompetent.

What is the condition of the service to-day? The departments are in the hands of men of good character. Whatever may be said of their qualifications, no one has questioned their personal honesty. Not a murderer or criminal of any degree is to be found in high place in any department. The police-justice bench is occupied by men who were experienced lawyers and reputable citizens for many years before their appointment to this place. These are administering justice in behalf of the people, and not in the interest of political rascality. In the police board sit four men of ability and character, with Theodore Roosevelt at their head, whose doings have attracted the attention of the whole country. They have abolished blackmailing from the force. They have established the merit system as the basis for all appointments and promotions, in place of the bribery system which prevailed for many years previous to their advent. Almost for the first time in the history of the city, they have succeeded in enforcing the law forbidding Sunday liquor-selling, and in doing it have given the community a valuable lesson as to the wisdom of upholding all laws without regard to their character. If they had the power, which the last legislature refused to give, to reorganize the force by weeding out its dishonest and unfit men, they would be able within the remaining two years of Mayor Strong's term to supply the city with a model police force. The new legislature ought to give them this power, for without it they are greatly hindered in their work.

Under Colonel Waring, as the head of the street-cleaning department, New York, for the first time in its history, has clean streets throughout its limits. They are not merely clean in the business and fashionable sections, but in the tenement-house districts and elsewhere. They are cleaned daily, and kept clean. This is an object-lesson in government which will not be forgotten. No future street-cleaning commissioner, be he Tammany or other, can fall below the Waring standard and escape popular condemnation.

The importance of the work of the building department of a city like New York can hardly be overestimated, though it is often overlooked. This department not only applies the laws as to construction to every new house and every alteration, but supervises all these innumerable new buildings and alterations, and protects life by looking after unsafe buildings, and by inspecting theaters, lodging-houses, etc., and by seeing that fire-escapes are put up wherever needed. Mr. Constable, in this department, has been confronted by an increase of work amounting to nearly one hundred per cent. in excess of any previous year. He has struggled heroically with difficult and adverse circumstances, and has brought about improvements which could not have been made under Tammany domination.

In the health department valuable reforms have been made; and in certain other departments better methods have been introduced, and examinations have been carried on which will lead to needed reforms.

The great value of these improvements in municipal government lies in the demonstration which they make of the need of intelligence and character in public office. They show that in public as in private business operations the best ability is the cheapest, in that it produces the best results. There has been a great outcry by the Tammany defenders in New York City over the alleged extravagant expenditure by Colonel Waring; but as a matter of fact he has shown that he can keep the streets clean for the same amount of money that his Tammany predecessor demanded for not keeping them clean. He has results to show for his work, whereas his predecessors spent money and produced no results. In the long run, when the evils accruing from years of maladministration shall have been eliminated entirely from the service, the city is certain to discover that the more honest and intelligent its government is, the lighter will be the burden of its taxes. There can be no other result. It is a palpable absurdity to argue that while merit and character are necessary to the highest success in private business, they are not only unnecessary, but undesirable, in public business.

The lesson for the other cities of the country to draw from New York's experience is that civic pride, active interest in the government of the city in which you live, does produce palpable results. Every New York citizen holds his head higher to-day than he did a year ago. If his government is not all he would like to have it be, it is certainly not a cause for shame to him in the eyes of the world. That it is no better than it is, he realizes now, is entirely his own fault and the fault of his fellow-citizens, who for so long a time neglected their civic duty and allowed their city to become a by-word and a reproach the world over, a disgrace to free government, and a reflection on the capacity of American citizens to conduct with credit their public affairs.

A Citizen by Adoption.

To the readers of this magazine the name of Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen has been long familiar. More than twenty years ago he brought to these pages the charm of his enthusiastic literary beginnings in a new world and a

new language. His earlier writings united the idyllic romanticism of his Norwegian ideals with the freshness and hopefulness of a new life. He loved the country of his birth, and desired to portray its strange beauty; but not less passionately he loved the country of his adoption, which to him held, more than any other, the future of the race. Many of his stories were stories of the pilgrimage from Norway to America. Some of them had a singular force and a moving pathos. It was a unique field of fiction; to many these short stories, along with «Gunnar,» his first long tale, and some of his lyrics, had more impulse and charm than some of his later essays in a different field and manner.

At his untimely death, many of his accomplishments as a scholar, lecturer, author, and professor at Cornell and later at Columbia College were promptly chronicled by the press. But there is a phase of his career which should be specially dwelt upon in this crisis of our nation's history: Professor Boyesen was one of the most devoted of American patriots. His love for the country of his adoption was not a pallid flame, devoid of heat and motive power. Whenever good citizenship required the urgent action of every decent member of the community, this scholar-citizen did not merely «stand up to be counted» as one man: he could be counted as doing the work of a dozen men. His advice, his effort, his voice, were given quickly and effectively to the cause of good government. The country that he loved was not only dear to him for what it was, but for what it might be—for what, indeed, it must yet be, unless failure shall be written upon its brow. He did not regulate his political action in America in reference to the condition of his native country. He stood in America for America. This citizen by adoption was an example to all citizens, whether native or adopted. Would there were more of his kind!

"The Century's" New Type.

IT is agreeable to believe that the magazine in its monthly visits comes to many a home like an old and pleasantly expected friend. What would be the use of denying that there is a deal of sentiment in the way a magazine is regarded by those who have welcomed it, year in and year out, the half or the whole of a lifetime; and a deal of sentiment in the making of it, especially if those who make it have been at the work a quarter of a century or so, and feel themselves in touch with a great and kindly audience of unseen faces?

This impersonal personality of a magazine has not only an individuality derived from its history, but from its appearance. We therefore trust that our readers were pleasantly affected by the appearance of the November pages of THE CENTURY, when the new type was put in use for the first time. The story of the designing of this type would perhaps not be an uninteresting one; there are not many superior «artists in letters» available for this work, and the consultations and cogitations and changes and final adoption, for THE CENTURY exclusively, of the present form is a chapter in the technic of typography which perhaps Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne ought to record, if not here, at least for the benefit of a technical audience.

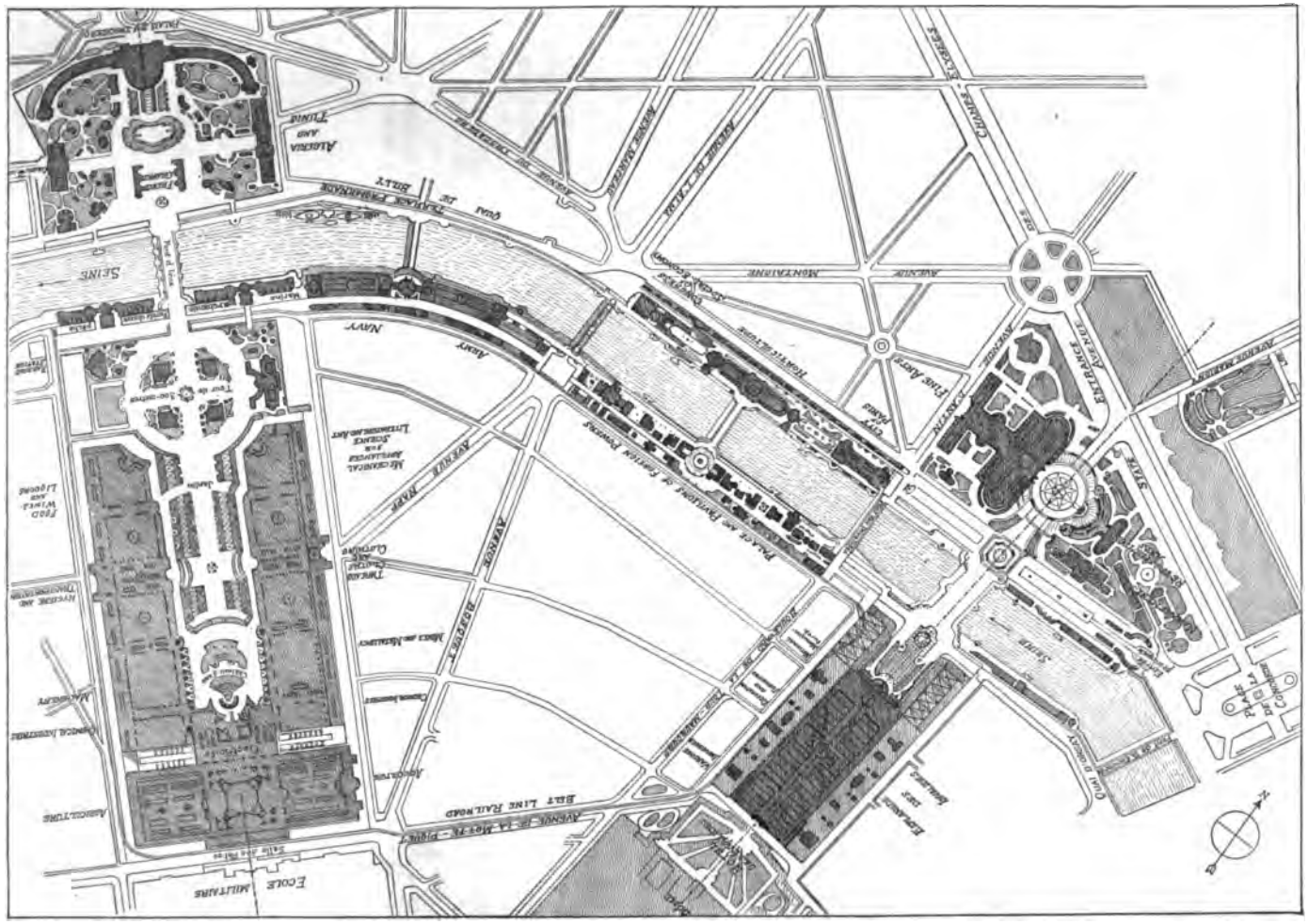
Meantime we hope our readers like the change; we hope they find the new type clearer and more elegant.

OPEN LETTERS

The International Exhibition of 1900.

THE French government sent out in September last the official invitations to the various nations of the world requesting their participation in the international exhibition to be held at Paris during the spring, summer, and autumn of 1900. This document must have reached our State Department some time ago, and the subject should come up for consideration at the present session of Congress. The part which the United States government and the American people is to take at Paris four years hence is now, therefore, a «live question,» so that some account of what the coming exhibition is to be, and a few suggestions as to what we ought to do there, are quite in order. In the first place, let me briefly describe the next «world's fair.»

The plan given on the opposite page, and kindly furnished for this letter by the commissioner-general, M. Alfred Picard, shows where the exhibition will be placed, how the grounds will be divided, and what will be the names of the principal buildings. It will be seen that the spacious Place de la Concorde is to be made the vestibule, so to speak, of the fair, while at the point in the Champs Élysées where now stands the Palais de l'Industrie is to be located the grand entrance. This structure will be removed, as shown in the plan, in order to make room for a broad avenue which is to connect the Champs Élysées with the Esplanade des Invalides by a fine new bridge over the Seine. Thus the site of the coming exhibition will be drawn nearer to the heart of the city than was the case at any of the three previous ones, and the Champ de Mars, which was the center of attraction in 1867, 1878, and 1889, will be supplanted in this respect by the fine sweep of space extending from the Champs Élysées across the Cours-la-Reine and the Esplanade to the Hôtel des Invalides. The Trocadéro palace and garden with its splendid fountain, and the beautified Champ de Mars with its fa-


SEINE
NAVY
AVENUE
ESPLANADE
EXTRAMURAL
AVENUE
CHAMPS
ELYSEES
AVENUE
MONTAIGNE
AVENUE
MARCEAU
AVENUE
KLEBER
AVENUE
MARIGNY
AVENUE
MARBEUF
AVENUE
MATIGNON
AVENUE
GABRIEL

mous Eiffel Tower, will, of course, still form important parts of the fair grounds; but they will be subordinated to the other half of the site, and especially to the portion lying on the right bank of the Seine, where will be erected the new and permanent Fine Arts Building.

The classification of exhibits has always perplexed the organizers of international exhibitions, and although M. Picard has not modified essentially the system adopted in 1889, he has not hesitated to introduce some new features, in the hope of making the classification of 1900 better than those of its predecessors. Perhaps the most radical of these changes is the placing alongside of exhibits, when possible, the machinery, in motion, by which they are manufactured. By this means life is to be given to galleries which were dead and unattractive under the old arrangement, and the real nature and origin of the exhibits will be easily and thoroughly grasped by the visitor. Several new classes[1] have been introduced into the classification of 1900, either because of the progress made along certain lines of human activity since 1889, or because of fresh developments in French life and institutions. Thus, electricity, «that fairy of the nineteenth century,» as M. Picard happily expresses himself, which was disposed of in one class at the last Paris exhibition, will now have a whole group devoted to it. This is doubtless largely due to the example set by Chicago in 1893, where, it will be remembered, a special building was given up to electricity.

The chemical industries, which have also made such great strides during the present century, likewise rise to the dignity of a group for the first time in Paris international exhibitions. But one cannot record without a feeling of regret the expansion to be given to the army and navy side of the fair. «The development of military life among all the chief European nations justifies this extension,» says M. Picard. So European militarism is to monopolize in 1900 a whole distinct group of six classes.

Of better augury for humanity is the extension to be given to the department of social economy, which, if I am not mistaken, in 1889 first received distinct recognition at international exhibitions, thanks to the initiative of that distinguished economist, M. Léon Say, to whom is also due this development for 1900. The most significant feature of this enlarged group is the space devoted to what concerns the laboring classes and the amelioration of their condition. The titles of some of the new classes speak for themselves: «Protection of Working Children,» «Workingmen's Homes,» «Institutions for the Moral and Intellectual Development of Workingmen,» etc.

The greed for colonial extension on the part of continental Europe, and of France in particular, is reflected in the classification of 1900 by the institution of an entirely new group, «The Moral and Material Work of Colonization.» So, too, is mirrored another dominant feature of French activity—the decorative and industrial arts, which call for a number of classes or fractions of classes. Here is found one of the most notable innovations in M. Picard's classification. All the classes devoted to these arts will be divided into two distinct sections in the matter of awards. In one will be placed the artists who produced the drawings, cartoons, or models, in the other the manufacturer who exhibits their work; and the judges will confer honors on them independently. Thus an artist may receive recognition for his labor, while the manufacturer is passed over.

A separate feature of the classification is the proposed Centennial Retrospective Exhibition, to be composed of productions covering the period extending from 1800 to 1900. It will not be concentrated in a single collection, as was the case in 1889, and attractive, consequently, only to the learned and the inquisitive student, but will be scattered through each group in such a way that each class, where this is possible, will have as its vestibule a sort of little museum showing the various stages of progress made in its special field since the beginning of the century. The fine arts and decorative arts division of this Retrospective Exhibition will be particularly interesting, as it will consist of a series of rooms in which will be grouped the masterpieces of painting, engraving, sculpture, architecture, pottery, stained glass, etc., characteristic of the different periods of the nineteenth century.

The managers of international fairs have always encountered a grave difficulty in solving the problem of awards to exhibitors. Even French authorities are far from agreeing on the subject,[2] and the serious discord which it caused at Chicago in 1893 has not been forgotten. Though M. Picard recognizes all the objections which have been formulated against the French system, and especially against its base, the international jury on awards, he believes that the merits outbalance the demerits, and so has decided to retain the system in 1900. Thus there will be three distinct bodies of jurors or judges—the class, group, and superior juries. The members of the first of these are named by the French government in the case of the Frenchmen,—who are in a large majority on every jury,—and by the commissioners-general of each country in the case of the foreign members. It is the class juries which come into direct contact with the exhibitors and prepare the reports on awards, which are sent up for approval or revision to the group juries, made up chiefly of the presidents, vice-presidents, and secretaries of the class juries, and finally to the single superior jury which acts in last resort, composed of three or four members of the ministry, the commissioner-general of the exhibition, many high French officials, and the foreign commissioners-general. Moreover, it may be stated in this connection that in 1900, as in 1889, diplomas and not medals, for reasons of economy, will be awarded, though they will be considered the equivalents of medals. These diplomas will be of five classes: grand prizes, gold, silver, and bronze medals, and honorable mentions.

A new spirit, or rather a return to the early custom of international exhibitions, is to prevail in 1900 in regard to the position and treatment of the exhibitor. At the beginning he played the principal rôle, and was properly regarded as the *raison d'être* of the enterprise. But there has been a growing tendency to push

[1] The exhibits are divided into "classes" and "groups," which may be respectively likened to the terms "species" and "genus" of the natural historian. There will be 120 classes and 18 groups in the exhibition of 1900.

[2] See M. Berger's article in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for April, 1890.

him into the background in order to make way for amusements of one kind or another which are entirely foreign to the true aim and nature of these international enterprises, but which «draw,» and thus act as a powerful aid toward financial success. This objectionable feature obtruded itself to such a degree in 1889 at Paris, and in 1893 at Chicago, that the management of 1900 has determined to check it, and return to the more legitimate course of early days. As the president of the Paris chamber of commerce has well put it, «An exhibition is for the exhibitors, and not the exhibitors for the exhibition.» This is also the view of M. Alfred Picard.

Such, briefly given, are the principal outlines of the Paris Exhibition of 1900. But a word remains to be said in regard to the part that the United States should take in it.

We have never had at the European world's fairs an American section which fitly represented the power, wealth, and civilization of the United States. We have often been surpassed in this respect by third- and even fourth-rate nations. Our exhibit at Paris in 1889 was, as a whole, simply pitiable when compared with what it might and should have been. Mr. Depew graphically expressed the general opinion of American visitors when he said that he entered the grounds with the stars and stripes flying, but came out with the flag in his pocket! Mortification at this Paris fiasco, and a desire to show the world what we could do, were the primal causes of the popular movement which culminated in the Chicago Exhibition.

But how can our failures in the past be prevented in 1900? In two or three ways. Congress should vote promptly a liberal appropriation to promote our representation, and not fetter the future American commission with a niggardly sum like that granted for the exhibition of 1889; for money makes fairs as well as mares go. Then the President should appoint without delay our commissioner-general, who should go immediately to Paris, form the personal acquaintance of the official world and the eminent specialists, like Say, Mascart, Brouardel, and others, who are devoting their time and knowledge to the development of the exhibition, see the grounds, study the plans, and learn what France expects of us. Having returned to this country, where he would then be able to speak with authority and enthusiasm of the enterprise in which he would henceforth be an interested and important factor, the commissioner-general should visit all parts of the Union, address the chambers of commerce of our cities, call in person upon the chief manufacturers and business men, and while stating the scope and high aims of the exhibition, should answer questions, remove objections, and urge participation. In a word, he should imitate the example set by the imperial commissioner, Herr Wermuth, in Germany, before the opening of the Chicago Exhibition, and thereby obtain a similar result; for just as the Germans surpassed all other foreign sections on the shores of Lake Michigan, so would the United States in 1900 not only far outdo all its previous efforts at Paris, but might equal, if not excel, many European nations.

But some readers may ask, Is it really necessary to begin our preparations so soon? Yes; if we are to carry out to a successful end the plan here sketched. Some countries began to move even before the official invitations were sent out. Early last September the Japanese minister at Paris laid before M. Picard the drawings for Japan's special building. The Congo Free State has already begun to prepare a remarkable exhibit of its resources, which will far outshine the mediocre one of 1889; while members of the cabinets of Belgium and Holland publicly informed the commissioner-general last summer that he could count on the participation of their respective nations.

Finally, the question may be asked, Why should we make this extra effort at Paris in 1900? Several answers might be given. France was the first European state to accept our invitation for 1893;[1] and though the high-tariff fever was then at its worst, several of her manufacturers exhibited at a loss, in order that the French section should not be inferior to those of other foreign countries. A regard for the comity of nations should, therefore, prompt us to do our best at Paris in 1900. Then, again, we ought to strengthen morally the hands of republican Europe, surrounded and almost choked by unsympathetic monarchies, by showing with éclat what a free democratic people has done in every field in which it has won high distinction. Thirdly, we owe it to ourselves no longer to suffer the élite of these Paris world's fairs to form their opinion of us from the mirror which we ourselves have held up on four or five successive occasions. When a Trollope or a Dickens or a Bourget puts our shortcomings into print, many of us are immediately up in arms; and yet when we exhibit ourselves at their international justs of trade we more than justify much that they have said of us. The exhibition of 1900 will be a good occasion on which to raze forever the Chinese wall with which America is prone to surround herself.

Theodore Stanton.

"Masculine Heads" and "Feminine Hearts."

APROPOS OF SONYA KOVALEVSKY.

HOWEVER interesting the details put together by Miss Hapgood in her article on Sonya Kovalevsky in the August CENTURY, the account as a whole is in more than one respect misleading. While there are a number of points upon which I should be glad to comment, I shall venture to ask the hospitality of the columns of THE CENTURY for two criticisms only, and these upon the two closing paragraphs of Miss Hapgood's article:

«Notwithstanding her genius, Professor Sonya Kovalevsky was always mentally dependent upon a man. We have her written confession that she lectured better when Professor Mittag-Leffler was in the audience. Notwithstanding her solid contributions to applied mathematics, she originated nothing; she merely developed the ideas of her teachers.

«What is the conclusion of the whole matter? Setting aside all partizan questions, it would seem to be

[1] On the evening of the day when the French government voted to respond favorably to the Chicago invitation, M. Ribot, at the time Minister of Foreign Affairs, said to the then United States minister to France, the Hon. Whitelaw Reid: "I believe France has acted before any other power; at least, I hope so."

this: that a masculine head united to a feminine heart is likely to prove a very unhappy combination for a woman.»

Now, as regards the matter contained in the first of these paragraphs, Miss Hapgood labors under the disadvantage of not being a mathematician. The present writer, while a very humble worker in that field, has at least been for a number of years a professor of mathematics in the Johns Hopkins University, and has had the opportunity of knowing something about the leading mathematicians of Europe and their work. To «originate» anything in mathematics which shall not be capable of being classed as a development of the ideas of those who have gone before us is an extremely rare achievement; there are very few, indeed, in any age, of whom anything approaching this can be asserted. Surely the general reader, however intelligent, would get the impression from the above quotation that Kovalevsky's mathematical work was very like a failure, after all; but this is as though one were to pronounce every scientist a failure who did not reach the rank of Newton or Darwin. No one would conjecture (what is, however, the fact) that her work was of a far higher grade than any that has as yet been achieved by any American mathematician, astronomers possibly excepted; or that among Russians, who have not been deficient in the cultivation of mathematics, there have been only two who rank distinctly higher than she. As to her lecturing more effectively when in the inspiring presence of a sympathetic listener who is at the same time a master of the subject, I fancy that few who have ever lectured upon mathematics will find it necessary to ascribe this phenomenon to any peculiarity of sex.

As regards «the conclusion of the whole matter,» in the second paragraph above quoted, is it not based upon obviously and almost grotesquely insufficient grounds? Are we to understand that the possession of a «feminine heart» usually carries with it such consuming intensity of passion as was evinced when Sonya, in her childhood, «bit Olya's fat little arm until it bled, out of pure jealousy»? Or is it ordinarily the case with feminine hearts, at the age of thirteen, that their «fervent adoration» can be secured upon «the frail foundation of a bit of egregious flattery,» to quote Miss Hapgood's account of the Dostoevsky incident? Evidently Sonya Kovalevsky's moral and emotional nature was even more different from that of the average American or western European woman than were her intellectual endowments; and to base any general conclusion as to the fate of women who have «a masculine head united to a feminine heart» upon her experience is the height of rashness. It happens, too, that we have the record of the life of a woman with just this combination of attributes; but the sober British blood ran in her veins, and she grew up in the tranquil atmosphere of English life, not in the midst of the fierce revolts, the enthusiastic aspirations, the undisciplined imaginings of young Russia thirty years ago. It is true that Mary Somerville never attained distinction at all equal to Kovalevsky's; but when we compare her total want of proper instruction with Kovalevsky's privilege of studying under the greatest mathematical master of his time, it is difficult to assert that the Englishwoman was not capable of equal achievement. In any case, in spite of her disadvantages, she showed mathematical ability which was recognized by the greatest men of her time, though she made no positive contribution to mathematical knowledge; and it is certainly putting it very mildly to say that she had a «masculine mind» of a very high order. But she was an excellent wife and a model mother, and her life was one of the happiest and most lovely, as well as one of the busiest, of which I have any knowledge. Mathematics or no mathematics, man or woman, the human being of extremely high-strung nature, full of poetry and passion and ambition, is apt to have a thorny passage through this world arranged for every-day people; and those who would rather judge wisely than quickly will not infer much as to the fate of future Mrs. Somervilles from the history of Sonya Kovalevsky.

Fabian Franklin.

Titian's "Flora."[1]

THE so-called «Flora» of Titian, hanging in the second Venetian room of the Uffizi Gallery in Florence, usually has a small group of tourists gathered about it, probably because, as the catalogue tells us, it is «a splendid figure» and «one of the most admired paintings of Titian.» Certainly this robust young woman, with flowing hair caught back by a silken cord, one hand holding the light clothing slipping from her shoulders, the other hand extending flowers to an unseen person, is an attractive creature. She has the attraction of personal charm and loveliness, and to those of romantic mind she is doubly interesting for the mystery of her history.

Titian painted the picture about 1520; it belonged at one time to Don Alfonso Lopez, then it disappeared in the store-rooms of the palace at Florence, where it was not found again until 1793. At that time all record of the painter and the painted had been lost. Short-sighted critics said that the work was by Palma Vecchio; then, when Titian was credited with the picture, it was said that the subject at least was Palmesque, because it was Palma's daughter, Violante, with whom Titian was in love. That tradition still obtains about the picture, but unfortunately there is a stubborn fact in the way of its acceptance. Palma never had a daughter. The other guesses at the young woman's identity are highly problematical, not to say unfounded. There is no reason to believe that the picture represents the Duchess of Urbino, or Laura Dianti, wife of the Duke of Ferrara, or any other person than a beautiful Venetian model—perhaps one of the Muses of Aretino. The face appears frequently in Titian's figure pictures, and it was used by Palma more than once, which has led to some confusion over the pictures of the two men. For example, it is shown in the «Bella di Tiziano» of the Sciarra-Colonna Gallery, but the picture (attributed to Titian) was painted by Palma. Contemporaries and fellow-students, probably both painted from the same model.

The beautiful Venetian was a type that appealed to Titian as the «Mona Lisa» to Leonardo and the «Fornarina» to Raphael. The Uffizi picture is simply a variation of the type—a picture of Venetian loveliness rather than an accurate portrait of an individual. In that respect it is a striking illustration of the Venetian as opposed to the Florentine ideal. There is nothing religious,

[1] See page 264.

mystic, psychologic, or austere about the face of the «Flora», as about the female faces of, say, Filippino, Botticelli, Leonardo, and Michelangelo. It is radiant with life, luxurious in its fullness of material beauty, noble in its physical perfection. That was the Venetian conception of beauty in art. It would have no mystery, no solemnity, no great intellectuality. The things of this earth and the beauty thereof were carried through all Venetian art, and nowhere more emphatically than in the works of Titian. This Venetian ideal may be thought lacking in loftiness, but is it? Look at the «Flora» again, and say if either the type or the art is open to reproach. The nobility of the spiritual, yes; but why not the nobility of the natural too?

The face of the «Flora» is of great purity in its lines, the drawing of the eyes, nose, mouth, and the oval of the cheeks being of surprising delicacy and charm. There is, too, great grace in the inclination of the head, the sway of the figure, the fall of the hair, the rhythm of the drapery—the hands breaking the folds into circles to offset the sweeping lines about the neck and shoulders. The light is clear, the shadow meager, the color quite as delicate as the drawing, with an indescribable violet tone running through it all. This delicacy of rendering, corresponding to the subject in hand, Titian thought to complement, not by lightness of tone and color merely, but by lightness of touch. The handling is careful, the brush thin, the modeling a trifle frail. Titian neither designed, nor can he be held responsible for, the present smoothness of the canvas. There is in every large public gallery a picture Inferno called the «cleaning-room,» where pictures are flayed of their surfaces that they may always look bright for the passing public. Titian's «Flora» has been in the cleaning-room more than once. It has suffered therefrom, like the «Mona Lisa» of Leonardo, but the virile beauty of each still breathes from the canvas to provoke present-day admiration.

John C. Van Dyke.

Notes.

TOM KEATS'S DEATH: In the article on «Keats in Hampstead» in the October number, in part of the edition, the death of Tom Keats was referred to as having taken place during the poet's absence in Scotland, the fact being that Keats was not only with his brother during his last days, but tenderly nursed him. For this error the author of the article was in no way responsible.

LONGFELLOW'S MARRIAGE: The title of the cut on page 558 of the August number should have been, «House in Pittsfield where Longfellow married his second wife» (instead of «his first wife»). The poet's first marriage took place in Portland, Maine.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Caught.

AS «friend»—'t was thus she forged the fetter
For heart that never more is free.
She locked it—Love was her abettor—
And gaily threw away the key.

But ha! aha! I often twit her—
Contrivancing my heart to twine,
That pranky Cupid, with a titter,
Had fettered hers along with mine.

Ansel Brewster Cook.

In Days Gone By.

(RONDEAU REDOUBLÉ.)

IN days gone by, when you were here,
I little heeded what you said;
I watched the skies above me clear,
I listened to the thrush instead.

To this same spot my feet are led
By thoughts of you another year.
The selfsame pine-trees rose o'erhead
In days gone by, when you were here.

Their slender forms to-day they rear
Aloft in the same beauty spread;
But ah! the thrush's song I fear!—
I little heeded what you said.

And now, as starving man for bread,
I 'd spring to catch one word of cheer;
Yet when with love my heart you fed
I watched the skies above me clear.

Once more on the same pine-leaves sear
And fragrant 'neath the summer's tread,
I lie and think, with many a tear,
«I listened to the thrush instead!»

I listened to the thrush instead.
Ah! might I now one accent hear
Of that loved voice forever fled!—
I knew not that you were so dear
In days gone by!

Lilla Cabot Perry.

An Outline.

A MAN had an enemy whom he hated. Every day he passed by his enemy's gate, and every day a child stood at the gate. And the man hated the child because she was the child of his enemy. And every day the child stood at the gate.

But one day the man saw that it was not a child, but a woman, who stood at the gate. And his hate for her vanished in that moment. And his hate for his enemy, her father, was gone as though it had never been.

Berry Benson.

A Christmas Question.

It was after the maze and the mirth of the dance,
  Where a spray of green mistletoe swayed,
That I met—and I vow that the meeting was chance!—
  With a very adorable maid.

I stood for a moment in tremor of doubt,
  Then kissed her, half looking for war;
But—«Why did you wait, sir?» she said, with a pout.
  «Pray, what is the mistletoe for?»

Clinton Scollard.

Ballade of Poor Book-Worms.

The book-stall on the corner bleak,
  Its grinning keeper knows us well;
As we pass by we never speak,
  But often linger for a spell.
  We ken the kernel by the shell,
And oft our slender purse is led
  Its grudging silver down to tell:
Books we must have though we lack bread!

Great stores we pass with glance oblique—
  Our coins their coffers seldom swell;
We wend to second-hand shop meek:
  We heed not dust, nor dirt, nor smell.
  The creaking door a cracked old bell
Sets jangling, and the hinge is red
  With rust, but bargains here they sell:
Books we must have though we lack bread!

We haunt book auctions week by week;
  Sweet music to our ears is yell
Of «Going, going,» and the shriek
  Of «Gone!»—since unto us it fell,
  «Lot 3.» One cast us down to hell
With Dante, one to heaven sped
  Our souls—his namesake's Damozel:
Books we must have though we lack bread!

ENVOI.

Love, when our plenishing we 'd seek,
  We bought the bookcase ere the bed;
And this is still the purse's leak:
  Books we must have though we lack bread!

Alice Williams Brotherton.

The Tramp.[1]

I dare not with denial cold
  Bid him begone, but watch each mood,
As by the kitchen fire he sits
  And calmly eats his food.

Methinks that in his jaded eye
  A softer light beams now and then;
He can't be altogether bad
  This outcast among men.

At all events, I am resolved
  His evening meal I will not stint,
For there 's a possibility
  He *might* be Mr. Flynt.

Philip Morse.

[1] See the articles on tramps by Josiah Flynt in The Century Magazine.

Aphorisms.

Some of the sins whose consequences are visited upon us most cruelly are sins most naturally, and most fondly, committed.

Most men, however limited their imagination, are prone to idealize themselves; for self-idealization, in some degree, is necessary to preserve many of us from self-contempt.

Complaint is a confession of failure.

The hopeful are never unfortunate. Whatever adversity the past may have brought them, their present is untroubled, their future is always radiant.

The chief objection to the charity that begins at home is its extreme domesticity, which prevents it from calling on any of its neighbors.

To the man lucky enough to get a superior wife the average woman is apt to be insipid, if not tiresome.

Man is a lover by instinct, a husband through reason, a bachelor from calculation.

Our grief for the dead is often but unconscious remorse for the unhappiness we have caused them while living.

The deepest wounds to our love may be marvelously healed by a salve prescribed for our vanity.

The feelings are never badly hurt when anger hastens to their defense.

Most men are fools about women; but no man is quite so great a fool as he who is sure that he knows all about them.

A cat may look at a king—and if she loves him, she is privileged to scratch him.

The choicest flowers of rhetoric often grow in the most sterile soil of the heart.

It is as hard not to forgive a man we have hated, when he is dead, as it is to love a man who hates us, while alive.

Contrast in the sexes may be an additional incitement to love; but contradiction, with which it is often confounded, is a precursor of mutual hate.

Bravery is rare; but courage, with which it is constantly confused, is a much higher quality, and not at all uncommon. Bravery is a natural endowment. Courage springs from pride, self-esteem, force of will: it is often a conquest of native weakness in the discharge of duty, and, once attained, can hardly be overcome. Bravery may be unsettled by an unforeseen contingency. Many a brave man is not courageous; but every courageous man is practically brave.

Many women who have accepted demigods discover that they have married demijohns.

Most men and women grow rich in character rather by what they relinquish than by what they acquire.

The trouble with Cupid nowadays is his cupidity.

What we crave most in life is what life will not, or cannot, give.

A brilliant match often makes a somber marriage.

Junius Henri Browne.

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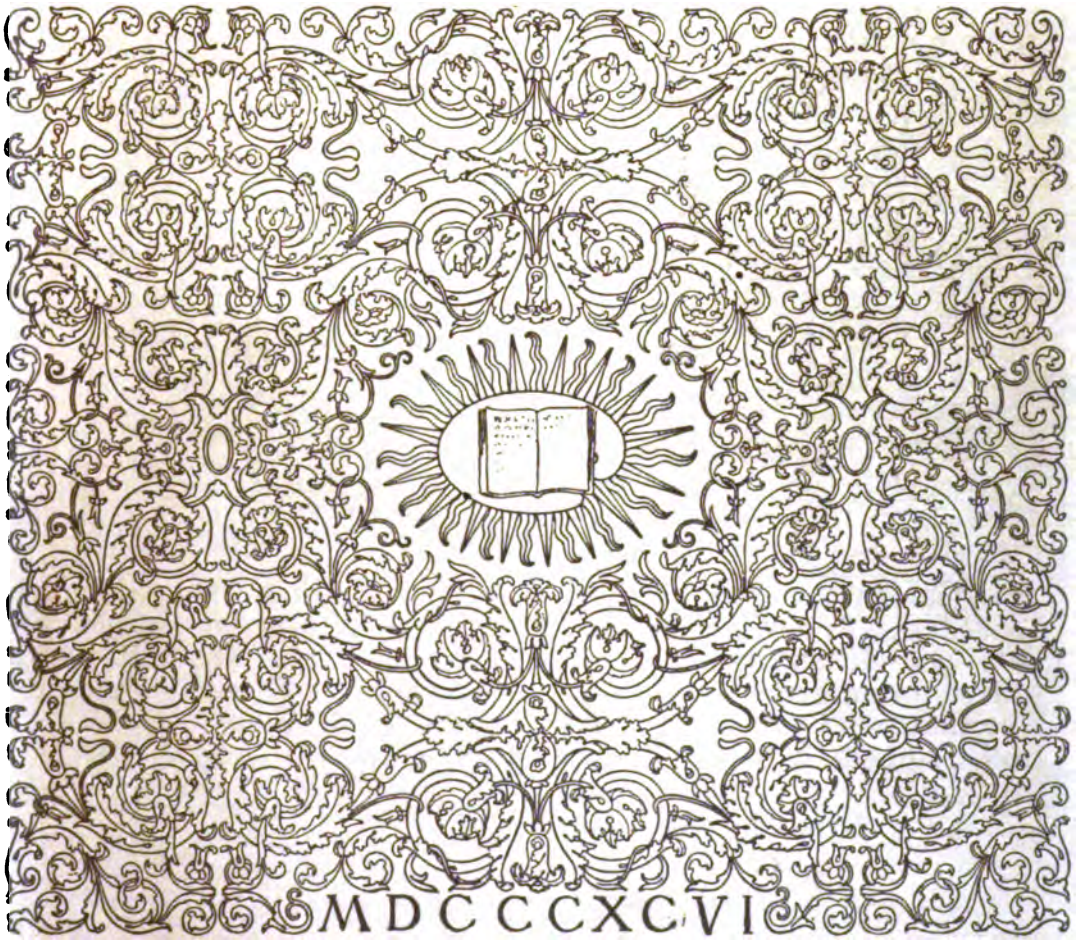

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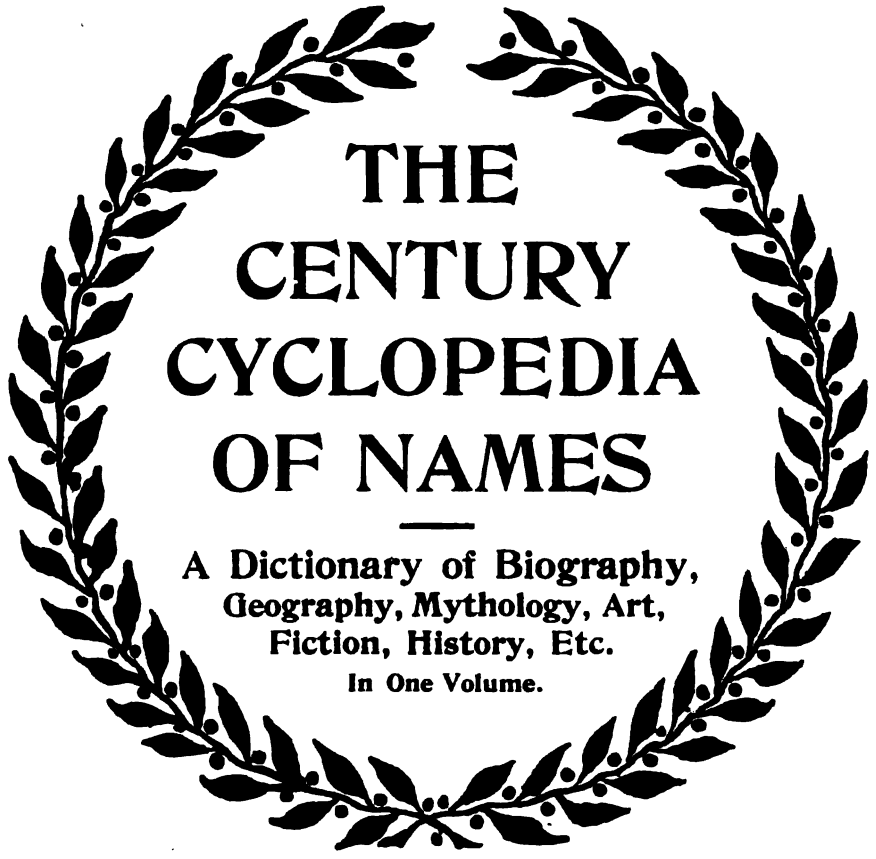

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LI. JANUARY, 1896. No. 3.

A KALEIDOSCOPE OF ROME.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

IT is ebb-tide in modern Rome just now, and the waters of progress have subsided to the lowest water-mark, leaving bare many things which have long been hidden by the flood of politics and social change. After a period of great and disastrous activity, the sleepy indifference of old times is settling once more upon the city, the race for imaginary wealth is over, time is a drug in the market, money is scarce, dwellings are plentiful, the streets are quiet by day and night, and only those who still have something to lose, or very modest hopes of gain, take an interest in public affairs. One may dream again in Rome, as one dreamed thirty years ago, when all the clocks were set once a fortnight to follow the sun, when we used to ask at what time it would be midday, and were told that it would be noon at sixteen or seventeen or eighteen o'clock, according to the time of year. But, as the French proverb tells us, noon never came as early as fourteen o'clock —« *Ne cherchez pas midi à quatorze heures!* »

Does any one remember Mme. Rachel, who used to enamel unsatisfactory complexions « for one occasion » or « for life »? There was much talk of her in her day. Those whom she enameled dared not smile, for the composition would have cracked; but at a distance, and by candle-light, the effect was really extraordinary. Rome has been enameled, and the enamel is cracking unexpectedly soon. Rome is restoring to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. They are much bigger and finer things than the symmetrical, stuccoed cubes which have lately been piled up everywhere in heaven-offending masses, and one is glad to come back to them after the nightmare that has lasted twenty years. One is surprised, moreover, to find how little permanent effect has been produced by the squandering of countless millions during the building mania, beyond a terrible destruction of trees, and certain modifications of natural local peculiarities. To do the moderns justice, they have done no one act of vandalism as bad as fifty, at least, committed by the barons of the middle ages, though they have shown very much worse taste in such new things as they have set up in the place of the old.

The charm of Rome has never been in its architecture, nor in the beauty of its streets, though the loveliness of its old-time gardens contributed much which is now in great part lost. It can certainly not be said, either, that the all-subduing magic of old Rome lay specially in its historical associations, since Rome has been loved to the verge of folly by

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half-educated girls, by extremely flippant little women of the world, and by empty-headed dandies without number, as well as by most of the men of genius who have ever spent much time there.

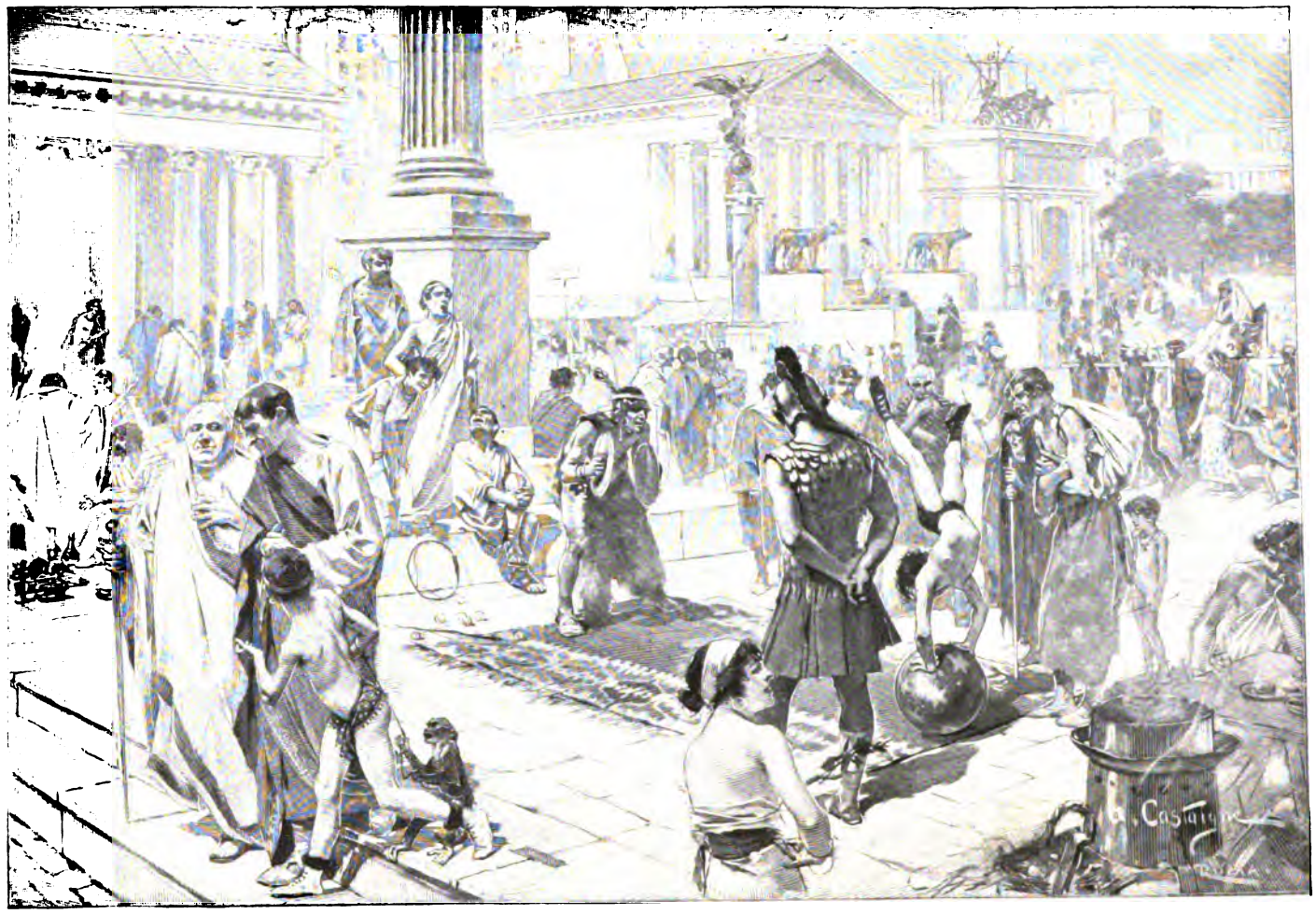
In the middle ages one might know all that was to be known. But times have changed since the medieval scholar wrote his book, «*De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.*» We cannot all be archæologists. Perhaps when we go and stand in the Forum we have a few general ideas about the relative positions of the old buildings: we know the Portico of the Twelve Gods, the temple of Concord, the Basilica Julia, the temple of Castor and Pollux; we have a more vague notion of the Senate-chamber; the hideous arch of Septimius Severus stares us in the face; so does the column of Phocas; perhaps we have been told where the rostra stood, and that the queer fragment of masonry by the arch is the «umbilicus,» the Roman center of the world. There is no excuse for not knowing these things, any more than there is any very strong reason for knowing them, if one is not a student. There is a plan of the place in every guide-book, with a description written to be read while running.

And yet, without much definite knowledge, —with «little Latin and less Greek,» perhaps,—many men and women, the guide-book in their hands forgotten for one moment, have leaned upon a block of marble with half-closed, musing eyes, and breath drawn so slow that it is almost quiet, held in day-dream wonder; and they have seen rise a vision of past things and beings, even in the broad afternoon sunshine, out of stones that remember Cæsar's footstep, and from walls that have echoed with Antony's speech. There they troop up the Sacred Way, the shock-headed, wool-draped, beak-nosed Romans; there they stand together in groups at the corner of Saturn's temple; there the half-naked plebeian children clamber upon the pedestals of the columns to watch the crowd, and double the men's deep tones with a treble of childish chatter; there the noble boy, with his bordered toga, his keen young face, and longing backward look, is hurried home out of the throng by the tall household slave, who carries his school-tablets and is responsible for his safety. A consul goes by, twelve lictors marching with him—black-browed, square-jawed, relentless men, with their rods and axes. Then two closed litters are carried past by big, black, oily fellows, beside whom walk freedmen and Greek slaves, and three or four be-curled and be-scented parasites, the shadows of the great men in the litters. Under their very feet the little street-boys play their game of pitching at tiny pyramids of dried lupins—because they have no filberts, and lupins are almost as good; and as the dandified hanger-on of Mæcenas, straining his ear for the sound of his patron's voice from within the litter, heedlessly crushes the little yellow beans under his sandal, the particular small boy whose stake is smashed clenches his fist, and with flashing eyes curses the dandy's dead to the fourth generation of ascendants, and he and his companions turn and scatter like mice as one of the biggest slaves threateningly raises his hand.

Absurd details rise in the dream. An old crone is selling roasted chestnuts in the shadow of the temple of Castor and Pollux; a tipsy soldier is reeling to his quarters with his helmet stuck on wrong side foremost; a knot of Jewish money-changers, with long curls and high caps, are talking eagerly in Hebrew, and clutching the little bags they hide in the sleeves of their yellow Eastern gowns; a bright-eyed, skinny woman of the people boxes her daughter's ears for having smiled at one of the rich men's parasites, and the girl, already crying, still looks after the fashionable good-for-nothing under her mother's upraised arm.

All about stretches the vast humming city of low-built houses covering the short, steep hills and filling all the hollows between; the seething Subura lies northeastward; the yellow river is beyond the few buildings to the west; southward rise the enchanted villas of the Cæsars; due east is the Esquiline of evil fame, redeemed and planted with trees and beautified by Mæcenas, but haunted even to-day, say modern Romans, by the grim ghosts of murderers and thieves who there died bloody deaths of quivering torture. All around, as the sun sinks and the cool shadows quench the hot light on the white pavements, the ever-increasing crowds of men—always more men than women—move inward, half unconsciously and out of inborn habit, to the Forum, the center of the empire, the middle of the world, the boiling-point of the whole earth's riches and strength and life.

Then, as the traveler muses out his short breathing-space, the vision grows confused, and Rome's huge ghosts go stalking, riding, clanging, raving through the surging dream-throng,—Cæsar, Brutus, Pompey, Catiline, Cicero, Caligula, Vitellius, Hadrian,—and close upon them, Gauls and Goths and Huns, and all barbarians, till the dream is a kaleidoscope



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE FORUM UNDER THE CÆSARS.

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

A CORNER OF POPULOUS ROME.

of school-learned names that have suddenly taken shadows of great faces out of Rome's shadow storehouse, and gorgeous arms and streaming draperies, and all at once the sight-seer shivers as the sun goes down, and passes his hand over his eyes, and shakes himself, and goes away rather hastily, lest he should take the fever and turn ghost himself.

It matters very little whether the day-dream much resembles the reality of ages ago, whether boys played with lupins then, or old women roasted chestnuts in the streets, or whether such unloving spirits should be supposed to visit one man in one vision. It matters very little, especially to the traveler himself. He has had an impression which has not been far removed from an emotion, and his day has not been lost, if it be true that emotion is the soul's only measure of time. Perhaps the secrets of Rome's mysterious charm lie hidden somewhere in that fact. The place, the people, the air, the crystalline brightness of winter, the passion-stirring sirocco of autumn, the loveliness of the long spring, the deep, still heat of summer, the atmosphere, the city, the humanity, are

all breeders of emotions in one way or another. Because Rome was once so very great indeed, a small amount of imagination in the tourist here produces in him the greatest possible emotional result. People who fancy that they understand Rome seem to be more common than people who imagine that they know all about other places; and in traveling nothing is so flattering to the traveler as to be able to think that he understands what he sees.

But it is not the object of this brief paper to analyze the emotions of the average tourist. In these days, since analysis, so called, has become cheap and general, the tourist has little difficulty in analyzing himself, and next to none at all in making public the results of his self-chemistry. It is wonderful to note how many people are ready and anxious to butcher their own souls, quarter them, and dispose of them piecemeal to the public, even as cat's meat.

THE men of Trastevere (the section «beyond the Tiber») boast that they are of better blood than the other Romans. They may be right. In many parts of Italy just such small ancient tribes have kept alive, never intermarrying with their neighbors, nor losing their original speech. There are villages in the south where Greek is spoken, others where Albanian is the language. There is one in Calabria where the people speak nothing but Piedmontese. Italy, too, has always been a land of individualities rather than of amalgamations, and she has owed most of her greatness to the fact. So the Trasteverines claim that they have preserved their individuality. This is true at least of the quarter where they live, cut off by the river from the modernizing fever which has raged so dangerously through the length and breadth of Rome proper.

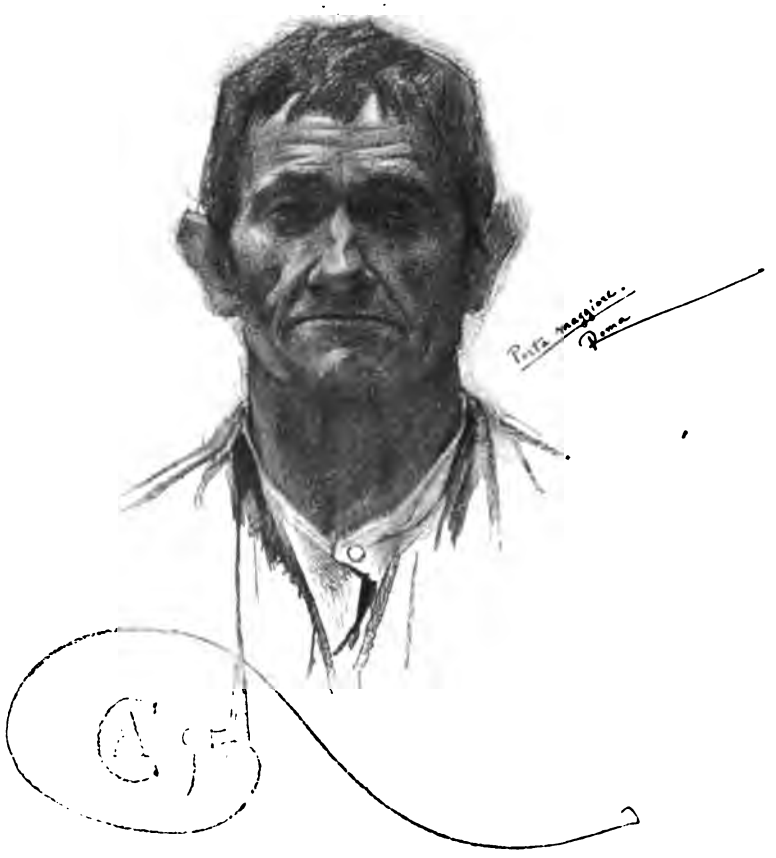
Trastevere is full of crooked little streets and irregularly shaped open places; the houses are not high, the windows are small and old-fashioned, and the entrances dark and low. But Trastevere is not a dirty quarter; on the contrary, to eyes that understand Italians, there is a certain dignity in its poverty, which contrasts strongly with the slipshod publicity of household dirt one used to see in the inhabited parts of the «Monti,» for instance.

The long, hollow Italian reed-cane stuck out of an upper window and «guyed,» as sailors say, with any old bits of line, is a convenient thing for hanging out clothes to dry, and was probably used for the same purpose several hundred years ago. The little inner court where the well is may have been wider in those days, but it must always have been a cool, secluded place in which the women could wrangle and tear one another's hair in decent privacy and comfort. In the days when everything went to the gutter it was a wise precaution to have as few windows as possible on the outside of one's house. The wine-shops and cook-shops, then as now, opened directly upon the street, because they were, as they still often are, mere single

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

TEMPIO DI PALLADE.

vaulted chambers having no communication with the house within either by door or staircase. In old Rome, as in Trastevere to-day, there must have been an air of mystery about all dwelling-houses. In those days, far more than now, the head of the house was lord, master, and despot within his own walls; but something of that power remains by tradition of right at the present time, and the patriarchal system is not yet wholly dead. The business of the man was to work and to fight for his wife and children, just as to fight and hunt for his family were the occupations of the American Indian. The return he received was absolute obedience and abject acknowledgment of his superiority. The government-fed Indian and the Roman paterfamilias of to-day do very little fighting, working, or hunting, but in their several ways they still claim much of the same slavish obedience as in old times. One is inclined to wonder whether nowadays the self-assertion of women is not due to the fall in value of men, since it is no



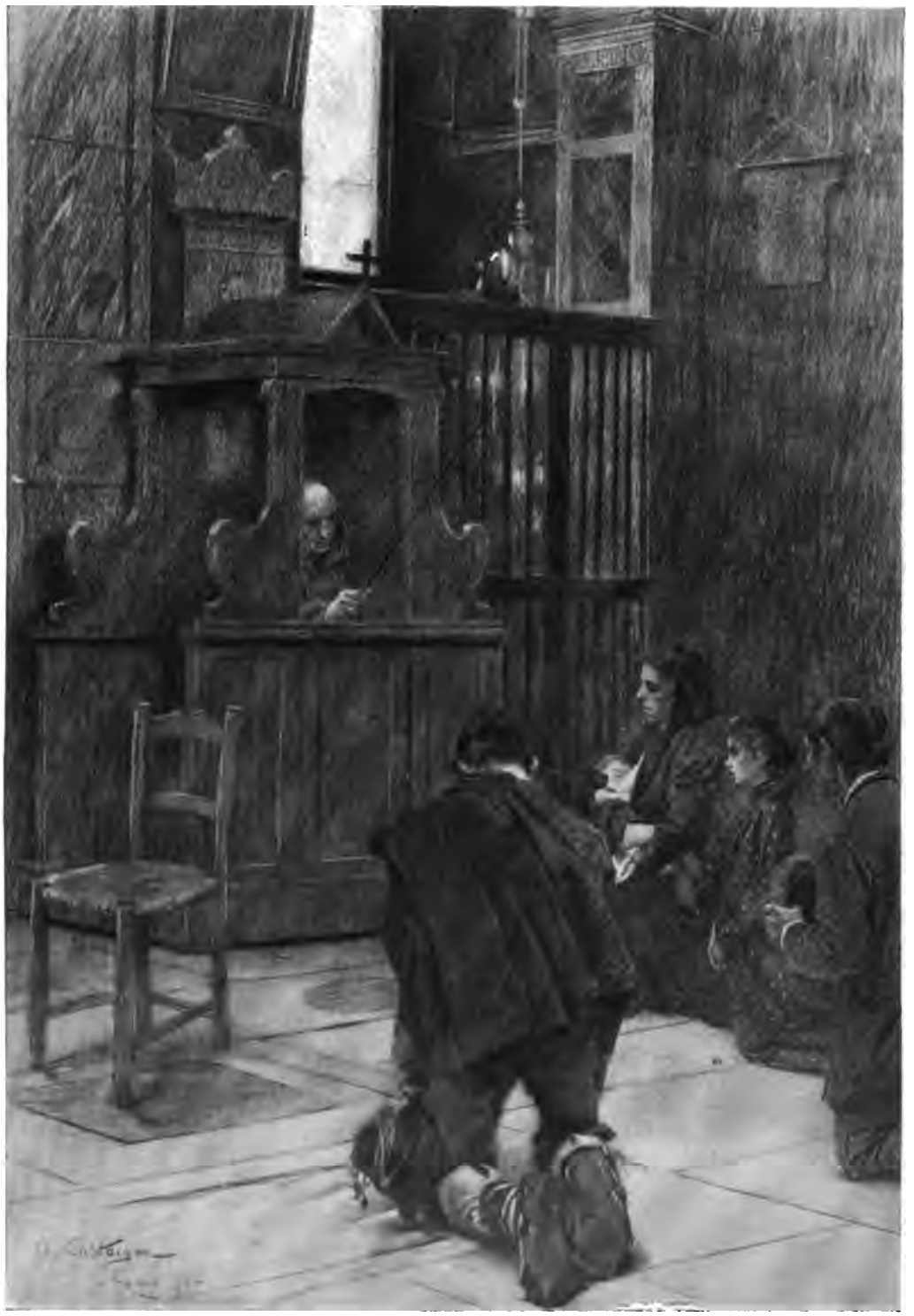
DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

AN OLD PEASANT FROM THE CAMPAGNA.

longer necessary to pursue wild beasts for food, since fighting is reduced to a science taught in three months and seldom required for a long time, and since work has become so largely the monopoly of the nimble typewriter. Women ask themselves and others, with at least a show of justice, whether, since man's occupation is to sit still and think, they might not, with a little practice, sit quite as still as he, and think to as good a purpose. In our own country it was one thing to fell big trees, build log huts, dam streams, plow stony ground, kill bears, and fight Indians; it is quite another to sit in a comfortable chair before a plate-glass window and dictate notes in barbarous English to a dumb and skilful stenographer.

But it is worth noting that with the development of woman's independence the air of privacy, not to say of mystery, disappears from the modern dwelling. In Trastevere things have not gone so far yet. One cannot thread the narrow streets without wondering a little about the lives of the grave, black-eyed, harsh-voiced people who go in and out by the dark entrances, and stand together in groups in Piazza Romana, or close to Ponte Sisto, early in the morning, and just before midday, and again in the cool of the evening.

It seems to be a part of the real simplicity of the Italian Latin to put on a quite useless look of mystery on all occasions, and to assume the air of a conspirator when buying a cabbage; and more than one great foreign writer has fallen into the error of believing the Italian character to be profoundly complicated. One is apt to forget that it needs much deeper duplicity to maintain an appearance of frankness under trying circumstances than to make a mystery of one's marketing and a profound secret of one's cookery. There are few things which the poor Italian more dislikes than to be watched when he is buying and preparing his food, though he will ask any one to share it with him when it is ready; but he is almost as prone to hide everything else that goes on inside his house, unless he has fair warning of a visit, and full



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE CONFESSIONAL IN ARACŒLI.

time to prepare himself for it. This is perhaps not entirely a race peculiarity, but rather a survival of medieval life as it was all over Europe. There are pretty clear indications in our own literature that the ladies and gentlemen of two or three hundred years ago did not like to be caught unprepared by inquisitive visitors. The silks and satins in which they are portrayed would not have lasted a lifetime, as they did, if they had been worn every day. As for the cleanliness of those times, the less said about it the better. In Rome there was a long period during which not a single aqueduct was in working order, and it was a trade to clear a supply of water out of the Tiber from a portion of the yellow mud by letting it settle in reservoirs, and to sell it in the streets for all household purposes. Who washed in those days? It is safer to ask the question now than it would have been then. Probably those persons washed who were the fortunate owners of a house well or a rain-water cistern, and those who had neither did not. Perhaps that was very much the same all over Europe. It is certainly to the credit of Trastevere that it is not a dirty place to-day, by Italian standards.

And yet it has preserved much of its old appearance and many of its old customs, though separated only by the river from the scene of the modern architect's most barbarous deeds. It is almost all that is preserved of the Rome of thirty years ago, beyond the churches and monuments and great palaces. Here the clothes are hung out to dry over the streets, it is true, but in the windows from which they hang there are pots of growing herbs and sweet flowers — basil, rosemary, and red carnations. Here one sees men and women in old-fashioned clothes; but their dark faces are calm and contented, compared with the eager, haggard features which have become so common of late years on the other side of the Tiber. Here there has been no sudden flood of fictitious prosperity and paper wealth, but neither has there been any retiring wave to sweep away all but life, and sometimes life too, into the bottomless pit of bankruptcy. Nor has a quarter of a century produced here the miserable, unhealthy throng of ill-grown boys and girls who crowd the Roman pavements at the school hours twice a day. The people of Trastevere look sounder and stronger in every way; they are quieter and more dignified; the men seem more manly, the women more womanly, the children more childlike, the whole population more natural.

THE tendency in Rome has of late been toward the artificial, and it is a refreshment to come upon some untouched portion of what is good as well as picturesque. The attempt to produce a modern capital at all hazards and costs has told upon the population as well as upon the city itself. For at great centers the first result of modern civilization is vice, and the next is degeneracy. It is really quite useless to ignore the fact in print, when it is perfectly apparent to every man in his senses. Italy is no worse than other countries, but neither is she an exception to the general rule; and since the most necessary institutions of civilization are prisons and hospitals, it is to Italy's credit that she should have spent as much as she has upon them, in the midst of so much utterly senseless extravagance in other directions.

Old Rome was, in a sense, genuine, which does not mean exactly the same as «simple.» There was very little pretense about it, though some of the realities were complicated enough, according to our ideas. Modern civilization is made vulgar by the enormous amount of pretense, of sham, of miserable imitation, which its really good things bring in their train. This vulgarity sometimes goes to such lengths as to become positively pathetic. Is it not pathetic to see how the poor woman struggles against impossible odds to produce a cheap imitation of the rich woman's finery? Is there not something pitiful beyond words in the crumpled paper flowers fastened upon the limp old hat that has been ten times twisted to shapelessness in the attempt to follow the changing fashions? In old days the women of the people in Rome wore no hats at all, which was cheaper, simpler, and far more becoming. It is common to speak of the crimes done in the name of religion since the world's beginning. One forgets the sins done for the sake of fashion, which are far more numerous and far more base. One forgets the hard-earned wages squandered on worthless finery, and, a step higher in the scale, the men of small means ruined by their wives' extravagance — the men who, to satisfy woman's fancies, have gambled, have cheated, have stolen, and have been ruined at last; the children that have been robbed of a decent bringing up by vain and reckless mothers; worst of all, the millions of innocent girls who, since history began, have sold their souls for an ornament, for a frock, for a tinsel gimcrack. There was a great deal of sound good sense in sumptuary laws.

Of course the poorer the country or the

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

A PET OF SOCIETY.

city, the cheaper and poorer the imitation of each fashionable freak must be. In Rome, which is in reality one of the poorest cities in the civilized world, the element of sham is enormous, and is found in everything, from architecture to millinery, and from millinery to groceries. In the architecture the very gifts of the Italians have turned against them. For they are born engineers and mathematicians, and by a really marvelous refinement of calculation they have done miracles in the construction of big buildings out of altogether insufficient material, while the Italian workman's traditional skill in modeling stucco has covered vast surfaces of unsafe masonry with the most hideous ornamentations ever seen. One result of all this has been a series of catastrophes of which a detailed account would appal grave men in other countries; another consequence is the existence of a quantity of grotesquely bad street decoration, much of which is already beginning to crumble under the action of the weather.

It is sadder still to see the modern ruins of houses which were not even finished when the crash put an end to the building mania. There are many of these, roofless, windowless, plasterless, falling to ruin, and never to be inhabited—landmarks of bankruptcy, whole streets of dwellings built to lodge an imaginary population, and which will have fallen to dust long before they are ever needed.

ROME'S fascination is variable, like the beauty of some most fascinating women. There are days and times when it seems hardly to exist at all. One walks along the Via Nazionale and looks up at the stuccoed houses, and glances at the cheap signs of the cheap shops, and resents the superlative vulgarity of the people he sees, and the horrible Milanese and Piedmontese dialects he hears on all sides. The gaudy advertisements of poisonous drinks, the disquieting features of the overdressed men and women who drive by in over-showy equipages, the insolent stare of the military men in their skin-tight gray trousers, the noisy, dusty, horn-blowing tram-cars, and a thousand other things of the sort, contribute to produce a horribly depressing effect. On such days, in the hour of one's discontent, the very air has an evil taste, the blue Roman sky has a dusty, colorless look, and all artificial hues are offensive, so that one longs for the nobility of a black-and-white universe.

Perhaps the climate has special power to call up these moods in a man, as it has virtue, also, to soothe and charm him at other times. The wind changes, and blows softly from the west, the sun sinks toward the distant sea, the pale sky turns as blue as sapphire, and the swallows shoot down like the flight of a thousand arrows from the lofty eaves of an old palace. Down in Piazza Colonna,—a forum with cafés for temples and a bandstand for the rostra, but in a sense the real forum of to-day,—in the shade of the great buildings, the people begin to gather together toward evening, in little groups, by tens and scores, and by and by in hundreds; the carriages crowd one upon another at a footpace, and the idlers line the carriageway on each side, moving along a little, now and then, to get a better view, at a rate that cannot be called walking. The types of life appear in their social order down to the lowest grade that can afford a good hat, but no lower. That seems to be the test in Piazza Colonna. It is surely not a severe one, though it would hardly have found favor with Cincinnatus.

It is strange that just at that hour and place one should be struck by the absence of all vulgarity, as one was stifled by its overwhelming presence an hour earlier in the Via Nazionale. The people are quiet—notably so, as compared with the people of most cities. There is a softness, a mellowness, in the air, which steals into the soul with an inexplicable power of fascination. The bitterest, weariest man must feel just then that it is not altogether sorrow to live. And strolling onward toward the old city, he bears the growing charm with him, and finds, perhaps, that it has a creative power of its own, like the air of dreams, out of which the possible and the impossible are shaped at the faint suggestion of a passing thought, so that what has never existed is suddenly as familiar as with a lifelong intimacy of association. Our dreams hardly ever seem vulgar to us, because they are generally the expression of our own tastes, and they tell us to some extent what we should be if we had our choice of body, soul, and character. Is any man vulgar in his own eyes?

PERHAPS it is true that the impressions which Rome makes upon a thoughtful man vary more according to the wind and the time of day than those he feels in other cities. Perhaps, too, there is no capital in all the world which has such contrasts to show within a mile of each other—one might almost say within a dozen steps.

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE ANGELUS, IN THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

One of the most crowded thoroughfares of Rome, for instance, is the Via del Tritone, which is the only passage between the Pincian and the Quirinal hills, from the region of Piazza Colonna toward the railway-station and the new quarter. During the busy hours of the day a carriage can rarely move through its narrower portions any faster than at a foot-pace, and the insufficient pavements are thronged with pedestrians. In a measure, the Tritone in Rome corresponds to Galata bridge in Constantinople. In the course of a week most of the population of the city must have passed at least once through the crowded little street, which somehow, in the rain of millions that lasted for two years, did not manage to attract to itself even the little sum which would have sufficed to widen it by a few yards. It is as though the contents of Rome were daily drawn through a keyhole. In the Tritone are to be seen daily magnificent equipages, jammed in the string, between milk-carts, omnibuses, and dustmen's barrows, preceded by butchers' vans and followed by miserable cabs, smart dog-carts, and high-wheeled country vehicles driven by rough, booted men wearing green-lined cloaks and looking like stage bandits; even saddle-horses are sometimes led that way, to save time; and on each side flow two streams of human beings of every type to be found between Porta Angelica and Porta San Giovanni. A prince of the Holy Roman Empire pushes past a troop of dirty school-children, and is almost driven into an open barrel of salt codfish, in the door of a poor shop, by a black-faced charcoal-man carrying a sack on his head more than half as high as himself. A party of jolly young German tourists in loose clothes, with red books in their hands, and their field-glasses hanging by straps across their shoulders, try to rid themselves of the flower-girls dressed in sham Sabine costumes, and utter exclama-

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

PIAZZA COLONNA AT NIGHT.

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

FROM THE CAMPAGNA.

tions of astonishment and admiration when they themselves are almost run down by a couple of the giant Royal Grenadiers, each six feet five or thereabouts, besides nine inches, or so, of crested helmet aloft, gorgeous, gigantic, and spotless. Clerks by the dozen and liveried messengers of the ministries struggle in the press; ladies gather their skirts closely, and try to pick a dainty way where, indeed, there is nothing «dain» (a word which Dr. Johnson confesses that he could not find in any dictionary, but which he thinks might be very useful); servant girls, smart children with nurses and hoops going up to the Pincio, black-browed washerwomen with big baskets of clothes on their heads, stumpy little infantry soldiers in gray uniforms, priests, friars, venders of boot-laces and thread, vegetable-sellers pushing hand-carts of green things in and out among the horses and vehicles with amazing dexterity, and yelling their cries in superhumanly high voices—there is no end to the multitude. If the day is showery, it is a sight to see the confusion in the Tritone when umbrellas of every age, material, and color are all opened at once, while the people who have none crowd into the codfish shop and the liquor-seller's and the tobacconist's, with the traditional *con permesso* of excuse for entering when they do not mean to buy anything; for the Romans are mostly civil people and fairly good-natured. But rain or shine, at the busy hours, the place is always crowded to overflowing

with every description of vehicle and every type of humanity.

Out of the Babel—a horizontal Babel!—you may turn into the little church dedicated to the «Holy Guardian Angels.» It stands on the south side of the Tritone, in that part which is broader, and which a little while ago was still called the Via dell' Angelo Custode—Guardian Angel street. It is an altogether insignificant little church, and strangers scarcely ever visit it. But going down the Tritone, when your ears are splitting and your eyes are confused with the kaleidoscopic figures of the scurrying crowd, you may lift the heavy leathern curtain, and leave the hurly-burly outside, and find yourself all alone in the quiet presence of death, the end of all hurly-burly and confusion. It is quite possible that under the high, still light in the round church with its four niche-like chapels, you may see draped in black that thing which no one ever mistakes for anything else; and round about the coffin a dozen tall wax candles may be burning with a steady yellow flame. Possibly, at the sound of the leathern curtain slapping the stone door-posts as it falls behind you, a sad-looking sacristan may shuffle out of a dark corner to see who has come in; possibly not. He may be asleep, or he may be busy folding vestments in the sacristy. The dead need little protection from the living, nor does a sacristan readily put himself out for nothing. You may stand there undisturbed as long as you please, and see what all the world's noise comes to in the end. Or it may be, if the departed person belonged to a pious confraternity, that you chance upon the brothers of the society—clad in dark hoods with only holes for their eyes, and no man recognized by his neighbor—chanting penitential psalms and hymns for the one whom they all know because he is dead, and they are living.

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE PALACE OF THE CÆSARS.

Such contrasts are not lacking in Rome. There are plenty of them everywhere in the world, perhaps, but they are more striking here, in proportion as the outward forms of religious practice are more ancient, unchang-

ing, and impressive. For there is nothing very impressive or unchanging about the daily outside world, specially in Rome.

Rome, the worldly, is the capital of one of the smaller kingdoms of the world, which those who rule it are anxious to force into the position of a great power. One need not criticize their action too harshly; their motives can hardly be anything but patriotic, considering the fearful sacrifices they impose upon their country. But they are not the men who brought about Italian unity. They are the successors of those men; they are not satisfied with that unification, and they have dreamed a dream of ambition beside which, considering the means at their disposal, the projects of Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon sink into comparative insignificance. At all events, the worldly, modern, outward Italian Rome is very far behind the great European capitals in development, not to say in wealth and magnificence. «Lay» Rome, if one may use the expression, is not in the least a remarkable city.

«Ecclesiastic» Rome is the stronghold of a most tremendous fact, from whatever point of view Christianity may be considered. If one could, in imagination, detach the head of the Catholic Church from the church, one would be obliged to admit that no single living man possesses the far-reaching and lasting power which in each succeeding papal reign belongs to the Pope. Behind the Pope stands the fact which confers, maintains, and extends that power from century to century —a power which is one of the hugest elements of the world's moral activity, both in its own direct action and in the counteraction and antagonism which it calls forth continually.

It is the all-pervading presence of this greatest fact, literally, in Christendom which has carried on Rome's importance from the days of the Cæsars, across the chasm of the dark ages, to the days of the modern popes; and it is this really enormous importance which continually throws forward into cruel relief the puerilities and inanities of the daily outward world. It is the consciousness of that importance which makes old Roman society what it is, with its virtues, its vices, its prejudices, and its strange, old-fashioned, close-fisted kindliness; which makes the contrast between the Saturnalia of Shrove Tuesday night and the cross signed with ashes upon the forehead on Ash Wednesday morning, between the careless laughter of the Roman beauty in Carnival, and the tragic earnestness of the same lovely face when the great lady kneels in Lent before the confessional to receive upon her bent head the light touch of the penitentiary's wand, taking her turn, perhaps, with a score of women of the people. It is the knowledge of an always present power, active throughout the whole world, which throws deep, straight shadows, as it were, through the Roman character, just as in certain ancient families there is a secret that makes grave the lives of those who know it.

In Rome itself one loses sight of the Vatican and of the cupola of St. Peter's. The view of them is easily shut out when one is near. But at a little distance, as you drive out upon the Campagna, the dome rears itself up by degrees, as though a giant were slowly thrusting up his helmeted head from the horizon; and as you go farther away the mass rises still in respect of the littlenesses around it, enormous out of all foreseen proportion, until it hugely masters and thrusts down all the rest beneath the level line of mist, and towers alone above everything, in vast imperial solitude.

But out upon that broad expanse of rolling land one need not look forever at St. Peter's dome. Half the history of the world has been written in stones and blood between the sea-line and the ranging mountains. The memory of a Brahman sage, the tongue of a Homer, the wisdom of a Solomon, kneaded into one human genius, would not suffice to recall, to describe, and to judge all that men have done in that bounded plain.

Where the myths of ages were born and grew great and died, where the history of five and twenty centuries lies buried, romance has still life to put forth a few tender blossoms. For although the day of the Cæsars is darkened, and the twilight of their gods has deepened into night, the human heart has not yet lived out its day nor earned its rest.

On the very spot where you pause, dim primeval battles were fought, Christian martyrs died, barbarians encamped, Roman barons slew one another, and foreign conquerors halted before besieging Rome. Where you are standing, fair young St. Julia may have breathed her last upon the cross; Augustus may have drawn rein a moment there, while Julius Cæsar's funeral pyre still sent up its pillar of smoke from the distant Forum, as the Jews fed the flames, bewailing him through seven days and nights; the Constable of Bourbon passed this way, riding to his death; by this road Paolo Giordano Orsini led his young wife to haunted Galera, having in his heart already determined that she should

die; Savelli, Frangipani, Orsini, Colonna, Vitelleschi, without number, have ridden by, in war and peace, to good and evil deeds.

AND a man's eyes come back to it again and again as he slowly turns, viewing and reviewing the broad grave of half the world's greatness. It has the attracting fascination of a distant and lofty island in the midst of a lonely ocean, and draws the sight to itself in the same way. One cannot get rid

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.
A TRASTEVERE BEAUTY.

of it until he is in the city again, and even then it haunts him, and impels him to climb to some high place and look at it once more before the sun goes down. The drawing power of Rome itself is proverbial among travelers, taking form in the belief that whoever drinks of the water of Trevi by moonlight, and throws a coin into the fountain, will some day come back. The name Trevi is sometimes derived from «Trivium,» «cross-roads,» and all cross-roads belonged to Hecate, goddess of enchantment, so that the superstition probably had its far-away origin in a spell of bygone days. But it is neither the moonlight, nor the water, nor the offering of the obolus to the infernal gods, whereby the wanderer is sooner or later brought again to Rome. The center-seeking force which once drew all the world to Rome's feet is not yet quite spent. In Rienzi's day there were not twenty thousand souls, all told, within the city. Things have changed again since that time, and there has probably never been a time when so many people of all nations have been at least once in their lives within Rome's walls.

As for Roman moonlight, however, it has a beauty and a magic of its own. Moonlight has everywhere the effect of reproducing the day-picture in black and white, as a painting is reproduced by engraving or etching. The lights and shadows, in the course of nature, always fall in the same series of general directions in which they are cast by the sun from morning to evening; but the moon, according to her southing when near the full, may happen to cast at midsummer the long shadows which the sun makes at Christmas, and the contrary. No one seems to have noticed this fact in its connection with the unexpected effects produced by the moonlight in places well known to us. We are really much more familiar with the shadows where we generally live than we know, and any sudden displacement of them when the sun is shining, were such a thing possible, would probably produce a terrifying impression upon us. The sensation of seeing something new, which one so often feels in the moonlight, is most likely connected with the difference in shadows caused by the moon's chancing to be much farther south or north than the sun at that time of year. The character of moonlight in general in any city depends on the colors of the houses and on their shapes. The yellowish stuccoed walls of Rome give back the light, warm and soft, and the strong shadows are deeper and fuller than those cast by white surfaces or gray. Even the tint of the paving-stones is less cold than in other places. Moreover, there are nowhere such fountains as here, in every square, at every corner, in every open place. Lastly, there is perhaps no old city in the world where the architecture is so uniformly bad as seen by daylight, and therefore so easily improved by the ennobling change from vulgar color to plain black and white. For color accentuates vulgarity of shape.

Be these things as they may, a moonlight night in Rome has a special enchantment.

The stillness is like a pause in sweet music; the sound of the running water is like the chant of a spell. The electric light does not dazzle the eyes at every turn. There is no night traffic. Except during the short winter season, there are not many carriages about, even in the principal streets. People who walk alone move quietly, and even those who go together in twos and threes talk in low tones, or not at all; for enough of old-time tradition has survived to make respectable citizens instinctively cautious about being out late in the less frequented neighborhoods. It is only near the theaters, when the play is over, that there is any life; and in the central part of the Corso, near Aragno's café, and by the Piazza Colonna, where there are many others, it is not quiet until an hour after midnight.

Sometimes, if one wanders upward toward the Monti when the moon is high, a far-off voice rings through the quiet air—one of those voices which hardly ever find their way to the stage nowadays, and which, perhaps, would not satisfy the nervous taste of our Wagnerian times. In Japan, where almost everything is very artificial, girls who are to sing in public for a living must break their voices before they are thought able to sing at all. The breaking consists in singing as loud as possible upon the roof of the house at night, in the bitterest winter weather, until a violent and dangerous sore throat ensues. This presumably produces a permanent roughening and thickening of the vocal chords, and the consequence is a sort of strident, harsh tone which delights Japanese ears but would set most European teeth on edge. A similar result seems to be produced on many voices by singing Wagner's later music, and there are certainly to be found persons who prefer such singing to the common but perfectly natural Italian tenor. Perhaps it sounds better in the moonlight, in those lonely, echoing streets, than it would on the stage. At all events, it is beautiful, as one hears it, clear, strong, natural, ringing. It belongs to the place and hour, as the humming of honey-bees to a field of flowers at noon, or the desolate moaning of the tide to a lonely ocean coast at night. It is the sort of singing that belongs to romance. It is true that the romantic is somewhat out of fashion just now. It is not an exaggeration, nor a mere bit of ill nature, to say that there are thousands of fastidiously cultivated people to-day who would think it all theatrical in the extreme, and would be inclined to despise their own taste if they felt a secret pleasure in the scene and the song. But in Rome even such as they might condescend to the romantic for an hour, because in Rome such deeds have been dared, such loves have been loved, such deaths have been died, that any romance, no matter how wild, has larger probability in the light of what has actually been experienced by real men and women.

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

A ROMAN BOY.

So going alone through the winding moonlighted ways about Tor de' Conti, Santa Maria dei Monti, and San Pietro in Vincoli, a man need take no account of modern fashions in sensation; and if he will but let himself be charmed, the enchantment will take hold of him and lead him on through a city of dreams and visions, and memories strange and great, without end. Ever since Rome began there must have been just such silvery nights; just such a voice rang through the same air ages ago; just as now the velvet shadows fell pall-like and unrolled themselves along the gray pavement under the lofty columns of Mars the Avenger and beneath the wall of the Forum of Augustus; such white stillness as this fell then also, by night, on all the broad space around the amphitheater of all amphitheaters, the wonder of the world, the chief monument of Titus, when his hand had left of Jerusalem not one stone upon another. The same moonbeams fell slanting across the same huge walls, and whitened the sand of the same broad arena when the great awning was drawn back at night to air the place of so much death. In the shadow, the steps are still those up which Dion the senator went to see mad Commodus play the gladiator and the public fool. On one of those lower seats he sat, the grave historian, chewing laurel-leaves to steady his lips and keep down his laughter, lest a smile should cost his head; and he showed the other senators that it was a good thing for their safety, and there they sat, in their rows, throughout the long afternoon,

solemnly chewing laurel-leaves for their lives, while the strong madman raved on the sand below, and slew, and bathed himself in the blood of man and beast. There is a touch of frightful humor in the tale.

And one stands there alone in the stillness and remembers how, on that night when all was over, when the corpses had all been dragged away, and the arena had been freshly strewn with sand, it may have been almost as it is now. Only, perhaps, far off among the arches and on the tiers of seats, there might be still a tiny light moving here and there; the keepers of the terrible place would go their rounds with their little earthen lamps; they would search everywhere in the spectators' places for small things that might have been lost in the press—a shoulder-buckle of gold or silver or bronze, an armlet, a woman's earring, a purse, perhaps, with something in it. And the fitful night breeze would now and then make them shade their lights with their dark hands. By the «door of the dead» a torch was burning down in its socket, its glare falling upon a heap of armor, mostly somewhat battered, and all of it bloodstained; a score of black-browed smiths were picking it over and distributing it in heaps, according to its condition. Now and then, from the deep vaults below the arena, came the distant sound of a clanging gate, or of some piece of huge stage machinery falling into its place, and a muffled calling of men. One of the keepers, with his light, was singing softly some ancient minor strain as he searched the tiers. That would be all, and presently even that would cease.

One thinks of such things naturally enough; and then the dream runs backward, against the sun, as dreams will, and the moon-rays weave a vision of dim day. Straightway tier upon tier, eighty thousand faces rise, up to the last high rank beneath the awning's shade. Meanwhile, under his silken canopy, sits the emperor of the world, sodden-faced, ghastly, swine-eyed, robed in purple; all alone, save for his dwarf, bull-nosed, slit-mouthed, hunchbacked, sly. Next, on the lowest bench, the Vestals, old and young, the elder looking on with hard faces and dry eyes, the youngest with wide and startled looks, and parted lips, and quick-drawn breath that sobs and is caught at sight of each deadly stab and gash of broad-sword and trident, and hands that twitch and clutch each other as a man's foot slips in a pool of blood and the heavy harness clashes in the red, wet sand. Then gray-haired senators; then curled and perfumed knights of Rome; and then the people, countless, vast, frenzied, bloodthirsty, stretching out a hundred thousand hands with thumbs reversed, commanding death to the fallen—full eighty thousand throats of men and women roaring, yelling, shrieking over each ended life. A theater indeed, a stage indeed, a play wherein every scene of every act ends in a sudden death.

And then the wildest, deadliest howl of all on that day; a handful of men and women in white, and one girl in the midst of them; the clang of an iron gate thrown suddenly open; a rushing and leaping of great lithe bodies of beasts, yellow and black and striped, the sand flying in clouds behind them; a worrying and crushing of flesh and bone, as of huge cats worrying little white mice; three sharp cries, then blood, then silence, then a great laughter, and the sodden face of mankind's drunken master grows almost human for a moment with a very slow smile. The wild beasts are driven out with brands step by step, dragging backward nameless mangled rags of humanity in their dripping jaws, and the bull-nosed dwarf offers the emperor a cup of rare red wine. It drips from his mouth while he drinks, as the blood from the tigers' fangs.

«What were they?» he asks.

«Christians,» explains the dwarf.

«They were very amusing,» answers the emperor. «They were like little white mice. We will have more!»

F. Marion Crawford.

RESPONSIBILITY AMONG THE CHINESE.

HE recent war between China and Japan has proved many things beyond all question, and among them the almost complete absence of anything like a national spirit among the mass of the Chinese people, or even among the soldiery. So strikingly has this strange lack been brought out, especially in contrast with the intensity and solidarity of its presence among the Japanese, that one wonders how such a vast body of apparently non-national people can be held together by the handful of Manchu nobles whose forefathers conquered China proper two hundred and more years ago. We do not need to go far afield for some of the reasons. Perhaps the two most apparent causes at work are the mutual suspicions and jealousies of the leading Chinese officials, and their consequent inability to combine, much less to unite; and the stolid indifference of all classes, except the so-called literati, as to whom it is that governs, so long as taxes and interference are not beyond all endurance. But there is one principle which is quite as effective in keeping this mass of human beings in subjection to the powers that be—the principle that everybody is responsible, not only for his own acts, but also for the acts of somebody else.

The question, «Am I my brother's keeper?» is never asked by a Chinese, for the simple reason that an affirmative answer is so emphatically taken for granted that it would not occur to him to doubt it.

I can best illustrate the universality of this principle among the Chinese by giving examples that came under my personal observation, or within my personal hearing, while residing and traveling in the northern part of China during the greater part of two years.

My first trip was taken from Tientsin, the head of steam navigation on the Peiho River, over to Taiyuenfu, the capital of the province of Shansi, a distance of perhaps six hundred miles. The first stage was made by what are called house-boats, up small streams and canals from Tientsin, the great business city of the province of Chihli, to Paotingfu, the capital of the same province.

Traveling by these house-boats is by far the most comfortable means of getting about in the interior of China wherever steamers cannot take you, provided, of course, you are not in any special hurry. If one gets tired of reading or writing, or watching the monotonous banks, there is nearly always a chance to leave the boat, clamber up the bank, and take a walk along the towpath. Then, too, stops are not infrequent, and afford opportunities for quiet strolls—quiet, I mean, provided one be like the philosopher who declared he was never so much alone as when in a crowd; for it matters very little how solitary the region seems to be, you are sure to be followed by from one to a dozen or more interested Chinese who appear to be going your way, or else have a sudden call to follow at sight of the foreign devil. The fact that there were so many men apparently without anything to do, together with the wholly wrong and exaggerated notion that nearly every Chinese would steal if he had a good chance, at first made me very averse to leaving my boat—at least, until I had gathered everything of value that could easily be carried off, and had placed it under lock and key. Our escort, a resident of China for many years, happened to learn of this fear on my part by my asking him to wait, before going to walk, until I had locked up my things.

«Lock up your things!» exclaimed he, as a quiet smile played about his mouth. «Why, man, you need not take that trouble. Leave your things just where they are; nothing will be touched. Every hand on board knows that the head boatman is responsible, not only for our personal safety and deliverance at the end of the boat line, but for everything that belongs to us also, be it never so trifling; and that he in turn will hold each boatman responsible for any loss while he is on the boat. Moreover, this head boatman not only knows that he is thus responsible, but, what is more to the point, that *I* know he is responsible.»

«But,» said I, «suppose the head boatman does prove false, what could you do?»

«Well,» replied Mr. X., «back of him are the owners of the line of boats from which I hired these with us; they would be held responsible; and ultimately, back of the owners is the head official of the place where they live. Thus each official is responsible for

all below him, so that if anything is stolen or goes wrong, I can always look to some one to pay for it, make it good, or suffer, no matter how far, to our American ideas, he may seem to be from direct responsibility.»

This statement greatly interested me. I understood then, at least from one side, why none of our numerous self-invited inspectors from each village or town where we stopped ever attempted to get on board our boats, either when we were aboard, and could, it would be supposed, look after our things ourselves, or when we were all away, and fear of our presence could not be the deterring cause.

I understood, also, how easy it would be in certain cases to test the innocence of our men. Suppose, for example, that a stranger, or even a relative of a boatman, did succeed in getting on board while we were tied up at or near a village, and should make off with a watch or the like, and our boatmen not know it, nor we discover the loss till we had gone on; then what? The plea of not knowing it, even if urged, would not release the boatmen from responsibility; they ought to know it.

If, however, we were in doubt, and wished to make sure that none of our men had committed or abetted the theft, we could ask them to drop back to the village where the article disappeared, so that we could have the magistrate investigate, and make good the loss in some way. The dread of even the possibility of an investigation under such circumstances would cause the missing watch to be found, if there was any finding it.

After that I left things open and about with a feeling of security greater than I have experienced while traveling in any other part of the world; nor did I ever lose through theft while on the streams of northern China. I found, moreover, that the same law of responsibility governed all men engaged in the work of transportation, whether of people or of goods.

We have heard much, especially of late, of the diverting of public treasure to private gain by Chinese officials of all ranks, and the pitiable evidence of it in the failure of the Chinese army and navy to be ready for the inevitable struggle with Japan is too recent and convincing to be disputed; but on the other hand, we can only wonder at the power of this law of responsibility which, in such a land, enables the remotest province to transport its dues to Peking in solid silver, by the simplest means, without loss by the way and without the protection of a single soldier. Nothing impresses one more with the absoluteness of this power as applied to transportation than to meet a line of pack-mules, horses, or camels, loaded with silver bullion. The silver is usually confined in rough logs of wood that have been split, hollowed out, and then bound together, and each load is marked with a little flag of imperial yellow, stating the amount and destination. That is all the protection there is except the ordinary drivers, who carry no weapons, and are attended by no guard. In what other land on the face of the globe could the same be done?

My next meeting with this principle of responsibility was when our party stopped at an inn the first night out from Paotingfu, on the ancient government highway between this capital and that of Shansi. After supper, while I was arranging my bedding on the *kang*, Mr. X. came in and said the landlord of the inn desired our permission to take charge of our valuables for the night. This struck me as rather odd, for I knew that he could not have a modern safe, and the sight of his face, caught while coming through the outer gateway of his compound, had impressed me unfavorably; so I asked why.

«Oh,» was the reply, «he knows he will be held responsible for us and all our belongings, and he is naturally a bit anxious, especially since we are foreigners.»

Had I had anything of value, it would have been the thing to put it in his keeping; for his responsibility, in case of theft or robbery, was no mere paper responsibility, but a very stern reality, as I afterward learned.

An acquaintance of mine who had passed over this same road to Taiyuenfu told me that one night a robber managed to climb over the roof into the inn yard where my friend's goods were, and had broken open one of the boxes and succeeded in extracting various articles, valued at about twenty taels, before being frightened away. There was a big hubbub in the morning when the robbery was discovered, and of course the innkeeper tried hard to escape paying what to him was a large sum of money; but he paid it, nevertheless. It is more than likely that he got most of it back from his neighbor or neighbors whose premises joined his own, and whence the robber climbed to the inn roof, as was shown by some broken tiles. That is the way this law is applied, as I learned later on. If a robber gains access to A's compound through or from that of B, then B is held responsible for the damage done.

The compound where our party lived together for several months in Taiyuenfu was surrounded by other compounds on all sides

but one, and this one was the street side, the walls of which were about ten feet high and unbroken by any windows or opening of any sort except in the middle, where were heavy wooden doors, which were usually kept shut and barred even in the daytime. Our premises were therefore undisturbed by thieves, whereas some English people living in another part of the city were robbed several times, simply because their compound stood on the corner of the street and had an alley on the third side. Thus thieves could get in over their wall without involving the neighbors on the fourth side.

Our friends could not appeal to police or city officials, for in Taiyuenfu I never saw any police, except the beggars, who acted in that capacity semi-occasionally; and as for the city officials, what could they do? The thieves did not get in through other premises, but climbed over the outer wall on the alley. There must be a limit to the application of every law, and in this case the street was the limit.

If the theft or robbery had occurred on the street, then this principle of responsibility would have been applied in a way that, to an American, will seem well-nigh incredible, but is not at all strange to a Chinese. One day I went with an acquaintance to a bank in Taiyuenfu to draw some silver bullion. I asked what we should do if we were robbed on the street before we deposited our silver in the cash-shop.

«Well,» was the reply, «if we could not catch the robber before he disappeared, then the entire street would be responsible.»

«The entire street!» I cried. «Why, I thought responsibility stopped with the street.»

«Not a bit of it,» replied he. «I happen to know of such a case. My friend Mr. B—— was carrying some silver home from a bank, when a man suddenly rushed up to him, snatched the bullion out of his hands, and disappeared down a narrow alleyway. Mr. B——, after a vain attempt to learn where the robber had gone, noted the shop before which, or nearest to which, he had been robbed, and went home and had his teacher write out a statement of what had happened and the amount stolen. This statement, properly stamped and sealed, together with one of his big red visiting-cards, he sent by the hand of his servant to the owner of the shop, with the request that he and his brother shopkeepers along the street make good the loss; and they did.»

Now I have little doubt that these shopkeepers ultimately recovered that stolen money, or the most of it; for, as the reader can readily see, this comprehensive law of responsibility turns, or tends to turn, every Chinese into a detective. This habit of mind, coupled with a wonderfully minute knowledge of one another's doings, characters, and family connections,—also a direct result, by the way, of this law,—makes it easy for them to hunt down a culprit; besides, if they could not find the real thief, but were reasonably sure of the family to which he belonged, or knew where to find some of his relatives, they would be pretty certain of getting either their man or their money.

It is not only in being responsible for human acts with which the individual so held has had no connection that the gross injustice of this law appears. This same principle is applied to natural calamities in ways that to us would appear simply ridiculous and childish were it not for the serious and fatal consequences often following its application.

The hills and mountains of northern China, so far as I traversed them, are denuded of trees, except about temples and monasteries. All shrubs and weeds—the very grass-roots—are grubbed up for fuel, and hence the rains and snows drain off rapidly. Not infrequently the artificial banks made necessary by the silting up of river-beds above the level of the great plains, break under the pressure of greatly swollen waters due to sudden melting of snow or long-continued rains, or these banks are eaten away by the rushing torrents. The result is a loss of life and property and a devastation of land sometimes enormous in extent, as was the case on the Yellow River, in the province of Honan, a few years ago.

The course of that mighty river was changed, it will be remembered, and an attempt was made to reconfine it to its old bed; but the attempt failed, and as a punishment for not preventing the inevitable, or not accomplishing the impossible, many officials, including the governor of the province, were degraded and banished.

In similar calamities of water, fire, wind, famine, pestilence, and the like, officials often commit suicide rather than risk or endure the punishment almost certain to be inflicted upon them on the ground that they were more or less responsible for what they could not possibly help or even foresee. Hence, also, the many cases of suicide by Chinese officers of all ranks, including a well-known admiral, after defeats and capture in the late war with Japan. The degrading of Li Hung Chang was on the same basis.

This is hard and unjust, but as things are in China there is a rough sort of necessity in it; and one can easily see that, but for the tremendous grip this principle gives, the governing of this mighty mass of beings would be a different affair.

I have left myself but little space to speak of other evils besides injustice arising from the solidarity of responsibility in China. By far the most insidious and baneful of its evils is the suspicion it engenders and fosters. Every one knows that suspicion has become second nature to all Oriental peoples; but in China it has been so aggravated and intensified by this law of responsibility as to be almost first nature with the entire nation.

All his lifetime the Chinese is subject to this bondage of distrust of all. Arthur H. Smith, in his wonderfully bright, accurate, and yet somewhat misleading book called «Chinese Characteristics,» quotes the Chinese proverb that «one man should not enter a temple, and two men should not look together into a well,» adding, «And why, we inquire in surprise, should not one man enter a temple alone? Because the priest may take advantage of the opportunity to make away with him! Two men should not gaze into a well, for if one of them is in debt to the other, or has in his possession something which the other wants, that other may seize the occasion to push his companion into the well!»

One dark evening I was returning home from a call on one of our English neighbors in Taiyuenfu. When not far from our compound, the road crossed an open space of several acres in extent. As I was finding my way along by the rather dim light of a Chinese lantern, I nearly stumbled over the body of a man who had fallen by the way. My first impulse was to take hold of the person and ascertain if help was needed; but for some reason I did not, but hurried home to get aid. Mr. X. was still with us, and on hearing my statement said:

«Yes, I know; the man is dead, and it is fortunate that you did not attempt to touch the body. Should we now try to remove it, or even to go to it, we should no doubt be seen, and at once suspicion would attach itself to us, and none could tell the consequences. We might cause a riot before morning.»

It should be said that this suspicion would not have been because we were foreigners, for a native under similar circumstances would likewise have run the risk of being charged with the murder. The good Samaritan would have fared hardly in China,—or most likely would have been suspected of doing the kind deed for some ultimate gain,—while the priest and the Levite would have been accounted, not hard-hearted, but prudent.

While staying in Tung-chow, about twelve miles from Peking, I learned of a poor Chinese woman who was blown off a high bank into a stream of water and actually left to drown, though several men saw the woman fall and could have saved her from death had they not been afraid that some one would suspect them of trying to make away with her, or that the woman intended to commit suicide and would avenge her own rescue. A similar case was lately reported by private letters from China, in which a *foreigner* was refused aid because of this same fear of suspicion! The Rev. Dr. Sheffield, of Tung-chow College, was attacked by a half-crazy carpenter and another Chinese workman, and was nearly killed. Dr. Sheffield escaped death only by feigning it, whereupon his assailants left him for dead. The badly wounded man then appealed in vain for help to twenty or more Chinese men who passed by, and had to remain on the ground in great suffering till men in his own employ arrived and carried him home.[1]

Even so simple a governmental act as taking a census awakens in the minds of the people suspicions that some other end is in view. Mr. Smith cites a case, known to him, in which the younger of two brothers concluded that taking a census meant compulsory emigration, and if that were so he must go; therefore, rather than take a long journey,—which, be it noticed, was an entirely gratuitous supposition on his part,—he committed suicide, «thus checkmating the government»!

The introduction of modern inventions, modern methods of mining, foreign fruits, investigation in regard to tea-raising and the cultivation of the silkworm with a view to improvement and increased production, and a hundred other things, have been hindered or prevented by this suspicion, first of one another, and then of the government. How

[1] Since the above was written, the attack upon Dr. Sheffield in June, 1895, has been reported in the newspapers as though it sprang from Chinese hatred of foreigners. This is most unfortunate, because it is entirely untrue that it had the slightest connection with the murderous attacks upon foreign men, women, and children which aroused so much just indignation throughout the world during last spring and summer. The Chinese people have quite enough to answer for without being held responsible for the acts of a Chinese workman subject to fits of partial insanity, who planned to revenge himself upon a former employer for a fancied wrong, and then bribed or intimidated another workman (who was also a relative) to join him in the attack.

terrible may be the issue of this same suspicion when directed toward the doubly suspected foreigner, let the Tientsin massacre and the atrocities committed but yesterday in the province of Szechuen bear witness.

Paradoxical as it sounds, in a very important sense responsibility in China decreases as it increases; that is, a Chinese acknowledges and acts upon no responsibility beyond or outside of what he will be held to by law or custom.

For instance, I once had occasion to go in a Chinese cart from the main or Chinese portion of Tientsin to that part containing the foreign concession. To do so it was necessary to cross the Peiho River over a bridge of boats. There were several carts ahead of mine, some very heavily loaded with goods. The cart nearest the river was one of these loaded ones, and was unable to get on the bridge, the edge of the first boat being several inches higher than the approach to it. I therefore had plenty of opportunity to watch the proceedings. Had this been the first time I had traveled in China, or had I known nothing of the principle of which I have been speaking, I should have concluded that every one among this dozen or twenty cartmen was crazy or a fool; as it was, their seemingly foolish methods, though short-sighted, had a rational basis and were significant.

The driver whose cart was stuck, after seeing that his mules could not possibly pull the cart up over the edge of the bridge, began backing. After getting his load back four or five feet, he suddenly shouted to his tandem team, and laid on the whip. Both mules sprang forward, bringing the wheels of the cart against the edge of the bridge with a tremendous thump which lifted them clear off the ground, but not quite far enough to get upon the bridge. Again the man backed, this time a little farther than at first, and again made a rush for the bridge. This time the head mule failed to hold on as the cart bumped into the air, so back the load fell. Again, for the third time, the same mad dash was made, this time successfully. The next driver banged up over the edge of the bridge in the same way, and every cartman, my own included, did the same. Some made the ascent with one bump, while others had to try more than once. I expected to see one or more of the carts break somewhere, for the force with which the wheels, especially of the heavily loaded carts, struck the bridge was very great; and one cart, before we arrived, had had its axle snapped off by the concussion, and lay at the side of the road, a silent witness to the danger of the method.

If it is asked, why in the name of common sense somebody did not lay a plank to help the carts up, I answer, because no one was responsible for the difficulty. The convenience of the traveling public was a matter of too trifling importance to be provided for.

You would naturally think that cartmen belonging to the same firm, or drawing goods for the same business house, would at least unite and help one another; but not so, except in rare cases. I noticed that one man ahead of me who happened to have a stick of wood on his cart did finally use it to help himself up; but I noticed also that he was careful to get it again as soon as he was safely on the bridge.

That this specific case represented a general characteristic or principle, and r incidental exception, I have no doub crossing this same bridge sever after, I was bumped up on it same fashion, the only difference as the river was somewhat low and the bridge were more nearl and the bump was not quite so vic fore.

The idea or principle of mutual he ness, or of doing things out of a genera pulse or disinterested desire to perform public service, is utterly foreign to all habits of thought born and fostered by this overreaching law of responsibility, which is like the huge wooden collars that are fastened about the necks of certain criminals in China, hindering outlook, hampering activity and usefulness, and making the wearer indifferent to all else save the bearing of his own intolerable burden, or the escape from it. Yet, on the other hand, let us not forget that our own more just view of personal responsibility likewise not infrequently issues in no responsibility. Trains are wrecked, buildings burn or fall, and those really guilty of the resulting frightful loss of life and property are never brought to justice, because no one is held responsible for the initial mistake, negligence, or fraud.

C. M. Cady.

[*BEGUN IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.*]

TOM GROGAN.

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH,

Author of «Colonel Carter of Cartersville,» «A Gentleman Vagabond,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES S. REINHART.

IV.

A WALKING DELEGATE LEARNS A NEW STEP.

CGAW'S failure to undermine Tom Grogan's business with Babcock, and his complete discomfiture over Crane's coal contract at the fort, only intensified his hatred.

Finding that he could make no headway tgainst her alone, he called upon the Union gethesist him, claiming that she was employquire in-union labor, and had thus been able temple alwn the discharging rates to starvaadvantage·

with him! ıg was accordingly called by the well, for if o ommittee of the Knights, and a or has in hiassed condemning certain persons other wanage of Rockville as traitors to the to push the workingman. Only one copy of Oedict was issued and mailed. This found fr way into Tom Grogan's letter-box. Five minutes after she had broken the seal her men discovered the document pasted inside down on her stable door.

McGaw heard of her action that night, and started another line of attack. It was managed so skilfully that what before had been only a general dissatisfaction on the part of the members of the Union and their sympathizers over Tom's business methods, now developed into a determination to crush her completely. They discussed several plans by which she could be compelled either to restore rates for unloading, or be forced out of the business altogether. As a result of these deliberations a committee called upon the priest, Father McCluskey, and informed him that it was a delicate position for the Union to be placed in, but that she had hidden her husband away so they could not get at him, and were obliged to fight the woman herself. She was making trouble, they urged, with her low wages and her unloading rates. «Perhaps his Riverence c'u'd straighten her out.»

Father McCluskey's interview with Tom took place in the priest's room one morning after early mass. It had gone abroad, somehow, that his Reverence intended to discipline the «high-flier,» and a considerable number of the «tenement-house gang,» as Tom called them, had loitered behind to watch the effect of the good father's remonstrances.

What Tom told the priest no one ever knew: such conferences are part of the régime of the church, and go no further. It was noticed, however, as she came down the aisle, that her eyes were red, as if from weeping, and that she never raised them from the floor as she passed between her enemies on her way to the church door. Once outside, she put her arm around Jennie, who was waiting, and the two strolled slowly across the lots to her house.

When the priest came out, his own eyes tinged with moisture, he called Dennis Quigg, McGaw's right-hand man, and in a voice loud enough to be heard by those nearest him expressed his indignation that any dissension should have arisen among his people over such a question, and said that he would hear no more of this unchristian and unmanly interference with a woman whose only support came from the labor of her hands.

These efforts having failed, McGaw and his friends finally decided to try to disable her working force by some more definite stroke. It was therefore ordered that a committee be appointed to waylay her men going to work, and inform them of their duty to their fellow-laborers.

Accordingly, this same Quigg,—smooth-shaven, smirking, and hollow-eyed, with a diamond pin, half a yard of watch-chain, and a fancy shirt,—ex-village clerk, ex-deputy sheriff, and at present walking delegate of the Union,—was appointed a committee of one for that duty.

Quigg began by begging a ride in one of Tom's return carts, and taking this opportunity to lay before the driver the enormity of working for Grogan for thirty dollars a

DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

«HE HAD SEEN HIM WALKING HOME WITH JENNIE FROM CHURCH.»

month and board, when there were a number of his brethren out of work and starving who would not work for less than two dollars a day if it were offered them. It was plainly the driver's duty, Quigg urged, to give up his job until Tom Grogan could be compelled to hire him back at advanced wages. During this enforced idleness the Union would pay the driver fifty cents a day. Here Quigg pounded his chest, clenched his fists, and said solemnly, «If capital once downs the lab'rin' man, we will all be slaves.»

The driver was Carl Nilsson, a Swede, a big, blond, blue-eyed, light-haired young fellow of twenty-two, a sailor from boyhood, who three years before, on a public highway, had been picked up penniless and hungry by Tom Grogan, after the keeper of a sailors' boarding-house had robbed him of his year's savings. The change from cracking ice with a marlinespike from a ship's deck to currying and feeding something alive and warm and comfortable was so delightful to the Swede that he had given up the sea forever.

Besides all this, he was loyal and true to the woman who had befriended him, and who had so far appreciated his devotion to her interests as to promote him from hostler and driver to foreman of the stables. Moreover, he too had fallen under the spell of her influence. She reminded him, somehow, of one of the old Norse queens he had heard about in his childhood.

Nilsson knew Quigg by sight, for he had seen him walking home with Jennie from church. His knowledge of English was slight, but it was enough to enable him to comprehend Quigg's purpose as he talked beside him on the cart. After some questions about how long the enforced idleness would continue, he asked suddenly:

«Who da horse clean when I go 'way?»

«D—n her! let her clean it herself,» Quigg answered angrily.

This settled the question for Nilsson, and it very nearly settled the delegate. Jumping from the cart, Carl picked up the shovel and sprang toward Quigg, who dodged out of his way, and then took to his heels.

When Nilsson, still white with anger, reached the dock, he related the incident to Cully, who, on his return home, retailed it to Jennie with such variety of gesture and intonation that that young lady blushed scarlet, but whether from sympathy for Quigg or admiration for Nilsson, Cully was unable to decide.

WHILE this state of affairs continued around Tom's house, a much more active and far less peaceable condition existed at McGaw's. Quigg's failure to coax away one of Tom's men, while it apparently ended any interference by the Union, did not by any means terminate the fight. The Union continued to listen to McGaw's protests, but replied that if Grogan's men would not be coaxed away it could at present take no further action. His trouble with Tom was an individual matter, it said, and if he wanted the Union's help, money, of course, must be expended. A little patience on McGaw's part was advised. The season's work was over, and nothing of importance could occur until the opening of the spring business. If Tom's men struck now, she would be glad to get rid of them. It was, therefore, better to wait until she could not do without them, and then they might be forced out in a body. In the interim McGaw should direct his efforts to harassing his enemy. Perhaps a word with Slattery, the blacksmith, might induce that worthy brother Knight to refuse to do her shoeing some morning when she was stalled for want of a horse; or a nail might slip in a tender hoof. No one could tell what might happen in the coming months. At the moment the funds of the Union were too low for aggressive measures. It was therefore suggested that McGaw make a contribution of two hundred dollars to the bank account. All this was duly inscribed in the books of the committee,—that is, the last part of it,—and upon McGaw's promising to do what he could toward improving the funds, it was subsequently resolved that before resorting to harsher measures the Union should do all in its power toward winning over the enemy. Brother Knight Dennis Quigg was thereupon deputed to call upon Mrs. Grogan forthwith and invite her into the Union.

On brother Knight Dennis Quigg's declining for private reasons the honorable mission intrusted to him by the honorable board (Mr. Quigg's exact words of refusal, whispered in the chairman's ear, were, «I 'm a-jollyin' one of her kittens; send somebody else after the old cat»), another walking delegate, one brother Knight Crimmins by name, was selected to carry out the gracious action of the committee.

Crimmins had begun life as a plumber's helper, had been iceman, night-watchman, heeler, and full-fledged plumber; and having been out of work himself for months, was admirably qualified to speak of the advantages of idleness to any other candidate for like honors.

He was a small man with a big nose, grizzled chin-whiskers, and rum-and-watery eyes, and wore constantly a pair of patched blue overalls as a badge of his laborship.

Immediately upon his appointment, Crimmins went to McGaw's house to talk over the line of attack. The conference was held in the sitting-room and behind closed doors—so tightly closed that young Billy McGaw, with one eye in mourning from the effect of a recent street fight, was unable, even by the aid of the well eye and the keyhole, to get the slightest inkling of what was going on inside.

When the door was finally opened and McGaw and Crimmins came out, they brought with them an aroma the pungency of which was explained by two empty glasses and a black bottle decorating one end of the only table in the room.

As Crimmins stepped down from the broken stoop, with its rusty rain-spout and rotting floor-planks, Billy overheard this parting re-

mark from his father: «Thry the ile fust, Crimmy, an' see what she 'll do; thin give her the vinegar; an' thin,» with an oath, «ef thet don't fetch 'er, come back here an' we 'll give 'er the red pepper.»

Brother Knight Crimmins waved his hand to the speaker. «Just l'ave 'er to me, Dan,» he said, and started for Tom's house. He felt sure of bringing back her application within an hour. Missions like this always pleased Crimmins. Nothing delighted him so much as to work a poor woman up into an agony of fright with threats of the Union. Wives and daughters had often followed him out into the street, begging him to let the men alone for another week until they could pay the rent. Sometimes, when he relented, the more grateful would bless him for his magnanimity. This increased his self-respect.

Tom met him at the door. She had been sitting up with a neighbor's child ill with the croup,—Dick Todd's, foreman at the brewery,—and had just come home. She had never seen Crimmins before, and thought he had come to mend the roof. His first words, however, betrayed him:

«The Knights sint me up to have a word wid ye.»

Tom made a movement as if to shut the door in his face; then she paused for an instant, and said curtly, «Come inside.»

Crimmins crushed his slouch-hat in his hand, and slunk into a chair by the window. Tom remained standing.

«I see ye like flowers, Mrs. Grogan,» he began, in his gentlest voice. «Thim geraniums is the foinest I iver see»—peering under the leaves of the plants. «Guess it 's 'cause ye water 'em so much.»

Tom made no reply.

Crimmins fidgeted on his chair a little, and tried another tack. «I s'pose ye ain't doin' much just now, weather 's so bad. The road 's awful goin' down to the fort.»

Tom never took her eyes from his face, and never moved a muscle of her body. Her hands were in the side pockets of her ulster, her face aglow with her brisk walk from the tenements. She was slowly revolving in her mind, as she stood before him, whether any information she could get out of him would be worth the waiting for.

Crimmins relapsed into silence, and began patting the floor with his foot. The prolonged stillness was becoming uncomfortable.

«I was tellin' ye about the meetin' we had to the Union last night. We was goin' over the list of mimbers, an' we did n't find yer name. The boord thought maybe ye 'd like to come in wid us. The dues is only two dollars a month. We 're a-regulatin' the prices fer nixt year, stevedorin' an' haulin', an' the rates 'll be sint out nixt week.» The stopper was now out of the oil-bottle.

«How many members have ye got?» she asked quietly.

«Hundred an' seventy-three in our branch of the Knights.»

«All pay two dollars a month?»

«That 's about the size of it,» said Crimmins.

«What do we git when we jine?»

«Well, we all pull tergither—that 's one thing. One man's strike 's every man's strike. The capitalists been tryin' to down us, an' the laborin'-man 's got to stand tergither. Did ye hear about the Fertilizer Company's layin' off two of our men las' Friday just fer bein' off a day or so without l'ave, and their gittin' a coople of scabs from Hoboken to—»

«What else do we git?» said Tom, in a quick, imperious tone, ignoring the digression. She had moved a step closer.

Crimmins looked up into her face furtively. Until this moment he had been addressing his remarks to the brass ornament on the extreme top of the cast-iron stove. The expression of Tom's face did not reassure him; in fact, the steady gaze of her clear blue eye was as uncomfortable as the focused light of a sun lens.

«Well—we help each other,» he blurted out.

«Do *you* do any helpin'?»

«Yis; I 'm the walkin' delegate of our branch»—stiffening a little.

«Oh, ye 're the walkin' delegate! *You* don't pay no two dollars, then, do ye?»

«No. There 's got to be somebody a-goin' round all the time, an' Dinnis Quigg and me 's confidential agents of the branch, an' *what we says goes*»—slapping his overalls decisively with his fist. The stopper was being loosened on the vinegar.

Tom's fingers closed tightly. Her collar began to feel small. «An' I s'pose if ye said I should pay me men double wages, and put up the price o' haulin' so high that me customers could n't pay it, so some of yer dirty loafers could cut in an' git it, I 'd have to do it, whether I wanted to or not; or maybe ye think I 'd oughter chuck some o' me own boys into the road because they don't belong to yer branch, as ye call it, and git a lot o' dead beats to work in their places who don't know a horse from a coal-bucket. An' ye 'll help me, will ye? Come out here on the front porch, Mr. Crimmins»—opening the door with

a jerk. «Do ye see that stable over there? Well, it covers seven horses; an' the shed has six carts, with all the harness. Back of it—perhaps if ye stand on yer toes even a little feller like you can see the top of another shed. That one has me derricks an' tools.»

Crimmins tried to interrupt long enough to free the red pepper, but her words poured out in a torrent.

«Now ye kin go back an' tell Dan McGaw an' the balance of yer two-dollar loafers that there ain't a dollar owin' on any horse in my stable, an' that I 've earned everything I 've got without a man round to help 'cept those I pays wages to. An' ye kin tell 'em, too, that I 'll hire who I please, an' pay 'em what they oughter git; an' I 'll do me own haulin' an' unloadin' fer nothin' if it suits me. When ye said ye were a walkin' delegate ye spoke God's truth. Ye 'd be a ridin' delegate if ye could; but there 's one thing ye 'll niver be, an' that 's a workin' delegate, as long as ye kin find fools to pay ye wages fer bummin' round day 'n' night. If I had me way, ye *would* walk, but it would be on yer uppers, wid yer bare feet to the road.»

Again Crimmins attempted to speak, but she raised her arm threateningly: «Now, if it 's walkin' ye are, ye kin begin right away. Let me see ye earn yer wages down that garden an' into the road. Come, lively now, before I disgrace meself a-layin' hands on the likes of ye!»

V.

A WORD FROM THE TENEMENTS.

ANOTHER straw which showed the direction of the wind of public sentiment was the arrival, one morning, of Patsy, limping on his crutch, the little fellow's eyes full of tears. He had been out with his goat when some children from the tenements surrounded his cart, pitched it into the ditch, and followed him half-way home, calling out, «Scab! scab!» at the top of their voices.

Cully heard his cries, and ran through the yard to meet him, his anger rising at every step. To lay hands on Patsy was, to Cully, the unpardonable sin. Ever since the day, five years before, when Tom had taken him into her employ, a homeless waif of the streets,—his father had been drowned from a canal-boat she was unloading,—and had set him down beside Patsy's crib to watch while she was at her work, Jennie being at school, Cully had loved the little cripple with the devotion of a dog to its master. Lawless, rough, often cruel, and sometimes vindictive, a word from Patsy humbled and softened him.

And Patsy loved Cully. His big, broad chest, stout, straight legs, strong arms and hands, were his admiration and constant pride. Cully was his champion and his ideal; his recklessness and audacity were only evidences of so much brains and energy.

This love between the lads grew stronger after Tom, with that shrinking, feminine dependence latent in the heart of every true woman, no matter how independent and masculine she may appear, had sent to Dublin for her old father, that she might have «a man about the house.» Then a new blessing came, not only into the lives of both the lads, but into the whole household as well. Mullins, in his later years, had been a dependent about Trinity College, and constant association with books and students had given him a taste for knowledge denied his daughter,—Tom had left home when a girl,—and a certain fondness for imparting it to others. In the long winter nights during the slack season, after the stalls were bedded, and the horses were fed and watered and locked up for the night, the old man would draw up his chair to the big kerosene lamp on the table, and tell the boys stories—they listening with wide-open eyes, Cully interrupting the narrative every now and then by such asides as «No flies on them fellers, wuz ther', Patsy? They wuz daisies, they wuz. Go on, pop; it 's better 'n a circus»; while Patsy would cheer aloud at the downfall of the vanquished, with their «three thousand lance-bearers put to death by the sword,» waving his crutch over his head in his enthusiasm.

Jennie would come in too, and sit by her mother; and after Nilsson's encounter with Quigg—an incident which greatly advanced him in Tom's estimation—Cully would be sent to bring him in from his room over the stable and give him a chair with the others, that he might learn the language easier. At these times it was delightful to watch the expression of pride and happiness that would come over Tom's face as she listened to her father's talk.

«But ye have a great head, gran'pop,» she would say. «Cully, ye blatherin' idiot, why don't ye brace up an' git some knowledge in yer head? Sure, gran'pop, Father McCluskey ain't in it wid ye a minute. Ye could down the whole gang of 'em.» And the old man would smile faintly and say he had heard the young gentlemen at the college recite the stories so many times he could never forget them.

In this way the boys grew closer together, Patsy cramming himself from books during the day in order to tell Cully at night all about the Forty Thieves boiled in oil, or Ali Baba and his donkey, or poor man Friday, to whom Robinson Crusoe was so kind; and Cully relating in return how Jimmie Finn smashed Pat Gilsey's face because he threw stones at his sister, ending with a full account of a dog-fight which a «snoozer of a cop» stopped with his club.

So when Patsy came limping up the garden path this morning, rubbing his eyes, his voice choking, and the tears streaming, and, burying his little face in Cully's jacket, poured out his tale of insult and suffering, that valiant defender of the right pulled his cap tight over his eyes and began a still-hunt through the tenements. There, as he afterward expressed it, he «mopped up the floor» with one after another of the ringleaders, beginning with young Billy McGaw, Dan's eldest son and Cully's senior. Then only was Mr. Finnegan's righteous wrath appeased.

Tom was dumfounded at the attack on Patsy. This was a blow upon which she had not counted. To strike her Patsy, her cripple, her baby! The cowardice of it all, too, incensed her. She knew instantly that her affairs must have been common talk about the tenements to produce any such effect upon the children. She felt sure that their fathers and mothers had set them up to it.

In emergencies like this it was never to the old father that she turned. He was too feeble, too much a thing of the past. While to a certain extent he influenced her life, standing always for the right and always for the kindest thing she could do, yet when it came to times of action and danger she felt the need of a younger and more vigorous mind. It was on Jennie, then,—really more her companion than her daughter,—that she depended for counsel and sympathy.

Tom did not underestimate the gravity of the situation. Up to that point in her career she had fought only the cold, the heat, the many weary hours of labor far into the night, and now and then some man like McGaw. But this stab from out the dark was a danger to which she was unused. She saw in this last move of McGaw's, backed up by the Union, not only a determination to ruin her, but a plan to divide her business among a set of men who hated her as much on account of her success as for anything else. A few more horses and carts and another barn or two, and she herself would become a hated capitalist. That she had stood out in the wet and cold herself, hours at a time, like any man among them; that she had, in her husband's early days, helped him feed and bed their one horse, often currying him herself; that with all this she had cooked and washed for four people; and that even when little Patsy came, and there were three horses to care for instead of one, she had still worked on, bringing the child to the stable to take the better care of him,—none of all these privations and economies, she knew, would count with the Union.

As she weighed the forces arrayed against her, and their power to injure, she remembered the time when poor Martin, almost a stranger, was brought home from the gas-house with his head laid open, because he had taken the place of a Union man discharged for drunkenness, and how he had lingered for weeks until he died. The Martin family, honest, hard-working people, had come down from Haverstraw two years before—the man and wife and their three children—and moved into the new tenement with all their nice furniture and new carpets. Tom had helped them unload these things from the brick-sloop that brought them. Months after, the widow, with her children about her, had been put aboard another sloop that was going back to her old home. Tom remembered, as if it were yesterday, the heap of furniture and little pile of kitchen things sold under the red flag outside the store near the post-office.

She remembered, too, the suffering and misery of her neighbors during the long strike at the brewery two years before, and the moving in and out from house to tenement and tenement to shanty, with never a day's work afterward for any man who left his job. She went over the whole field slowly, recalling the sufferings of that body of men who, three years before, had been driven out of work by the majority vote of the Carpenters' Union, and who dared not go back and face the terrible excommunication, the social boycott, with all its insults and cruelties. She shuddered as she thought again of her suspicions years ago when the bucket had fallen that crushed in her husband's chest, and sent him to bed for months, only to leave it a wrecked man. The rope had been burned by acid, Dr. Mason said. Some grudge of the Union, she had always felt, was paid off then.

She knew what the present fight meant, now that it was started, and she knew in what it might end. But her courage never wavered. She ran over in her mind the names of the several men who were fighting her—McGaw, for whom she had a contempt; Dempsey and

Jimmie Brown, of the executive committee, both liquor-dealers; Paterson, foreman of the gas-house; and the rest—all dangerous enemies, she knew.

That night she sent for Nilsson to come to the house; heard from him, word for word, of Quigg's effort to corrupt him; questioned Patsy closely, getting the names of the children who had abused him; then calling Jennie into her bedroom, she locked the door behind them.

When they reëntered the sitting-room, an hour later, Jennie's lips were quivering. Tom's mouth was firmly set. Her eyes shone. Her mind was made up. She would fight it out to the bitter end.

VI.

THE BIG GRAY GOES HUNGRY.

THAT invincible spirit which dwelt in Tom's breast—that spirit which had dared Lathers, outwitted Duffy, cowed Crimmins, and braved the Union, strange to say, did not dominate her own household. One member defied her. This was no other than that stalwart child of the rocks, that despoiler of new-washed clothes, old harness, wagon-grease, time-books, and spring flowers, that Arab of the open lot, Stumpy the goat.

This tyranny of the goat had lasted since the eventful morning when, only a kid of tender days, he had come into the stable yard and wobbled about on his uncertain legs, nestling down near where Patsy lay. For the last five years he had dominated the place: first because his fuzzy white back and soft, silky legs had been so precious to the little cripple, and later because of his inexhaustible energy, his aggressiveness, and his marvelous activity. Brave spirits have fainted at the sight of spiders, others have turned pale at lizards, and some have shivered when cats crossed their paths. The only thing Tom feared on any number of legs, from centipedes to men, was Stumpy.

«Git out, ye imp of Satan!» she would say, raising her hand when he wandered too near; «I 'll smash ye!» The next instant she would be dodging behind the cart out of the way of Stumpy's lowered horns, with a scream as natural and as uncontrollable as that of a school-girl over a mouse. Often when he stood in the path cleared of snow from house to stable door, with head down, prepared to dispute every inch of the way with her, she would tramp yards around him, up to her knees, rather than face his obstinate front.

The basest of ingratitude actuated the goat. When the accident occurred that gained him his sobriquet and lost him his tail,—the teeth of a full-grown bull-dog did the fatal work,—it was Tom's quickness of hand alone that saved the remainder of his kidship from disappearing as his tail had done. Indeed, she not only choked the dog until he loosened his hold from want of breath, but she threw him over the stable-yard fence as an additional mark of her displeasure.

Yet, in spite of her fear of him, Tom never dispossessed Stumpy. That her Patsy loved him insured him his place for life, for Patsy was the very kernel of Tom's heart. In addition to the sufferings that touched her heart so keenly, the little cripple marked for her, somehow, the line in her life which divided the old days, when she and her «own Tom» had lived on a farm near the great river, and she had milked and he had plowed, while Jennie, in short petticoats, played about in the grass, from the new days after they had all moved down to Rockville with their savings. The real struggle of life had begun the winter when Patsy came.

So Stumpy, beloved of Patsy, roamed through yard, kitchen, and stable, stalking over bleaching sheets, burglarizing the garden gate, and grazing wherever it seemed to him good.

The goat inspired no fear in anybody else. Jennie would chase him out of her way a dozen times a day, and Cully would play bull-fight with him, and Carl and the other men would accord him his proper place, spanking him with the flat of a shovel whenever he interfered with their daily duties, or shying a corn-cob after him when his alertness carried him out of their reach.

This afternoon Jennie had missed her blue-checked apron. It had been drying on the line outside the kitchen door five minutes before. There was no one at home but herself, and she had seen nobody pass the door. Perhaps the apron had blown over into the stable yard. If it had, Carl would be sure to have seen it. She knew Carl had come home; she had been watching for him through the window. Here she ran in for her shawl.

Carl was rubbing down the big gray. He had been hauling ice all the morning for the brewery. The gray was under the cart-shed, a flood of winter sunlight silvering his shaggy mane and restless ears. Carl was scraping his sides with the currycomb, and the big gray, accustomed to Cully's gentler touch, was resenting the familiarity by biting at the tippet wound about the neck of the Swede.

Suddenly Carl raised his head—he had caught a glimpse of a flying apron whipping

round the barn door. He knew the pattern. It always gave him a lump in his throat when he saw it, accompanied by some little creepings down his back. It does not affect everybody that way, but it did Carl. Then he laid down the currycomb. The next instant there came a sound as of a barrel-head knocked in by a mixing-shovel, and Stumpy flew through the door, followed by Carl on the run. The familiar bit of calico was Jennie's lost apron. One half was inside the goat, the other half was held in Carl's hand.

Carl hesitated for a moment, looked cautiously about the yard, and walked slowly toward the house, his eyes on the fragments. (It was only at night, when pop taught the boys, and Tom sent for him, that he ever went to the house.) At this instant Jennie came running out, the shawl about her head.

«Oh, Carl, did you find my apron? It blew away, and I thought it might have gone into the yard.»

«Yas, mees; an' da goat see it too—luke!» anger and sorrow struggling for the mastery in his face.

«Well, I never! Carl, it was a bran'-new one. Now just see, all the strings torn off and the top gone! I 'm just going to give Stumpy a good beating.»

Carl suggested that he run after the goat and bring him back; but Jennie thought he was down the road by this time, and Carl had been working all the morning, and must be tired. Besides, she must get some wood.

Carl instantly forgot the goat. He had forgotten everything, indeed, except the trim little body who stood before him looking into his eyes. He glowed all over with inward warmth and delight. Nobody had ever cared before whether he was tired. When he was a little fellow at home at Memlö his mother would sometimes worry about his lifting the big baskets of fish all day, but he could not remember that anybody else had ever given it a thought. All this flashed through his mind as he returned Jennie's look.

«No, no! I not tire—I brang da wood.» And then Jennie said she never meant it, and Carl knew she did n't, of course; and then she said she had never thought of such a thing, and he agreed to that; and they talked so long over it, standing out in the radiance of the noonday sun, the color coming and going in both their faces,—Carl playing aimlessly with his tippet tassel, and Jennie plaiting and pinching up the ruined apron,—that the fire in the kitchen stove went out, and the big gray got hungry and craned his long neck around the shed and whinnied for Carl, and even Stumpy the goat forgot his hairbreadth escape of the morning, and returned near enough to the scene of the robbery to look down from the hill above the yard.

There is no telling how long the big gray would have gone hungry if Cully had not come home to dinner, bringing another horse with Patsy perched on his back. The brewery was only a short distance, and Tom always

DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

CARL NILSSON.

gave her men a hot meal at the house whenever it was possible. Had any other horse been neglected, Cully would not have cared; but the big gray, which he had driven ever since the day Tom brought him home,—«Old Blowhard,» as he would often call him (the gray was a bit wheezy),—the big gray without his dinner!

«Hully gee! Look at de bloke a-jollyin' Jinnie, an' de Blowhard a-starvin'. Say, Patsy,»

—lifting him down,—«hold de line till I git de big gray a bite. Git on ter Carl, will ye! I 'm a-goin'—ter—tell—de—boss»—with a deliberate air, weighing each word—«jes soon as she gits back. Ef I don't I 'm a chump!»

At sight of the boys, Jennie darted into the house, and Carl started for the stable, his head in the clouds, his feet on air.

«No; I feed da horse, Cully,»—jerking at his halter to get him away from Cully.

«A lot ye will! I 'll feed him meself. He 's been home an hour now, an' he ain't half rubbed down.»

Carl made a grab for Cully, who dodged, and ran under the cart. Then a stone whizzed past Carl's ear.

«Here, stop that!» said Tom, entering the gate. She had been in the city all the morning—«to look after her poor Tom,» pop said. «Don't ye throw any stones round here, or I 'll land on top of ye.»

«Well, why don't he feed de gray, den? He started afore me, and dey wants de gray down ter de brewery, and he up ter de house a-buzzin' Jinnie.»

«I go brang Mees Jan's apron; da goat eat it oop.»

«T' 'ell ye did! What ye givin' us? Did n't I see ye a-chinnin' 'er whin I come over de hill—she a-leanin' up ag'in' de fence, an' ye a-talkin' ter 'er, an' ole Blowhard cryin' like his heart was broke?»

«Eat up what apron?» said Tom, thoroughly mystified over the situation.

«Stumpy eat da apron—I brang back da half ta Mees Jan.»

«An' it took ye all the mornin' to give it to her?» said Tom, thoughtfully, looking Carl straight in the eye, a new vista opening before her.

That night, when the circle gathered about the lamp to hear pop read, Carl was missing. Tom had not sent for him.

VII.

THE CONTENTS OF CULLY'S MAIL.

WHEN Walking Delegate Crimmins had recovered from his amazement, after his humiliating defeat at Tom's hands, he stood irresolute for a moment outside of her garden gate, indulged at some length in a form of profanity peculiar to his class, and then walked direct to McGaw's house.

That worthy Knight met him at the door. He had been waiting for him.

Young Billy McGaw also saw Crimmins enter the gate, and promptly hid himself under the broken-down steps. He could then, perhaps, overhear what was going on when the two went out again. Young Billy's inordinate curiosity was quite natural. He not only hated Cully, and therefore the whole Grogan household, for the pounding he had received at his hands, but he was also anxious to get even in some way. He had heard enough of the current talk about the tenements and open lots to know that something of a revengeful and retaliatory nature against the Grogans was in the air; but as nobody who knew the exact details had confided them to him, he had determined upon an investigation of his own.

After McGaw had locked both doors, shutting out his wife and little Jack, their youngest, he took a bottle from the shelf, poured out two half-tumblers, and squaring himself in his chair, said:

«Did ye see her, Crimmy?»

«I did,» replied Crimmins, swallowing the whisky at a gulp.

«An' she 'll come in wid us, will she?»

«She will, will she? She 'll come in nothin'. I jollied her about her flowers, and thought I had her dead ter rights, when she up an' asked me what we was a-goin' to do for her if she jined, an' afore I could tell her she opens the front door and gives me the dead cold.»

«Fired ye?» exclaimed McGaw, incredulously.

«I 'm givin' it to ye straight, Dan; an' she pulled a gun on to me, too,»—telling the lie with perfect composure. «That woman 's no slouch, or I don't know 'em. One thing ye kin bet yer bottom dollar on—all h— can't scare her. We 've got ter try some other way.»

It was the peculiarly fertile quality of Crimmins's imagination that made him so valuable to some of his friends.

But none of all this did young Billy catch. When the conspirators reached the door, neither Crimmins nor his father was in a talkative mood. They lingered a moment on the sill, within a foot of Billy's head as he lay in a cramped position below, and then they sauntered out, his father bareheaded, to the stable yard. There McGaw leaned upon a cart-wheel, listening dejectedly to Crimmins, who seemed to be outlining a plan of some kind, which at intervals lightened the gloom of the situation, judging from the expression of his father's face. Then McGaw turned hurriedly to the house, cursed his wife because he could not find his big fur cap, and started across to the village. Billy followed, keeping a safe distance behind.

As for Tom, she kept on the even tenor of

her way. She forbade Patsy the streets, and never allowed him out of her sight unless Cully or her father was with him. She knew the storm was gathering, and she was watching the clouds and waiting for the first patter of rain. When it came she intended that every one of her people should be under

DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

« (I 'M GIVIN' IT TO YE STRAIGHT, DAN.) »

cover. She had sent for Carl and her two stablemen, and told them that if they were dissatisfied in any way she wanted to know it at once If the wages she was paying were not enough, she was willing to raise them, but she wanted them distinctly to understand that as she had built up the business herself, she was the only one who had a right to manage it, adding that she would rather clean and drive the horses herself than be dictated to by any person outside. She said that she saw trouble brewing, and knew that her men would feel it first. They must look out for themselves coming home late at night. At the brewery strike, two years before, hardly a day passed that some of the non-union men were not beaten into insensibility.

That night Carl came up to the porch door, and in his quiet, earnest way said: « We have t'ink 'bout da Union. Da men not go—not laik da union man. We not 'fraid »—tapping his hip-pocket, where, sailor-like, he always carried his knife sheathed in a leather case.

Tom's eyes kindled as she looked into his steady blue eyes. She loved pluck. She knew, too, the color of the blood running in this young fellow's veins.

Week after week passed, and though now and then she caught the mutterings of distant thunder, as Cully or some of the others overheard a remark on the ferry-boat or about the post-office, no other signs were visible. Not a drop of rain had fallen from the Union's quarter.

Then the storm broke.

One morning an important-looking envelop lay in her letter-box. It was long and puffy, and was stamped in the upper corner with a picture of a brewery in full operation. One end bore an inscription addressed to the postmaster, stating that in case Mr. Thomas Grogan was not found within ten days, it should be returned to Schwartz & Co., Brewers.

The village post-office had several other letter-boxes, two of which contained similar envelops, equally important-looking, one being addressed to McGaw. These boxes were faced with glass, so that the contents of each could be seen from the outside.

«Hully gee, what a wad!» said Cully, when the postmaster passed Tom's big letter out to him. One of Cully's duties was to go for the mail.

When pop broke the seal in Tom's presence, —one of pop's duties was to open what Cully brought,—out dropped a type-written sheet notifying Mr. Thomas Grogan that sealed proposals would be received up to March 1st for «unloading, hauling, and delivering to the bins of the Eagle Brewery» so many tons of coal and malt, together with such supplies, etc. There were also blank forms in duplicate to be duly filled up with the price and signature of the bidder. This contract was given out once a year. Twice before it had been awarded to Thomas Grogan. The year before a man from Stapleton had bid lowest, and had done the work. McGaw and his friends complained that it took the bread out of Rockville's mouth; but as the bidder belonged to the Union, no protest could be made.

A short time before Cully stuffed the fat envelop into his outside pocket McGaw had called for his own mail. The close resemblance between the two envelops seen in the letter-boxes set him to thinking. Actual scrutiny through the glass revealed the picture of the brewery on each. He knew at a glance that Tom had been asked to bid. That night a special meeting of the Union was called at eight o'clock. Quigg, Crimmins, and McGaw signed the call.

The next morning McGaw went to New York by the early boat. He carried a letter from Pete Lathers to Crane & Co., of so potent a character that the coal-dealers agreed to lend McGaw five hundred dollars on his three-months' note, taking a chattel mortgage on his teams and carts as security, the money to be paid as soon as the papers were drawn. McGaw, as an additional consideration, was to use his «pull» to get a permit from the village trustees for Crane & Co. to occupy the village dock free for discharging their Rockville coal. This would save Crane half a mile to haul, and was what really turned the scale in McGaw's favor. To hustle successfully it was often necessary for Crane to cut some sharp corners.

This dock, as McGaw knew perfectly well, had been leased to another party—the Fertilizing Company—for two years, and could not possibly be placed at Crane's disposal. But he said nothing of this to Crane.

When the day of payment arrived, Dempsey of the executive committee and Walking Delegate Quigg met McGaw at the ferry on his return from New York. McGaw had Crane's money in his pocket. That night he paid two hundred dollars into the Union, two hundred to his feed-man on an account long overdue, and the balance to Quigg in a poker game in the back room over O'Leary's bar.

Tom also had an interview with Mr. Crane. Something she said about the dock and the lease of the Fertilizing Company caused Crane to leave his private office in a hurry, and ask his clerk in an angry voice if McGaw had yet been paid the money on his chattel mortgage. When his cashier showed him the stub of the check, dated two days before, Crane slammed the door behind him, his teeth set tight, little puffs of profanity escaping between the openings. As he walked with Tom to the door, he said:

«Send your papers up, Tom. I 'll go bond any day in the year for you, and for any amount; but I 'll get even with McGaw for that lie he told me about the dock, if it takes my bank-account.»

THE first of March was approaching. The regular hauling contract for the brewery had become an important one, its business having nearly doubled in the last few years. It was specially valuable to Tom at this time, and she determined to make every effort to secure it.

Pop filled up the proposal in his round, clear hand, and Tom signed it, «Thomas Grogan, Rockville, Staten Island.» Then pop witnessed it, and Mr. Crane, a few days later, duly inscribed the firm's name under the clause reserved for bondsmen. After that Tom brought the bid home, and laid it on the shelf over her bed.

Everything was now ready for the fight.

The bids were to be opened at noon in the office of the brewery.

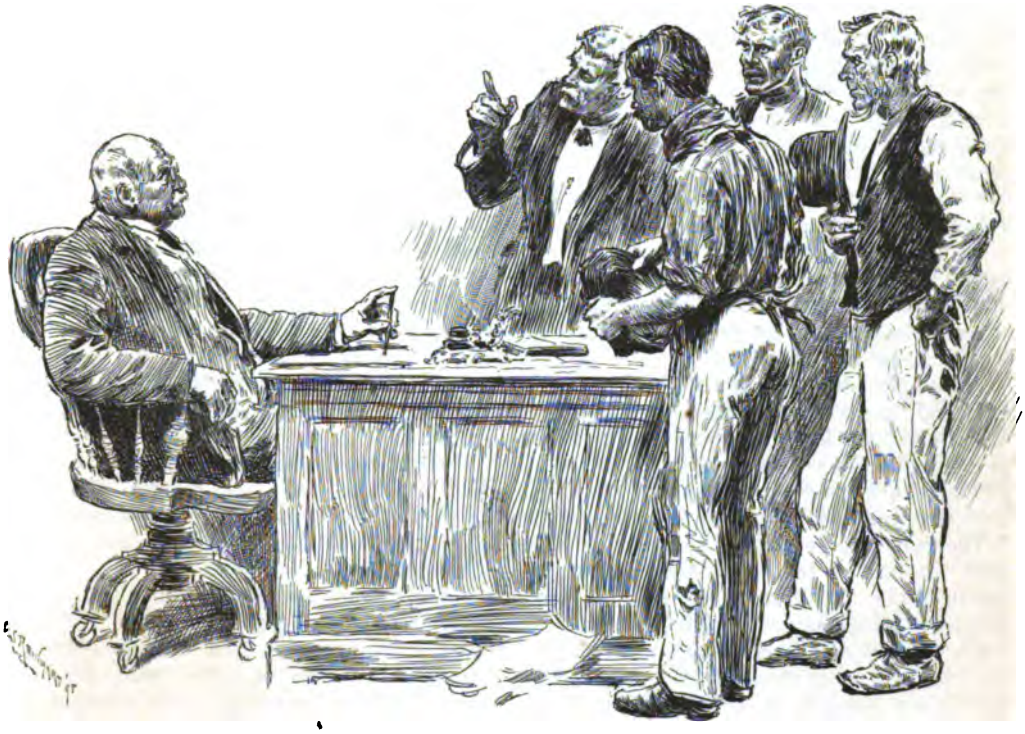
By eleven o'clock the hangers-on and idlers began to lounge into the big yard paved with cobblestones. At half-past eleven McGaw got out of a buggy, accompanied by Quigg. At a quarter to twelve Tom, in her hood and ulster, walked rapidly through the gate, and, without as much as a look at the men gathered about the office door, pushed her way into the room. Then she picked up a chair and, placing it against the wall, sat down. Sticking out of the breast pocket of her ulster was the big envelop containing her bid.

Five minutes before the hour the men began filing in one by one, awkwardly uncovering their heads, and standing in one another's way. Some, using their hats as screens, looked over the rims. When the bids were being gathered up by the clerk, Dennis Quigg handed Tom's bid was the last.

«Thomas Grogan, Rockville, S. I., thirty-eight cents for coal, etc.»

«Gentlemen,» said Mr. Schwartz, quietly, «Thomas Grogan gets the hauling.»

Then he disappeared through the door.



DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

«THAT NIGHT THE UNION . . . APPOINTED A COMMITTEE TO WAIT ON MR. SCHWARTZ.»

over McGaw's. The ease with which Dan had raised the money on his notes had invested that gentleman with some of the dignity and attributes of a capitalist: the hired buggy and the obsequious Quigg indicated this. His new position was strengthened by the liberal way in which he had portioned out his possessions to the workingman. It was further sustained by the hope that he might perhaps repeat the operation in the near future.

At twelve o'clock, Mr. Schwartz, a round, bullet-headed German, entered the room, turned his revolving-chair, and began to cut the six envelops heaped up before him on his desk, reading the prices aloud as he opened them in succession, the clerk recording. The first four were from parties in outside villages. Then came McGaw's:

«Forty-nine cents for coal, etc.»

So far he was lowest. Quigg twisted his hat nervously, and McGaw's coarse face grew red and white by turns.

That night the Union called a meeting, and appointed a committee to wait on Mr. Schwartz, to protest against his giving work to a non-union woman.

VIII.

POP MULLINS'S ADVICE.

ALMOST every man and woman in the tenement district knew Oscar Schwartz, and had felt the power of his obstinate hand during the long strike of two years before, when, the Union having declared war, Schwartz had closed the brewery for several months rather than submit to its dictation. The women, especially, remembered the privations and suffering of that winter, and the three dollars a week doled out to them by the Central Branch; while their husbands, who had been earning two and three dollars a day, were drinking at O'Leary's bar, playing cards, or listening to the encouraging talk of

the delegates who came from New York to keep up their spirits.

They knew, too, something of the indomitable pluck and endurance of Tom Grogan. If she was lowest on the bids, she would fight for the contract if it took her last dollar. McGaw was a fool, they said, to bid so high; he might have known she would cut his throat, and bring them all no end of trouble.

Having nursed their resentment, and needing a common object for their wrath, the women broke out against Tom. Many of them had disliked her ever since the day, years ago, when she had been seen carrying her injured husband away at night to the hospital, after months of nursing at home.

«She 's goin' ter put him away where nobody kin foind him,» they said at the time, «while she can go on playin' the man an' shamin' the place. Why don't she be growin' whiskers, an' be done wid it?»

«It 's only bald laziness thet 's the matter wid ould man Grogan,» broke out another. «She ought ter keep him home and put him ter worruk, ef he is a cripple, instid er payin' his boord over to New Yorruk; an' she w'u'd do it, too, only she loikes bein' the boss.»

The men who envied her success, and who were too lazy or too worthless to profit by her example, had been in the habit of easing their minds by gratuitous criticisms of her ways and doings, generally at O'Leary's low groggery, near the post-office. Some had been mean enough to insinuate that Crane & Co. were behind her, or that somebody else was furnishing her the money to continue her business; that it was not her own capital which paid the bills. McGaw had always winked his eye meaningly, with a certain leer, when he discussed this feature of her success. A leer and an innuendo were two weapons McGaw always used against a woman.

A few of those living in the tenements, who understood Tom better, had always defended her. They knew how faithfully she had nursed her husband, and how great a sorrow his loss had been. They knew, too, whose hand and purse had been opened to them in trouble, when the landlord threatened them with the sidewalk, and the undertaker insisted on his money in advance; and though they rarely saw her, except in these cases of emergency, they never forgot her generosities.

After the first year of her husband's removal, even these friends had lost interest in his condition, and seldom spoke to her of his sequestration: the poor have enough troubles of their own. When they did ask her, she always had one stereotyped reply, «Oh, he 's better, thank God!» Finally, as the years went on, the subject was dropped even by her nearest friends, and never referred to at all by those who had merely a good-morning acquaintance.

When, therefore, the news of the award of the brewery contract to Tom had reached the tenements, and the possibility of another strike was suggested, the main doorway, where they all assembled, was crowded the next morning with women discussing the situation, and full of fresh imprecations against Tom.

«Why should she be a-comin' in an' a-robbin' us of our pay?» muttered a coarse, red-faced virago, her hair in a frowse about her head, her slatternly dress open at the throat. «Oi 'll be one to go an' pull her off the dock an' jump on her. What 's she a-doin', anyhow, puttin' down prices? Ef her ole man had a leg to walk on, instid of his lyin' a cripple in the hospital, he 'd be back and be a-runnin' things.»

«She 's doin' what she 's a right to do,» broke out Mrs. Todd, indignantly. She was the wife of the foreman at the brewery, and an old friend of Tom's. It was with Mrs. Todd's child that Tom had sat up.

«It 's not Tom Grogan that 's crooked,» she continued, «an' ye all know it. It 's that loafer Dennis Quigg, and that old sneak Crimmins. They never lifted their hands on a decent job in their lives, an' don't want to. When my man Jack was out of work for four months last winter, and there was n't a pail of coal in the house, was n't Quigg gittin' his four dollars a day for shootin' off his mouth every night at O'Leary's, an' fillin' the men's heads full of capital and rights? An' Dan McGaw 's no better. If ye 're out for jumpin' on people, Mrs. Moriarty, begin with Quigg an' some of the bummers as is runnin' the Union, an' as gits paid whether the men works or not.»

«Bedad, ye 're roight,» said half a dozen women, the tide turning suddenly, while the excitement grew and spread, and other women came in from the several smaller tenements.

«Is the trouble at the brewery?» asked a shrunken-looking woman, opening a door on the corridor, a faded shawl over her head. She was a newcomer, and had been in the tenement only a week or so—not long enough to have the run of the house and know her neighbors.

«Yes; at Schwartz's,» said Mrs. Todd, stopping opposite her door on the way to her own rooms. «Your man 's got a job there, ain't he?»

«He has, mum; he 's gateman—the fust job in six months. Ye don't think they 'll make him throw it up, do ye, mum?»

«Yes; an' break his head if he don't. Thet 's what they did to my man three years gone, till he had to come in with the gang and pay 'em two dollars a month,» replied Mrs. Todd.

«But my man 's jined, mum, a month ago; they would n't let him work till he did. Won't ye come in an' set down? It 's a poor place we have—we 've been so long without work, an' my girl 's laid off with a cough. She 's been a-workin' at the box-factory. If the Union give notice again, I don't know what 'll become of us. Can't we do somethin'? Maybe Mrs. Grogan might give up the work if she knew how it was wid us. She seems like a dacent woman; she was in to look at me girl last week, hearin' as how we were strangers an' she very bad.»

«Oh, ye don't know her. Ye can save yer wind and shoe-leather. She 's on ter McGaw red hot, that 's the worst of it. He better look out; she 'll down him yet,» said Mrs. Todd.

As the two entered the stuffy, close room, a young girl left her seat by the window, and moved into the adjoining apartment. She had that yellow, waxy skin, hollow, burning eyes, and hectic flush which tell the fatal story so clearly.

Outside, the women continued to gather in groups in the hallways and on the staircases, discussing the impending danger, breaking out into tirades against Schwartz, Grogan, McGaw, the Union, and every man connected with the threatened lockout. The brewery employed a larger number of men than any other concern in Rockville, so trouble with its employees meant serious trouble for half the village if Schwartz defied the Union and employed a non-union woman to do the work.

While the women were cursing and wringing their hands, the men were down at Lion Hall. The meeting had been called for nine o'clock.

It was held behind closed doors. The only men admitted outside the immediate membership of their branch were two walking delegates from Brooklyn, who had been telegraphed for the night before, and who came down to coax or bully the weak-kneed, if the ultimatum sent to Schwartz was refused by him and a sympathetic strike was ordered by the Union.

At the brewery all was quiet. Schwartz had read the notice left on his desk by the committee the night before, and had already begun his arrangements to supply the places of the men if a strike was ordered. When pressed by Quigg for a reply, he said quietly:

«The price for hauling will be Grogan's bid. If she wants it, it is hers.»

Tom said nothing outside of her own home. She had talked the matter over with pop, and had determined to buy another horse and hire two extra carts. At her price there was a margin of at least ten cents a ton profit, and as the work lasted through the year, she could adjust the hauling of her other business without much extra expense. As for the dangers to her attendant upon the threatened strike, she never gave them a thought. If Schwartz wanted her to carry on the work, she would do it, Union or no Union. Then Mr. Crane was on her bond. That in itself was a bracing factor she had never availed herself of before. Strong and self-reliant as she was, the helping hand which this man held out to her was like an anchor in a storm.

That Sunday night they were all gathered round the kerosene lamp,—pop reading, Cully and Patsy on the floor, Jennie listening absent-mindedly, her thoughts far away,—when there came a knock at the kitchen door. Jennie flew to open it.

Outside stood two women. One was Mrs. Todd, the other the haggard, pinched, careworn woman who had spoken to her that morning at her room-door in the tenement.

«They want to see you, mother,» said Jennie, all the light gone out of her eyes. It had been this way for a week. What could be the matter with Carl, she thought.

«Well, bring 'em in. Hold on, I 'll go meself.»

«She *would* come, Tom,» said Mrs. Todd, unwinding her shawl from her head and shoulders; «an' ye must n't blame me, fer it 's none of my doin's. Walk in, mum; ye can speak to her yerself. Why, where is she?»—looking out of the door into the darkness. «Oh, here ye are; I thought ye 'd skipped.»

«Do ye remember me?» said the figure, her gaunt face looking all the more wretched under the flickering light of the candle. «I 'm the newcomer in the tenements. Ye were in to see my girl th' other night. We 're in great trouble.»

«She 's not dead?» said Tom, sinking into a chair.

«No, thank God; we 've got her still wid us; but me man 's come home to-night nigh crazy. He 's a-walkin' the floor this minute, an' so I goes to Mrs. Todd, an' she come wid me. If he loses the job now, we 're in the

street. Only two weeks' work since las' fall, an' the girl gettin' worse every day, and every cint in the bank gone, an' hardly a chair lef' in the place. An' I says to him, «I 'll go meself. She come in to see Katie th' other night; she 'll listen to me.» We lived in Newark, mum, an' had four rooms and a mahogany sofa and two carpets, till the strike come in the clock-factory, an' me man had to quit; an' then all winter—oh, we 're not used to the likes of this!»—covering her face with her shawl and bursting into tears.

Tom had risen to her feet, her face expressing sympathy, though she was at sea as to the cause of her visitor's distress.

«Is yer man fired?» she asked.

«No, an' would n't be if they 'd let him alone. He 's sober an' steady, an' never tastes a drop, and brings his money home to me every Saturday night, and always done; an' now they—»

«Well, what 's the matter, then?» Tom could not stand much beating about the bush.

«Why, don't ye know they 've give notice?» she said in astonishment; then, as a misgiving entered her mind, «Maybe I 'm wrong; but me man an' all of 'em tells me ye 're a-buckin' ag'in' Mr. McGaw, an' that ye has the haulin' job at the brewery.»

«No,» said Tom, with emphasis, «ye 're not wrong; ye 're dead right. But who 's give notice?»

«The committee 's give notice, an' the boss at the brewery says he 'll give ye the job if he has to shut up the brewery; an' the committee 's decided to-day that if he does they 'll call out the men. My man is a member, and so I come over—» And she rested her head wearily against the door, the tears streaming down her face.

Tom looked at her in astonishment, and then, putting her strong arms about her, half carried her across the kitchen to a chair by the stove. Mrs. Todd leaned against the table, watching the sobbing woman.

For a moment no one spoke. It was a new experience for Tom. Heretofore the fight had been her own and for her own. She had never thought some woman weaker than herself might suffer in the struggle. With this, too, there flashed across her mind a certain feeling of justifiable pride in the situation. She had never supposed before that she filled so important a place in the neighborhood. But this feeling was momentary. Here was a suffering woman. What could she do to help her? This thought was uppermost in her mind.

«Don't ye worry,» she said tenderly. «Schwartz won't fire yer man.»

«No; but the sluggers will. There was five men 'p'inted to-day to do up the scabs an' the kickers who won't go out. They near killed him once in Newark for kickin', when Katie was took bad.»

«Do ye know their names?» said Tom, her eyes flashing.

«No, an' me man don't. He 's new, an' they dar's n't trust him. It was in the back room, he says, they picked 'em out.»

Tom stood for some moments in deep thought, gazing at the fire, her arms akimbo. Then, wheeling suddenly, she opened the door of the sitting-room, and said in a firm, resolute voice:

«Gran'pop, come here; I want ye.»

The old man laid down his book, and stood in the kitchen doorway. He was in his shirt-sleeves, his spectacles on his forehead.

«Come inside the kitchen, an' shut that door behind ye. Here 's me friend Jane Todd an' a friend of hers from the tenement. That thief of a McGaw has stirred up the Union over the haulin' bid, an' they 've sent notice to Schwartz that I 'm non-union, an' if he don't throw me over an' give the job to McGaw they 'll call out the men. If they do, there 's a hundred women and three times that many children that 'll go hungry. This woman here 's got a girl herself that has n't drawed a well breath for six months, an' her man 's been idle all winter, an' has only just now got a job at Schwartz's, tending gate. He 's got to keep his job, or the girl 'll die. Now, what 'll I do? Shall I chuck it up or stick?»

The old man looked into the desolate, weary face of the woman and then at Tom. Then he said slowly:

«Well, child, ye kin do widout it, an' maybe t' others can't.»

«Ye 've got it straight,» said Tom; «that 's just what I think meself.» Then, turning to the woman:

«Go home and tell yer man to go to bed. The job 's McGaw's. I 'll throw up me bid.»

(To be continued.)

F. Hopkinson Smith.

DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

«‹DO YOU KNOW THEIR NAMES?› SAID TOM.»

PATIENCE.

Patience and the passage of time
Accomplish more than strength or anger.

Everything comes to him who waits.

THERE is many a proverb in verse or prose to convince us that patience is a virtue. A characteristic of a virtue is that we admire it in others without possessing it ourselves. But every one has more or less patience, and yet every one ridicules it in his neighbor. An idler watching a fisherman at his line exclaims: « Here is a man with a fund of patience. I have been watching him fish for two hours, and he has n't caught a thing! »

But if patience is not a virtue, what, then, is it? The opposite of impatience, evidently. As the latter is always a fault which interferes with the success of our plans, the former should be only a lucky calculation resulting in the success of our enterprises—something in the nature of the genius of egotism.

Here, for instance, is a little scene which occurs every day at the same hour.

The picture represents an apartment in a comfortable dwelling at the sea-shore. A large window opens on the beach, where the waves are dashing their snowy foam over the rocks. In front of the window is a table covered with a green cloth, strewn with playing-cards symmetrically arranged in rows or in small piles; to the left, a large stone mantelpiece; to the right, a screen of rich brocade, on which is hung a small case with four pockets, filled with newspapers, pamphlets, guides, etc.,—traveling literature,—ill-matched furniture—to sum up, a country outfit.

There are three characters. A cardinal, seated at the table, seems to be entirely absorbed in a game of cards. He is playing solitaire. Beside him stands his housekeeper, with a cup in her hand. In front of the mantelpiece a large Danish hound is dozing upon a rug.

In the head of each of these is a brain, and in each of these brains is a dominant idea. These three ideas may be expressed by three questions. Under the biretta is the thought: « Am I going to end by succeeding? » beneath the coif: « Is he going to take his tisane at last? » and beneath the hairy pate with pointed ears: « Will they finally go out? »

These queries all prove that they have been long awaiting a reply. Thus the three display great patience, each in his own fashion.

Can we now deduce the calculations which have begotten patience in these three? Perfectly.

The cardinal, without being superstitious, attaches great importance to his game. Perhaps he has said to himself, « If this succeeds, I shall be Pope »; and one understands that, however little ambition he may have, he is not going to compromise such a matter by a movement of impatience or a lack of attention.

The housekeeper's mission is to watch over the health of her master. He must take his tisane. It is not worth while for him to come and rest at the sea-shore if he is not taken care of. She cannot place the cup on the table—there is no more room. If she places it on another piece of furniture, monseigneur will forget to take it.

As for the dog, he knows well that if he barks or makes confusion in the room by upsetting chairs, he will be sent back to his kennel, where he will be tied up until the evening. He must, therefore, avoid recalling his presence.

Will all these calculations be crowned with success?

Will he be Pope?

Will he take his dog for a walk?

We know nothing about it; but it is probable that at least he *will* take his tisane. As to the rest, you are free to wait for a solution, if you have patience.

J. G. Vibert.

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PATIENCE.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

NAPOLEON THE DICTATOR OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE.

WAR WITH PRUSSIA—JENA AND AUERSTÄDT—THE DEVASTATION OF PRUSSIA—WAR WITH RUSSIA: PULTUSK—CHECK TO THE GRAND ARMY: EYLAU.

DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN.

NAPOLEON IN THE DRESS OF A MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE.

WAR WITH PRUSSIA.

NO state of modern Europe has a history more instructive than that of Prussia. Although she was the child of the Reformation, yet the particular style of reformed Christianity which she adopted, the temper of her people, who have always professed abhorrence for party strife, and the perpetual menaces of her surrounding foes, prevented the discussion and agitation of political questions there as they were ventilated in England, and eventually turned her government into a despotism. Her ruling house was Calvinistic, and imbued with the sternest ideas of duty. Frederick William I. built up a system of admirable simplicity and economy in civil administration, which enabled him to lavish proportionately large sums on the finest army of the day. This instrument his brilliant son, Frederick the Great, used to increase the Prussian territories by an area of 75,000 square miles; and when he died, having pursued his father's policy, he left his country without a debt, with a reserve of 60,000,000 thalers in her treasury, and with a greatly increased income.

His nephew and successor, Frederick William II., was also a despot, but a feeble one. Under him throve the disgraceful system of irresponsible cabinet government whereby both religious and intellectual liberty were necessarily diminished, if not destroyed; and while by a shameful subserviency to Austria he got a small share in the two disreputable partitions of Poland, yet on his death in 1797 the people were sluggish, the nation was in debt, and the army was disorganized. For a time the beneficent influence of new ideas and new impulses had been felt in a revival of patriotism, chiefly among the upper classes, but even they fell back into indifference. Frederick William III. was a good citizen, but a poor king. Inheriting the policy of neutrality, he had obstinately clung to it, surrounding himself with advisers who retained all the bad traditions of cabinet government and the haughty exclusiveness of class pride; the court was rent by factions, and but for one circumstance, shortly to be noted, would have been utterly out of touch with the nation. Refusing the French alliance as long as he dared after Austerlitz, he had yet accepted Hanover when offered as the price of his forced compliance, never dreaming that there was any other political course than the old disreputable one of yielding to momentary expediency, or that in a new age he might find a new support from his people for the straightforward integrity which he felt, but dared not practise.

In 1806 Prussia as a whole had not come under the influence of modern ideas to any appreciable degree. Serfdom of a degrading sort still existed, although not in its worst forms; the old estates of the middle ages still existed also, for the law not only upheld the division of land into noble, burgher, and peasant holdings, but even drew a corresponding distinction between various occupations, forbidding any man to pass from one to the other, or the transfer of any real estate from one category to another. The towns still rested on their respective charter rights; the medieval restrictions of trade and

DRAWN BY F. DE LYRBACH.

QUEEN LOUISA REVIEWING THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.

communication were not yet entirely abolished; the common schools founded by Frederick William I. were as narrow and rigid as either the craft or cathedral schools of the middle ages. Society in the smaller towns and in the country was stagnant, and the position of the individual was immobile, for he was without the spur of ambition. The landowners were a caste which, having asserted themselves as the guarantors of public order after the Thirty Years' War, and having undone the good work of the Reformation by the usurpation of feudal privilege, still held manorial courts. Though they no longer wrung their quota of the taxes from the peasants, they were haughty, exclusive, and tenacious of many petty and annoying privileges.

The one illuminated spot in this picture was small but brilliant. The young and beautiful Queen Louisa was pious, virtuous, and high-spirited. About her was a small court party of intelligent men and women who understood the true mission of Prussia, and were therefore eager for a declaration of war against the aggrandizing policy of Napoleon. Many of them were young and ardent, like the princes Louis and Henry, others were mature and cautious, but all were alike determined and devoted. These patriots had for a time little influence with the people, although both Hardenberg and Stein, to whose efforts as alternating heads of Frederick William's cabinet Germany eventually owed her regeneration, were of their number. So tenacious was the King of his irregular privy councilors that the legal ministers could not secure his confidence or even exercise their functions in the administration. Besides the leaders of this party already mentioned, there were in it Müller, Humboldt, Blücher, the Princess Radziwill, and others of less renown.

The efforts of this little band were soon seconded by those of a somewhat larger one. The universities had been founded in the principles of liberty, and while they often yielded to the tyranny of circumstances, they were never entirely mute. Many of the professors appreciated the backwardness of Germany, and the students formed secret associations for the destruction of local prejudice and the promotion of a large patriotism. In the greater cities, which had not entirely forgotten their former struggles with

thaler.. ..eudalism, there were also burgesses who
increase.. ..eived such doctrines kindly, and rendered

His ne.. ..aluable service in keeping the embers of
liam II., ..ty from extinction.
Under him ..ong the indifferent millions there was
irresponsibi.. ..
both religio.. remnant who, having been at first

enthusiastic for the liberalizing side of the French Revolution, were now opposed to its conquering and domineering tendency as represented by the empire, and looked for the realization of their ideals in the regeneration of their own country. Early in 1807 their leading men began to be heard: Schleiermacher among the clergy; Fichte, the sometime admirer of the revolutionary movement, among the philosophers; E. M. Arndt among the men of letters. By the middle of 1806 the new doctrines had mildly permeated the whole nation. The few earnest spirits who still believed in the cosmopolitan equality of all men as the goal of humanity, who longed for Augustine's city of God on earth, without the rivalry of nations and the tumults of exaggerated patriotism, were soon reduced to silence. If Napoleon were, as thousands believed, the appointed agent for this end, they might still hope, but they could no longer speak.

The faith of these idealists must have been rudely shaken by various pieces of news received during the summer. In spite of all their fragments and splinters, the German peoples have never been entirely out of sympathy with one another, although their separation has been more complete and bitter than that between the parts of any other race. Even Austria felt this movement of popular national uprising, and the shower of patriotic pamphlets was scarcely less abundant in south Germany than in the north. Before the close of summer the situation was actually strained. In the very midst of the seething agitation the Grand Duke Joachim I. spoke of a kingdom soon to be his, possibly meaning the Hanseatic cities, or perhaps he looked for Sweden. The royal house of the leading Scandinavian power had been one of the most despotic in Europe, and therefore had eschewed the French Revolution and all its works, the empire among the rest. Her dynasty was consequently so hated by Napoleon that it was merely a question of time when it would cease to reign. This feeling had recently been intensified by a fatuous attempt to besiege Hameln and drive the French from Hanover, made in the previous November by the Duke of Södermanland, then regent for Gustavus Adolphus IV., but afterward King Charles XIII. The noisy Augereau, too, had exasperated the people of Ansbach, where he was in command, by drinking toasts in public to the success of the French in their coming war with Prussia.

These and a thousand other minor irritations combined with the occupation of Wesel to raise the tide of popular feeling still higher.

DRAWN BY F. DE MYRBACH.

THE PRUSSIAN NOBLE GUARD SHARPEN THEIR SWORDS ON THE STEPS OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY AT BERLIN.

DRAWN BY F. DE MYRBACH.

NAPOLEON'S MODE OF TRAVELING.

The Emperor of the French was dismayed, but he could think of no other remedy than severity. Accordingly, Berthier was instructed to proceed against the authors and publishers of «political libels» by martial law, on the plea that a commander must care for his army—those individuals who stir up the people against it are worthy of death. This might be well enough in war, but it was an absurd and wicked pretext not only in a time of peace, but during an illegal occupation. A certain Ansbacher, Yelin, had but lately written a plain, truth-telling pamphlet entitled, «Germany in her Deepest Humiliation,» and it was circulated, though not exactly published, by Palm, a bookseller of Nuremberg. The author was unknown to the French authorities, but Palm was arrested, hastily court-martialed, and shot. He met death with the fortitude of a martyr, conscious that his blood was the seed of patriots. The news of this murder traveled like wildfire; excitement and indignation reached their highest pitch, and the uprising against Napoleon became national in the widest sense. It was long before the officials of Prussia realized the vital importance of the popular feeling thus aroused. For some weeks after ratifying the treaty which Napoleon substituted for that of Schönbrunn the Berlin cabinet simply fretted in impotence. The young officers of the war party were sharpening their swords on the steps of the French embassy and demanding the disgrace of Haugwitz; there was even insubordination, and the King, with tears streaming from his eyes, threatened to abdicate. He had been kept in ignorance of the Russian and English negotiations at Paris; but when in August he heard that Hanover had been offered to England, and saw the French occupation of southern Germany with a hostile army, in the strongest possible strategic position against his own territories, his cup of bitterness ran over.

It had been full when he learned of the Confederation of the Rhine. Although Prussia's old rival, Austria, had been humbled and driven out of Germany, in her stead appeared the French empire, a much more dangerous neighbor, with more unbridled ambition and greater strength. When the King first learned of this latter fact he turned to the Czar, sending Charles, Duke of Brunswick, on a secret mission to St. Petersburg, in order, if possible, to persuade Alexander to guarantee the integrity of Turkey, thus removing the apple of European discord, and furthering the chances of an alliance between Russia and France, which would be the surest guarantee of Prussia's repose. But the Oubril negotiations were still proceeding in Paris, and the Czar, hoping by concessions as to Naples, Sardinia, and Hanover, to secure French neutrality in his schemes of Oriental aggrandizement, refused. All that could be agreed upon was that Russia should use all her power to secure the independence and integrity of Prussia, while Prussia should not attack Russia if she went to war with France over Turkey. The King's privy councilors suggested a counterweight to the league of the Rhine by forming a league of the North under the «protection» of Prussia. As yet they closed their eyes to the general agitation of national feeling throughout Germany, and cared little or nothing for the death of Palm.

In pursuance of their scheme, they therefore opened negotiations with Napoleon for the formation of a North German Confederation. It was to include Saxony, the two Mecklenburgs, Oldenburg, Hesse-Cassel, the Hanseatic towns, and a number of minor principalities. The Emperor could not well give a categorical refusal, and consented on condition that Prussia should disarm. In this interval Alexander had contemptuously rejected all the conditions of the Oubril treaty, which not only abandoned the Naples Bourbons, the house of Savoy, and the Hanoverian question, but also guaranteed the integrity of the Ottoman empire. He was even more incensed than Thugut, the minister of Francis, had been in the similar case when, after Marengo, Talleyrand wheedled his agent, St. Julien, into equally galling concessions. The Czar would neither abandon the Bocche di Cattaro nor guarantee the integrity of Turkey—nothing was further from his intention than this; nor, even though France promised, as she did, to evacuate Germany, would he accept the Balearic Isles as compensation to King Ferdinand for Naples and Sicily. This attitude made the disarmament of Prussia essential to Napoleon's supremacy in Germany, the more so because, by the demise of the German-Roman empire, Russia had lost her right of intervention in Germany, and would probably seek a new pretext to recover it. It was a tradition of her ruling house that the Eastern empire of Rome, which she in a sort inherited, must assert its supremacy over the Western by the possession and exercise of that right. The empire of Austria could not any longer be considered the empire of Rome.

The warlike attitude of England and Russia was a strong support to Prussia. After the terrible treaty with France, just signed, her army was more demoralized than ever. Like that of Austria, it was resting on old tradi-

tions and on laurels won by a former generation. The antiquated system virtually made slaves of the common soldiers. Every captain maintained his own company, farming it to the government. One half of the men must be Prussians, the other were the scum of Europe; nearly all were secured by forced enlistment or crimping, and they were all compelled to serve until superannuation released them, when, instead of a pension, they were given a license to beg! It was the interest of every captain to secure the highest efficiency at the least expense, and his soldiers, like costly chattels, were too precious to be risked except under compulsion. The companies had no moral cohesion, and so whenever any portion of the machinery broke down, the rest was sure to become inoperative. The discipline was very severe, corporal punishment being inflicted without stint. The principal officers had become venerable creatures of routine. There were majors in the hussars no less than sixty years of age. The Duke of Brunswick, commander-in-chief, —the same who had sold nearly 6000 mercenaries to George III. for use in the war of the American Revolution,—a spendthrift, a loose liver, and a martinet, was seventy-one; Möllendorf was over eighty, Kalkreuth was sixty-six, and even Blücher, the exception, the most youthful and fiery general of them all, was over sixty. In particular the staff had occupied itself for years with an absurd refinement and development of Frederick the Great's system of strategy, army organization, and commissariat. Of course the army itself was not in utter ignorance of what was going on, for officers had been despatched to observe the French proceedings, and they brought back careful reports of Napoleon's revolutionary tactics and strategy. But a national organism is unitary, and under the two Frederick Williams, II. and III., it was not probable that the necessary changes in any department of administration—not even that of the army —would be made. The only full appreciation of the facts was among the younger officers. In their associations the situation was known and often discussed. Unfortunately for the country, the aristocratic pride of their class kept them from setting a just value on the efficiency of the French democrats. Prussia, therefore, was neither organized nor armed for war.

But as the summer advanced, the ardor of the war party among the officers combined with the rising sentiment of nationality and the threatening tenor of Napoleon's language to influence the government. To other aggressions was added a new one—the seizure, by his orders, of valuable abbey lands which had been assigned to Prussia in 1802, but lay on the border of Berg, with the cool suggestion that, in order to indemnify herself, Prussia should stir up strife with Sweden and seize Pomerania. It was reported that the French were reinforcing the Wesel garrison and had occupied Würzburg; it was even said that they were advancing against Saxony. At last, when assured that Napoleon had actually offered Hanover to England, the King yielded to the solicitations of his people, which grew louder and more angry when they too heard of Napoleon's perfidy. On August 9, the same day on which Lord Lauderdale demanded his passports from the French Minister of War, orders were given to mobilize the Prussian army. Napoleon was not even yet clear as to his own readiness, and, in view of the Czar's still uncertain attitude, would ostensibly have been glad to purchase Prussian disarmament by agreeing to the formation of the North German Confederation. In Talleyrand's despatch of July 22 to the French envoy at Berlin the suggestion was even made that Prussia should federate the states «still belonging to the Germanic Empire, and install the imperial crown in the house of Brandenburg.» At the same time Talleyrand strove in other ways to make it impossible, and urged the Elector of Saxony to declare himself an independent prince. The same influence was shown in the fact that neither the Hanseatic towns nor Hesse-Cassel would give a direct answer to Prussia.

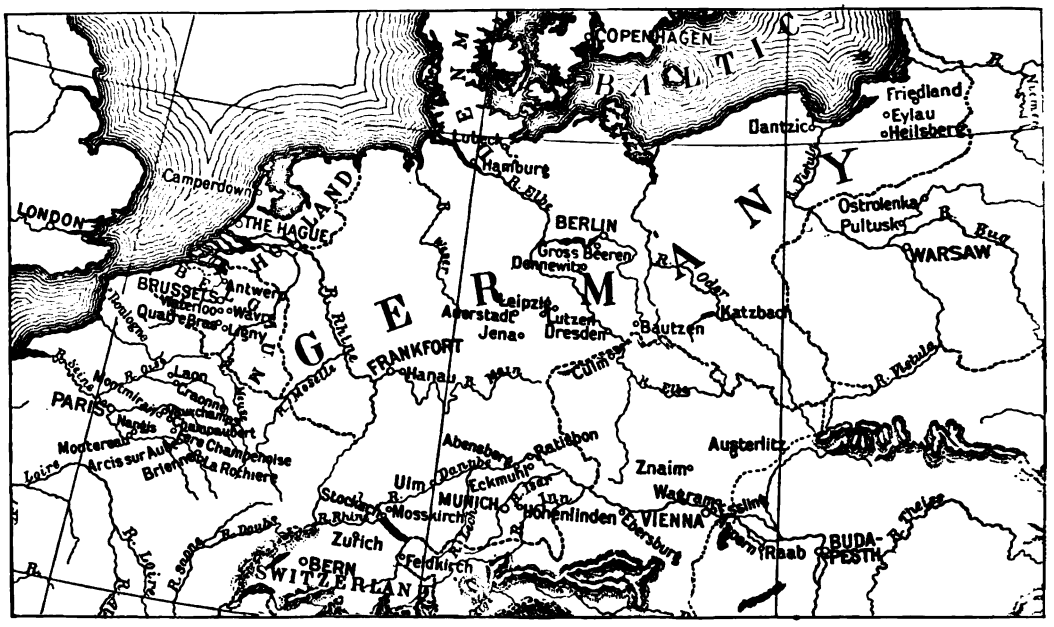
There is every reason, however, to believe that Napoleon still hoped for peace. As late as August 26 the Emperor wrote to Berthier that he really intended to evacuate Germany; but a week later the Czar's rejection of the Oubril treaty, in a note dated August 15, was announced simultaneously with the demand of Frederick William for the evacuation of Germany. The French army was left where it stood, for it seemed clear to Napoleon that a new coalition must have been formed. If Prussia were arming merely from fear, she must be stopped; if she were arming to make ready for war in conjunction with England and Russia, he must lose no time in order to prevent a united movement. In reality, matters had not advanced so far, as Prussia was still nominally at war with Great Britain on account of Hanover, and there could be no coalition without English subsidies. With his usual vacillation, Frederick William repented almost immediately of the course he had taken, and on August 24 vainly suggested to

his cabinet the revocation of his orders for mobilization. In such a situation Napoleon was not the man to hesitate. Lord Lauderdale had not yet received his passports, and was still in Paris. The Emperor again took up the thread of negotiation, but without serious purpose, and only to gain time. He at once began to prepare for a war which, believing in England's exhaustion and Russia's timidity, he had not expected, and which he accepted as an almost fatal necessity. As yet the renown of Frederick the Great's armies had not been forgotten in France. Napoleon had measured his own with those of Austria and Russia, but that of Prussia he believed to be of different stuff. Moreover, both in 1802 and in 1805 its officers had been able to observe the outlines of his system, and would be forewarned. «The reputation of the Prussian troops was high,» he said to Mme. de Rémusat; «there was much talk about the excellence of their cavalry, while ours commanded no respect, and our officers expected a sturdy resistance.» «I believe,» he said at the time, «that we have a more difficult task than with the Austrians; we shall have to move the earth.»

Accordingly he mustered his arms in double strength—eight army corps and the Guard, a powerful cavalry force under Murat, and an auxiliary army from Bavaria. At once his officers began to study the possible roads from central to northern Germany, and the best appeared both to him and to them to be by the way of Bamberg. By September 25 the new levies of 100,000 well-drilled recruits were ready, and on that day the Emperor left Paris for Mainz with all possible secrecy. On the other hand, Frederick William knew not whither to turn. As yet there was no peace with England, and it could not be obtained without the surrender of Hanover. In the opinion of many close observers he was well aware how disintegrated was his own army and how efficient was that of France. He felt assured of ultimate support from Russia, but it would still be November before Alexander's troops could reach central Europe. He must also have known that in the rushing tide of events it would be impossible before the outbreak of war to take advantage of the popular enthusiasm and organize a volunteer movement to strengthen his fighting force. The long tyranny of himself and his predecessors had destroyed the power of quick initiative in the people. The Bavarian agent in Paris recorded it as his opinion that Frederick William yielded to the war party in order that, having been defeated in one battle, his people would understand the impossibility of resistance and permit him to make the best terms possible. Whether this be true or not, the unhappy and unready King, unable any longer to secure advantage from the misfortune of his neighbors, unable longer to pursue a policy of weakness and indecision, with England still hostile and Russia not ardent, finally decided for war. On September 24 he arrived at his headquarters in Naumburg, and on October 1 the Prussian minister in Paris presented his sovereign's ultimatum to France. Germany must be evacuated, Wesel restored, and no obstacle be thrown in the way of a North German Confederation. The term set for a reply was October 8. Napoleon received the paper on October 7, in Bayreuth, and his columns were already marching. The answer was, of course, in the facts, which were a quite sufficient refusal.

JENA AND AUERSTÄDT.

In single combat, with equal arms, the prowess of the victor must be measured by the resistance of his foe. This is not necessarily true in warfare. Knowing, as we now do, the weakness of Prussia in 1806, it is a cheap and simple method of belittling Napoleon to belittle his enemy. But this is unfair as well as unhistoric. Moral courage is more admirable than physical daring, and in the high renown of the Prussian soldiery it was a deed of great bravery to provoke a conflict. Moreover, skill went hand in hand with pluck, for Napoleon's preparations were better than any hitherto made, and his strategic plan was one of the greatest conceptions so far formed by a master in that department of military science. It is not so striking as some others, because tremendous geographical obstacles like the Alps played no part in it: but it was quite as novel as any, and probably shows the best possible adaptation of means to an end; it has, moreover, the superlative merit of having been overwhelmingly successful—too much so, in fact, for its author's reputation, since it appears to illustrate the proverb of using a sledge-hammer to crush an egg-shell. For the sake of estimating Napoleon's power, it is necessary to apprehend at least the outlines of his great design, and further still, if possible, to grasp certain portions of otherwise uninteresting professional detail. In the first place, the Emperor of the French completely metamorphosed himself into the commander-in-chief of the French armies, and for a few weeks gave his undivided attention to the



MAP OF THE BATTLES IN PRUSSIA AND POLAND.

matter in hand. In the second place, he evolved the great outlines of a form of advance into Germany so far untried in the annals of European warfare, and then proceeded to work it out to the minutest detail. Finally, he developed the principles of Austerlitz into a scheme of open formation, venturesome to a degree, large in outline, and dependent for success upon complete knowledge and a perfect coördination of all the parts. We already begin to feel that nothing less than the Napoleonic concentration of Napoleonic powers could assure the completion of such a design. Choosing the fortress of Würzburg, and later that of Forchheim, as his point of support, he determined to concentrate his force on the extreme right of his line and infold the enemy from the east. His first move was to draw in the respective divisions and corps in a line north and south, parallel with the Rhine; his second, to transfer them into another line perpendicular to the first, with the mass to the eastward, between Bamberg and Bayreuth, that he might outflank the Prussians by way of Saalfeld and Hof. To this end he risked abandoning direct connection with France by way of Mainz, but in return he made sure of an indirect one by way of Forchheim, Würzburg, and Mannheim, reserving as his line of retreat that into the Danube valley. If unexpectedly the Prussians should extend their front farther to the eastward, he had in hand the alternative of driving his own mass through their center—an old and favorite manœuver. In order to secure the Rhine, Louis, his brother, was ordered to throw the strongest possible garrison into Wesel, and hold himself ready to attack the Prussians in case they should attempt to turn the French left. As a further safeguard, a corps of 15,000 men under Mortier was to hold Mainz and to make demonstrations as far as Frankfort-on-the-Main. The preliminary stages were all successfully completed, and the troops themselves were ready for their final manœuver, before the end of September. As the weeks of preparation passed, the Emperor's confidence grew, and he wrote to Talleyrand on September 12 that it would be an act of folly for Prussia to attack without allies. His own soldiers appeared to be of the best possible material; they displayed no awe of Prussia's famous army, and even the officers, who expressed considerable anxiety, behaved like perfect machines, offering no advice, and performing with despatch and accuracy the duties assigned to them.

The contrast between the majestic, imperial plan of Napoleon and the petty, unharmonious scheme of Prussia is incredible. On September 30 the aged Duke of Brunswick and the King with his staff were at Naumburg with the main army, 50,000 strong. This body was to be reinforced by 12,000 more who were coming in, but at a distance of several

days' march. The Prince of Hohenlohe was at Chemnitz with 19,000 men, momentarily expecting the arrival of 20,000 Saxons. As these were not yet even mobilized, his expectation was futile. General Rüchel was between Erfurt and Eisenach with a nominal force of 18,000 men, but many of this number had not yet arrived from Westphalia. All three commanders were alike ignorant of the French positions, and without an idea as to the enemy's purpose; not one of them had a trustworthy map of the country. «They are a set of wiseacres (*perruques*),» were Napoleon's own words. The situation has been compared to that in the previous year when Mack on the Iller prepared his forces to be separately beaten by the French. The Prussians had learned nothing from the consequences of that blunder. It is interesting to note that General Jomini, a member of the French staff, having now for some years carefully studied the workings of Napoleon's mind and his principles of warfare, foretold exactly how the combinations of this campaign would work out.

The admirable celerity and accuracy of Napoleon's movements in the field were due to the excellent arrangements by which they were made. His two inseparable companions were the grand marshal Duroc and Caulaincourt, master of the horse. The latter had always the map of the country through which they were driving or riding ready for instant use. The seats of the imperial carriage could be converted into a couch for the Emperor's frequent night journeys, but ordinarily Berthier and Murat took turns in sitting at his side, while Caulaincourt rode close beside the door. Behind, and as near the wheels as possible, rode seven adjutants, fourteen ordnance officers, and four pages, who must be ready on the instant to receive and carry orders. Two of the officers must be familiar with the speech of the country. Rustan, his Egyptian body-servant, rode with them. There were also two mounted lackeys, each carrying maps, papers, and writing-materials. This escort was protected by a body of mounted chasseurs. In case the Emperor alighted for any purpose, four of these instantly did likewise, and, surrounding him with fixed bayonets or loaded pistols pointed outward to the four points of the compass, preserved this relative position as he moved. Last of all came the grooms with extra horses; for the Emperor's personal use there were from seven to nine. These were substantially the arrangements still in vogue during the Prussian campaign. Thereafter his distrust of those about him gradually increased, until toward the end of his career it became acute, and then, as a consequence, the numbers of his suite were much diminished.

Whenever there was need of post-haste the Emperor found relays of nine saddle-horses or six carriage-horses prepared at intervals of from seven to ten miles along his route. In this way he often journeyed at the rate of fourteen miles an hour for six hours at a time. Similar arrangements on a much smaller scale were made for the staff. This body was under the indispensable Berthier, and was so numerous as to be practically capable of subdivision into several. In 1806 there were thirteen adjutants, three heads of departments with five adjutants, thirty-one staff-officers, and thirty engineers. Under the chief of artillery was a personal staff of eighteen officers, under the chief of engineers one of nineteen, and under the commissary-general one of forty-three. Arriving at his night quarters, the Emperor found his office ready—a tent or room with five tables, one in the center for himself, and one at each corner for his private secretaries. On his own was a map oriented, and dotted with colored pins which marked the position of every body of his troops. For this campaign he had the only one in existence, prepared long in advance, by his own orders. It is significant of the Prussian over-confidence and supineness that they had none. As soon as possible was arranged the Emperor's bedchamber, across the door of which Rustan slept, and adjoining it was another for the officers on duty. Dinner occupied less than twenty minutes, for in the field Napoleon ate little, and that rapidly. By seven in the evening he was asleep.

At one in the morning the commander-in-chief arose, entered his office, where the secretaries were already at work, found all reports from the divisions ready at his hand, and then, pacing the floor, dictated his despatches and the orders for the coming day. There is an accepted tradition that he often simultaneously composed and uttered in alternate sentences two different letters, so that two secretaries were busy at the same time in writing papers on different topics. The orders, when completed and revised, were handed to Berthier. By three in the morning they were on their way, and reached the separate corps fresh from headquarters just before the soldiers set out on their march. It was by such perfect machinery that accuracy in both command and obedience was assured.

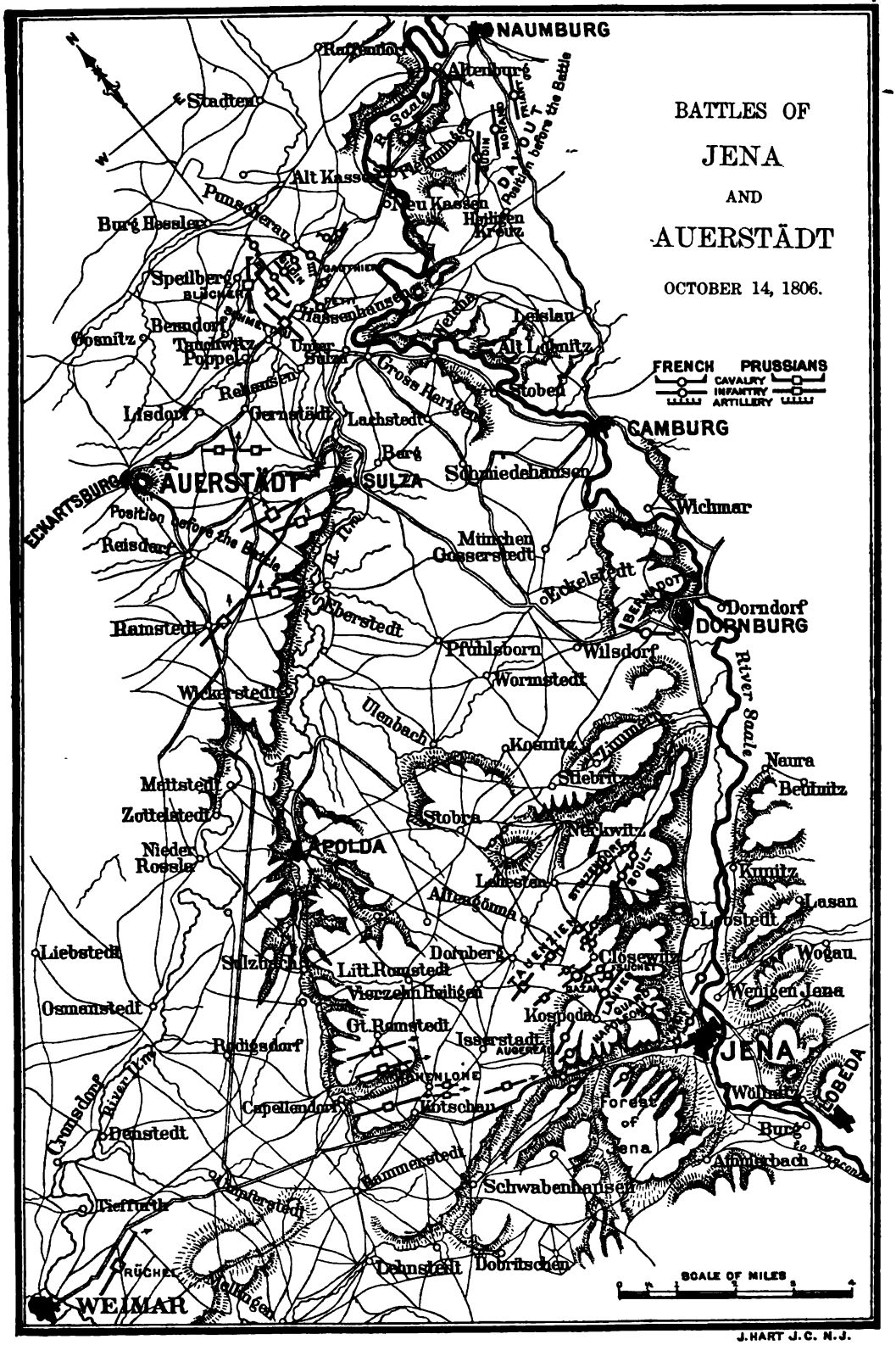
The Prussians, in their feeble way, had

finally determined to assume the offensive from the Thuringian Forest, and to that end they had advanced in a long straggling line as far as Erfurt. After considerable wrangling among the staff, their conference lasting three days, the army finally, on October 7, took position, not on the southern, but on the northern slopes of that district—Brunswick with the main army at Erfurt, Hohenlohe at Blankenhain, and Rüchel, to whose reinforcement Blücher was advancing from Cassel, at Eisenach. Pickets were thrown out into the hill passes in front. This position was virtually divined by Napoleon on the 5th, and believing that the Prussians were massing at Erfurt to strike his left, he immediately set his troops in motion. There were three columns; on the 8th the left wing, under Lannes, was at Coburg, with Augereau one day's march behind; of the center, Murat was already over the hills at Saalburg, Bernadotte and Davout were in the very heart of them at Lobenstein and Nordhalben respectively; the Guard was at Kronach; and of the two divisions of the right, one, under Soult, was at Münchberg; the other, with Ney, at Bayreuth, one day's march behind. By these movements, so skilfully begun and continued, the campaign was virtually won on the 9th, and that on the plan as at first conceived. The connection of the Prussians with their base of supplies by way of the Elbe was in danger, the process of turning was well advanced, and it could be a matter of only a few days before it would be complete.

Some weeks earlier, Colonel Scharnhorst of the Prussian staff had prepared a plan whereby his sovereign's army could then have crossed the Thuringian hills. They would thus have been able to secure their position a fortnight before the arrival of the French, take the offensive, and use their fine cavalry to advantage on the plains below. The plan was of course rejected, for the King still feebly hoped that his ultimatum might be accepted. When at last the reluctant monarch abandoned all hope, and set out for the seat of war to join Brunswick, he took with him a numerous suite from the sanguine and even exultant court party. On their arrival at headquarters an antipodal divergence between the ideas of the King's followers and those of the conservative Brunswick was instantly developed, and the latter's command soon became nominal. In spite of the Queen's noble efforts to infuse spirit into her husband, the divided councils of his advisers produced in him an infectious hesitancy and incapacity which spread rapidly throughout the Prussian camp. The results were seen in the wretched disposition of the forces at the crucial moment. Accordingly, once again Napoleon was, by means of his grand strategy, in a superior situation, ready for any emergency, while his opponent was on the defensive and at a disadvantage in the matter of position. The Emperor was ignorant of where the collision would occur, because amid the vacillating marchings and countermarchings of the Prussian troops it was simply impossible to judge where his foe intended to strike: to the last he leaned to the opinion that it would be on his left.

When Napoleon's whereabouts finally became known in the Prussian camp, on the 9th, Brunswick and Scharnhorst wished to advance eastward and meet the enemy's powerful right with the whole army; but the King seems still to have had in mind a flank move toward the west, as originally contemplated, and would only consent that Hohenlohe should advance to check the French. The first hostile meeting, therefore, occurred on that day, at Schleiz, between Hohenlohe's troops and those of Bernadotte. Napoleon, being present, looked on with interest to see how the Prussians could fight. The conflict was short, and resulted in the withdrawal of Hohenlohe to defend the pass through the hills at Saalfeld. Napoleon was still in comparative ignorance of his enemy's larger movements; but following his instinct, he ordered Lannes and Augereau to combine for the seizure of that point, feeling ever more strengthened in his hypothesis that his right wing was not really opposed by any substantial force. Next day the advance-guard of Hohenlohe was driven from its post, and the highway to Erfurt was cleared. The fighting was sharp, for the confident Prussian soldiery had not yet lost courage; but Prince Louis, the pride of the army, fell, and his loss was more disheartening to the men than a great defeat.

Throughout the 10th and the 11th Napoleon's columns continued their advance northward, and encountered no resistance. This seemed conclusive evidence that the Prussian main army was still west of the Saale. Thereupon his decision was taken: to advance in that direction and seek the enemy—either to attack or to be attacked. For this purpose the whole French army suddenly turned exactly as Jomini had predicted, and on the 12th began to move westward toward the river Saale. All that day they met no resistance, and pushed rapidly on, Lannes reaching Jena, crossing the river, and driving a


BATTLES OF
JENA
AND
AUERSTÄDT
OCTOBER 14, 1806.
FRENCH
PRUSSIANS
CAVALRY
INFANTRY
ARTILLERY
NAUMBURG
Stadten
Alt Kassel
Neu Kassen
Burg Hessler
Spielberg
Bensdorf
Gosnitz
Poppel
Rehausen
Lisdorf
Gernstädt
Lachstedt
Grosse Hartgen
Stobra
Lobeslau
Alt Lobnitz
CAMBURG
Schmiedehausen
Wichmar
AUERSTÄDT
SULZA
Berg
ECKARTSBURG
Position before the Battle
Reisdorf
Ramstedt
Obberstedt
Mönchen Gosserstedt
Eckelstedt
Dorndorf
DORNBURG
Pfühlsborn
Wilsdorf
Wormstedt
Wickerstedt
Ulenbach
Kosnitz
Zimmern
Naura
Bellnitz
Stiebritz
Mettstedt
Zottelstedt
Stobra
Nieder Rossla
APOLDA
Neckwitz
Kunitz
Lasan
Lobstedt
Allezagima
Liebstedt
Salzbach
Dornberg
Litt. Romstedt
Closewitz
Wogau
Wenigen Jena
Osmanstedt
Vierzehn Heiligen
Kospoda
Gt. Romstedt
Isserstadt
Rödigsdorf
JENA
Capellendorf
Lützchau
Forest of Jena
Wöllnitz
Burg
Ammerbach
Hohenstedt
Hammerstedt
Schwabenhausen
Tiefurth
Tannroda
Dobritschen
Dehnstedt
WEIMAR
SCALE OF MILES
J. HART J.C. N.J.

strong body of reconnoitering Prussians over the steep heights beyond. Napoleon had ordered a general halt for the 13th, to give his troops a needed rest. Throughout the campaign they had been marching at a rate one third higher than that laid down by the regulations, fighting, as a current phrase ran, with their legs instead of with their bayonets. He himself, however, hurried on to Jena. The Saxons having been forced into their alliance with Prussia, there were many in that town well affected toward Napoleon. One of these gladly pointed out a pass up the heights of the Landgrafenberg available for infantry. A force was immediately set to work improving it, and the Emperor pushed forward unaccompanied to within gunshot of the Prussian lines. After a rapid survey of their situation and his own vantage-ground with his telescope, he determined that the battle should take place next day, instead of on the 16th at Erfurt, as he had planned. Believing the main Prussian army to be confronting him, he immediately sent orders for Lefebvre, Soult, Ney, and Augereau to bring up their respective commands as swiftly as possible. Before morning they were all either on the battlefield or within easy reach. Davout and Bernadotte were at Naumburg, Murat with the cavalry near them. All three were to march toward Jena if they heard the noise of battle. The Prussians were already nearly surrounded, but it took nine hours' wrangling at the headquarters in Weimar to make their leaders understand it. Finally they concluded that Brunswick with the main army should draw back northward down the Saale toward Freiburg to guard the line of supply, that Hohenlohe should cover the retreat, and that Rüchel should concentrate at Weimar. The French having used this long interval of debate to the utmost advantage, it was then too late to avoid a collision. Hohenlohe, therefore, was opposite Napoleon; Brunswick came on Davout at Auerstädt.

In the misty dawn of October 14 the Emperor put himself at the head of Lannes's troops, and, calling upon them to remember their success with Mack the previous year under similar circumstances, began the attack. As he had correctly estimated, there were between 40,000 and 50,000 in the opposing ranks, but owing to the fog there was much confusion among them. Thinking there might be more in the mist behind, he was convinced that he had before him the main army of the Prussians. The response of Lannes's men to his appeal was so hearty that with the help of Ney's van they were able to engage and hold the enemy for over two hours. Thi a precious interval for Napoleon, en him to secure further reserves and t plete his careful dispositions for a cr final attack. It was a characteristic for, realizing how impotent to contr close of a battle even he himself wo under his system, he was correspon obdurate in dominating its beginni the least detail. To hold straining co of eager soldiers in a leash for two ho serious work. On this occasion, as th peror stood by his Guard, a nervous from the ranks called out, «Forward!» must be a beardless boy,» said he, «who to forestall what I am about to do. L wait until he has commanded in twen tles before he dares to give me advice.

Meanwhile Hohenlohe had put his in motion to protect Brunswick's rear was much desultory fighting along the gling line, with a momentary advanta Hohenlohe. Nothing in the least d occurred, however, during the morni early afternoon. By the arrival of Rüc two the Prussian line was somewhat str ened, but, on the other hand, it was both ened and demoralized by the steady, g fire of the French, who were hourly in ing in numbers and deploying their strength on the plateau. About midday leon had finally felt strong enough to the real day's work. At that time Soult, L vre, and Augereau were ordered to ad For two long hours the Prussians m brave, stubborn resistance against tr dous odds even after Rüchel's arrival. that time Hohenlohe's line was so exha that even the reinforcement was of no The newcomers were quickly overma and compelled to retreat, for Napoleo then overwhelmingly superior in poi numbers. It is estimated that, first an he had nearly 100,000 men to oppo Hohenlohe's 45,000 and Rüchel's 27,0 four in the afternoon the field was won. Prussians strove to reform and make a at Weimar, but they were quickly over by Ney's corps, with the cavalry reserve had just come up. These not only dis their opponents, but pursued them for distance. In the evening Napoleon re to Jena with the conviction that he h stroyed the main body of the Prussian

This was far from the truth; but no standing his misapprehension as to h emy, the moral results of what he had done were most important. In the morning of the 14th, Brunswick and the

DRAWN BY F. DE MYRBACH.

DEATH OF PRINCE LOUIS AT SAALFELD.

DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

NAPOLEON RECONNOITERING THE FIELD OF JENA FROM THE LANDGRAFENBERG THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE.

had brought their troops as far as Auerstädt, beyond which they hoped to cross the Saale and make a stand on its right bank to the eastward. They had 35,000 men, excluding the reserve. Bernadotte, according to Napoleon's orders, was marching from Gera to Dornburg in order to get in the rear of the deserted Prussian line; but he had not driven his troops, and was still in communication with Davout. Davout had received later orders, based upon Napoleon's conviction that Hohenlohe's was the main Prussian army, to turn in farther south for the same purpose, and march with his division of 33,000 to Apolda. There was a sentence to the effect that if Bernadotte were near by, they could march together; but the Emperor hoped that general had already reached his station at Dornburg. Bernadotte was accordingly informed; but recalling the Emperor's dissatisfaction with him the previous year for his inactivity, he did not feel justified in disregarding the letter and obeying the spirit of his orders. Keeping the line of march formally prescribed, he was not only himself absent from both the battles of the 14th, but exposed Davout's single corps of 33,000 to destruction by the Prussian main army, numbering, with the reserve, 53,000—a fate like that which overtook Mortier's isolated divi-

FROM PORTRAIT IN THE HOHENZOLLERN MUSEUM, BERLIN.

PRINCE LOUIS FERDINAND, KILLED AT SAALFELD.

sion the year before at the hands of the Russians. Napoleon claimed to have sent an order during the night with directions for Bernadotte to reinforce Davout. This was a double-meaning statement intended to place the blame for Davout's exposure on Bernadotte's slow movements. Bernadotte denied having received any message, and the consequence was an increased bitterness between him and Napoleon, destined to grow still stronger, and finally to become of historic importance.

Davout was crossing the river Saale about six o'clock on the morning of the 14th, and was well over with about two thirds of his corps, when suddenly his advance-guard found itself facing a portion of the enemy at the hamlet of Hassenhausen. It was the Prussian van. At first the thick mist concealed the armies from each other, but Davout hurried his columns forward and deployed them by the right for a simultaneous attack; those of the Prussians advanced and deployed so slowly that they came into action successively and lost the advantage of their superior numbers. The action began by a charge of Blücher's cavalry against the French right; but the men, unable to withstand the steady fire of the French infantry, recoiled and fell back in confusion. The Prussian right then moved

FROM THE PAINTING BY H. CHARTIER. PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

MURAT LEADING THE CAVALRY AT JENA.

around the French left by the flank, and drove their opponents into the village for shelter. They could not, however, dislodge them, and were left standing in the open field for two hours under a murderous fire.

By this time it was noon. Davout's last companies had crossed the river, and the brave general, putting himself at their head, charged with them at double quick. The Duke of Brunswick fell, blinded in both eyes and mortally wounded; the King, though intervening with energy, could not keep the troops in line. At the same time his left was also attacked by a fresh force, and he determined to fall back on the reserve of 18,000 men, which, owing to Brunswick's disability and consequent failure to give the necessary orders, had remained stationary in the critical moment at Gernstädt. The French followed, and the running fight continued through and beyond Auerstädt, until at five in the evening Davout called a halt. Frederick William did not, as was entirely possible, turn back with the reserve and strive to overwhelm his exhausted foe, but marched onward, expecting to unite with Hohenlohe and renew the conflict next day at Weimar.

But it was foes, not friends, that he found; for Bernadotte had passed Dornburg and was in control of the Weimar road, having reached Apolda with his van. The awful disappointment unnerved and demoralized both the King and his army; throughout the terrible day the Prussian soldiers had justified their renown, fighting bravely and stubbornly; but now discipline was at an end, and with one or two exceptions the squadrons dissolved and turned into a flying horde. Hohenlohe drew off 10,000 men in good order, marched in swift but dignified retreat through Nordhausen to Magdeburg, and thence continued by Neuruppin to Prenzlau. Blücher escaped with a body of cavalry. The battle of Auerstädt was tactically a separate affair from that of Jena, but strategically and morally they were one. Professional students find in this campaign almost the first complete realization of the very ticklish manœuver known as turning the enemy—ticklish because common sense shows that the turner, if careless or slow, is himself liable to be turned. The campaign as a whole was never for a moment endangered, because the unprecedented marches of the French made their leader's strategy impregnable. But Bernadotte's conduct, though technically justifiable, would, with any less efficiency on Davout's part, have jeopardized the battle as it was fought. The success of Napoleon was due in part to the fact that, as he himself said, «while others were taking counsel the French army was marching,» in part to the still undiminished devotion and capacity of the marshals. Great ventures generally succeed by narrow margins and fail by broad ones. The Prussian campaign was a great one; its successors were to be of even larger dimensions as to conception. When they were successful, it was by an even narrower chance; when disastrous, it was with frightful completeness.

THE DEVASTATION OF PRUSSIA.

THE moral effect of Jena upon Prussia was pitiful. All the years of irresponsible government, of absolutism and militarism, seemed revenged upon the monarchy at a single blow. The nation, with no experience of independent action, was stunned, and did not run to arms, except in a few abortive instances. In his flight Frederick William had with difficulty kept together his royal state, and the day after Jena he sent an envoy to ask for peace. But Napoleon declared that he would dictate his terms only from Berlin, and his army continued its advance. The Prussian court, with a few thousand men under Lestocq, retreated through West Prussia and took refuge in Königsberg. So thoroughly did Napoleon organize the pursuit, and so carefully did he estimate the total result of his victory, that nothing escaped him. The French soldiers carried everything before them. A Prussian reserve corps was easily beaten at Halle by Bernadotte, and fled for refuge to the unprovisioned fortress of Magdeburg. Lannes seized Dessau; Davout, Wittenberg; while Murat, Soult, and Ney proceeded to invest Magdeburg, which for those days was the strategic key of the Elbe valley. It resisted until November, but eventually fell, as did also Erfurt. In fact, the French ransacked the land. Even Hohenlohe did not escape them. Being overtaken by the infantry of Lannes and the cavalry of Murat, he was first driven from Prenzlau, and then, on October 28, he surrendered, being a victim both to the duplicity of Murat, who declared that 100,000 French were closing in on him, and the stupidity of his own messenger, who asserted that the tale was true. Frederick William himself would have been captured at Weissensee but for Blücher, who brazenly declared to Klein, the French commander, that an armistice had been granted—a pure falsehood. Stettin capitulated to Lasalle's cavalry on the 30th, and Küstrin soon opened its doors. These, with the fortresses of Span-

dau and Hameln, all yielded with suspicious facility; in some instances the French and Prussian soldiers actually joined to hiss and execrate the governors, who were undoubtedly both recreant and venal. Blücher, after many gallant but fruitless attempts to collect a force, had reached Lübeck, through many dangers, with his cavalry; but driven thence after a gallant and exceptional resistance, he too surrendered. There remained no organ-

Napoleon's success kept pace with his ever growing schemes of conquest, he laid less and less stress on the means to his end, ever more and more on its accomplishment. The army was once again scattered to obtain subsistence, and it left no opportunity for spoil neglected. As one of the most enthusiastic officers in the army of 1806 declared: «From the moment Napoleon obtained supreme power the soldiers' morals changed, the union

FROM THE PAINTING BY L. SERGENT IN THE SALON OF 1904. PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED BY THE ARTIST.

THE BAND AT JENA, OCTOBER 14, 1806.

("I can see them now, the 17th and 16th Light Horse and the 14th and 17th of the Line, marching upon the enemy's lines in the midst of the steady fire of grape-shot. The fifes, which rang out above the other instruments, never missed a note."—CAPTAIN PARQUIN.)

ized Prussian force in the lands between the Elbe and the Oder.

It had been accurate foresight which enabled Napoleon to say, in a decree issued from Jena on October 15, that in the battle of the previous day he had conquered all the Prussian lands west of the Vistula. Before long the demoralization of the nation was as complete as the conquest of their country. The treatment of the people by the victorious soldiery was the climax of the long career of French officers and men as plunderers. As

of hearts among them disappeared with their poverty, a desire for luxury and the comforts of life began. The Emperor considered it politic to favor this degeneracy. He thought it advantageous and shrewd to make the army absolutely dependent on him.»

The shocking details of Prussia's treatment by Napoleon and his army have been often told. On October 24 the Emperor arrived at the Hohenzollern residence of Potsdam, and publicly visited the tomb of Frederick the Great. Uttering words expressive of

profound reverence for the great general, he nevertheless sent the old hero's sword, belt, and hat as trophies to ornament the Invalides at Paris. «His intellect, his genius, and his affections were kin to those of our nation, which he so esteemed,» was his pretext. He was equally unscrupulous in his scandalous treatment of the unfortunate Queen. In bulletin after bulletin he heaped lying abuse on her devoted head. In one he depicted her as having a sufficiently pretty face, but little wit (*peu d'esprit*); in another he asked what mystery had led a woman hitherto absorbed in the serious occupations of her toilet to meddle with politics, stir up the King, and kindle everywhere the fire with which she was herself possessed. The answer, he insinuated, was to be found in the Czar's personal visits to Berlin.

On October 27 Napoleon made his triumphal entry into the Prussian capital with the utmost splendor he could devise, and at the head of the largest military force he could muster. Coignet, one of his soldiers, wrote of the scene: «The Emperor was grand in his plain clothes, with his little hat and a penny cockade. His staff, on the contrary, wore their dress uniform; and for strangers it was a queer sight to see, in the one man most meanly clad of all, the leader of so fine an army.» To «show himself terrible at the first moment,» as he had advised Joseph to do at Naples, an order was issued for the seizure of Prince Hatzfeldt, the most distinguished Prussian nobleman within reach. He was to be tried by a court-martial on the charge of being a traitor and a spy, his crime being that he had written to his King a letter giving an account of the French entry into Berlin. The epistle was so harmless in its nature that its writer had intrusted it to the mail, in which it was seized and then shown to Napoleon. The prince escaped the first blast of the storm by hiding; his life was afterward granted to the personal and tearful solicitations of his princess as an act of great clemency. As in Italy, the galleries, libraries, collections, and public monuments, were stripped of their finest treasures to enrich Paris.

The French soldiers needed no example. Lübeck, which, as was claimed, had been taken by storm, was handed over to the men to work their will, just as Pavia had been. Wherever the troops were billeted, they had but to ask their terrified entertainers for what they desired and their request was granted. They were not modest, and before long both rapine and lust worked their will among the angry but helpless populations. The French generals were too much like their men, and, as in Italy and Austria, the gratification of their boundless greed met with the Emperor's approval. The castles of the nobility and the houses of the wealthy citizens were of course chosen by them as quarters. It would have been hard for their owners to refuse the unbidden guests any object which met with their expressed approval, and the French officers openly admired many valuable things. All these irregularities, the Emperor believed, attached his generals to himself; and at the same time a threat of examination into their accounts would, he knew, instantly check any manifestation of independence. Masséna was the most avaricious of all; nothing but the love of money could influence him, wrote Napoleon, and «where at first little sums sufficed, now milliards are not sufficient.» At another time he said, more generously, that one must bow the knee before Masséna's gifts as a soldier, although he had his faults like another. Bernadotte, on the occasion of a certain surprise, lost the wagon which contained his Lübeck booty. He was inconsolable, and it was considered a delicious joke when he explained that he was so depressed because the loss «prevented him from paying a gratification in money to the men of his corps.» Davout before long filled all Poland with the terror of his name. Napoleon's brother Jerome, finding a cellar of choice Tokay in a Polish castle, loaded the whole bin in his baggage-train, and carried it away.

With Prussia thus shattered, disintegrated, and almost annihilated, Napoleon proceeded without the loss of a moment to use his new vantage against both Russia and England. In the Oriental question he could strike both with a single blow. As a result of the thorough knowledge of the East obtained in 1803 through Sebastiani, he had virtually determined to assert his supremacy over Turkey. To this end, however, he must for the present spare the sensibilities of Austria, which, though humbled to the dust, was again rising to her feet; her curiously assorted, heterogeneous peoples showed more spirit than the Prussians, displaying resources and courage comparable to those of France. During the summer of 1806, apparently of his own motion, but in reality by French suggestion, the Sultan Selim III. had dismissed the viceroys of Moldavia and Wallachia, both of whom had made themselves conspicuous for their Russian proclivities. At once the Czar Alexander I. sent an army to the Danube. The Sultan was terrified, but on November 11, 1806, at the very climax of his peril, he was officially notified that Napoleon now had

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY TITO MARZOCCHI, AFTER CLAUDE GAUTHEROT, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. ENGRAVED BY R. A. MULLER.

LOUIS-NICOLAS DAVOUT, DUKE OF AUERSTÄDT, PRINCE OF ECKMÜHL.

300,000 men free to attack Russia and save Turkey; the Emperor would himself operate from the Vistula, and a Turkish army must simultaneously appear on the Dniester. The Sultan at once obeyed, and the Czar consequently sent 80,000 men against the Turks. Austria, mindful, apparently, of Russia's desertion after Austerlitz, displayed neither resentment nor alarm at the course taken by France, and Napoleon felt himself a step nearer both to victory over Russia and to such a protectorate of Turkey as would threaten England's Eastern empire.

The particular bolt forged for England was the Berlin decree, which Napoleon issued on November 21. It was the capstone to that structure of Continental embargo which for four years had occupied the attention of its author. England was the soul of every Continental coalition; France could answer only by continued Continental conquest. As England could be reached only through her trade, with Europe in his hands Napoleon would strike her where she was vulnerable. «The British Islands,» ran the decree, «are henceforth blockaded; all commerce with them is prohibited; letters and packages with an English address will be confiscated, as also every store of English goods on the Continent within the borders of France and her allies; every piece of English goods, all English vessels, and those laden with staples from English colonies, will be excluded from all European harbors, including those of neutral states.»

As early as 1795 the Committee of Public Safety had considered the possibility of excluding English goods from the Continent. The idea of the Berlin decree was therefore not original with Napoleon, but the time and form of its application were; in particular, the final clause was thoroughly his own. These last words speak volumes. In reply to the principle of Great Britain that on the sea «enemy's ships make enemy's goods,» he thereby retorted with «enemy's lands make enemy's goods,» ordering all English wares found in countries occupied by his troops to be seized. But he went much further in his suicidal logic, and virtually declared war to the knife by commanding that every British subject found within the same limits should be held as a prisoner of war, and that all property of individual Englishmen should be considered lawful prize. These drastic measures, considered together, were intended as a reply to Trafalgar and to England's orders in council issued on May 16, 1806, which announced a blockade of the Continent from Brest to the Elbe for the purpose of utterly destroying French commerce. The Berlin decree was also intended to be in the nature of reprisals for the English practice of searching French ships and impressing French sailors. Napoleon had himself been guilty of that discourtesy both to war-ships and to merchantmen, but he had never been strong enough seriously to annoy or cripple England as England had both annoyed and crippled him by the practice. During the year 1806 three more French agents were despatched into the Orient, and Joseph declared to the Prussian envoy that his brother was contemplating an expedition to India. Many years later the Emperor himself confirmed this statement in a conversation with Dr. O'Meara.

No single scheme of Napoleon's contributed in the end so much to his ruin as the Berlin decree. Colonial wares had become a necessity of life to the populations of Europe, and to be deprived of them brought irritation into every household, even the poorest; it was an attempt to coerce Russia into adhesion to this ruinous policy which directly initiated his fall.

As to Prussia, the ultimate arrangements were held in suspense. Napoleon's first response to a request for peace had been that he would make terms only in Berlin, and shortly after his triumphal entry negotiations were opened. The terms proposed by his ministers at the outset were far in excess of what the Prussian plenipotentiaries thought reasonable; but as one fortress after another opened its gates the demands grew more and more exorbitant. Although other counsels prevailed in the end, there was actually a moment when Napoleon contemplated the extinction of the Hohenzollern power, and the partition among his vassal states of that dynasty's variously acquired and strangely assorted lands, which had such little territorial unity that they extended in two separate parallel lines from northeast to southwest. Voltaire said they stretched over Europe like a pair of garters. The best offer that could be wrung from Napoleon—and, in view of Prussia's absolute prostration, he thought his proposition not ungenerous—was for an armistice, during which the French should occupy all Prussia as far as the Bug; and Frederick William should order the now advancing Russians off his soil. The Prussian minister actually signed this paper, but his sovereign, whose hopes were rising in proportion as the Russian army drew nearer, refused to ratify it.

It is not difficult to conceive the desperation of Frederick William as he learned the

ominous disposition made of the lands belonging to his allies. The Elector of Hesse-Cassel had remained neutral in the war, having requested and been refused membership in the Rhine Confederation. The day after Jena he was informed that the Emperor had been aware of his secret sympathy with the coalition, and that the fact was proved by his having kept his army on a war footing and yet permitted Prussian troops to pass through his domain. This conduct made it necessary to occupy his states. Mortier, the French commander at Mainz, was ordered to seize the prince and imprison him in Metz; on November 4 it was curtly announced that the house of Hesse had ceased to reign. The fact was, the territories of that house were needed for a new subsidiary kingdom, the formation of which had been for some time in contemplation. The Elector of Saxony, whose troops had fought with the Prussians at Jena, was, on the other hand, offered the privilege of neutrality, and, abandoning his former ally, he eagerly accepted. The dukes of Saxe-Gotha and Saxe-Weimar followed his example and obtained immunity by submission. The Duke of Brunswick had withdrawn to his capital to die. Thence he appealed to his conqueror for mercy in behalf of his dominions. Napoleon's reply was pitiless, recalling the duke's notorious proclamation of 1792 against the French republic, and declaring that he had also been the real instigator of the present war. Brunswick, Hanover, Hamburg, and their domains were all occupied by French troops and put under martial law.

In the treatment which Hesse-Cassel received, the Emperor of the French was simply a despot. In the case of Prussia he could not well pose as a liberator, for as yet there was no wide-spread sense of oppression and little national spirit among the people. In his dealings with Saxony and the Saxon duchies he appeared in a better light, for among their inhabitants there was a very extended sympathy with the liberal ideas, both political and ecclesiastical, which he was still supposed to represent. But there was a nation of eastern Europe which longed for him as a benevolent despot, and to whom he was far more than a representative liberal. Unhappy in her constitution, feeble in her political life, assassinated by a conspiracy of her neighbors, and her lands portioned among them, Poland was nevertheless still alive, and in her search for a savior out of her bondage the majority of her people had fixed their eyes on Napoleon. From this fact he was anxious to draw the utmost advantage, and that right speedily, for the Czar with 90,000 men was steadily marching toward the Prussian frontier. On November 19 a deputation of Polish nobility arrived in Berlin, and Napoleon, after treating them with impressive distinction, dismissed them with the statement that as France had never acknowledged the partition of their country, it was his interest as Emperor of the French to restore her independence and reconstruct a kingdom which, since it originated with him, would be permanent. A week later he proceeded to Posen, and, entering the city under an arch erected to «the liberator of Poland,» awakened such enthusiasm that it far outran his own progress; a volunteer movement was almost instantly set on foot in Warsaw, which resulted in the enlistment of 60,000 men as a national guard. It is idle to discuss whether Napoleon could or would have resuscitated Poland. Kosciusko and the more enlightened Poles believed not, and held aloof. Some of the Polish nobles demanded an immediate and formal recognition of their country's independence as the antecedent condition of their support. But among the masses the old ideals were revived, and the old spasmodic, misdirected energy was awakened in the service of the new Western Empire.

Such proceedings could not but arouse anxiety in Austria concerning the stability of her authority in the Polish lands under her crown. Andréossy, the French ambassador at Vienna, was instructed to say that such insurgent movements were a necessary consequence of the Emperor's presence in Posen, and that he had no intention of meddling with Austrian Poland; but that nevertheless, if the Emperor of Austria felt uneasy, he might perhaps be willing to consider the acceptance of a part of Silesia as indemnity for the portion of Poland under Austrian rule. By this sly offer Francis was rendered powerless, for he could not accept a part of Silesia, nor even the whole, without embroiling himself with England and Russia, and thereby entering into a virtual partnership with France. In spite of the unwearied efforts to stir up strife made by Napoleon's Corsican countryman, Pozzo di Borgo, who now represented the Czar at Vienna, Francis resolved to preserve a strict neutrality. The Poles were hopelessly divided, one party—that of Kosciusko—holding altogether aloof, a second under Poniatowski throwing themselves heartily on Napoleon's good will, a third under Czartoryski preferring to secure their country's resurrection through the Czar, who passed for an enlightened idealist. Here, as so often be-

FROM THE LITHOGRAPH BY RAFFET, ENTITLED, "ILS GROGNAIENT, ET LE SUIVAIENT TOUJOURS."

FROM THE COLLECTION OF ATHERTON CURTIS, ESQ.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN POLAND, 1806.

fore, Napoleon concealed his intentions and movements behind the cloud of contradictory sentiments which he inspired in different classes of men by his assumed magnanimity, just as the octopus blinds all alike, the indifferent as well as the hostile, in the inky fluid with which he darkens the clear waters about him.

WAR WITH RUSSIA: PULTUSK.

THE key to Napoleon's dealings with Poland is to be found in his strategy; his political policy never passed beyond the first tentative stages, for he never conquered either Russia or Poland. After Jena the Czar displayed great activity. In spite of being compelled to detach 80,000 men for service against Turkey, he had got together a second numerous army; Lestocq, with a corps of 15,000 Prussians, had joined him; and he was clearly determined to renew the war. For a time the French had no certain information as to whether he would cross the Prussian frontier or not, and Napoleon at first expected the city of Posen to be the center of operations. Before long, however, it became evident that the Russians were drawing together on Pultusk. Displaying an astounding assurance as to the stability of his power in France, and without regarding the possible effect of a second war, at an enormous distance, upon conditions at home, Napoleon determined to meet them. With the same celerity and caution as of old, the various French divisions were led first across the Vistula, and then over the plains, until in the end of December they were concentrated before the enemy. During the three weeks consumed in these operations much besides was done to strengthen the position of the French and assure their communications. The Russians were dislodged from Warsaw, and Thorn was besieged; the Vistula, Bug, Wkra, Narew, and other rivers were bridged; and a commissary department was organized. The seat of war was different indeed from those to which Napoleon had hitherto been accustomed. It was neither as densely settled nor as well tilled as Italy and Germany, the population was far lower in the scale of civilization, and therefore fiercer. The inhabitants could easily strip their villages of the little forage and the few goods they possessed, and at that season the fields were bare. The roads were of the worst description—as bad as those of many rural districts in the United States at the present day. The rivers, moreover, were deep and broad, often with swampy banks and treacherous bottoms. In these circumstances it was almost impossible to secure reliable information, for scouts and spies were alike at fault.

These new conditions of warfare were further complicated by a change in the character of Napoleon's army. After Austerlitz many men of German speech were to be found among the rank and file, and after Jena the character of the soldiery grew more and more cosmopolitan. On the first appearance of the imperial eagles of France in Poland, Jerome was at the head of a whole corps of Würtembergers and Bavarians; many Poles, Italians, Swiss, and Dutch were in others of the French corps; and among the foreigners there were even Prussians from beyond the Elbe. Some confusion was caused by this, and it was not diminished by the fact that the French themselves had scarcely recovered from the orgies in which they had been indulging for the last six weeks. Moreover, the determination of the Emperor to «conquer the sea by land» had emphasized in his mind the necessity of an overwhelming superiority of numbers, and in November he demanded from the French Senate the 80,000 conscripts who, according to law, could not be drawn until September, 1807. This was the beginning of a fatal practice destined in the end to enervate France and demoralize the army. There was already little patriotism among the men, except what served as a pretext for plunder; the homogeneity of purpose, principle, nationality, and age was soon to disappear.

In the preliminary operations this deterioration was not apparent. The troops marched doggedly through the mud, worked hard when called upon, and ate their rations, which were supplied by rascally contractors, without murmuring, although they were very bad and altogether different from those to which they had become accustomed in the years just preceding. But when, on December 26, they joined battle, the old push and nerve seemed lacking. The preparations had been made on the plan of concentration, but at the last moment Lannes was detached with his division to cut off the enemy's line of retreat over the Narew. Napoleon, as at Jena, believed the main army of his opponent to be where it was not, and he was incautious in thus dividing and weakening his force. Accordingly the battle had an irregular and indecisive character. Lannes came unexpectedly upon the mass of the Russian army, two columns forming the center and right, and engaged them both steadily from ten in the morning until two in the afternoon. At that hour a reserve arrived

under Gudin and attacked the Russian right. But Bennigsen, the commander of that column, had ready a fresh reserve, and with its aid the newcomers were repulsed; while Lannes, who had simultaneously made a final onset, was also beaten off by the superior

FROM THE LITHOGRAPH BY RAFFET, ENTITLED, "MON EMPEREUR, C'EST LA PLUS CUITE." FROM THE COLLECTION OF E. B. HOLDEN.

HARDSHIPS IN POLAND.

force of his enemy. On the same day, Murat, Davout, and Augereau reached the neighboring village of Golymin, expecting to find the Russian center there; on the left wing, at Neidenburg, Ney and Lestocq with his Prussians stood face to face. There was nothing but skirmishing at either place, for the French Emperor could not drag his artillery through the mud swiftly enough to make it tell at the right time, and both Prussians and Russians drew slowly off. Soult was to have repeated the turning manœuver as carried out before Jena, but the marching was so difficult, owing to a thaw, that he could not accomplish anything like the necessary distance.

The morning after this indecisive battle the entire Russian army was far away. For strategic reasons and for lack of provisions it had withdrawn to Ostrolenka. There was no pursuit. The natural question, Why? is still unanswered. Some declare that the French troops were too weary and bad-tempered; others that Napoleon, in view of the quagmires to which the roads were now reduced, dared not abandon his base of supplies, as he was accustomed to do in summer weather and in fruitful lands. There is still a third answer, that nothing was to be gained; for of what use were the few miles of bare, flat land which the army, putting forth its utmost exertions, might have been able to traverse? All these reasons have validity. There was discontent among the soldiers, for there was no booty: not even a soldier's common comforts could be found. For the first time men of the line shouted insults after the Emperor, and with impunity; even the faithful guards indulged in double-meaning quips, but they were at the proper time soundly berated. «The short campaign of fifteen days,» wrote one of these, «made us ten years older.» There was also danger in advancing beyond reach of the commissary department,—deficient and contemptible as it was, in the hands of unscrupulous speculators,—and there was indeed little to be gained by such a pursuit as was possible, except prestige, which at that moment and at that distance from France was not a valuable commodity.

This element of distance from home was weighty. In far-off Egypt and Syria, French

soldiers had fought bravely; an ideal will carry even the commonest Frenchman far, and they then believed themselves to be fighting for a principle. But since the armies of France had begun to fight for booty and glory, they must have both. Of the former there was little or none at all in the lands they now occupied; the latter could be enjoyed only in the jubilations of their kinsfolk; and although no account of any battle was more beclouded than that of Pultusk which the Emperor sent to Paris, the approbation of the fatherland could not reach Poland until long afterward, and in tones that were low and almost inaudible. It is an old French saying that next to the kingdom of heaven France is the most beautiful land, and every Frenchman believes it. The Emperor himself said that his French soldiers were unfitted for distant expeditions by their yearnings for home. In his mind, therefore, the one essential thing to restore the spirits of his men was rest. This opinion was strengthened when he endeavored to visit the posts. Although his carriage stuck in the mud and a saddle-horse could scarcely make its way, yet he got far enough to see that his men were suffering and destitute.

The measures adopted to secure a period of comfort and repose for the army were, unlike those taken for the campaign, entirely adequate. The Emperor proceeeded at once to station the various corps along the Vistula, with provision and munition depots behind them. The commissary department was thoroughly overhauled and much improved. The line ran from Warsaw northwestward through Poland into Prussia, to the river's mouth near Dantzic. Bernadotte had 18,000 men; Ney, 16,000; Soult, 28,000; Augereau, 11,000; Davout, 20,000; Lannes, 18,000; Murat, 14,000; and the Guard numbered 15,000—a total of about 140,000 men. As conscripts and troops from various garrisons came in, a new corps of about 23,000 men was formed, and placed in command of Lefebvre. At the same time, from his headquarters at Warsaw, the Emperor proceeded with the organization of a government for Poland, and with the training of her national guard. The two Russian columns had withdrawn to Szuczyn, where they united under the command of Bennigsen, and the Prussians were at Angerburg under Lestocq. This left open the way to Königsberg, and early in January, 1807, Ney, overpowered by the temptation to relieve the miseries of his men, and to make a stroke on his own account by seizing the capital of East Prussia, set out from Neidenburg without orders, leaving Bernadotte's position at Elbing much exposed. Lestocq, however, managed to block Ney's path until the Russians under Bennigsen arrived and compelled the French general to return with his men to their quarters. Napoleon administered a severe reprimand; and well he might, for the advantage thus offered to the Russians had tempted Bennigsen to move, and the Russian army, once afoot, seemed determined to remain so. In this way Napoleon's calculations for a season of absolutely essential repose were entirely destroyed.

The action of Pultusk had made clear two serious defects in the efficiency of Russia's force. During the battle, Kamenski, the general-in-chief, a martinet and disciple of routine, had twice given the order for retreat, and it was Bennigsen's disobedience which made the conflict so indecisive that Russia claimed it as a victory. If a victory, it was a barren one, because a weak and venal administration of the commissary department had deprived the soldiers of sustenance at the critical moment. Kamenski, who was seventy-six years old, was retired on the ground of his health, and Bennigsen succeeded him, but the bad commissary administration was not remedied. The Russian army was strong in regular infantry, but weak in well-disciplined cavalry, although the latter defect was largely supplied by the Cossacks, a peculiar body of riders from the Volga and the Don, who paid the rental of their lands to the crown by four years' military service at their own charges. Then, as now, they fought with barbaric ferocity; they attacked in open formation, each man for himself, and gave no quarter until the Czar offered a ducat for every live Frenchman. They were known to ride a hundred miles in twenty-four hours, and their services in pursuing an enemy were invaluable.

The one remarkable and unique feature of the Russian army in every branch of the service has ever been its personal devotion to the Czar. This feeling is a compound of religious devotion, patriotism, and dynastic loyalty; these elements, welded inseparably, form a sentiment of tremendous strength, which is a fair substitute for enlightened patriotism. The case is different with the Tatar hordes from central Asia, who fight only for plunder, and at a pinch are often utterly unreliable. At this time both Cossacks and Tatars were in the field, the former in considerable numbers. The appointment of Bennigsen as commander-in-chief, and the results of Pultusk, awakened great enthusiasm among his hungry soldiers, who were now clamorous for a decisive battle. He had

90,000 men,—at least on paper,—and was not disposed to leave the French in peace to recruit their numbers and physical strength in comfortable winter quarters. Unlike the Prussian officers, he had learned the lessons of recent campaigns, and had the strength of his character been equal to the cleverness of his strategy, he would have been a fair match for Napoleon. Moreover, the King of Prussia, shut up in Königsberg with a few thousand men, was in a most precarious situation, Ney and Bernadotte being both within striking distance. Finally, the garrison of the fortress at Graudenz was dependent on the precarious supplies which they received as Lestocq found an opportunity to send them.

Very soon, therefore, the Cossacks were sent out to scour the country. In their repeated skirmishes with the French light cavalry they showed such daring and address that their foes became timid and cautious. In this way the movements of Bennigsen's army were successfully concealed, and he hoped by a swift march to overtake and destroy Ney before he could return to his station, thus securing access to Dantzic and a connection with Graudenz, Kolberg, and other fortresses which would give him a position strong enough to jeopardize that of Napoleon at Warsaw. Accordingly, with about 65,000 men he began a rapid and circuitous march northwesterly and around behind the impenetrable belt of dark forests, past Lake Spirding to Heilsberg, where he found Ney in full retreat on January 22. But he had overestimated the strength of his Russians; they were too exhausted to strike quickly. Frost had set in, snow had fallen, and both Ney and Bernadotte made their escape to Gilgenburg, the latter after defeating the Russian advance-guard in a skirmish at Mohrungen. Bennigsen was compelled to retire in order to recruit the strength of his men.

The Emperor of the French was still at Warsaw. The Polish capital was gay and frivolous. New hopes had awakened the spirit of folly in the aristocracy, and the «liberator,» now at the very height of his physical power, was often conspicuous in the revels. In the intervals of his serious labors Napoleon gave way to a life of sensuality, and the women were prodigal of their charms. One of them was the well-known Countess Walewska, a beautiful woman, who while yet a child had been forced into wedlock with an aged nobleman. She was now made to feel that the future of her country depended upon her captivating Napoleon, for he had singled her out as the most beautiful of all the crowd which pressed around him on his entry. Indignant when the proposition was first made, she finally listened to the flabby morality of her friends, and gave an unwilling consent. It is thought that her child was the first born to Napoleon, and that this fact, combined with his disgust for Josephine's incessant and inconsistent outpourings of jealous complaint as to his conduct, had much to do with his attitude concerning the political advantages of the divorce. Such was the young Polish noblewoman's eventual devotion to the father of her child that throughout his subsequent life in Europe she ran every risk to be near her idol, and actually followed him to Elba.

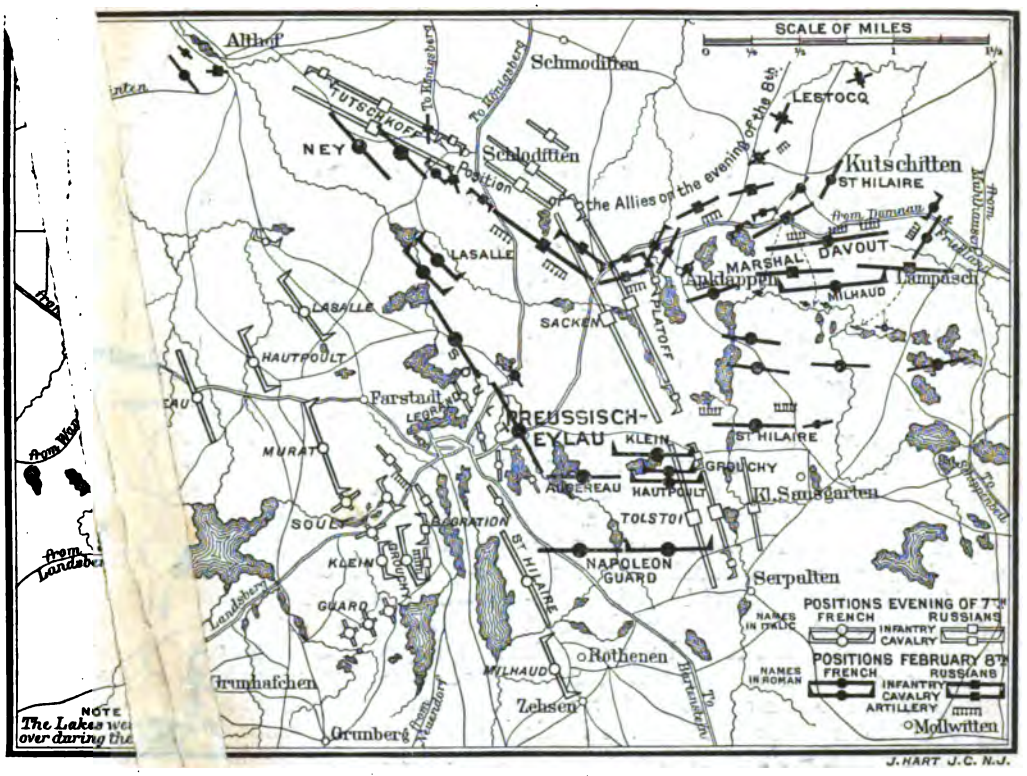
CHECK TO THE GRAND ARMY: EYLAU.

It was not a very rude shock to his sensuous ease, however, when on January 27, 1807, Napoleon received the news of Bennigsen's march. In a general way he had been aware for some days that his enemy was moving, but he believed with no other intention than to derive what immediate advantage could be had from Ney's rashness. In the absence of fuller information he had not changed his opinion, but the army was nevertheless put in readiness, the trains were equipped, and orders were issued for temporarily abandoning the siege of Dantzic and for the complete occupation of Thorn. This step was taken, as a glance at the map will show, to insure a new line of connection with Posen and Berlin, directly in front of his base, in case the oblique one he was holding between Warsaw and Bartenstein should be endangered by a flank movement of the Russians.

Believing that Bennigsen's plan was to reach Elbing and defend his communication with Dantzic, Napoleon issued orders on January 27 for a countermarch in that direction, to engage him either there or farther to the eastward. The orders given next day to Davout and Augereau show that by swift movements he hoped to attack at Willenberg, break through Bennigsen's center, and scatter his forces right and left. Lannes had been taken ill after Pultusk, and was still an invalid; Savary was therefore put in command of his well-tried corps, to bear the brunt of the battle. His business was to cover the line of the Narew for the purpose of assuring freedom of action to the main French army, and with that end in view to attack the Russian corps under Essen, which was menacing it. Three days after the orders of Napoleon were given, his army of 100,000 men was in position on a line running in general east and

FROM THE PAINTING BY E. DETMOLD, IN THE SALON OF 1895. PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED BY THE ARTIST.

THE FOURTEENTH OF THE LINE AT EYLAU.



MAP OF THE BATTLE OF EYLAU.

west within ...ce bounded by Willenberg, Gilgenb...wa, and Przasnysz, with or reserve of 10,000 on the left, to prevent the loss of Thorn, and another of 14,000 on the right. Everything was in readiness for an advance under the most advantageous circumstances to take Bennigsen by surprise, strike him on his flank, and close the campaign in a single battle. On January 31 the final orders were issued for the advance, and the march began. As in Franconia, on the eve of Jena, it seemed as if the victory were already assured, won by the marvelous moving of great bodies of men, this time in the depth of winter.

On what a slender thread hang the fortunes of war! That day one of the French couriers was caught by the Cossacks on his way to Bernadotte with a particularly detailed account of the Emperor's plan, and orders to advance to Gilgenburg. The precious paper was in Bennigsen's hands next morning. His troops were still in a wretched condition, badly clothed, and sustaining life by marauding; moreover, they numbered but 65,000, Lestocq not yet having come in from Mohrungen. The Russian general saw that he was entrapped, and could escape only by a swift retreat. His conduct of the movement was masterly, and on February 6, though the French columns were not far behind, he had reached Heilsberg. During the day the Russian rear-guard was driven in, and Bennigsen, marching all night, found himself next morning at the town of Eylau, or, more precisely, Preussisch-Eylau, the spot he had selected for a desperate stand in defense of Königsberg. The Russian rear-guard was again overtaken, this time at Landsberg, where Murat arrived with his cavalry on the morning of the 7th. All day the Russians slowly resisted him, fighting bravely under Prince Bagration, and receding steadily as far as Eylau, which they held by a stubborn stand until induced to evacuate it voluntarily by the considerations of gathering darkness and a foe superior in numbers. Their loss during the day was upward of 2000. When night fell the Russian lines were a short distance behind Eylau, and stretched two miles, from Serpalten on the left to Schmoditten on the right. Lestocq, coming up with his Prussians, had reached Rositten, between nine and ten miles away, where he received orders to hurry onward. The French held the town of Eylau; in and near it were the troops of Murat, Soult, Augereau, and just in their rear the Emperor with the Guard. Ney was farther to the north and west on the left, with orders to cut off Lestocq.

When day broke on February 8 the general

arrangement of the hostile lines was such as to favor neither. Soult was before the town on the French left, Augereau in the center, and Saint-Hilaire with one division of Soult on the right. Behind the two latter was Murat with the cavalry; in the rear, on rising ground, was the Guard under Bessières as a reserve. Davout was far out on the right near Bartenstein. The total number of French on the ground was about 80,000. The Russian right was commanded by Tutschkoff, the center by Sacken, the left by Ostermann-Tolstoi; their reserve was behind the center, under Doctoroff and Prince Galitzin. Their total number was about 58,000, but they were superior to their enemy in artillery. Between the armies, in a low plain, lay several frozen ponds, and the ground was covered with snow. Napoleon's plan was to send Davout around the Russian left flank, while Saint-Hilaire engaged Tolstoi. Augereau and the cavalry were to be hurled against the center and to push toward the enemy's right; the combined onset would roll up Bennigsen's entire line and result in a rout; Ney would intervene, and make the battle not only decisive, but annihilating.

The combination did not work out correctly. It was a raw and bitter day; during the morning there were occasional snow flurries, and at midday a heavy downfall. Bennigsen seized the initiative, and opened the battle by a cannonade. Napoleon, divining his plan, sent a messenger for Ney to come and strengthen Soult. At nine the Russian right advanced and drove in the French left, which was weak, to the town. At that moment the order was given for Augereau and Saint-Hilaire to move. In the driving snow they lost connection with each other, and the latter was repulsed by Russian cavalry, while Augereau's corps was almost destroyed by the enemy's center. The dashing horsemen of Galitzin reached the foot of the very hill on which Napoleon stood, and a panic seized all about him, not excepting Berthier and Bessières, who excitedly called up the Guard to save their Emperor. The Emperor, however, remained calm, exclaiming, «What boldness! What boldness!» The pursuers fell back exhausted, and Murat in turn dashed with his cavalry toward the gap between the enemy's center and right. So worn out were both sides, however, that without a collision they ceased to charge, and began to fire.

About noon Davout at last arrived on the Russian left, and drove it from its position, while Saint-Hilaire again charged, and the two in combination effected the movement contemplated by the Emperor. In a few hours the Russians, who were receding in fair order and fighting fiercely, began to waver, and some of the formations broke into flight. In this crisis Scharnhorst arrived with 5000 Prussians; he had been compelled to make a long detour in order to avoid Ney, with whom Lestocq had been engaged. By nightfall the French were brought to a stand, and soon after they were driven back from the hamlets which they had seized in their advance. Night ended the fight. Ney had not received his orders until two in the afternoon, and arrived too late for service. The armies retained their relative positions, and both claimed the day. Neither had lost, neither had gained, the field. But the battle was disastrous for both; from first to last the struggle had been desperate and bloody. The losses were virtually equal—about 18,000 men on each side. During the evening Napoleon began to arrange a retreat; in fact, Davout was about to begin it when he learned that there was a great commotion in the enemy's bivouac. Advancing as far as possible, the marshal put his ear to the ground and distinctly noted a diminishing rumble, which convinced him that the Russians were withdrawing. This was an agreeable surprise, and Napoleon, when informed of the fact, ordered his army to stand fast. The morning light displayed an abandoned Russian camp.

It is impossible to tell which army was in the worse plight; both were in the utmost distress. Augereau had been wounded, and, though not disabled, had left the field. This brought down on him the commander's displeasure, and inasmuch as his corps was nearly annihilated, it was disbanded; some of his regiments were virtually destroyed. The living were gaunt, exhausted, and ill with hunger; an eye-witness declared that but for the arrival, about noon, of some Jewish traders from Warsaw with four tuns of brandy, thousands would have perished from cold and fatigue. The dead were strewn thick over the field, and in some places were piled in heaps. On the white background of a Northern winter the carnage was terribly apparent; the prowlers who skulked from place to place in search of booty could be distinguished in all directions. Marauding began on a frightful scale, discipline was slackened by misery, and for miles around thousands of wretched soldiers stripped the scarcely less wretched peasantry of their few remaining bits of property.

The army was eager to be gone from these sickening sights. But Bennigsen had techni-

cally admitted defeat by his withdrawal, which the Prussians characterized as «a sin and a shame.» Napoleon, therefore, waited to secure his victory, and formally despatched a few parties in pursuit. Murat advanced to within touch of Bennigsen, who had taken his position under the walls of Königsberg. At the same time the Emperor dictated a glowing account of the French triumph and of the admirable condition of the army. It was at once despatched for publication in the official journals of Paris. Soon afterward, on February 13, a messenger carried to Frederick William proposals for either an armistice or a separate peace on most favorable terms. In these Napoleon set forth that the relation of Prussia to Russia was mere vassalage, and that her restoration to power was essential to the peace of Europe, agreeing to restore her lands as far as the Elbe, and saying that as to Poland he cared nothing whatever. The confident feeling of the allies was shown by the Prussian king's prompt refusal to accept such overtures, and by his determination to abide by the issue. On the other hand, the mere fact of the proposition was evidence of Napoleon's anxiety. It is said on good authority that the French emissary offered the complete restoration of Prussia if she would desert her ally.

Stern necessity would wait no longer on Napoleon's bravado; in a few days his troops withdrew to the table-land behind the river Passarge. There they found better cantonments, but the food was neither better nor more abundant. The Emperor had only a thatched hovel for his headquarters at Osterode, and, as he wrote to his brother Joseph, lived in snow and filth, without wine, brandy, or bread. «We shall be in fine condition when we get bread,» he said to Soult. «My position would be fine if I had food; the lack of food makes it only moderate,» he wrote, on February 27, to Talleyrand. This was true, because now the army was more concentrated than before; and when headquarters were moved in the spring to Finkenstein the Emperor was more comfortable. The movements culminating in Pultusk clearly prove that Napoleon could not until then adapt his means to the novel conditions of warfare he found in Poland. But in the movements antecedent to Eylau there is, in spite of virtual defeat, a clear apprehension of the difficulties and an evident ability to surmount them. While Bennigsen constantly assumes the offensive, Napoleon always seizes the initiative, and in the retreat his choice of the plateau around Osterode as a rallying-point displays a continued mastery of all the conditions.

Around the camp-fires there was, during the remaining months of winter, a passive endurance, mingled with some murmuring about the horrors caused by one man's ambition. The Emperor set his men an example of uncomplaining cheerfulness. His health continued as exuberant as it had been for the year past, and his activity, though no longer feverish, lost nothing of its intensity. Savary thought he outdid himself, accomplishing in one month what elsewhere would have been, even for him, the work of three. Mme. de Rémusat remembered to have heard him say that he felt better during those months than ever before or after. This vigor of body, combined with the same iron determination as of old, did indeed work miracles, and this in spite of the fact that his indefatigable secretary, Maret, was long at the point of death.

To remedy the blunder of having left Dantzic behind in the hands of the Prussians, Lefebvre was despatched with his new corps to beleaguer it. Savary drove the Russians from the Narew and out of Ostrolenka; Mortier threatened Stralsund and stopped the Swedes, who, as members of the coalition, were finally about to take an active share in the fighting. To strengthen the weakened ranks of the invaders, new levies were ordered in both Switzerland and Poland, while at the same time some of the soldiers occupying Silesia and besieging her fortresses were called in. Both Neisse and Glatz were still beset by French troops, but the siege of Kolberg was abandoned, and still further reinforcements thus became available. In the daily skirmishes which occurred at the outposts the fighting was sharp; but the Cossacks were as saucy as ever, and the French light horse could bring in little news. Meantime Russia's difficulties, of which Napoleon remained ignorant, kept her from reinforcing her army to the proper size. Her credit was so low that she could raise no money on her own account, and she applied to England for a subsidy, but it was refused. The Czar was furious, and strained Russia's resources to the utmost; but he could give Bennigsen no more than enough funds and men to restore his original strength.

The arms of Russia had been fairly successful on the lower Danube, for the Turks had been paralyzed by an unforeseen danger. Great Britain had sent a fleet to Constantinople, and the Sultan, though he immediately declared war against England, was terrified. But Napoleon's emissary, Sebastiani, engaged

the English admiral in negotiations until the shore batteries were sufficiently strengthened to compel the British fleet to retire. Filled by this success with new enthusiasm for his Eastern projects, the Emperor of the French devised and set on foot a scheme for the alliance of Turkey and Persia in order to checkmate the ambitions of either Russia or Austria. About the end of April an envoy from the Shah arrived at Finkenstein. He was received with great demonstrations, and France was delighted to see the kings of the East seeking, as she believed, her Emperor's favor. Napoleon's information with regard to the Orient was detailed and accurate; his knowledge of the Eastern character was fraternally instinctive. A treaty was easily negotiated in which France promised to drive Russia from Georgia and to supply Persia with artillery; in return the Shah was to break with England, confiscate British property, instigate the peoples of Afghanistan and Kandahar to rebellion, set on foot an army to invade India, and in case the French should also despatch a land force against India, he was to give them free passage along a line of march to be subsequently laid out, together with means of sustenance. None of the Emperor's achievements during this eventful winter shows more clearly than this how he could rise above the discouragements of a doubtful situation, and how sanguine his disposition was when his health was really good.

Throughout the late campaign the Emperor Francis had occupied a position of non-intervention and hesitating neutrality similar to that of Frederick William the year before. If he had intervened any time during the winter after Eylau, his will would have been imperative. But as Prussia had held off in his hour of need, leaving Napoleon untrammeled, so now he let Prussia drink of the same cup, and remained nominally neutral. Andréossy reported, however, that Austria's strength was being rapidly recruited, and that her preparations foreboded a renewal of hostilities. There was a new prime minister, Count Stadion, remarkable for his energy and insight. Napoleon immediately began to make propositions for an alliance, intended merely to gain time. As he had the previous year called for the contingent of conscripts for 1807, so he now demanded those for 1808. The Confederacy of the Rhine was summoned to supply fresh troops, and even Spain, in which there had recently been symptoms of serious uneasiness, was called on for a contingent of auxiliaries. Before the close of negotiations with Francis, Napoleon had doubled his army; the new levies were kept in Silesia and central Prussia, apparently as a reserve, but they were not far from the Austrian frontier.

On May 26, in spite of a gallant and persistent defense by Kalkreuth, Dantzic, the queen fortress of the Baltic, capitulated. This made Lefebvre's force available to strengthen further the army which still lay behind the Passarge. Napoleon again offered Silesia to Francis, this time entire and outright, as the price of an alliance; he was even willing to make an exchange for Dalmatia. On April 26, at Bartenstein, Russia and Prussia signed a new treaty, according to which they bound themselves to make no separate peace, and agreed that they would endeavor to unite the Scandinavian powers with England, Austria, and themselves for a general war of liberation. The Viennese cabinet was again divided on the question of renewing hostilities, and in the end proposed its services as a mediator, provided that Poland should remain divided and Turkey unmolested, and that German affairs should be rearranged. Napoleon coquetted with this proposal until Russia and Prussia gave their reply, which was not an assent to Austria's proposition, but a request for Francis's adherence to the convention of Bartenstein. When Austria's offer was thus refused the French position was virtually secure as against her, at least for the season. Shrewd onlookers could hardly credit their senses, and thought that so far from Francis's policy being one of neutrality, it was a favor of the highest importance to Napoleon. The fact was that Austria knew Prussia's weakness and had little confidence in Russia's strength. Moreover, France had powerful friends in Vienna, where Andréossy was influential, and Austria's own preparations were not complete. It would be a serious matter if she should conclude a treaty with two allies who might be beaten before she could herself take the field. Hence nothing disturbed the impenetrable front of the Danube power; her own plans were maturing slowly but surely, and while the enormous French reinforcements in central Europe were in a sense a menace, she threw a strong military cordon upon the frontiers of Galicia, and haughtily held aloof from anything likely to fetter her own ambitions.

(To be continued.)

William M. Sloane.

SIR GEORGE TRESSADY

By Mrs Humphry Ward

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[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

V.

THE week which had opened thus for Tressady promised to be one of lively interest for such persons as were either concerned in or took notice of the House of Commons and its doings. Fontenoy's attack upon the administration of the Home Office, and, through the Home Secretary, on the Maxwell group and influence, had been long expected, and was known to be ably prepared. Its possible results were already keenly discussed. Even if it were a damaging attack, it was not supposed that it could have any immediate effect on the state of parties or the strength of the government. But after Easter, Lord Maxwell's factory bill—a special factory act for East London, touching the grown man for the first time, and absolutely prohibiting home work in certain scheduled industries—was to be brought forward, and could not fail to provide Maxwell's adversaries with many chances of red and glorious battle. It was disputable from end to end; it had already broken up one government; it was strongly pressed and fiercely opposed; and on the fate of each clause in committee might hang the life or death of the ministry, not so much because of the intrinsic importance of the matter, as because Maxwell was indispensable to the cabinet, and it was known that neither Maxwell nor his close friend and henchman, Dowson, the Home Secretary, would accept defeat on any of the really vital points of the bill.

The general situation was a curious one. Some two years before this time a strong and long-lived Tory government had come to an end. Since then all had been confusion in English politics. A weak Liberal government, undermined by Socialist rebellion, had lasted but a short time, to be followed by an equally precarious Tory ministry, in which Lord Maxwell, after an absence from politics of some four years or so, returned to his party, only to break it up. For he succeeded in imposing upon them a measure in which his own deepest convictions and feelings were concerned, and which had behind it the support of all the more important trade-unions. Upon that measure the ministry fell; but during their short administration Maxwell had made so great an impression upon his own side that when they returned, as they did return, with an enlarged majority, the Maxwell bill retained one of the foremost places in their program, and might be said, indeed, at the present moment to hold the center of the political field.

That field, in the eyes of any middle-aged observer, was in strange disarray. The old Liberal party had been almost swept away; only a few waifs and strays remained, the exponents of a program that nobody wanted, and of cries that stirred nobody's blood. A large Independent Labor and Socialist party filled the empty benches of the Liberals—a revolutionary, enthusiastic crew, of whom the country was a little frightened, and who were, if the truth were known, a little frightened at themselves. They had a coherent program, and represented a formidable «domination» in English life. And that English life itself, in all that concerned the advance and transformation of labor, was in a singularly tossed and troubled state. After a long period of stagnation and comparative industrial peace, storms at home, answering to

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storms on the Continent, had been let loose, and forces both of reaction and of revolution were making themselves felt in new forms and under the command of new masters.

At the head of the party of reaction stood Fontenoy. Some four years before the present session the circumstances of a great strike in the Midlands—together, no doubt, with some other influence—had first drawn him into public life, had cut him off from racing and all his natural pleasures. The strike affected his father's vast domain in North Mercia; it was marked by an unusual violence on the part of the men and their leaders; and Fontenoy, driven, sorely against his will, to take a part by the fact that his father, the hard and competent administrator of an enormous fortune, happened at the moment to be struck down by illness, found himself, before many weeks were over, taking it with passion, and emerged from the struggle a changed man. Property must be upheld; low-born disorder and greed must be put down. He sold his race-horses, and proceeded forthwith to throw into the formation of a new party all the doggedness, the astuteness, and the audacity he had been accustomed to lavish upon the intrigues and the triumphs of the turf.

And now in this new Parliament his immense labor was beginning to tell. The men who followed him had grown in number and improved in quality. They abhorred equally a temporizing conservatism and a plundering democracy. They stood frankly for birth and wealth, the Church and the expert. They were the apostles of resistance and negation; they were sworn to oppose any further meddling with trade and the personal liberty of master and workman, and to undo, if they could, some of the meddling that had been already carried through. A certain academic quality prevailed among them, which made them peculiarly sensitive to the absurdities of men who had not been to Oxford or Cambridge; while some, like Tressady, had been travelers, and wore an Imperialist heart upon their sleeve. The group possessed an unusual share of debating and oratorical ability, and they had never attracted so much attention as now that they were about to make the Maxwell bill their prey.

MEANWHILE, for the initiated the situation possessed one or two points of special interest. Lady Maxwell, indeed, was by this time scarcely less of a political force than her husband. Was her position an illustration of some new power in women's hands, or was it merely an example of something as well known to the Pharaohs as to the nineteenth century—the ability of any woman with a certain physique to get her way? That this particular woman's way happened to be also her husband's way made the case less interesting for some observers. On the other hand, her obvious wifely devotion attracted simple souls to whom the meddling of women in politics would have been otherwise repellent, but that it was recommended to them by the facts that Marcella Maxwell was held to be good as well as beautiful; that she loved her husband, and was the excellent mother of a fine son.

Of her devotion, in the case of this particular bill, there was neither concealment nor doubt. She was known to have given her husband every assistance in the final drafting of the measure; she had seen for herself the working of every trade that it affected; she had innumerable friends among wage-earners of all sorts, to whom she gave half her social life; and both among them and in the drawing-rooms of the rich she fought her husband's cause unceasingly, by the help of beauty, wits, and something else—a broad impulsiveness and charm, which might be vilified or scorned, but could hardly be matched, by the enemy.

Meanwhile Lord Maxwell was a comparatively ineffective speaker, and passed in social life for a reserved and difficult personality. His friends put no one else beside him, and his colleagues in the cabinet were well aware that he represented the key-stone in their arch. But the man in the street, whether of the aristocratic or plebeian sort, knew comparatively little about him. All of which, combined with the special knowledge of an inner circle, helped still more to concentrate public attention on the convictions, the temperament, and the beauty of his wife.

AMID a situation charged with these personal or dramatic elements the Friday so keenly awaited by Fontenoy and his party arrived. He rose immediately after question-time, and, starting from a confused and stiff beginning, presently hurled at the House an oration, rugged and often halting in form, which yet for bitterness, critical ability, undesigned pathos, and a kind of savage force, was in its way a masterpiece. It was followed with strained attention from all sides of the House. The Home Secretary's subsequent defense of the policy of his department was, in the eyes of the experts of his own side at any rate, absolutely convincing. Nevertheless, the effect of the evening lay with Fontenoy.

The two speeches were no sooner over than George hurried up-stairs in search of Letty, who, with Miss Tulloch, was in the Speaker's private gallery. As he went his pulses tingled. «Magnificent!» he said to himself; «*magnificent!* We have found a man!»

Letty was eagerly waiting for him, and they walked down the corridor together. «Well?» he said, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, and looking down upon her with a smile. «Well?»

Letty saw that she was expected to praise, and she did her best, his smile still bent upon her. He was perfectly aware all the time of the fatuity of what she was saying. She had caught up since her engagement a certain number of political phrases, and it amused him to note the cheap and tinkling use she made of them. Nevertheless she was chatting, smiling, gesticulating, for his pleasure. She was posing for him, using her gray eyes in these expressive ways all for him. He thought her the most entertaining plaything, though it did occur to him sometimes that when they were married he would give her instruction.

«Ah, well, you liked it—that 's good!» he said at last, interrupting her. «We 've begun well, anyway. It 'll be rather hard, though, to have to speak after that on Monday.»

«As if you need be afraid! You 're not, you know; it 's only mock modesty. Do you know that Lady Maxwell was sitting two from me?»

«No. Well, how did she like Fontenoy?»

«She never moved after he got up. She pressed her face against that horrid grating, and stared at him all the time. I thought she was very flushed—but that may have been the heat—and in a very bad temper,» added Letty, maliciously. «I talked to her a little about your adventure.»

«Did she remember my existence?»

«Oh, dear, yes! She said she expected you on Sunday. She never asked *me* to come.» Letty looked arch. «But then one does n't expect her to have pretty manners. People say she is shy. But, of course, that is only your friends' way of saying that you 're rude.»

«She was n't rude to you?» said George, outwardly eager, inwardly skeptical. «Shall I not go on Sunday?»

«But of course you must go. We shall have to know them. She 's not a woman's woman—that 's all. Now, are we going to get some dinner?—for Tully and I are famishing.»

«Come along, then, and I 'll collect the party.»

George had asked a few of his acquaintance in the House to meet his betrothed, together with an old General Tressady and his wife, who were his distant cousins. The party were to assemble in the room of an under-secretary much given to such hospitable functions, and thither, accordingly, George led the way.

The room, when they reached it, was already fairly full of people, and alive with talk.

«Another party!» said George, looking round him. «Benson is great at this sort of thing.»

«Do you see Lady Maxwell?» said Letty in his ear.

George looked to his right, and perceived the lady in question. She also recognized him at once, and bowed, but without rising. She was the center of a group of people who were gathered round her and the small table on which she was leaning, and they were so deeply absorbed in the conversation that had been going on that they hardly noticed the entrance of Tressady and his companion.

«Leven has a party, you see,» said the under-secretary. «Blaythwaite was to have taken them in—could n't at the last moment, so they had to come in here. This is *your* side of the room. But none of your guests have come yet. Dinner at the House in the winter is a poor sort of business, Miss Sewell. We want the Terrace for these occasions.»

He led the young girl to a sofa at the farther end of the room, and made himself agreeable—to him the easiest process in the world. He was a fashionable and charming person, in the most irreproachable of frock-coats; and Letty was soon at her ease with him, and mistress of all her usual arts and graces.

«You know Lady Maxwell?» he said to her, with a slight motion of the head toward the distant group.

Letty replied; and while she and her companion chattered, George, who was standing behind them, watched the other party.

They were apparently in the thick of an argument, and Lady Maxwell, whose hands were lightly clasped on the table in front of her, was leaning forward with the look of one who had just shot her bolt and was waiting to see how it would strike.

It struck, apparently, in the direction of her vis-à-vis, Sir Frank Leven, for he bent over to her, making a quick reply in a half-petulant boy's voice. He had been three years in the House, but had still the air of an Eton «swell» in his last half.

Lady Maxwell listened to what he had to say, a sort of silent passion in her face all the time—a noble passion nobly restrained. When he stopped, George caught her reply.

«He does not *understand*—that is all one can say. He has neither seen nor felt—every sentence showed it. How can one take his judgment?»

George's mouth twitched. He slipped, smiling, into a place beside Letty. «Did you hear that?» he inquired.

«Fontenoy's speech, of course,» said the under-secretary, looking round. «She's pitching into Leven, I suppose. He 's as cranky and unsound as he can be. Should n't wonder if you got him before long.»

He nodded good-temperedly to Tressady, then got up to speak to a man on the edge of the farther group.

«How amusing!» said George, his satirical eyes still watching Lady Maxwell. «How much that set has ‹seen and felt› of sweaters, and white-lead workers, and that ilk! Don't they look like it?»

«Who are they?»

Letty was now using all her eyes to find out, and especially for the purpose of carrying away a mental photograph of Lady Maxwell's black hat and dress.

«Oh, the Maxwells' particular friends in the House—most of them as well provided with family and goods as they make 'em: a philanthropic, idealist lot, that yearns for the people, and will be the first to be kicked down-stairs when the people gets its own. Frank Leven there is, as Benson says, decidedly shaky. If it were n't for his wife, who is Lady Maxwell's bosom friend, he would come over to us—he may as it is. Oh, then, Bennett, is there—do you see?—the little dark man with a frock-coat and spectacles? He was one of the first workman members, has been in the House a long time, and now belongs to the Independents, but rather against the grain. He is one of Lady Maxwell's particular allies. I suppose she hopes to make use of him at critical moments. Gracious—listen!»

There was, indeed, a very storm of discussion sweeping through the rival party. Lady Maxwell's penetrating but not loud voice seemed to pervade it, and her eyes and face, as she glanced from one speaker to another, drew alternately the shafts and the sympathy of the rest.

Tressady made a face.

«I say, Letty, promise me one thing!» His hand stole toward hers. Tully discreetly looked the other way. «Promise me not to be a political woman, there 's a dear!»

Letty hastily withdrew her fingers, having no mind at all for caresses in public.

«But I *must* be a political woman—I shall have to be! I know heaps of girls and married women who get up everything in the papers—all the stupidest things—not because they know anything about it, or because they care a rap, but because some of their men friends happen to be members: and when they come to see you, you must know what to talk to them about.»

«Must you?» said George. «How odd! As though one went to tea with a woman for the sake of talking about the very same things you have been doing all day, and are probably sick to death of already.»

«Never mind,» said Letty, with her little air of sharp wisdom. «I *know* they do it, and I shall have to do it, too. I shall pick it up.»

«Will you? Of course you will! Only, when I 've got a big bill on, let me do a little of it for myself—give me some of the credit.»

Letty laughed maliciously.

«I don't know why you 've taken such a dislike to her,» she said, but in rather a contented tone, as her eye once more traveled across to Lady Maxwell. «Does she trample on her husband, after all?»

Tressady gave an impatient shrug.

«Trample on him? Goodness, no! That 's all part of the play, too—wifely affection, and the rest of it. Why can't she keep out of sight a little? We don't want the women meddling.»

«Thank you, my domestic tyrant!» said Letty, making him a little bow.

«How much tyranny will you want before you accept those sentiments?» he asked her, smiling tenderly into her eyes. Both had a moment's pleasant thrill; then George sprang up.

«Ah, here they are at last!—the general, and all the lot. Now, I hope, we shall get some dinner.»

TRESSADY had, of course, to introduce his elderly cousins and his three or four political friends to his future wife; and amid the small flutter of the performance, the break-up and disappearance of the rival party passed unnoticed. When Tressady's guests entered the dining-room which looks on the Terrace, and made their way to the top table reserved for them, the Leven dinner, near the door, was already half through.

George's little banquet passed merrily enough. The gray-haired general and his wife turned out to be agreeable and well-bred people, quite able to repay George's hospitality by the dropping of little compliments on the subject of Letty into his half-yielded ear. For his way of taking such things was always a trifle cynical. He believed that people say habitually twice what

they mean, whether in praise or blame; and he did not feel that his own view of Letty was much affected by what other people thought of her.

So, at least, he would have said. In reality he got a good deal of pleasure out of his fiancée's success. Letty, indeed, was enjoying herself greatly. This political world, as she had expected, satisfied her instinct for social importance better than any world she had yet known. She was determined to get on in it; nor, apparently, was there likely to be any difficulty in the matter. George's friends thought her a pretty, lively creature, and showed the usual inclination of the male sex to linger in her society. She mostly wanted to be informed as to the House and its ways. It was all so new to her, she said. But her ignorance was not insipid; her questions had flavor. There was much talk and laughter. Letty felt herself the mistress of the table, and her social ambitions swelled within her.

Suddenly George's attention was recalled to the Maxwell table by the break-up of the group around it. He saw Lady Maxwell rise and look round her, as though in search of some one. Her eyes fell upon him, and he involuntarily rose at the same instant to meet the step she made toward him.

«I must say another word of thanks to you» —she held out her hand. «That girl and her grandmother were most grateful to you.»

«Ah, well!—I must come and make my report. Sunday, I think you said?»

She assented. Then her expression altered: «When do you speak?»

The question fell out abruptly, and took George by surprise.

«I? On Monday, I believe, if I get my turn. But I fear the British Empire will go on if I don't!»

She threw a glance of scrutiny at his thin, whimsical face, with its fair mustache and sunburned skin.

«I hear you are a good speaker,» she said simply. «And you are entirely with Lord Fontenoy?»

He bowed lightly, his hands on his sides.

«You 'll agree our case was well put? The worst of it—»

Then he stopped. He saw that Lady Maxwell had ceased to listen to him. She turned her head toward the door, and, without even saying good-by to him, she hurried away from him toward the farther end of the room.

«Maxwell, I see!» said Tressady to himself, with a shrug, as he returned to his seat. «Not flattering—but rather pretty, all the same.»

He was thinking of the quick change that had remade the face while he was talking to her—a change as lovely as it was unconscious.

Lord Maxwell, indeed, had just entered the dining-room in search of his wife, and he and she now left it together, while the rest of the Leven party gradually dispersed. Letty also announced that she must go home.

«Let me just go back into the House and see what is going on,» said George. «Ten to one I sha'n't be wanted, and I could see you home.»

He hurried off, only to return in a minute with the news that the debate was given up to a succession of superfluous people, and he was free, at any rate for an hour. Letty, Miss Tulloch, and he accordingly made their way to Palace Yard. A bright moon shone in their faces as they emerged into the open air, which was still mild and spring-like, as it had been all the week.

«I say—send Miss Tulloch home in a cab,» George pleaded in Letty's ear, «and walk with me a bit. Come and look at the moon over the river. I will bring you back to the bridge and put you in a cab.»

Letty looked astonished and demure. «Aunt Charlotte would be shocked,» she said.

George grew impatient, and Letty, pleased with his impatience, at last yielded. Tully, the most complaisant of chaperons, was put into a hansom and despatched.

As the pair reached the entrance of Palace Yard they were overtaken by a brougham, which drew up an instant in the gateway itself, till it should find an opening in the traffic outside.

«Look!» said George, pressing Letty's arm.

She looked round hurriedly, and as the lamps of the gateway shone into the carriage she caught a vivid glimpse of the people inside it. Their faces were turned toward each other, as though in intimate conversation—that was all. The lady's hands were crossed on her knee; the man held a despatch-box. In a minute they were gone; but both Letty and George were left with the same impression—the sense of something exquisite surprised. It had already visited George that evening, only a few minutes earlier, in connection with the same woman's face.

Letty laughed rather consciously.

George looked down upon her as he guided her through the gate.

«Some people seem to find it pleasant to be together!» he said, with a vibration in his voice. «But why did we look?» he added discontentedly.

«How could we help it, you silly boy?»

They walked toward the bridge and down the steps, happy in each other, and freshened by the night breeze. Over the river the moon hung full and white, and beneath it everything—the silver tracks on the water, the blaze of light at Charing Cross Station, the lamps on Westminster Bridge and in the passing steamers, a train of barges, even the darkness of the Surrey shore—had a gentle and poetic air. The vast city had, as it were, veiled her greatness and her tragedy; she offered herself kindly and protectingly to these two—to their happiness and their youth.

George made his companion wait beside the parapet and look, while he himself drew in the air with a sort of hunger.

«To think of the hours we spend in this climate,» he said, «caged up in abominable places like the House of Commons!»

The traveler's distaste for the monotony of town and indoor life spoke in his vehemence. Letty raised her eyebrows.

«I am very glad of my furs, thank you. You seem to forget that it is February.»

«Never mind—since Monday it has had the feel of April. Did you see my mother to-day?»

«Yes. She caught me just after luncheon, and we talked for an hour.»

«Poor darling! I ought to have been there to protect you. But she vowed she would have her say about that house.»

He looked down upon her, trying to see her expression in the shifting light. He had gone through a disagreeable little scene with his mother at breakfast. She had actually lectured him on the rashness of taking the Brook street house, he understanding the whole time that what the odd performance really meant was, that if he took it he would have a smaller margin of income wherefrom to supplement her allowance.

«Oh, it was all right,» said Letty, composedly. «She declared we should get into difficulties at once, that I could have no idea of the value of money, that you always *had* been extravagant, that everybody would be astonished at our doing such a thing, etcetera, etcetera. I *think*—you don't mind?—I think she cried a little. But she was n't really very unhappy.»

«What did you say?»

«Well, I suggested that when we were married, we and she should both set up account-books; and I promised faithfully that if she would let us see hers we would let her see ours.»

George threw back his head with a gurgle of laughter.

«Well?»

«She was afraid,» said Letty, demurely. «that I did n't take things seriously enough. Then I asked her to come and see my gowns.»

«And that, I suppose, appeased her?»

«Not at all. She turned up her nose at everything, by way of punishing me. You see, she had on a new Worth—the third since Christmas. My poor little trousseau rags had no chance.»

«H'm!» said George, meditatively. «I wonder how my mama is going to manage when we are married?» he added, after a pause.

Letty made no reply. She was walking firmly and briskly; her eyes, full of a sparkling decision, looked straight before her; her little mouth was close set. Meanwhile through George's mind there passed a number of fragmentary answers to his own question. His feeling toward his mother was wholly abnormal; he had no sense of any unseemliness in the conversation about her which was gradually growing common between himself and Letty, and he meant to draw strict lines in the future. At the same time there was the tie of old habit, and of that uneasy and unwelcome responsibility with regard to her which had descended upon him at the time of his father's death. He could not honestly regard himself as an affectionate son; but the filial relationship, even in its most imperfect aspect, has a way of imposing itself.

«Ah, well, I dare say we shall pull through,» he said, dismissing the familiar worry with a long breath. «Why, how far we have come!» he added, looking back at Charing Cross and the Westminster towers. «And how extraordinarily mild it is! We can't turn back yet, and you 'll be tired if I race you on in this way. Look, Letty; there 's a seat. Would you be afraid—just five minutes?»

Letty looked doubtful.

«It 's so absurdly late. George, you *are* funny! Suppose somebody came by who knew us?»

He opened his eyes.

«And why not? But see! there is n't a carriage, and hardly a person, in sight. Just a minute!»

Most unwillingly, Letty let herself be persuaded. It seemed to her a foolish and extravagant thing to do, and there was now no need for either folly or extravagance. Since her engagement she had dropped a good many of the small audacities of the social sort she had so freely allowed herself before it. It was as though, indeed, now that these audacities had served their purpose, some stronger

and perhaps inherited features emerged in her, and suppressed them. George was sometimes astonished by an ultra-conventional note, of which certainly he had heard nothing in their first days of intimacy at Malford.

Just as they sat down, a figure suddenly passed them on the road—the gray and stooping figure of an oldish woman in a tattered shawl.

George looked at her in astonishment. «Where did she come from?»

Neither of them had noticed her before. Probably she had emerged from some patch of shadow on the sidewalk. Now, as they watched her, she walked on till she reached a seat some fifty yards from their own. There she sat down, drew her rags about her, and dropped her head on her breast.

«Poor soul!» said George, looking at her curiously. «She will sleep there, probably. On any tolerable night, even at this time of year, there are always people on these seats, they say.»

«Do let 's go!» said Letty, sharply, and half rising; «I don't like it.»

She looked at the woman with disgust.

But George held her.

«No—just a minute. Aunt Charlotte will say nothing; she thinks you are still at the House. And *she*, poor wretch, will do us no harm. Very likely she 's one of the people Dowson described. He gave us some horrors.»

In the moonlight Letty saw a dark, absent look creep over his face. He still held her hand, but she saw that he was not thinking of her. Generally she accepted his lovemaking very coolly—just as it came, or did not come. But to-night a sudden pique rose in her. For what had he led her into his silly escapade but to make love to her? And now he could hark back to the House and to politics!

«George, I really *must* go,» she began, flushing, and dragging at her hand. But he interrupted her.

«I wish one's opinions had n't been muddled by coming home! Everything was straight and simple out in India. But Dowson's stories of those beastly trades—I knew them all before, too—come back upon me, and turn me sick. Perhaps that woman 's one of the victims—who knows? She looks a decent elderly body.»

He nodded toward the distant bench.

«Well, I don't understand—I really *don't!*» said Letty, rather sharply. «I thought you were all against the government!»

He laughed.

«The difference between them and us, darling, is only that *they* think the world can be mended by act of Parliament, and *we* think it can't. Do what you will, we say, the world *is*, and must be, a wretched hole for the majority of those that live in it, and these quack meddlings and tyrannies only make it worse.»

Letty sat silent. Her breath came quickly. She did n't know why he should have kept her here to talk this kind of talk to her. He looked straight before him, absorbed, and she was struck with the harsh melancholy of his face.

Then suddenly he turned to her, his look brightening and melting.

«But it sha'n't be a wretched hole for us, shall it, darling? We 'll make a little nest in it; we 'll forget what we can't help; we 'll be happy as long as the fates let us—won't we, Letty?»

His arm slipped round behind her. He caught her hands.

Letty had a disagreeable consciousness that it was all very absurd, this sitting on a seat in a public thoroughfare late at night, and behaving like any 'Arry and 'Arriet. At the same time she felt insecure and restless, and the touch of his hand excited her.

«Why, of course we shall be happy,» she said; «only somehow I don't always understand you, George. I wish I knew what you were really thinking about.»

«*You!*» he said, laughing, and drawing her to him. «Tell me, Letty, did you have a good time when you were a child? I had such an awfully bad one—I have n't got over it yet. Tell me how you got on.»

She smiled, and pursed her pretty lips.

«I *always* had a good time. I suppose I *took* it, if other people would n't give it. I was n't a good child, you know—not a bit. I did n't think that paid. I always teased my governesses, and ordered mother about; I made her dress me as I liked from the time I was nine. No; I am afraid I used to despise Elsie because she did n't have ripping times like me.»

George was charmed with her mischievous look, and would have liked to kiss her there and then. But a policeman on his beat was slowly advancing toward him, and Letty at last insisted upon getting up and going on.

«Elsie!» he said, as they walked along, «poor Elsie! Why don't we sometimes talk of her? When we are settled, dearest, we must have her to stay with us in town a bit—don't you think so? She looks a fragile little thing, as though she wanted cheering up.»

He spoke kindly, as he felt. From his first and, so far, only visit to Letty's home, he had carried away a compassionate feeling toward

Letty's pale and retiring sister. Evidently she was delicate in health, and he had been struck by the dependence of the household upon her, in spite of her apparent weakness.

His suggestion to-night, however, was not received with any eagerness. Letty's face fell.

«Oh, I don't know,» she said doubtfully. «Elsie 's best at home. She 's very difficult to get on with—for strangers. You don't know. She hardly ever makes a good impression. I should feel her terribly on my mind.»

George felt a momentary shock, then adjusted himself with his usual coolness. How absurd to expect a bride to endanger any of her first prerogatives of pleasure!

But when he had put her safely into a hansom at the corner of the bridge, and smiled good-by to her, he turned to walk back to the House in much sudden flatness of mood. Had Fontenoy's speech been so fine, after all? Were politics—was anything—quite worth while? It seemed to him that all emotions were small, all crises disappointing.

VI.

THE following Sunday, somewhere toward five o'clock, George rang the bell of the Maxwells' house in St. James's Square. It was a very fine house, and George's eye, as he stood waiting, ran over the façade with an amused, investigating look.

He allowed himself the same expression once or twice in the hall, as one mute and splendid person relieved him of his coat, and another, equally mute and equally unsurpassable, waited for him on the stairs, while across a passage beyond the hall he saw two red-liveried footmen carrying tea.

«When one is a friend of the people,» he pondered as he went up-stairs, «is one limited in horses, but not in flunkies? These things are obscure.»

He was ushered first into a stately outer drawing-room, filled with old French furniture and fine pictures; then the butler lifted a velvet curtain, pronounced the visitor's name with a voice and emphasis as perfectly trained as the rest of him, and stood aside for George to enter.

He found himself on the threshold of a charming room looking west, and lighted by some last beams of February sun. The pale-green walls were covered with a medley of prints and sketches. A large writing-table, untidily heaped with papers, stood conspicuous on the blue self-colored carpet, which over a great part of the floor was pleasantly void and bare. Flat earthenware pans, planted with hyacinths and narcissus, stood here and there, and filled the air with spring scents. Books ran round the lower walls, or lay piled wherever there was a space for them; while about the fire at the farther end was gathered a circle of chintz-covered chairs—chairs of all shapes and sizes, meant for talking. The whole impression of the pretty, disorderly place, compared with the stately drawing-room behind it, was one of intimity and freedom; the room made a friend of you as you entered.

Half a dozen people were sitting with Lady Maxwell when Tressady was announced. She rose to meet him with great cordiality, introduced him to little Lady Leven, an elfish creature in a cloud of fair hair, and with a pleasant «You know all the rest,» offered him a chair beside herself and the tea-table.

«The rest» were Frank Leven, Edward Watton, Bayle, the Foreign Office private secretary, who had been staying at Malford House at the time of Tressady's election, and Bennett, the «small, dark man» whom George had pointed out to Letty in the House as a Labor member, and one of the Maxwells' particular friends.

«Well,» said Lady Maxwell, turning to her new visitor as she handed him some tea, «were you as much taken with the grandmother as the grandmother was taken with you? She told me she had never seen a ‹more haffable gentleman, nor one as she 'd 'a' been more willin' to ha' done for›!»

George laughed. «I see,» he said, «that my report has been anticipated.»

«Yes; I have been there. I have found a ‹case› in them indeed—alack! The granny—I am afraid she is an unseemly old woman—and the elder girl both work for the Jew son-in-law on the first floor—home work of the most abominable kind. That girl will be dead in a year if it goes on.»

George was rapidly conscious of two contradictory impressions—one of pleasure, one of annoyance: pleasure in her tall, slim presence, her white hand, and all the other flashing points of a beauty not to be denied; and irritation that she should have talked «shop» to him with her first breath. Could one never escape this altruistic chatter?

But he was not left to grapple with it alone, for Lady Leven looked up quickly.

«Mr. Watton, will you please take Lady Maxwell's tea away if she mentions the word ‹case› again? We gave her fair warning.»

Lady Maxwell hastily clasped both her hands round her tea-cup.

«Betty, we have discussed the opera for at least twenty minutes.»

«Yes, at peril of our lives!» said Lady Leven. «I never talked so fast before. One felt as though one *must* say everything one had to say about Melba and the De Reszkes all in one breath—before one's poor little subject was torn from one; one would never have such a chance again.»

Lady Maxwell laughed, but colored too.

«Am I such a nuisance?» she said, dropping her hands on her knee with a little sigh. Then she turned to Tressady.

«But Lady Leven really makes it out worse than it is. We have n't even *approached* a factory act all the afternoon.»

Lady Leven sprang forward in her chair. «Because, *because*, my dear, we simply declined to let you. We made a league—did n't we, Mr. Bennett? Even you joined it.»

Bennett smiled.

«Lady Maxwell overworks herself—we all know that,» he said, his look, at once kind, honest, and perennially embarrassed, passing from Lady Leven to his hostess.

«Oh, don't sympathize, for heaven's sake!» cried Betty. «Wage war upon her—it 's our only hope.»

«Don't you think Sunday at least ought to be frivolous?» said Tressady, smiling, to Lady Maxwell.

«Well, personally, I like to talk about what interests me on Sunday as well as on other days,» she said, with a frank simplicity; «but I know I ought to be kept in order—I become a terrible bore.»

Frank Leven roused himself from the sofa on which he had languidly subsided.

«Bores?» he said indignantly; «we 're all bores. We all have been bores since people began to think about what they 're pleased to call ‹social work.› Why should I love my neighbor? I 'd much rather hate him. I generally do.»

«Does n't it all depend,» said Tressady, «on whether he happens to be able to make it disagreeable for you in return?»

«That 's just it,» said Betty Leven, eagerly. «I agree with Frank—it 's all so stupid, this ‹loving› everybody. It makes one positively hot. We sit under a clergyman, Frank and I, who talks of nothing every Sunday but love—*love*—like that, long drawn out—how our politics should be ‹love,› and our shopping should be ‹love,› till we long simply to bastinado somebody. I want to have a little real nice cruelty—something sharp and interesting. I should like to stick pins into my maid, only, unfortunately, as she has more than once pointed out to me, it would be so much easier for her to stick them into me.»

«You want the time of Miss Austen's novels back again,» said young Bayle, stooping to her, with his measured and agreeable smile —«before even the clergy had a mission.»

«Ah! but it would be no good,» said Lady Leven, sighing, «if *she* were there!»

She threw out her small hand toward her hostess, and everybody laughed.

Up to the moment of the laugh Lady Maxwell had been lying back in her chair listening, the beautiful mouth absently merry, and the eyes speaking, Tressady thought, of quite other things, of some hidden converse of her own going on in the brain behind the eyes. A certain prophetess-air seemed natural to her. Nevertheless, that first impression of her he had carried away from the hospital scene was being somehow blurred and broken up.

She joined in the laugh against herself; then, with a little nod toward her assailant, she said to Edward Watton, who was sitting on her right hand:

«*You* 're not taken in, I know.»

«Oh, if you mean that I go in for ‹cases› and ‹causes› too,» cried Lady Leven, interrupting, «of course I do. I can't be left alone. I must dance as my generation pipes.»

«Which means,» said her husband, dryly, «that she went for two days filling soda-water bottles the week before last, and a day's shirt-making last week. From the first I was told that she would probably return to me with an eye knocked out, she being totally inexperienced and absurdly rash. As to the second, to judge from the description she gave me of the den she had been sitting in when she came home, and the headache she had next day, I still expect typhoid. The fortnight is n't up till Wednesday.»

There was a shout of mingled laughter and inquiry.

«How did you do it, and whom did you bribe?» said Bayle to Lady Leven.

«I did n't bribe anybody,» she said indignantly. «You don't understand. My friends introduced me.»

Then, drawn out by him, she plunged into a lively account of her workshop experiences, interrupted every now and then by the sarcastic comments of her husband, and the amusement of the two younger men, who had brought their chairs close to her. Betty Leven ranked high among the lively chatterboxes of her day and set.

Lady Maxwell, however, had not laughed at Frank Leven's speech. Rather, as he

spoke of his wife's experiences, her face had clouded, as though the blight of some too familiar image, some sad, ever-present vision, had descended upon her.

Bennett also did not laugh. He watched the Levens indulgently for a few minutes, then insensibly he, Lady Maxwell, Edward Watton, and Tressady drew together into a circle of their own.

«Do you gather that Lord Fontenoy's speech on Friday has been much taken up in the country?» said Bennett, bending forward and addressing Lady Maxwell. Tressady, who was observing him, noticed that his dress was precisely the «Sunday best» of the respectable workman, and was, moreover, reminded by the expression of the eyes and brow that Bennett was said to have been a well-known «local preacher» in his north-country youth.

Lady Maxwell smiled, and pointed to Tressady.

«Here,» she said, «is Lord Fontenoy's first lieutenant.»

Bennett looked at George.

«I should be glad,» he said, «to know what Sir George thinks.»

«Why, certainly. We think it has been very warmly taken up,» said George, promptly, «to judge from the newspapers, the letters that have been pouring in, and the petitions that seem to be preparing.»

Lady Maxwell's eyes gleamed. She looked at Bennett silently a moment, then she said:

«Is n't it amazing to you how strong an impossible case can be made to look?»

«It is inevitable,» said Bennett, with a little shrug—«quite inevitable. These social experiments of ours are so young, there is always a strong case to be made out against any of them, and there will be for years to come.»

«Well and good,» said George; «then we cavilers are inevitable too. Don't attack us—praise us, rather; by your own confession we are as much a part of the game as you are.»

Bennett smiled slightly, but did not in reality quite follow. Lady Maxwell bent forward.

«Yes, of course there must be critics,» she said; «of course there must be opposition. But it is so hard to take the game, as you call it, with good temper when one is in touch with the lives at stake upon it. Do you know whether Lord Fontenoy has any *personal* knowledge of the trades he was speaking about? That is what I want so much to find out.»

George was nettled by both the question and the manner.

«I regard Fontenoy as a very competent person,» he said dryly. «I imagine he did his best to inform himself. But there was not much need; the persons concerned—whom you think you are protecting—were so very eager to inform us.»

Lady Maxwell flushed.

«And you think that settles it—the eagerness of the cheap life to be allowed to maim and waste itself? But again and again English law has stepped in to prevent it, and again and again everybody has been thankful.»

«It is all a question of balance, of course,» said George. «Must a few unwise people be allowed to kill themselves—or thousands lose their liberty?»

His blue eyes scanned her beautiful, impetuous face with a certain cool hardness. Internally he was more and more in revolt against a «monstrous regiment of women,» and the influence upon the most complex economic problems of such a personality as that before him.

But his word «liberty» pricked her.

The look of feeling passed away. Her eyes kindled as sharply and dryly as his own.

«Freedom? Let me quote you Cromwell! 'Every sectary saith, «O give me liberty!» But give it him, and to the best of his power he will yield it to no one else.' So with your careless or brutal employer; give him liberty, and no one else shall get it.»

«Only by metaphor—not legally,» said George, stubbornly. «So long as men are not slaves by law there is always a chance for freedom. Anyway, *we* stand for freedom—as an end, not a means. It is not the business of the state to make people happy—not at all! At least that is our view. But it *is* the business of the state to keep them free.»

«Ah!» said Bennett, with a long breath, «there you 've hit the nail—the whole difference between you and us.»

George nodded. Lady Maxwell did not speak immediately. But George was aware that he was being observed, closely considered. Their glances crossed an instant, in antagonism, certainly, if not in dislike.

«How long is it since you came home from India?» she asked him suddenly.

«About six months.»

«And you were, I think, a long time abroad?»

«Nearly four years. Does that make you think I have not had much time to get up the things I am going to vote about?» said the young man, laughing. «I don't know. On the broadest issues of politics one makes up one's mind as well in Asia as in Europe—better, perhaps.»

«On the Empire, I suppose—and England's

place in the world? That 's a side which, I know, I remember much too little. You think our life depends on a governing class, and that *we* and democracy are weakening that class too much?»

«That 's about it. And for democracy it is all right. But *you*—you are the traitors!»

His thrust, however, did not rouse her to any corresponding rhetoric. She smiled merely, and began to question him about his travels. She did it with great deftness, so that after an answer or two both his temper and manner insensibly softened, and he found himself talking with ease and success. His mixed personality revealed itself—his capacity for certain veiled enthusiasms, his respect for power, for knowledge, his pessimist beliefs as to the average lot of men.

Bennett, who listened easily, was glad to help her make her guest talk. Frank Leven left the group near the sofa and came to listen too. Tressady was more and more spurred, carried out of himself. Lady Maxwell's fine eyes and stately ways were humanized, after all, by a quick responsiveness, which for most people, however critical, made conversation with her draw like a magnet. Her intelligence, too, was competent—left the mere feminine behind in these connections that Tressady offered her, no less than in others. She had not lived in the world of high politics for nearly five years for nothing; so that unconsciously, and, indeed, quite against his will, Tressady found himself talking to her, after a while, as though she had been a man and an equal, while at the same time taking more pains than he would ever have taken for a man.

«Well, you *have* seen a lot!» said Frank Leven at last, with a rather envious sigh.

Bennett's modest face suddenly reddened.

«If only Sir George will use his eyes to as good purpose at home—» he said involuntarily, then stopped. Few men were more unready and awkward in conversation; yet when roused he was one of the best platform speakers of his day.

George laughed.

«One sees best what appeals to one, I am afraid,» he said, only to be instantly aware that he had made a rather stupid admission in face of the enemy.

Lady Maxwell's lip twitched. He saw the flash of some quick thought cross her face. But she said nothing.

Only when he got up to go she bade him notice that she was always at home on Sundays, and would be glad that he should remember it. He made a rather cold and perfunctory reply. Inwardly he said to himself, «Why does she say nothing of Letty, whom she knows, and of our marriage, if she wants to make friends?»

Nevertheless, he left the house with the feeling of one who has passed an hour not of the common sort. He had done himself justice, made his mark. And as for her, in spite of his flashes of dislike he carried away a strong impression of something passionate and vivid that clung to the memory. Or was it merely eyes and pose, that astonishingly beautiful color, and touch of classic dignity which she got, so the world said, from some remote strain of Italian blood? Most probably! All the same, she had fewer of the ordinary womanly arts than he had imagined. How easy it would have been to send that message to Letty she had not sent! He thought simply that for a clever woman she might have been more adroit.

THE door had no sooner closed behind Tressady than Betty Leven, with a quick look after him, bent across to her hostess, and said in a stage whisper:

«Who? Post me up, please.»

«One of Fontenoy's gang,» said her husband, before Lady Maxwell could answer. «A new member, and as sharp as needles. He 's been exactly to all the places where I want to go, Betty, and you won't let me.»

He glanced at his wife with a certain sharpness. Betty merely held out a white child's wrist.

«Button my glove, please, and don't talk. I have got ever so many questions to ask Marcella.»

Leven applied himself rather sulkily to his task while Betty pursued her inquiries.

«Is n't he going to marry Letty Sewell?»

«Yes,» said Lady Maxwell, opening her eyes rather wide. «Do you know her?»

«Why, my dear, she 's Mr. Watton's cousin—is n't she?» said Betty, turning toward that young man. «I saw her once at your mother's.»

«Certainly she is my cousin,» said that young man, smiling, «and she 's going to marry Tressady at Easter. So much I can vouch for, though I don't know her so well, perhaps, as the rest of my family do.»

«Oh!» said Betty, dryly, releasing her husband, and crossing her small hands upon her knee. «That means Miss Sewell is n't one of Mr. Watton's *favorite* cousins. You don't mind talking about your cousins, do you? You may blacken the character of all mine. Is she nice?»

«Who—Letty? Why, of course she is

nice,» said Edward Watton, laughing. «All young ladies are.»

«Oh, goodness!» said Betty, shaking her halo of gold hair. «Commend me to cousins for letting one down easy.»

«Too bad, Lady Leven!» said Watton, getting up to escape. «Why not ask Bayle? He knows all things. Let me hand you over to him. He will sing you all my cousin's charms.»

«Delighted,» said Bayle, as he too rose—«only unfortunately I ought at this moment to be at Wimbledon.»

He had the air of the typical official, well dressed, suave, and infinitely self-possessed, as he held out his hand, deprecatingly, to Lady Leven.

«Oh, you private secretaries!» said Betty, pouting and turning away from him.

«Don't abolish us,» he said, pleading. «We must live.»

«*Je ne vois pas la nécessité!*» said Betty over her shoulder.

«Betty, what a babe you are!» cried her husband, as Bayle, Watton, and Bennett all disappeared together.

«Not at all!» cried Betty. «I wanted to get some truth out of somebody. For, of course, the real truth is that this Miss Sewell is—»

«Is what?» said Leven, lost in admiration all the time, as Lady Maxwell saw, of his wife's dainty grace and rose-leaf color.

«Well—a—*minx!*» said Betty, with innocent slowness, opening her blue eyes very wide; «a mischievous—rather pretty—hard-hearted—flirting—little minx!»

«Really, Betty!» cried Lady Maxwell. «Where have you seen her?»

«Oh, I saw her last year several times at the Wattons', and other places,» said Betty, composedly. «And so did you too, please, madam. I remember very well one day Mrs. Watton brought her into the Winterbournes' when you and I were there, and she chattered a great deal.»

«Oh, yes. I had forgotten.»

«Well, my dear, you 'll soon have to remember her, so you need n't talk in that lofty tone; for they 're going to be married at Easter, and if you want to make friends with the young man, you 'll have to realize the wife.»

«Married at Easter? How do you know?»

«In the first place, Mr. Watton said so; in the next, there are such things as newspapers. But of course you did n't notice such trifles—you never do.»

«Betty, you 're very cross with me to-day!» Lady Maxwell looked up at her friend with a little pleading air.

«Oh, no; only for your good. I know you 're thinking of nothing in the world but how to make that man take a reasonable view of Maxwell's bill. And I want to impress upon you that *he* 's probably thinking a great deal more about getting married than about factory bills. You see, *your* getting married was a kind of accident But other people are different. And oh, dear, you do know so little about them when they don't live in four-pair backs! There, don't defend yourself—you sha'n't!»

And, stooping, Betty stifled her friend's possible protest by kissing her.

«Now, then, come along, Frank; you 've got your speech to write, and I 've got to copy it out. Don't swear! You know you 're going to have two whole days' golfing next week. Good-by, Marcella! My love to Aldous—and tell him not to be so late next time I come to tea. By-by!»

And off she swept, pausing, however, on the landing to open the door again, and put in an eager face.

«Oh, and by the way, the young man has a mother—Frank reminded me. His womenkind don't seem to be his strong point; but as she does n't earn *even* four and sixpence a week—very sadly the contrary—I won't tell you any more now, or you 'll forget. Next time!»

WHEN Marcella Maxwell was at last left alone, she began to pace slowly up and down the large, bare room, as it was very much her wont to do.

She was thinking of George Tressady, and of the personality his talk had seemed to reveal.

«His heart is all in *power*, in what he takes for magnificence,» she said to herself. «He talks as if he had no humanity, and did not care a rap for anybody. But it is a pose—I *think* it is a pose. He is interesting; he will develop. One would like—to show him things.»

After another pensive turn or two she stopped beside a photograph that stood upon her writing-table. It was a photograph of her husband—a tall, smooth-faced man, with pleasant eyes, features of no particular emphasis, and the free carriage of the country-bred Englishman. As she looked at it her face relaxed unconsciously, inevitably, under the stimulus of some habitual and secret joy.

(To be continued.)

Mary A. Ward.

A FEAST-DAY ON THE RHÔNE.

WITH PICTURES BY LOUIS LOEB.

A FLYING GLIMPSE OF PONT SAINT ESPRIT.

I.

THIS water feast-day was a part of the biennial pilgrimage to the Sainte Estelle of the Félibrige and the Cigaliers, the two Félibrien societies maintained in Paris by the children of the South of France. Through twenty-three dreary months these expatriated ones exist in the chill North; in the blessed twenty-fourth month—always in burning August, when the melons are luscious ripe and the grapes are ripening, when the sun they love so well is blazing his best and the whole land is a-quiver with a thrilling, stimulating heat—they go joyously southward upon an excursion which has for its climax the great Félibrien festival: and then, in their own gloriously hot Midi, they really live!

By a semi-right and by a large courtesy, we of America were of this gay party. Four years earlier, as the official representatives of an American troubadour, we had come upon an embassy to the troubadours of Provence; and such warm relations had sprung up between ourselves and the poets to whom we were accredited that they had ended by making us members of their own elect body, the Society of the Félibrige—wherein are united the troubadours of these modern times. As Félibres, therefore, it was not merely our right but our duty to attend the festival of the Sainte Estelle; and our official notification in regard to this meeting—received in New York on a chill day in the early springtime—announced also that we were privileged to journey on the special steamboat chartered by our brethren of Paris for the run from Lyons to Avignon down the Rhône.

II.

WE were called at five o'clock in the morning. Even the little birds of Lyons were drowsy at that untoward and melancholy hour. As I slowly roused myself I heard their sleepy twitterings out in the trees on the Cours du Midi—and my sympathies were with them. There are natures which are quickened and strengthened by the early day. Mine is not such. I know of nothing that so numbs what I am pleased to term my faculties as to be *particeps criminis* in the rising of the sun.

But life was several shades less cheerless by the time, an hour or so later, that we got down to the waterside. Already the mists of morning had risen, and in their place was the radiant sunshine of the Midi: that penetrating, tingling sunshine which sets the blood to dancing, and thence gets into the brain and breeds extravagant fancies there which straightway are uttered as substantial truths—as M. Daudet so often has told us; and so often, when writing about his birthland, has demonstrated in his own text.

Yet even had we come to the boat while still in the lowering mood begotten of our intemperate palterings with the dawn, we must have yielded quickly to the infectious cheerfulness which obtained on board the *Gladiateur*. From end to end the big steamboat was bright with bunting; and the company thronging on board of her was living up to the brightness of the sunshine and the flags.

For they were going home—home to their dear South, these poet-exiles; and their joy was so strong within them that it almost touched the edge of tears. I could understand their feeling because of a talk that I had had three days before, in Paris, with Baptiste Bonnet, up in his little apartment under the mansard, with an outlook over the

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

AN EARLY START—COFFEE ON BOARD.

flowers in the window-garden across roof-tops to Notre Dame. Bonnet could not come upon this expedition—and what love and longing there was in his voice while he talked to us about the radiant land which to him was forbidden, but which we so soon were to see! To know that we were going, while he remained behind, made us feel like a brace of Jacobs; and when Mme. Bonnet made delicious tea for us («because the English like tea,» as she explained with a clear kindliness that in no wise was lessened by her misty ethnology) we felt that so to prey upon their hospitality in the very moment that we were making off with their birthright was of the blackest of crimes. But because of what our dear Bonnet had said, and of the way in which he had said it, I understood the deep feeling that underlay the exuberant gaiety of our fellow-passengers; and it seemed to me that there was a very tender note of pathos in their joy.

They were of all sorts and conditions, these passengers: a few famous throughout the world, as the player Mounet-Sully, the painter Benjamin Constant, the prose poet Paul Arène; many famous throughout France; and even in the rank and file few who had not raised themselves above the multitude in one or another of the domains of art.

Most of the poets—for, in a way, they all were poets—came to the boat breakfastless, and their first move on board was toward the little cabin on deck wherein coffee was served. The head waiter at the improvised breakfast-table—as I inferred not less from his look and manner than from his ostentatiously professed ignorance of his native tongue—was an English duke in reduced circumstances; and his assistants, I fancy, were retired French senators. Indeed, these dignified functionaries had about them an air of high comedy so irresistible, and so many of the ladies whom they served were personages of the Odéon or the Comédie Française, that only the smell of the coffee saved the scene from lapsing into the unrealism of the realistic stage.

Seven o'clock came, but the *Gladiateur* remained passive. At the gang-plank were assembled the responsible heads of the expedition—who were anything but passive. They all were talking at once, and all were engaged in making gestures expressive of an important member of the party who had been specially charged to be on hand in ample time; who had outraged every moral principle by failing to keep his appointment; whose whereabouts could not be even remotely surmised; whose absence was the equivalent of ruin and despair—a far less complex series of concepts, I may add, than a southern Frenchman is capable of expressing with his head and his body and his hands.

It was the pianist.

A grave majoral, reaching down to the kernel of the matter, solved the difficulty with the question, «Have we the piano?»

«We have.»

«Enough!» cried the majoral. «Let us go.»

In a moment the gang-plank was drawn aboard; the lines were cast off; the big paddle-wheels began to turn; the swift current laid hold upon us—and the *Gladiateur*, slipping away from the bank, headed for the channel-arch of the Pont du Midi. The bridge was thronged with our friends of Lyons come down to say good-by to us. Above the parapet their heads cut sharp against the morning brightness of the western sky. All together they cheered us as we, also cheering, shot beneath them: and then the bridge, half hidden in the cloud of smoke from our huge funnel, was behind us—and our voyage was begun.

III.

Of all the rivers which, being navigable, do serious work in the world, the Rhône is the most devil-may-care and light-hearted. In its five-hundred-mile dash downhill from the Lake of Geneva to the Mediterranean its only purpose—other than that of doing all the mischief possible—seems to be frolic fun. And yet for more than two thousand years this apparently frivolous, and frequently malevolent, river has been usefully employed in the service of mankind.

It has served under many masters. In the Rhône Valley of the present day Celtic flints and pottery underlie Roman ruins; here and there a bit of Roman magnificence remains almost intact; on the hilltops still stand the broken strongholds of the robber nobles who maintained their nobility upon what they were able to steal. Naturally, these ruined castles, and the still-existent towns of the same period, being so conspicuously in evidence, the flavor of the river is most distinctly medieval; but everywhere, to the discerning eye, are traces of the barbarism, of the civilization, and of the semi-barbarism which successively were plowed under before what we have the temerity to call our own civilization began.

Indeed, the *Gladiateur* had but little more than swung clear from Lyons, around the long

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

EN ROUTE—A SOLOIST.

curve where the Saône and the Rhône are united and the stream suddenly is doubled in size, than we were carried back to the very dawn of historic times: for before us, stretching away to the eastward, was the broad plain of Saint Fons—once covered with an oak forest to which came Druid priests at Yuletide to gather with their golden sickles mistletoe for the great pagan feast; later, the battle-field on which Clodius Albinus and Septimius Severus came to a definite understanding in regard to the rulership of Gaul; and, later still, the site of a pleasure-castle of the archbishops of Lyons and of the Villa Longchêne to which light-hearted Lyons nobles came. Palace and villa still are there —the one a Dominican school, the other a hospital endowed by the Empress Eugénie; but the oaks and the Druids and the battle are only faint legends now.

I am forced to admit that never a thought was given to this aggregation of antiquities by the too frivolous passengers aboard the *Gladiateur*. At the very moment when we were steaming through the Gallo-Roman and medieval latitudes there was a burst of music from the piano that fired our light-headed company as a spark fires a mine—for the air was our Félibrien anthem, «La Coupe,» and instantly a hundred voices took up the song. And when this rite was ended, the music shifted to a livelier key and straightway a farandole was formed.

On the whole, a long and narrow steamboat is not a specially good place for a farandole; but the leader of this one—a young person from the Odéon, whose hair came down repeatedly, but whose prodigiously high spirits never came down at all—was not one of the sort whom difficulties deter. At the head of the long line of dancers—a living chain linked together by clasped hands—she caracoled and curveted up and down the narrow passes of the boat; and in her wake, also caracoling and curveting, came the chain, which each moment grew in length as volunteers joined it, or (in keeping with farandole customs) as the less vivacious members of the party were seized upon and forcibly impressed into its ranks. And so we farandoled clear away to Givors.

In fact, in the thick of our farandoling, Givors slipped by almost unnoticed: a trim little town hung out to sun in long strips upon terraces ascending from the waterside; its walls and tiled roofs rising above gardens, and so making a general effect of warm grays and yellows dashed with vivid greens. It is a town of some commercial pretensions, the gateway of a canal a dozen miles long leading up through the valley of the little river Gier to iron-works and coke-works and glass-works tucked away in the hills. The canal was projected almost a century and a half ago as a connecting-link between the Rhône and the Loire, and so between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean; wherefore the Canal of the Two Oceans was, and I suppose continues to be, its high-sounding name. But the Revolution came, and the digging never extended beyond that first dozen miles; and so it came to pass that the Canal of the Two Oceans, as such, is a delusion, and that the golden future which once lay ahead of Givors now lies a long way astern. Yet the town has an easy and contented look; as though it had saved enough from the wreck of its magnificent destiny to leave it still comfortably well to do.

Before we fairly had passed it, while the farandole was dying out slowly, there crashed down upon us such a thunderous outburst of song as might have come from an exceptionally large-lunged seraph afloat above us in the open regions of the air. But the singer was not a seraph. He was an eminent professor in one of the greatest of French universities, who in sheer joyousness of spirit had betaken himself to the top of one of the big paddle-boxes, and thence was suffering his mountain-cleaving voice to go at large. So quickening was the company in which he found himself; so stimulating was the racy fervor of his own Southern sun!

IV.

FROM Givors the river runs almost in a straight line to Vienne. On both shores rise softly wooded hills—the foot-hills of the parallel ranges of mountains by which the wide valley is shut in. Down this perspective, commandingly upon a height, is seen the city, misty and uncertain at first, but growing clearer each moment as the distance lessens, until the stone-work of man and the rock-work of nature become distinct and the picture is complete: the time-browned mass of houses on the hilltop; the tower of Philip the Fair; over all, the huge façade of Saint Maurice—an ogival wonder that for centuries was the cathedral church of the Primate of Gaul.

After Marseilles, Vienne makes as handsome pretensions to age as are asserted by any French town. The tradition of its founding lies hidden in the mists of heroic legend, and is the more momentous because it is so

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

THE BOTTLE WITH THE VERSES.

impressively vague. Over its very name the etymologists wrangle with such violence that one is lost in amazement at their ill-tempered erudition; and the archæologists, though a bit more civil to each other, are almost as much at cross-purposes in their own way. The best esteemed of these too learned gentry (at least the one whom I esteem the most, because I like the boldness of his claim) is the Dominican chronicler Lavinius, who says flatly that Vienne was founded thirteen centuries before the Christian era by a contemporary of Moses, one King Allobrox, a Celtic sovereign descended from Hercules in a right line. This is a good beginning; and it has the merit of embodying the one fact upon which all of these testy antiquarians are agreed: that Vienne the Strong—as folk called it in those days—was a flourishing town long before Lyons was builded or Paris so much as thought of, and an age or two before the Romans came over into Gaul.

When the Romans did come, they made over Vienne to suit themselves, and so magnificently that its name was changed to Vienne the Beautiful. One temple has survived almost perfect from that time, and one statue,—the famous Crouching Venus,—and

it seems fair enough to accept Vienne's beauty as proved by these. In the dark ages of medieval Christianity most of the beauties vanished, being destroyed outright, or made over into buildings pertaining to the new faith that then rode down the old. And then it was that Vienne was called Vienne the Holy: because, while losing nothing of her splendors temporal, she gained great store of splendors spiritual—whereof the culmination was that famous council, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, which crushed the Templars and gave over their possessions to the crown. And now, being but a mean little town, a withered kernel in the shell of its former grandeur, they call it Vienne the Patriotic; for a city must be something, of course, and patriotism is an attribute that may be had for the claiming in these days.

Here the river cuts its way narrowly through the rock, and on each side the banks lift high above the stream. Of the town—far above us, rising in terraces—we had only a flying glimpse as we flashed past it; and then the valley widened again, and tender green meadows, bordered by lines of poplars and gay with yellow flowers, lay between us and the mountain ranges rising to right and left against the sky.

It was the most peaceful of landscapes; but there was endless fighting hereabouts in ancient times. In an Early Christian way the archbishops of Vienne ravaged among the Protestants; between whiles the robber counts, without respect to creed, ravaged among the traveling public with a large-minded impartiality; and, down in the lowest rank of ravagers, the road-agents of the period stole all that their betters left them to steal. But I do not think that it could have paid any of them very well, this ravaging. The business was overcrowded in all its branches. Indeed, the more that I look into the history of that time, the more am I convinced that medievalism, either as an institution or as an investment, was not a success.

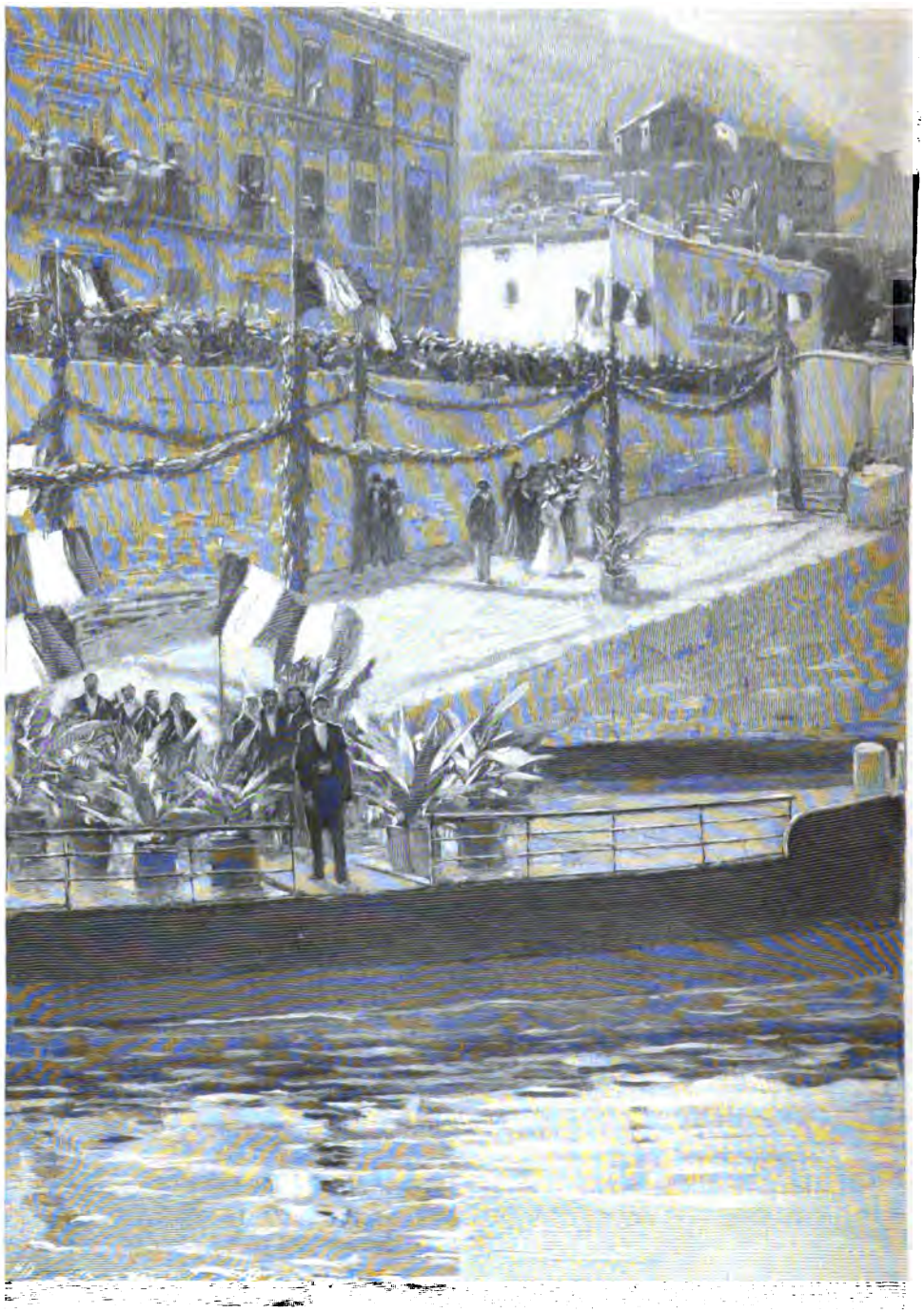
V.

As we approached the bridge of Serrières it was evident that some sort of demonstration in our honor was imminent. Above the rail rose a swarm of heads and shoulders, an animated crenellation, and while we still were a hundred yards away a bouquet, swinging at the end of a light line, was lowered swiftly, the bright flowers flashing in the sunlight as they swayed and twirled. It was only by a fluke that this offering reached us. It went forty feet wide of our bows, but came aboard us by a lucky swing to starboard of our stern; and when the discovery was made that a bottle was enshrined amidst the flowers, and that upon the bottle was an inscription,—necessarily a sonnet, as we impulsively decided,—our feeling toward Serrières was as warm as it could be. But the impatient group that surrounded the majoral who held the bottle flew asunder in wrath as he read aloud, in place of the expected sonnet, these words: «Quinine prepared by the pharmacist Cuminat»—and then our feeling toward Serrières became less warm!

But the people of Tournon—to which generous town, and to the breakfast provided by its cordial inhabitants, we came an hour before noon—entreated us with so prodigal a hospitality that the questionable conduct of the Serrières apothecary quickly faded from our minds. In ancient times Tournon had a black reputation for its evil dealing with chance wayfarers along the Rhône; but because, no doubt, of an honest desire to live down its own record—which I mention here rather to its present credit than to its past shame—it now seems determined to balance matters by manifesting toward passing travelers the most obliging courtesy in the world.

As we came galloping around a curve in the river—I cannot insist too strongly upon the dashing eagerness which was the constant buoyant undertone of our voyage—the town shot up before us: a crowd of heavily built houses, a church or two, some bits of crenellated ramparts, all grouped about and below a still serviceable castle perked out upon a bold little hill thrust forward into the stream. The color and composition were so good—the blendings of greens and grays shot with warm yellows, the sweep upward from the river to the castle battlements—that to my American fancy (used rather to medieval semblances than to medieval realities) the whole place seemed to have escaped from an exceptionally well-set operatic stage.

All Tournon was down at the waterside to meet us, and on the landing-stage was the very Mayor, a lean and tricolored man who took off his hat comprehensively to our whole company in a magnificent bow. Notables were with him,—the Sous-Préfet, the Mayor of Tain, the Adjoint, leading citizens,—who also bowed to us, but not with a bow like his. Laurel garlands decorated the landing-stage; more laurel garlands and the national colors made gay the roadway leading up the bank; over this roadway was a laurel-wreathed and tricolored triumphal arch—all



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

TOURNON.

as suitable to welcoming poets and patriots, such as we were, as suitable could be. While the *Gladiateur* was drawing in to the bank there was a noble banging of *boîtes*,—which ancient substitute for cannon in joy-firing is still esteemed warmly in rural France,—and before the Mayor spoke ever a word to us the band bounded gallantly into the thick of the «Marseillaise.»

With the *boîtes* banging fitfully, with the band in advance playing «La Coupe,» the tricolored Mayor led off with the most distinguished lady of our company upon his arm; and away we all went, under the triumphal arch and up the garlanded roadway, two by two—as though Tournon were a Rhône-side Ararat, and we were the animals coming out of the ark. Our entry was a veritable triumph, and we endeavored (I think successfully) to live up to it, walking stately through the narrow streets, made narrower by the close-packed crowd pressing to see so rare a poetic spectacle; through the long cool corridors of the Lycée; and so out upon a prettily dignified little park, where, at a triad of tables set within a garlanded inclosure beneath century-old plane-trees, our breakfast was served to us to the accompaniment of bangs from the *boîtes* and musical remarks from the band. And the Tournon townsfolk, the while, stood above us on a terrace and sympathetically looked on.

With the filet, the band struck up «La Coupe,»—and away we all went with it in a chorus that did not die out entirely until well along in the galantine. The toasts came in with the ices, and on the basis of the regional Saint Péray (that cracked its corks out with the irregular volleyings of a line of skirmishers firing in a fog); and the tricolored Mayor, on behalf of Tournon, and Paul Arène and delightful Sextius Michel on behalf of the Fêlibrige and Cigaliers, and M. Maurice Faure, the deputy, on behalf of the nation at large, exchanged compliments in the most pleasing way.

But that was no time nor place for extended speech-making. All in a whiff our feast ended; and in another whiff we were up and off, whisking through the Lycée corridors and the crowded streets, and under the triumphal arch, and so back on board the *Gladiateur*. The Mayor, always heroically ablaze with his patriotic scarf of office, stood on the landing-stage (like a courteous Noah seeing the animals safely up the ark gang-plank) and made to each couple of us one of his stately bows; the *boîtes* fired a final salvo of one round; the band saluted us with a final outburst of the «Marseillaise»; everybody, ashore and afloat, cheered; and then the big wheels started, the current caught us and wrenched us apart from all that friendliness, and away we dashed down-stream.

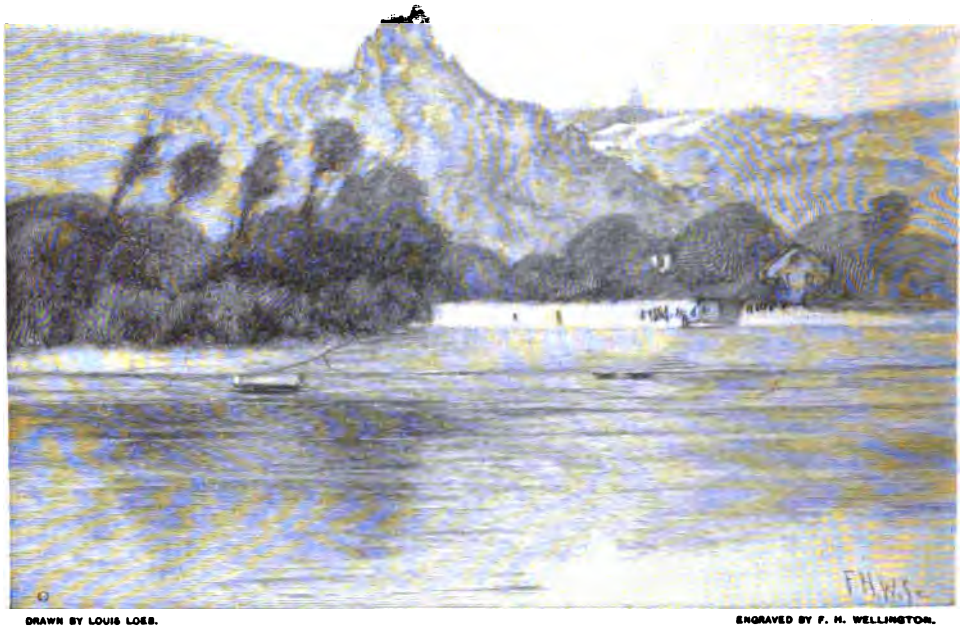
VI.

LONG before we came abreast of it by the windings of the river we saw high up against the sky-line, a clear three hundred feet above the water, all that is left of the stronghold of Crussol—still called by the Rhône boatmen «the Horns of Crussol,» although the two towers no longer shoot out horn-like from the mountain-top with a walled war-town clinging about their flanks. One Geraud Bartet, a vassal of the great house of Crussol,—of which the representative nowadays is the Duc d'Uzès,—built this eagle's nest in the year 1110; but it did not become a place of importance until more than four hundred years later, in the time of the religious wars.

On the issue of faiths the Crussols divided. The head of the house was for the Pope and the King; the two cadets were for God and the Reform. Then it was that the castle (according to an oversanguine chronicler of the period) was «transformed into an unconquerable stronghold»; and a little later the Baron des Adrets—who happened at the moment to be on the Protestant side—conquered it. In the interest of sound doctrine all of its defenders were put to the sword; and tradition declares that «the streams of blood filled one of the cisterns, in which this terrible Huguenot had his own children bathed, ‹in order,› as he said, ‹to give them strength and force, and above all hatred of Catholicism›!» And then «the castle was demolished from its lowest to its highest stone.»

This final statement is a little too sweeping, yet practically it is true. All that now remains of Crussol is a single broken tower, to which some minor ruins cling; and a little lower are the ruins of the town—whence the encircling ramparts have been outcast and lie in scattered fragments down the mountain-side to the border of the Rhône.

It was on this very mountain, a couple of thousand years or so earlier in the world's history, that a much pleasanter personage than a battling baron had his home: a good-natured giant of easy morals who was the traditional founder of Valence. Being desirous of founding a town somewhere, and willing—in accordance with the custom of his time—to leave the selection of a site a little to chance, he hurled a javelin from his moun-



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB. ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

CRUSSOL.

tain-top with the cry, « Va, lance! » and so gave Valence its name and its beginning, on the eastern bank of the river two miles away, on the spot where his javelin fell. At a much later period the Romans adopted and enlarged the giant's foundation; but nearly every trace of their occupation has disappeared. Indeed, even the ramparts built only a few hundred years ago by Francis I. have vanished; and the tendency of the town has been so decidedly toward pulling down and building up again that it has now quite a modern and jauntily youthful air.

Valence was our next stopping-place, and we had a world of work to do there during the hour or so that we remained ashore. Very properly believing that we, being poets, could dedicate their local monuments for them far better than they could do such work for themselves, the excellent people of this town had accumulated a variety of monuments in expectation of our coming; and all of these it was our pleasant duty to start upon their immortal way.

Our reception was most impressive. On the suspension-bridge half the town was assembled watching for us, and the other half was packed in a solid mass on the bank above the point where our landing was made. The landing-stage was ablaze with tricolor—and so was the Mayor, who was standing on it waiting for us in the midst of a guard of honor of four firemen, whose brazen helmets shone resplendent in the rays of the scorching sun. A little in the background was the inevitable band; that broke with a crash, at the moment of our landing, into the inevitable « Marseillaise. » And then away we all marched for half a mile, up a wide and dusty and desperately hot street, into the heart of the town. The detachment of welcoming townsfolk from the bank closed in around us; and around them, presently, closed in the detachment of welcoming townsfolk from the bridge. We poets (I insist upon being known by the company I was keeping) were deep in the center of the press. The heat was enormous. The dust was stifling. But, upheld by a realizing sense of the importance and honor of the duties confided to us, we never wavered in our march.

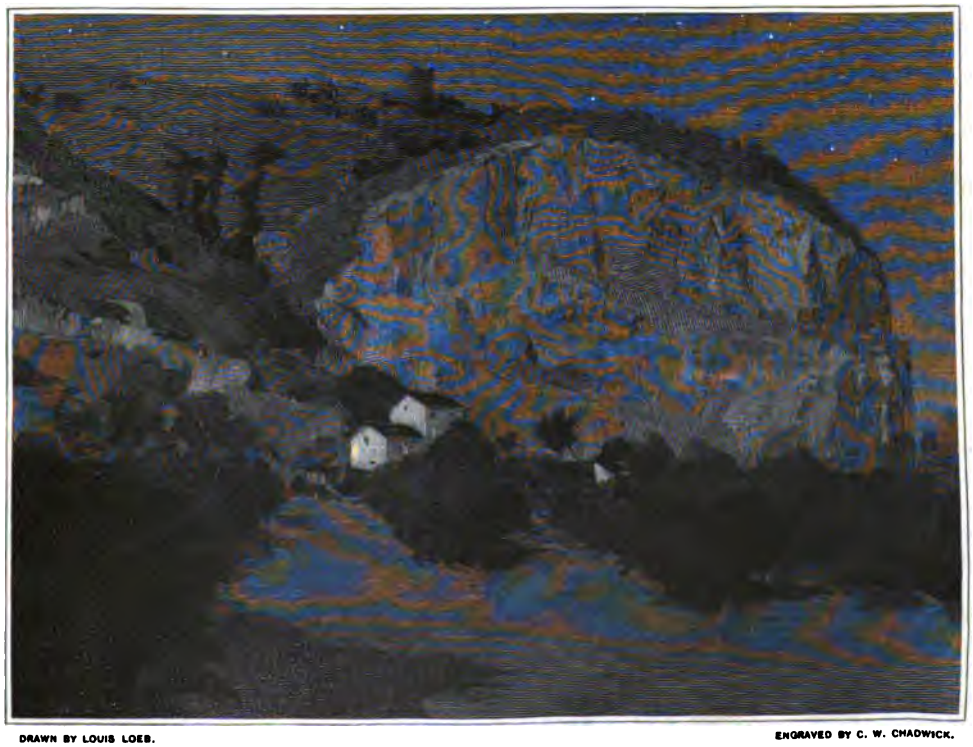
We made that day what I believe to be the dedicatory record: a score of three (out of a possible four) monuments in a trifle less than an hour. With two of our deceased worthies, military semi-celebrities of the first Napoleon's time, it seemed to me that we poets really had very little to do; but we cheered at the proper places, and made appropriate and well-turned speeches, and contributed valuable collections of autographs to the lead boxes in the corner-stones: and did it all with the easily offhand air of thorough poets of the world. But in the case of the monument to Émile Augier we had obvious rights in the premises; and there, naturally,

M. Jules Claretie came to the fore. In the parlance of the Academy, Augier was «his dead man»; and not often does it happen that a finer, a more discriminating, eulogy is pronounced in the Academy by the successor to a vacant chair than was pronounced that hot day in Valence upon Émile Augier by the director of the Comédie Française.

It was at the end of our third monument that we were cantered off to the Hôtel de Ville to be refreshed and complimented with a *vin d'honneur*. This ceremony came off in the council-chamber, a large and stately room, and was presided over by M. le Maire, a tall man, with a cherubic face made broader by wing-like little whiskers, who wore a white cravat, a long black frock-coat and appositely black trousers, and a far-reaching white waistcoat over which wandered tranquilly his official tricolored scarf. The speech which he addressed to us was of the most flattering. He told us plainly that we were an extraordinarily distinguished company; that our coming to Valence was an event to be remembered long and honorably in the history of the town; that he, officially and personally, was grateful to us; and that, in both capacities, he would have the pleasure of drinking to our very good health. And then warmed champagne was served (most appropriately by the brass-helmeted firemen); and in this cordial beverage, after M. Édouard Lockroy had made answer for us, we pledged each other with an excellent good will.

I am sorry to say that we «scamped» our last monument. To be sure, it was merely a tablet in a house-front setting forth the fact that Augier had been born there, and Augier already had had one of the best speeches of the day. But that was no excuse for us. Actually, we scarcely waited to see the veil of pink paper torn away by a man on a step-ladder before we broke for the boat, and not a speech of any sort was made.

Yet they bore us no malice, those brave Valençois. All the way down to the river, under the blaze of the sun, they crowded closely around us,—with a well-meant but mistaken friendliness,—and breathed what little air was stirring thrice over before it had a chance to get to our lungs. They covered again in a black swarm the bank and the bridge in our honor. Their band, through that last twenty minutes, blared steadfastly the «Marseillaise.» From his post upon the landing-stage the cherubic Mayor beamed to us across his great tricolored stomach a series of parting smiles. The brass-helmeted



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB. ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

LA TOUR MAUDITE.

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

THE DEFILE OF DONZÈRE.

firemen surrounded him (a little unsteadily, I fancied), smiling, too. And as we slipped away from them all, into the rush of the river, they sent after us volley upon volley of cheers. Our breasts thrilled and expanded, —it is not always that we poets thus are mounted upon high horses in the sight of all the world,—and we cheered back to those discriminating and warm-hearted Valençois with the utmost possible good will. To the very last the cherubic Mayor, his hat raised, regarded us smilingly; to the last—rivaling the golden glory of the helmet of Mambrino —the slightly wavering head-gear of his attendant firemen shot after us golden gleams.

VII.

WE drew away into calmer latitudes after leaving that whirlwind of a town. For the time being our duties as public poets were ended, and there was a sense of restful comfort in knowing that for the moment we were rid of our fame and celebrity, and were free, as the lightest-hearted of simple travelers, to enjoy the charms of that delectable river as it carried us—always at a full gallop—downward toward the sea.

In this tranquil spirit we came presently to the leaning Tour Maudite, and found further restfulness, after our own varied and too energetic doings, in looking upon a quiet ruin that had remained soberly in the same place and under the same sedative curse for more than three hundred years.

The Cursèd Tower is an architectural curiosity. It is almost as far out from the perpendicular as is the tower at Pisa, and is far more impressive, because it stands upon an isolated crag which drops below it sheer to the river in a vast precipice. Anciently, before it went wrong and its curse came upon it, the tower was the keep of the Benedictine nunnery of Soyons. Most ungallantly, in the year 1569, the Huguenots captured the abbey by assault; and thereupon the abbess, Louise d'Amanze (poor frightened soul!), hurriedly embraced the Reformed religion, in dread lest, without this concession to the rather decided opinions of the conquerors, still worse might come. Several of her nuns followed her hastily heterodox example; but the mass of them stood stoutly by their faith, and ended by making off with it intact to Valence.

I admit that an appearance of improbability is cast upon this tradition by the unhindered departure from the abbey of the stiff-necked nuns, who thus manifested equally toward the victorious Huguenots and the Reformed religion an open scorn. But, on the other hand, there are the ruins of the

abbey to prove that it truly was conquered; and there, slanting with a conspicuously unholy slant high up above the ruins, bearing steadfast witness to the wrath of heaven against that heretical abbess and her heretical followers, is the Cursèd Tower!

While the Abbess of Soyons, being still untried by the stress of battle, went sinless upon her still orthodox way, there lived just across the river on the Manor of l'Étoile a sinner of a gayer sort—Diane de Poitiers. The Castle of the Star dates from the fifteenth century—when Louis XI. dwelt there as Governor of Dauphiny and was given lessons in how to be a king. Diane the beautiful—«the most beautiful,» as Francis I. gallantly called her—transformed the fortress into a bower, and gave to it (or accepted for it) the appropriately airy name of the Château du Papillon. There she lived long after her butterfly days were over; there, even, she received the visit of Henry II., her dead lover's son. And in a way, although the Castle of the Butterfly is a silk-factory now, she lives there still, just as another light lady beautiful, Queen Jeanne of Naples, lives on in near-by Provence. For Diane's legend still is vital in the country-side; and the old people still talk about her as though she were alive among them; and call her always, not by her formal title of the Duchesse de Valentinois, but by her love title of «la belle dame de l'Étoile.»

Of this joyous person's family there is found a ghastly memento at the little town of Lène, a dozen miles down the river, below the great iron-works of Le Pouzin. It is the Tour de la Lépreuse, wherein a leper, a lady of the house of Poitiers, was shut up for many years in awful solitude, until at last God in his goodness permitted her to die. I suppose that this story would have pointed something of a moral, instead of exhibiting only another case of a good moral gone wrong, had Diane herself been that prisoner of loathsome death in life.

But aboard the *Gladiateur* our disposition was to take the world easily and as we found it—since we found it so well disposed toward us—and not to bother our heads as to whether morals fell out right or wrong. With cities effervescing in our honor, with mayors attendant upon us hat in hand, with brazen-helmeted firemen stimulating our poetic fires, with *boîtes* and bands exploding in our praise, —and all under that soul-expanding sun of the Midi,—'t is no wonder that we wore our bays and laurel jauntily and nodded to each other as though to say: «Ah, you see now what it is to be a poet in these days!» In this comfortable mood we went onward, being graciously pleased to accept with our tribute of homage the panorama along the river-banks which opened for our delight.

Off to the right, hidden behind the factory smoke of Lavoulte, was the sometime home of Bernard de Ventadour, a troubadour whom the world still loves to honor, quite one of ourselves; to the left, commanding the valley of the Drôme, were Livron and Loriol—tough little Huguenot nuts cracked all to pieces (as their fallen ramparts showed) in the religious wars; a little lower down was Cruas, the famous fortified abbey, surmounted by a superb donjon and set in the midst of a triple-walled town, whereof the Byzantine-Romanesque church is one of the marvels of southern France; still farther on, around a bend in the river, was Rochemaure the Black, a

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

CHÂTEAUNEUF DU PAPE.

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

THE ROUMANILLE MONUMENT, AVIGNON.

ruinous black nightmare of a basalt-built castle set on an isolated black basalt rock rising six hundred feet above the stream, and having below it a little black nightmare of a basalt-built town—a place to which one would go by preference to commit a murder, though't is said that its inhabitants are kindly disposed; and close beside Rochemaure, tucked in at the foot of a limestone cliff, was the spectral little town of Le Teil, the town, the cliff, and the inevitable castle on the cliff-top, all shrouded in a murky white cloud of mingled dust and vapor rising from the great buildings in which a famous hydraulic cement is made.

And then, passing beyond a maze of islands, we came to Viviers. From afar we saw its tall bell-tower, its beautiful cathedral, its episcopal palace; and as we drew nearer the whole environment of ancient houses and fortifications spread out around these governing points in a great amphitheater. But what held us most was the gay dash of tricolor on its bridge, and the crowd there evidently waiting for our coming to manifest toward us their good will. They cheered us

and waved their hats and handkerchiefs at us, those poet-lovers, as we approached them; and as we passed beneath the bridge a huge wreath of laurel was swung downward upon our deck, and a shower of laurel-branches fluttered down upon us through the soft sunlit air. In all the fourteen centuries since Viviers was founded I am confident that nothing more gracious than this tribute to passing Poetry is recorded in the history of the town.

The line of one hundred and thirty bishops who in succession reigned here ended a century back, in the time of the Revolution, in a veritable lurid flame, yet with, I think, a touch of agonized human nature too. The church historian can see only the diabolical side of the situation; and in a horror-struck way tells how this last bishop, «being overcome by the devil, abjured the episcopacy; with his own hands destroyed the insignia of his sacred office; and thereafter gave himself up to a blasphemous attack upon the holy religion of which he had been for a long time one of the most worthy ministers.»

It certainly is true that the devil had things largely his own way about that time here in France; but it does not necessarily follow that in this particular matter the devil directly had a hand. To my mind a simpler and more natural explanation presents itself: That the iconoclastic bishop was a weak brother who had suffered himself to be forced into a calling for which he had no vocation, and into an apparent championship of a faith with which his inmost convictions were at war; that for years and years the struggle between the inward man and the outward bishop had gone on unceasingly and hopelessly, until, as readily might happen to one strong enough to resent, yet not strong enough to overcome, restraint, the galling irksomeness of such a double life had brought madness near; and that madness did actually come when the chains of a life and of a faith alike intolerable suddenly were fused in the fierce heat of the Revolution and fell away.

VIII.

BELOW Viviers the Rhône breaks out from its broad upper valley into its broader lower valley through the Defile of Donzère. Here the foot-hills of the Alps and the foot-hills of the Cévennes come together, and behind this natural dam there must have been anciently a great lake which extended to the northward of where now is Valence. The defile is a veritable cañon that would be quite in place in the Sierra Madre. On each side of the sharply narrowed river the walls of rock rise to a sheer height of two hundred feet. The rush of the water is tumultuous. In midstream, surrounded by eddies and whirling waves, is the Roche des Anglais, against which the boat of a luckless party of English travelers struck and was shattered a hundred years ago. Indeed, so dangerous was this passage held to be of old, when faith was stronger and boats were weaker than in our day of skepticism and compound engines, that it was customary to tie up at the head of the defile and pray for grace to come through it safely; but nowadays (with the same practical result) they put extra men at the tiller and clap on more steam.

The cliffs bordering the cañon, being of a crumbling nature, are known as the Maraniousques; but usually are called by the Rhône boatmen the Monkey Rocks—because of the monkeys that dwelt in them in legendary times and stoned from their heights the passing travelers. It was a long while ago that the monkeys were in possession—in the time immediately succeeding the Deluge. During the subsidence of the waters it seems that the ark made fast there for the night, just before laying a course for Ararat; and the monkey and his wife, desperately bored by their long cooping up among so many uncongenial animals, took advantage of their opportunity to pry a couple of tiles off the roof and get away. The tradition hints that Noah had been drinking; at any rate, their absence was not noticed, and the ark went on without them the next day. By the time that the Deluge fairly was ended, and the Rhône reopened to normal navigation, a large monkey family was established on the Maraniousques, and these monkeys thenceforward illogically revenged themselves upon Noah's descendants by stoning everybody who came along.

Later, the ill-tempered apes were succeeded by more ill-tempered men. In the fighting times the Defile of Donzère was a famous place in which to bring armies to a stand. Fortifications upon the cliffs entirely commanded the river; and at the lower end of the defile the castle and walled town of Donzère, capping a defiant little hilltop, commanded both the river and the plain. Even the most fire-eating of captains were apt to stop and think a little before venturing into the defile in those days.

All of these perils are ended now. The dangers of the river are so shorn by steam that the shooting of the cañon rapids yields only a pleasurable excitement, that is in-

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB. ENGRAVED BY JOHN W. EVANS.

AVIGNON.

creased by the extraordinary wild beauty of that savage bit of nature in the midst of a long-tamed land; and the ramparts and the castle of Donzère, having become invitingly picturesque ruins, are as placable remnants of belligerency as are to be found anywhere in the world. Indeed, as we saw them, with the afternoon sunlight slanting down in a way to bring out delectably the warm grays and yellows of the stone-work, and to produce the most entrancing effects of light and shade, it was not easy to believe that people had been killing one another all over them not so very long ago.

Having escaped from the Defile of Donzère, the river wanders away restfully into a wilderness of islands—a maze so unexplored and so unexplorable that otters still make their home in it, and through the thick foliage poke out their snub noses at passing boatmen now and then. Thence onward for a long way islands are plentiful—past Pierrelatte and Bourg Saint Andéol, a very ancient and highly Roman-flavored town, and the confluence of the Rhône and the Ardèche, to the still larger archipelago across which the Bridge-Building Brothers, with God himself helping them, built the Pont Saint Esprit.

Modern engineers, possibly exalting their own craft at the expense of that of the architects, declare that this bridge was the greatest piece of structural work of the middle ages; certainly it was the greatest work of the Frères Pontifes, that most practical of brotherhoods, which, curiously anticipating what has become a favorite phase of our modern doctrine, paid less attention to faith than to works, and gave itself simply to ministering to the material welfare of mankind. In the making of it they spent near half a century. From the year 1265 steadily onward until the year 1307 the Brothers labored; and then the bridge was finished—a half-mile miracle in stone.

In view of the extraordinary difficulties which the engineer in charge of the work overcame, it is not surprising that the miracle theory was adopted to explain his eventual victory. Nor is it surprising that the popular conviction presently began to sustain itself by crystallizing into a definite legend—based upon the recorded fact that the Brothers worked under the vocation of the Holy Spirit—to the effect that the Spirit of God, taking human form, was the designer of the fabric and the actual director under whose guidance the work went on. And so the genesis of the bridge was accounted for satisfactorily; and so it came by its holy name.

Personally, I like miracles; and this miracle is all the more patent, I think, now that the bridge has been in commission for almost six hundred years, and still is entirely serviceable. In a sentimental way, of course, the radical changes made in it in order to adapt it to the requirements of modern traffic are to be regretted; but I am sure that the good Brothers, could they have been consulted in the premises, would have been the first to sanction any alteration that would have increased the utility of their work. For they were not sentimentalists; they were most practical Christians, and what they wanted was that their bridge, conforming to their own concept of duty, should do the greatest amount of good to the greatest number of men.

IX.

ALMOST as we came out from beneath this monument to practical Christianity, we saw over on the left bank two monuments to the theoretical Christianity of three hundred years ago—the grisly ruins of Mornas and Mondragon, each on a hill dark green with a thick growth of *chêne vert*, and each having about it (not wholly because of its dark setting, I fancied) a darkly sinister air. And, in truth, the story of Mornas is somber enough to blacken not merely a brace of hilltops, but a whole neighborhood.

In the early summer of the year 1565, a day or two before the Fête Dieu, the Papists surprised and seized the town and castle of Mornas and put the entire Huguenot garrison to the sword. Then, as now, it was the custom in honor of the Fête Dieu to adorn the house-fronts with garlands and draperies; and by way of variant upon this pretty custom «certain of the conquerors, more fanatical than the rest, flayed the dead Huguenots and draped their houses bravely with Protestant skins.» Thereupon the Baron des Adrets sent one of his lieutenants, Dupuy-Montbrun, to avenge this deviltry. At the end of a three days' siege Mornas was conquered again, and then came the vengeance—«for which the castle of Mornas, whereof the battlements overhung a precipice falling sheer two hundred feet to broken rocks below, offered great advantages.» In a grave and orderly fashion, the survivors of the garrison were assembled in the castle courtyard, were taken in orderly squads of ten up to the battlements, and thence were thrust over into that awful depth. And so the account was squared.

It is instructive to note that Des Adrets,

who ordered the vengeance on Mornas, a little later abjured the Reformed religion and became a Papist; and that Dupuy-Montbrun, who carried out his orders and who succeeded him in the command of the Protestant forces, but a little while before had renounced Papacy to become a Huguenot. So the leaders, the worst of them, shifted from side to side as they happened to be swayed by pay or policy; and to such creatures of no faith were due the direst of the atrocities of those hideous times. But the Huguenots of the rank and file were of another sort. Their singleness and sincerity in their fight for their faith were beyond question. They died for it willingly. Failing the happiness of death, yet being conquered, they held fast to it resolutely. In the end, rather than relinquish it, they unhesitatingly elected—at a stroke giving up country, rank, fortune—to be outcast from France.

For me the history of those desperate wars has a very vital interest; for my own ancestors took the share in them that was becoming to faithful gentlemen vowed to the Reform, and I owe my American birthright to the honorable fact that they fought on the losing side. As I myself am endowed with an overliberal allowance of stubbornness, and with a strong distaste to taking my opinions at second hand, I certainly should have been with my kinsfolk in that fight had I lived in their day; and since my destiny was theirs to determine, I am strongly grateful to them for having shaped it so well.

But I was glad when Mornas, vivid with these bitter memories, dropped out of sight astern. Sleeping dogs of so evil a sort very well may lie; though it is difficult not to waken a few of them when they lie so thickly as here in the Rhône Valley, where almost every town and castle has a chapter of nightmare horrors all its own.

Even Châteauneuf du Pape—which we saw a half-hour later off to the eastward, rising from a little hilltop and thence overlooking the wide vineyard-covered valley—came to its present ruin at the hands of Des Adrets, who, having captured and fired it, left standing only its tall square tower and some fragments of its walls. This was an unfairly lurid ending for a castle which actually came into existence for gentle purposes and was not steeped to its very battlements in crime; for Châteauneuf was built purely as a pleasure-place, to which the popes, when weary with ruling the world and bored by their straight-laced duties as St. Peter's earthly representatives, might come from Avignon with a few choice kindred spirits and refreshingly kick up their heels.

It was in those easy-going days that the vineyards were planted which were destined to make the name of Châteauneuf du Pape famous the toping world over long after the New Castle should be an old ruin and the Avignon popes a legend of the past. Indeed, only within the present generation did those precious vines perish, when the phylloxera began among them its deadly work in France; and even yet may be found, tucked away here and there in the favored cellars of Provence and Languedoc, a few dust-covered bottles of their rich vintage, which has for its distinguishing taste a sublimated spiciness due to the alternate dalliance of the bees with the grape-blossoms and with the blossoms of the wild thyme.

It is a wine of poets, this bee-kissed Châteauneuf, and its noblest association is not with the popes who gave their name to it, but with the seven poets—Mistral, Roumanille, Aubanel, Mathieu, Brunet, Giéra, Tavan—whose chosen drink it was in those glorious days when they all were young together and were founding the Félibrige, the society that was to restore the golden age of the troubadours and, incidentally, to decentralize France. One of the sweetest and gentlest of the seven, Anselme Mathieu, was born here at Châteauneuf; and here, with a tender love-song upon his lips, only the other day he died. The vineyards have been in part replanted, and in the fullness of time may come to their glory again; but the greater glories of Châteauneuf, which belonged to it once because of its popes, and again because of its sweet-souled poet, must be only memories forevermore.

X.

THE castles over on the right bank, Montfaucon and Roquemaure, are of the normal painful sort again. Roquemaure is a crooked, narrow, up-and-down old dirty town, where old customs and old costumes and old forms of speech still live on; and, also, its people have a very pretty taste in the twisting and perverting of historic fact into picturesque tradition, as is shown by the way in which they have rearranged the unpleasant details of the death of Pope Clement V. into a bit of melodramatic moral decoration for their own town. Their ingeniously compiled legend runs in this wise:

Clement's death in the castle of Roquemaure occurred while he was on his way homeward from the Council of Vienne, where

(keeping with the King the bargain that had won for him the papal throne) he had abolished the Order of the Templars and had condemned their Grand Master, Jacques de Molay, to be burned alive. When that sentence was passed, the Grand Master in turn had passed sentence of death upon the Pope: declaring that within forty days they should appear together in the spirit to try again this case, misjudged on earth, before the Throne of God. And the forty days were near ended when Pope Clement came to Roquemaure, with the death-grip already so strong upon him that even the little farther journey to Avignon was impossible, and he could but lay him down there and die. While yet the breath scarce was out of his body his servants fell to fighting over his belongings with a brutal fierceness, in the midst of which fray a lighted torch fell among and fired the hangings of the bed whereon lay the dead Pope; and before any of the pillagers would give the rest an advantage by stopping in their foul work to extinguish the flames the body was half consumed. And so was Clement burned in death even as the Grand Master had been burned in life; and so was executed upon him the Grand Master's summons to appear before the judgment-seat on high!

All of which, it will be observed, does very little violence to the individual facts of the case, and yet rearranges them in such a fashion that they are at sixes and sevens with the truth as a whole.

The day was nearly ended as we passed this town with a stolen moral history, and so swept onward, in and out among the islands, toward Avignon. Already the sun had fallen below the crest of the Cévennes, leaving behind him in the sky a liquid glory, and still sending far above us long level beams which gilded radiantly—far off to the eastward—the heights of Mont Ventour. But we, deep in the deep valley, threaded our swift way among the islands in a soft twilight which gently ebbed to night.

And then, as the dusk deepened to the westward, there came slowly into the eastern heavens a pale luster that grew brighter and yet brighter until, all in a moment, up over the Alpilles flashed the full moon—and there before us, almost above us, the Rocher des Doms and the Pope's palace and the ramparts of Avignon stood out blackly against the moon-bright sky. So sudden was this ending to our journey that there was a wonder among us that the end had come.

ALL the Félibres of Avignon were at the waterside to cheer us welcome as the *Gladiateur*, with reversed engines, hung against the current above the bridge of Saint Bénézet and slowly drew in to the bank. Our answering cheers went forth to them through the darkness, and a stave or two of «La Coupe» was sung, and there was a mighty clapping of hands. And then the gang-plank was set ashore; and instantly beside it, standing in the glare of a great lantern, we saw our Capoulié, the head of all the Félibrige, Félix Gras, waiting for us, his subjects and his brethren, with outstretched hands. From him came also, a little later, our official welcome, when we all were assembled for a *ponch d'honneur* at the Hôtel du Louvre, —in the great vaulted chamber that once served the Templars as a refectory, and that has been the banquet-hall of the Félibrige ever since this later and not less honorable order was founded, almost forty years ago.

Not until these formalities were ended could we of America get away to receive the personal welcome to which through all that day we had been looking forward with a warm eagerness—yet also sorrowing, because we knew that among the welcoming voices there would be a silence, and that a face would be missing from among those we loved. Roumanille was dead; and in meeting again in Avignon those who had been closest and dearest to him, and who to us were close and dear, there was heartache with our joy.

T. A. Janvier.

THE INTERPRETER.

NOT his alone the gift divine
Who understands how, line by line,
To recreate a dream with all
Its wonder-world ethereal:

Something of that same gift has he
Who, reading, through the lines can see
The dream itself—the secret thing
That stirred the poet's heart to sing.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE TRUMPETER OF THE TROOP.

Now all you recruities what 's drafted to-day,
You shut up your rag box and 'ark to my lay,
And I 'll sing you a soldier as far as I may —
A soldier what 's fit for a soldier.

THE new batch of recruits stood about the barrack-room, helpless and forlorn. There were ten of them—ten strong, healthy, good-looking young warriors who had joined us at Packer only the day before, and to whom Arizona was rapidly becoming a stern reality. They had left the recruiting-depot in high spirits and ill-fitting clothing, and with a supply of travel rations that would probably create a mutiny in this present «theoretical era» of the army. They arrived at Packer minus rations and portions of their uniform. «Nothing left but honor,» exclaimed the wag of the troop, «and that 's tottering.» They were first bathed, then fed, and then deviled. That was the unalterable rule of the troop. Bathing made them self-respecting, feeding made them good-natured, and deviling made them respectful, which in a recruit was considered a necessary qualification—then. This is all changed now, I believe. Some day, when the politicians get through experimenting with the army, we 'll go back to the old system, which had the one great advantage of turning out *soldiers*.

«Ten strong, healthy, good-looking young warriors,» said Tommy Creighton, scanning them with a professional eye. Tommy was the farrier of the troop, who knew horses and men. «Ten, and every one of them expecting to be a noncom. inside of a month. What 's the service coming to?» The recruits said nothing, but eyed one another uneasily. They had learned at the depot to keep their mouths shut, which is another custom that seems to have died out of the service. «Any horsemen among you?» continued Tommy. There was no answer. «No, I suppose not; every one of you with a seat worse than a doughboy adjutant.» This was Tommy's finest bit of sarcasm, and thinking he had given them enough for one day, he subsided. «They have been well trained, anyhow,» chimed in the first cook, who only a month before had been wearing the first sergeant's chevrons—old grizzled, cranky Dave Hernegan, who was always first sergeant of the troop in the field and first cook in the post. He was the same trooper whose reply to the inspector of the department is worthy of record. «How do you spell your name?» asked the inspector, who was a new man. «I don't spell it, sir; I spake it,» was the ready retort. Dave never could spell, but he was the best horseman, swordsman, fighter and drinker in the troop, and carried a small piece of bronze on the breast of his dress-coat which meant more than all the schoolmaster's certificates of which the army now boasts. «Perhaps they can fight,» said Dave, in a stage whisper, to the kid trumpeter, who stood near him, ostentatiously puffing at a big black, strong pipe which it was evident he was not relishing. «Don't look like it,» said the kid, between whiffs; and then he went up, and felt of the arm of the largest man in the detachment. The big fellow, who was a blacksmith, closed his mighty arm slowly until the muscles stood out like whip-cords. He was evidently enjoying the fun. The kid looked up quickly, but soon recovered himself. «Not half bad,» he said patronizingly, at which the entire barracks howled.

The entrance of the first sergeant put a stop to the deviling for a while. «Out this way, you recruits!» he shouted, and they followed him toward the store-room. When they returned, a half-hour later, they were loaded to the guards with their kits. Then the fun began anew. «What are spurs issued to a recruit for?» one old trooper asked them. The answer is, «To hold on with,» but none of them guessed it. «Why is a recruit like a contract doctor?» was another favorite query, the answer to which, «Because he has no rights that any one is bound to respect,» was considered a master-stroke. «We always hit straight out from the shoulder in K troop,» said the kid to one of the recruits some time later—«straight out, but never in the back,» which was the truth.

No one was ever hurt, and amusements were scarce in Arizona in those days. A batch of recruits was a godsend to every-

body but the sutler and the officer who had to drill them. The supreme moment came, however, when the kid sent the big fellow into the orderly-room to draw his «saber ammunition.» It sounded all right, and he went in. He came out, and the boot of the first sergeant followed him. This was generally the climax, after which the deviling ceased. The big fellow, of whom we all grew to be very fond, was taken under the protecting wing of the kid. They became great friends, and the youngster was really of incalculable value to him during his novitiate.

Now, as this sketch is really written to put on record one of the trumpeter's exploits, it seems about time to give him a little space. In these advanced days, when juvenile heroes are depicted as handsome, well-bred, well-dressed, and most affected little «Turveydrops,» I hesitate to put the kid before the public. Perhaps no one will like him, and then my efforts will have been all in in vain. He was sixteen years old, freckled and tanned, red-headed and bow-legged. He smoked and chewed tobacco, swore like a trooper, played cards, could hardly write his name. To be frank, he was a most unregenerate little heathen in many particulars, but he loved cleanliness, truth, and his regiment. In his eyes the colonel was the greatest man in the world; the captain ranked next; and after him Dave Hernegan, who sometimes, when in a particularly genial mood, would let the boy handle and caress the little bronze medal, the inscription on which he knew by heart. Some day he intended to have one himself; and sure enough, a few years later—but that is not to be spoken of here.

The kid was a child of the barracks, born in the shadow of the flag. He had been born in the troop, lived in it all his young life, and hoped to die in it. He knew nothing else, and was a better soldier for his ignorance. The first sounds his young ears had learned to distinguish were the booming and roaring of the morning gun, the blare of the troop trumpets, and the clatter and thunder of the horses' hoofs. This really seems poor material out of which to make a hero. Well, perhaps he was n't a hero; only a poor, ignorant, uncouth cub of a boy, with manners that would have scared a «dear little Lord Fauntleroy» to death. But then this cub had lived, in his few years, and with men, and had grown strangely like them; which perhaps, after all, is n't the worst thing that can happen to a boy. He had seen men lying out on the skirmish-line, shot to death; he had felt an Indian bullet graze his own cheek; he had learned to live on short rations without a murmur; and he had blown «taps» over his own father's grave. And this is a great deal for a boy of sixteen to have gone through. He had been taken on in the troop when he was twelve. «Me and the general fixed it up at Washington,» was the way he explained it to any one who asked him. It was a special enlistment, and in consequence the kid felt the dignity and importance of his position. And what was the name of this youngster? It does n't matter. Thirty-four was his troop number, and they called him Stubbs.

The new batch had been in the troop almost a year, and as yet had not had a taste of real scouting.

«Not much excitement in this,» said one of them to the kid, as they lay out back of the adobe quarters, one hot summer afternoon, trying to cool off. The kid had at last conquered the big black pipe, and was now smoking with all the assurance of a veteran.

«Naw, but it 'll come before long; they always raise the devil this time of the year.» *They* meant the Apaches. The recruit brightened up.

«I 'd give lots for a good scout,—something to vary the monotony of this everlasting grind of drills and stables,—would n't you?»

«Naw; this is good enough for me.» And the boy turned over and went to sleep.

Only a few days later, much to everybody's surprise, «Boots and saddles!» broke in upon the afternoon silence of Packer. «What in h— is all that about?» grumbled the men, getting up from their bunks. It was n't time for mounted drill, and everybody knew there were no Indians about. They found out when the first sergeant came in some time later. It was the same old story. The mail-carrier had been chased this side of Paymaster's Tanks by a band of Indians, and of course notice had to be taken of it. Preparations were hurriedly and quietly made for the departure of two troops (K was one of them), with the colonel in command. Paymaster's Tanks—so named from the deep, hollow rocks, where one could almost always find water—was about thirty miles from Packer. The regular way from the fort was over the old government wagon-road, but the colonel decided on a shorter trail over the hills that led through the Black Cañon, striking the cañon about ten miles this side of the Tanks.

No one thought much of this scout. The most they could look for was the capture of eight or ten reckless young bucks off the reservation. They had n't fired at the mail;

they had simply chased it. The next time they would chase it again, and possibly the next, and the next, and then they would grow bolder, and kill the driver and the team, burn the mail, and there would be another outbreak in the Territory. So it was necessary to stop them in the beginning, and the two troops ambled along in a leisurely manner until they came to the cañon.

Here there was a halt for some little time. «Send your first platoon through the cañon at a trot,» said the colonel to the captain of K troop; «I 'll bring the remainder of the command up over the side hills.»

The little command started out at a good swinging trot, and the first set of fours had already entered the big, yawning mouth of Black Cañon. «My God! what 's that?» said the colonel, pointing to the rocks that towered on both sides of the cañon. From behind one of them there crawled, or rather writhed, a human head, painted and hideous, with black, streaming hair and wildly staring eyes. Then from behind the next popped another, and another, and another, and so on until the place seemed literally alive with them. «An ambush!» cried out the colonel. «Sound the recall!»

Stubbs heard the command, and the next moment his horse shot out from the ranks on a dead jump toward the rapidly disappearing platoon. It seemed only a moment before he gained the entrance, and they heard the shrill, loud, clear tones of his trumpet. The remainder of the command had already dismounted, deployed, and was rapidly moving toward the rocks. «That is n't the recall,» said some one. It came again. «It 's the charge!» they all cried, as the notes came to their ears, joyously ringing and echoing from rock to rock. And sure enough, it was the charge; and the platoon heard it, and understood, and rushed like a torrent through that death-trap. There was n't a shot from the rocks; the untutored savage knows when he is well off.

There were one hundred and fifty of them—simply a hunting-party, they told the colonel as they came from their hiding-places, hands above their heads, indicating friendship; a hunting-party that was painted and bedaubed from head to foot; a hunting-party that wore fantastic head-dresses and was almost naked; a hunting-party that carried Winchesters and old-fashioned Springfields, had a double supply of ammunition, and glared at the assembled soldiers with hate and malice; a hunting-party of dirty, greasy, sneaking cutthroats who had everything save courage. And so they surrendered, though it sounds queer that a hunting-party should do that.

«The biggest haul we 've made in years,» said the colonel to his adjutant; and then he sent for Stubbs.

«COME, kid; tell us what the colonel said to you,» asked the troop, some time later, when the trumpeter had returned from his interview.

«Well,» replied the youngster, «he said to me, says he, ‹Stubbs, you are the boy for my money; that 's the finest call I have ever heard blown in the army.›»

There was a howl of derision from the assembled troop. «Come off, you young windjammer!»—this from the first sergeant. «I suppose he really gave you a good dressing-down, did n't he?»

«Naw. If you want to know our conversation, I 'll tell you, though I don't want to hurt nobody's feelin's.»

«All set!» sung out the big fellow.

The kid edged away from the crowd. «‹Well,› says he to me, ‹Stubbs, if that first sergeant of yours don't look out, you 'll be wearing his chevrons soon.›» And with this the kid turned and fled. When at a safe distance he halted, faced, and brought his hand up in a manner not unlike the salute prescribed in the present drill regulations.

What the colonel really said was this: «Trumpeter, why did n't you sound the recall, as I ordered you to?»

«Well, sir,» answered the boy, cracking his heels together and bringing his hand up in quick military salute, «K troop had never heard the recall in the field, sir; they would n't have understood it.»

There was a kindly, indulgent look on the chief's face as he punctiliously returned the young trooper's salute and dismissed him. For the rest of the trip Stubbs was on duty as headquarters orderly.

«Me an' the ole man 's livin' high,» was the way he expressed his satisfaction to the troop—«pie every day!»

Thomas H. Wilson.

BORCHGREVINK AND ANTARCTIC EXPLORATION.

MONG the hundreds of delegates and scores of speakers at the Sixth International Geographical Congress, held in London in July last, there were three men whose appearance and utterances created unusual interest. These men—Slatin Pasha, Borchgrevink, and Andrée—may be said to be representative of the past, the present, and the future.

The interest in the Swede, Mr. S. A. Andrée, was doubtless due in part to his connection with that mystery of the future which charms all; but a large share of the enthusiasm came from the boldness of the plan, the earnestness of the man, and the plausibility with which he argued that a journey to the north pole and back by balloon was scarcely more than a summer excursion.

Slatin Pasha's simple but thrilling tale of the fate of Gordon, of his own maltreatment, of twelve years of slavery and an almost miraculous escape from the Soudan, had in it that intense human interest which always moves the world. Everybody listened to the story of the man who had come out of the jaws of hell and revealed the secrets of the charnel-house.

Apart from the story of Afric's fiery sands and the venture to snowy wastes was the tale of Antarctic voyaging, which owed its hearty reception and merited applause to its present and important relation to a plan of exploration to which, prior to Borchgrevink's arrival, the Congress had given unwonted attention, and for the execution of which it had organized an active and influential committee.

The ball was set in motion by Dr. Neumayer of Hamburg, whose venerable personality is as striking as his scientific acquirements are varied and substantial. For forty years Neumayer had advocated Antarctic exploration, and now finally came to the Congress backed by the influence and indorsements of the last conference of the German geographical societies. With fervid words and earnest manner he pleaded the cause of Antarctic research, gaining the sympathy and applause of his entire audience.

He was followed by one of the famous specialists of the world, Sir Joseph Hooker, the botanist, who is the last surviving officer of the Antarctic expedition of Ross. The weight of eighty-odd years bears so lightly on him that he spoke with the same eager spirit that actuated him when he joined Ross in 1839.

Then came Dr. John Murray, so well known for his personal scientific work in the *Challenger* expedition of 1874, and whose ability has been conspicuous during twenty years of research and criticism, while placing before the world the results of this most successful of physical exploring expeditions. Murray's peculiar fitness for speaking on the subject is shown by the presence on the latest maps of the continent of Antarctica, a piece of constructive geography due solely to Murray's intellectual acumen and force. Clearly, concisely, and forcibly he set before the Congress the scientific aspects of the question. Here is the largest unexplored region on the face of the earth; here an ocean the animal life of which exceeds in variety and richness that of any other known water; here a great Antarctic continent where from one end to the other abide indications that active volcanoes and ever-changing ice-caps, which are thousands of feet in thickness, strive for the physical mastery of this great land. In short, of all regions this presents the most promising field for scientific and oceanographic researches.

These were the principal speakers, though the writer and others joined in the discussion, which was followed by the appointment of a committee to consider the question fully. The Congress unanimously adopted its formulated opinion that an investigation « of the Antarctic regions is the greatest piece of geographic exploration still to be undertaken.»

Later Borchgrevink arrived in London, and in an address set forth somewhat in detail the results of his voyage, hitherto known only through brief general statements by the daily press. His appearance before the congress was in the nature of a surprise, and a hum of appreciative expectation filled the great Institute hall when his presence was announced.

Borchgrevink is a Norwegian, some thirty years of age, of medium height and of mod-

est mien, and has the typical Scandinavian fairness of hair and floridity of complexion. His face gives signs of that determined spirit and fixity of purpose which Norse explorers have shown from the early vikings to this latest voyager. His hardships, incident to service before the mast in a whaler, were almost ignored, and he dwelt on the Antarctic sea and its conditions. The intelligent audience noted his impersonal and retiring disposition, and showed its own appreciation by generous applause.

A gleam of humor enlivened the proceedings when Dr. Murray, after a fitting tribute to Borchgrevink, referred to the mythical tales of unknown Antarctic tribes near the south pole, and said: « Perchance some future explorer will find, in the interior of this ice-encompassed continent, an inhabited, fertile land ruled over by a charming princess of Antarctica, whose charms may wean our explorer from the attractions of the outer world.» Much to our amusement, some of the listeners took these jocose remarks seriously, and the distinguished scientist found himself quoted as an authority for this new Brobdingnag.

This voyage is important in two ways, scientifically and practically. From a scientific standpoint the interest depends entirely upon the discovery by Borchgrevink, on Possession Island and Cape Adare, Victoria Land, of a cryptogamous growth, probably an unidentified lichen. The importance of this discovery rests in the fact that hitherto no land vegetation of any kind or description had been found within the confines of the Antarctic Circle. The strained deduction has been drawn that the climatic conditions of the Antarctic zone must have changed since the voyage of Ross, who discovered no vegetation. It should be borne in mind, however, that the great botanist Sir Joseph Hooker, who served with Ross, was unfortunately prevented from landing with his commander; otherwise it may not be doubted that low forms of vegetable life which escaped the attention of Ross would have been noted by Hooker.

In a practical way it emphasizes the possibility of much more extended exploration in the Antarctic Ocean, through the agency of the steam power of to-day, than was practicable for the greatest of Antarctic navigators—Cook, Balleny, Weddell, Wilkes, and Ross—under sail alone in the past.

Whether Borchgrevink will return to the Antarctic regions or not, there is no doubt that his experiences have greatly stimulated interest in this work. Captain Foyn is dead, and even did commercial enterprises and scientific research go hand in hand,—as they do not,—the lack of financial success in Antarctic whaling during the last few years forbids future whaling voyages. Vague reports indicate that either a German, a Belgian, or an Australian expedition is among the near possibilities; but if such is undertaken, it is doubtful if it would venture the dangerous experiment of wintering either at Cape Adare or anywhere along the ice-bound coast of Victoria Land.

A. W. Greely.

THE FIRST LANDING ON THE ANTARCTIC CONTINENT;

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE RECENT VOYAGE OF THE WHALER « ANTARCTIC.»

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

FOR more than half a century, in all the scientific associations of the world, expectation has been expressed of great discoveries to be made near the southern axis of the earth's rotation. Comments have been made in all languages on the startling records which Sir James Ross brought back with him from his famous expedition with the *Erebus* and the *Terror* to Victoria Land. For fifty-four years, however, practically nothing was done to carry on the work so bravely begun by the illustrious Briton. This fact seems strange, as the journals of the *Erebus* and the *Terror* speak about new, vast, and promising fields for both science and commerce.

At last a Norwegian veteran, Commander Svend Foyn, eighty-four years of age, who through a life of activity and work had accumulated considerable wealth, decided, after a good deal of persuasion by clever business

men, to look for the valuable right whale in the seas near the southern shores of Victoria Land. He fitted out an old sealer, basing his hopes on the report in the journals of Sir James Ross. For years (they say for more than twenty-four) the old sealer had borne the name of *Cape Nor*. At last she had settled down at her birthplace in the deep, clear cove of the Drammen Fjord, where she lay calm and contented, and moored safely. The supercargo who bought the old boat gave her a new name, seeming to think that if rechristened she would be as if born again. She was therefore called *Antarctic*. When she was ready to leave the docks in Christiania, Commander Foyn went on board to have a last look at her before she proceeded on her voyage. Somehow or other, he had got it into his head that there was something wrong with one of the boilers on board. In vain they tried to settle his mind as to this; the old gentleman, a knight of ever so many orders, crawled with his black coat and top hat into the boiler, where he discovered the deficiency which he had suspected.

After a long voyage the *Antarctic* visited Kerguelen Island, southeast of the Cape of Good Hope. I have been told that she leaked much on that trip, and neither officers nor crew were sorry when she at last lay at her pier in the Yarra River, Melbourne. Owing to her long voyage from Norway, she arrived in Australia too late for the Antarctic summer. After some cabling and writing, it was decided that she should await the succeeding spring, and then go southward in Sir James Ross's track, as intended. Meanwhile she was sent for a cruise to Macquarie Island and Campbell Island, situated beyond the «roaring forties,» southeast of Australia; but after having lost most of her rigging, and caught only one right whale, she had to return to Melbourne. It was decided there that the supercargo should remain ashore during the cruise of the *Antarctic* in the winter-time. That the relative position between Captain Kristensen and the supercargo, which from the beginning was anything but of a friendly nature, did not improve by common misfortunes can easily be understood.

Such were matters on board the old whaler when I arrived in Melbourne on September 14, 1894. At the Norwegian consulate I found out all particulars concerning the whaler and the expedition she was ready to enter upon. I also met H. J. Bull, the supercargo, and told him about the matter upon which I had set my heart.

After some talk it was decided that I should see the captain. They had no scientific man on board, and still needed some men. The Melbourne scientists thought it too rough on board the *Antarctic*, and preferred to remain on shore. I was asked by members of the Royal Geographical Society of Victoria if I would join the *Antarctic* on their behalf, but refused, as I did not like to take upon myself obligations which necessarily would claim some of the time which no longer was my own. At last I was taken as a seal-shooter and seaman, and one who would be ready to cure skins. What I collected in my spare hours should be my own. In the presence of the Norwegian consul in Melbourne I signed the articles.

Owing to the receipt of two despatches from Norway, it was eventually decided to leave Melbourne sooner than was expected by the owner, and sooner than was expected by me. In haste I got the necessary warm clothes, boots, etc., and hurried aboard the *Antarctic*. The vessel was a bark of 320 tons, with an auxiliary screw and an engine to drive her forward at five knots an hour.

Once on deck, I felt myself set back many years to a time when I, a boy of fourteen, a *jungman* on the good ship *Borghild*, for the first time crossed the Atlantic Ocean. There was no end of ropes, spars, anchors, guns, harpoons, boats, boxes, sailors, and merchandise, spread about the deck in familiar disorder. I now met the second mate, a fair-haired Norwegian of about forty, ice-pilot Bernhard Jensen, with eagle eyes and features—a man he looked and a man he was; and the first mate, F. Gjertsen, a stout, broad, handsome, kind-looking man, thirty-eight years of age.

IN THE FORECASTLE.

AFTER some talk I went below to the forecastle to choose my berth among the few that were left. At last I cast anchor among the fore-men, where just one berth had become vacant through the fact that its former occupier had chosen to walk from the quay straight into the river some two nights previous.

The forecastle where I should live (or die) in the coming months was under deck, before the mast, and contained about thirty-six square feet of deck as floor. In this inclosure there were six men, each thus having as his share about six square feet. The light came in from above, through a small skylight which with great care was hermetically closed even in the prevailing heat—perhaps to pre-

vent the precious fumes from decayed blubber, old clothes, and old boots from escaping that way. The six berths were arranged in two rows one above the other. Three feet by six was the extent of the bedding-place, and when the two sliding doors with which each berth was provided were shut, the compartment inside could hold its own, as to comfort, with the modern coffin. This place was for six months to be my berth, my library, my drawing-room, and my museum.

However, I soon made acquaintance with companions in my berth who had not signed articles in Australia, but who, so to say, were «stowaways» from Norway, and would have managed to entertain even the most despondent.

Thirty men were we in all. Some of my mates in the forecastle were typical old and young Arctic sealers. Shining, fat, and contented, soaked with whale-oil, were these strong men, sitting smoking on their boxes. Brave, faithful, warm hearts beat in the leonine breasts of these whalers, who from necessity had agreed to sell their work for next to nothing, who risked their lives to obtain a fraction of the value of the blubber they might bring on board, with the prospect of returning as poor as when they went out, while their wives and families at home would meantime be drawing on the scanty income of their providers.

THE START.

THE next morning the members of the Royal Geographical Society came on board, and speeches were made and toasts drunk. Baron Ferdinand von Mueller, the eminent scientist, spoke for officers and crew, and for me in particular, as a pupil of his old friend, Professor F. Nobbe of Saxony. He spoke in enthusiastic terms of the enterprise, and of my own task, and to the sound of cheers the *Antarctic* floated slowly down toward the mouth of the Yarra River. It was September 20, 1894, when we thus left Melbourne.

Originally it was our intention to spend a few weeks in search of sperm-whales off the southwest cape of Tasmania; but not meeting with any, we steered for the Royal Company Islands. For three days we looked in vain for this group, although the seaweed which was floating about in all directions bore unmistakable evidence that some land was near. On October 18 we had snow for the first time. It came in a heavy squall which whistled through our rigging, and brought a specimen of the *Diomedea exulans*, the largest of the albatrosses, on board. Here it obtained refuge until the weather cleared, when we helped it to its wings again. At night it was moonlight, and at twelve o'clock the aurora australis was visible for the first time. Rolling from west to east in white, shining clouds, it formed itself into a brilliant ellipse, with an altitude above the southern horizon of 35°. The *Antarctic* was at the time in the vicinity of Macquarie Island, and thus in latitude about 54° S. The aurora seemed constantly to renew its emanations from the west, and the intensity of its light-cloud culminated every five minutes, after the lapse of which time it suddenly died out, to regain its former magnificence and beauty during the succeeding five minutes. The phenomenon lasted until two o'clock, when it was gradually lost in an increasing mist.

As the swell was heavy, and there was little probability that any material benefit would result from a landing, we set out for Campbell Island on the 22d, and dropped anchor in North Harbor on the evening of October 25, shifting the following day down to Perseverance Bay, which is much the safer harbor of the two, and where we filled our water-tanks and made our final preparations before proceeding south. Campbell Island shows from a great distance its volcanic origin and character, undulating ridges rising in numberless conical peaks from 300 to 2000 feet above the sea-level. Although from the sea the island seems desolate, the land around the bay is rich in vegetation, and most of the island is covered with grass, on which a few sheep seemed to be living in luxury. They were put there for shipwrecked sailors, and as they seemed to thrive splendidly, an enterprising New Zealander had just rented the island for pastoral purposes, at the almost nominal rent of fifteen pounds a year. Numerous fur-seals were basking on the rocks, and we also found a few good sea-leopards. All seemed to thrive well, their skins being smooth, without scar or cut; and besides us human beings, they did not seem to have any enemies in those waters.

AN ADVENTURE ON CAMPBELL ISLAND.

I MADE several excursions into the interior of Campbell Island in company with my friend Nils, a sturdy, fair, curly-haired young Norwegian seal-shooter. Once we scaled together one of the higher peaks of the island, on which occasion I believe that Nils saved my life. We had with a great struggle fought our way toward the ridge which forms the

eastern side of Perseverance Bay; a hard climb it had been, among rocks and amid a dense undergrowth of island scrub. We had hoped to find albatross eggs, but found only large young ones; so after having killed some of the large birds for the sake of their skins, we proceeded to descend the mountain-side. It was getting dark, and the lonely whaler down in the bay, with its white crow's-nest at the mainmast-head, looked like a little toy. We struggled hard with our heavy burdens. Suddenly I felt the ground give way under me, and was quite unable to get any footing in the moist, loose soil. Down I went up to my arm-pits. The weight of the albatrosses helped to press me down, and the mud closed round me with a sucking sensation. Nils was fighting his way over on the slope to the right, and when I felt that I was sinking I cried out to him, freed myself of the last of the albatrosses, and held my gun horizontally above me. It caught on both sides of the hole, and kept me up until Nils, after considerable effort, succeeded in lifting me a little. By our united efforts I was soon able to proceed down the mountain-side again. Later on we discovered many of these treacherous holes in the sides of the old volcanic cones; they seemed like minor craters, now covered with weak branches of the stunted undergrowth.

While duck-shooting on Campbell Island I came upon three graceful waders of the snipe kind. I succeeded in securing all, and consider them a valuable part of that small collection which I brought back to Melbourne. Except in places where brushwood in some stunted state covered the ground, grass was everywhere to be seen. I have no doubt that some of our hardy Scandinavian species of trees would do well there.

THE FATE OF A MESSAGE.

We weighed anchor on October 31, and when close to the south shore sent off two boats in search of seals. On this occasion one of the boats, being swamped in the surf, was immediately crushed against the rocks, its crew having a rather narrow escape from drowning. One of the men fought bravely in the breakers for half an hour, without relinquishing his grasp on his rifle.

With scrupulous care we now composed a letter, upon which each of us carefully inscribed his signature. Having placed it in a small bladder which had been given to us for the purpose by the Norwegian consul in Melbourne, we consigned it to the waves, and leaned over the bulwarks to see the mail depart. Much to our chagrin, a large albatross hove in sight, and before our message had gone many yards the huge bird gobbled it up.

During the next few days, as we were proceeding farther into the fifties, the air and the water kept an equal temperature of 44° F. A large number of crested penguins were seen jumping about like small porpoises, and we met several icebergs from 100 to 150 feet high—solid masses of floating ice with perpendicular walls, their tops forming unbroken plateaus. On November 6, in latitude 58° 14′ and longitude 162° 35′, we sighted an immense barrier of ice, or chain of icebergs, extending from about forty to sixty miles from east to northwest. The top was quite level and absolutely white, and was at least 300 feet high. The perpendicular sides were dark gray, with large, worn, green caves, in which the furious waves were raging and tearing, bursting out in brilliant foam many feet in the air. Several icebergs similar to those we had encountered before were floating about in all directions, and were undoubtedly offspring of this enormous ice-mass.

AN ACCIDENT.

It was here we discovered that our propeller was out of order. The news was a great blow to us all. Such an accident when in the ice on the preceding day might have proved fatal, as at one time we had had to carry a press of sail and to set the engine at full speed to manage to clear our way between two large bergs. Not judging it prudent to proceed amid the ice with the vessel in a crippled state, the *Antarctic* was again headed northward, and, favored by strong gales from the southeast, anchored in Port Chalmers on the 18th, where the damage was soon repaired. Having obtained fresh hands from Stewart Island, we again stood southward on November 28. Favorable winds, with the barometer about 29°, continued till we again reached the fifties. By the time we reached latitude 55° the albatross had left us, and likewise the Cape pigeon (*Daption capense*), but the white-bellied stormy petrel still followed in our track. A robber gull, with dark brown head and white-bordered wings, and a small blue petrel, put in their appearance.

COLOR OF ANTARCTIC BIRDS.

It was remarkable to see how the plumage of the birds gradually changed into lighter

and lighter colors as we drew southward, altering with the colors of the surroundings. Whether the birds, like the polar hare, also changed their color with the seasons, I had not an opportunity to notice; but it is clear that within the Antarctic Circle also Mother Nature takes care of all her children, and protects the defenseless from the eye of their larger enemies by giving them an invisible clothing. It was thus almost impossible to discover the magnificent white petrel when it was on the dazzling snow. It was likewise difficult to discover the white seal when it stretched itself on the ice-floes.

THE OUTLOOK FROM THE CROW'S-NEST.

ON December 7 I sighted the edge of the ice-pack from the crow's-nest, and shot my first seal, which was of the white kind, its skin being injured by several deep scratches. It was cold up in the white cask on the main-top that morning. Before us were the ice-fields, with the strong ice-blink in the air above us; and as we drew near to the edge, the snow-white petrels became more and more numerous. They are of the size of an ordinary pigeon, but much more graceful. Their large eyes are deep black, as are also their bold, curved beak and their elegant webbed feet. They seemed almost transparent as with spread, quiet wings they soared in the air about the crow's-nest, where I was hanging on to one end of a large telescope heavy enough to lift me in seesaw fashion far out of the nest every time I let it glide too far out over the upper edge of the barrel. Like the pricking of pins the snow-crystals blew against my face, and I had continually to dry the telescope glasses with my woolen mittens, as the vapor from my breath settled on the lenses in numberless crystals, and formed an extra sheet of glass. But they were glorious, those hours on the lookout! The air was generally clear, and the human eye could see, even from the deck, great distances within those Southern latitudes. Only from the crow's-nest can one fully appreciate the supernatural charm of Antarctic scenery. Up there you seem lifted above the pettiness and troubles of every-day life. Your horizon is wide, and from your high position you rule the little world below you. Onward, onward stretch the ice-fields, the narrow channels about the ship are opened and closed again by current and wind, and as you strain your sight to the utmost to find the best places for the vessel to penetrate, your eyes wander from the ship's bow out toward the horizon, where floes and channels seem to form one dense, vast ice-field. Ice and snow cover spars and ropes, and everywhere are perfect peace and silence.

We always observed the white, shining reflection of the ice-fields in the air, and we were thus warned from afar even of the presence of a narrow stream of ice or an iceberg. This ice-blink and the presence of the white petrel never deceived us.

THE MESSAGE FROM THE GALE.

WHEN the swell is heavy in the ice-pack it is often very difficult to ascertain from which direction it comes; and just as difficult as it is, just so important may it be that it should be found out rightly, as the safety of the ship might wholly depend upon correct judgment as to this. When the huge ice-masses begin to move and screw and press on the sides of the vessel, rising and falling in a heavy swell, then there is only one escape; namely, to work the vessel into the fields away from the side from which the gale blows. A mistake as to the direction of the running swell has often proved fatal, and the mistake is easily made. An old Arctic sealer told me how, in hours of dread in the Arctic ice-pack, he had laid his ear down to the ice-floe and listened to the roar of the coming swell,—that terrible message from the furious gale,—and how he thus had discovered whence the gale was pressing, and had been able to save the ship from destruction. I tried his method, and found that it worked admirably. What is well worth noticing is that open water nearly always is to be found in the ice-pack on one side of icebergs. The icebergs that we met were generally in motion, carried onward by the ruling current; often they ran forward in the ice-fields at a speed of several knots, piling up the huge floes before their cold, glittering bows; but behind them they left an open sheet of water large enough for any ship.

Now, there would of course be many dangers for a vessel tugged along in the ice-pack by such a floating monster; but I believe, nevertheless, that this method might be instrumental in saving a vessel from being crushed when the ice-field is moving heavily.

ANTARCTIC ICE.

THE difference in the formation of Arctic and Antarctic ice, as is well known, is very great. While the Northern bergs mostly con-

sist of a large ice-mass running up into numberless towers and arches resembling the mountain peaks which surrounded the glaciers from which they were torn, the Antarctic bergs are solid masses of floating ice, with perpendicular walls, and an unbroken plateau on the top.

All showed distinctly whether they were broken from the large southerly barrier or discharged from the glaciers of Victoria Land. All the barrier bergs had very distinct blue lines across their walls, indicating the annual growth by snowfall. These lines were of course not to be found on the glacier ice. The latter also showed more likeness to the Northern ice than did the former. The peaks and towers of the Arctic icebergs are supposed to be formed by the influence of ocean currents wearing away the softer part of the ice-mass under water, until the natural law of gravitation forces it to upset. But why have the Antarctic icebergs a different appearance? It is certain that in the Antarctic waters there are also currents. Yet even icebergs that have gone as far north as the south of New Zealand have all maintained the marks of their Antarctic origin. I cannot see any other reason for this dissimilarity between the bergs of the North and those of the South but that the Arctic icebergs, as a rule, must pass through climes which in temperature rapidly change from one extreme to another, and the icebergs take much longer time in floating southward than do the Antarctic icebergs in advancing northward, and thus, as a rule, the Northern icebergs exist much longer than those of the Antarctic.

On December 8, in latitude 63° 45′, longitude 171° 30′, large streams of ice were drifting about us; a strong ice-blink appeared toward the south, and the presence of the elegant white petrel gave us unmistakable evidence that now we had before us those vast ice-fields into which the gallant Sir James Ross, on January 5, 1841, successfully entered with his famous ships the *Erebus* and the *Terror*. In the evening we slowly worked our way in through the outer edge of the ice-pack, which consisted of large and heavy, hummocky ice; the floes reared on end, and were forced aside, with loud reports, by our strong bow. I saw multitudes of the *Argonauta antarctica* everywhere in the pack, usually swimming about in cavities in the ice-floes, evidently seeking refuge from their enemies, the whales, which feed principally upon them. The large-finned whales, or what in Norway are called blue whales, were spouting about in all directions, and we could hear the sound miles away. We shot rapidly among three or four of them, but in taking turn the line attached to the bomb broke as if it had been string.

The white petrels were numerous here, and I secured more of them. The white-bellied petrel departed at the edge of the pack, leaving the icy regions to its darker, hardier brethren.

PECULIAR MARKS ON THE ANTARCTIC SEALS.

WE shot several seals, but seldom saw more than one or two together, and never more than seven. Most of them had scars and scratches on their skin. Sir James Ross noticed similar wounds, and supposed that they had been inflicted by the large tusks with which the sea-leopards are provided. My opinion, however, is that these scars must be traced to an enemy of a different species from the seal. The wounds are not like the ordinary wounds inflicted by a tusk. Varying from two to twenty inches in length, they are straight and narrow; and where several of them were together on one animal, they were too far apart to be produced by the numerous sharp teeth of the seal. That this unknown and destructive enemy of the seal in those waters is of a superior and more dangerous kind than the seals themselves, I conclude from the fact that the wounded seals never had any scars about their head and neck, which undoubtedly would have been the case if battles had been fought among themselves. That the grampus, or swordfish, is doing mischief down there I do not doubt; but I feel just as sure that of the seals we shot but few received their scars from the sword of the grampus or from the tusks of other seals. If my opinion holds good, it may serve as an explanation of the strange scarcity of the seals in regions where one would think that these animals would be found in abundance.[1]

When we entered the ice-pack the temperature of the air was 25°, and that of the water 28°, which latter temperature continued all through the pack. Penguins were about in great numbers, and they waddled toward us on the floes from afar, evidently inspecting ship and crew with utmost interest, wondering what we were and whence we came.

[1] Regarding the statement made by Mr. Borchgrevink concerning the scars on seals, Dr. C. Hart Merriam says: «The long scars on hair-seal in the North Atlantic are believed to be caused by sharks' bites, and the same may be true in the Antarctic Ocean.»

We had no difficulty in killing some of them, although we had many hard chases, and many were the cold dippings we got for their sake.

The seals we killed either with guns or pikes. There is very little sport attached to seal-hunting, specially in Antarctic waters, as the seals there are tame through ignorance of man's bloodthirstiness. Generally they were asleep when we approached, and many of them died without having seen their murderers. But, as a rule, the slaughter and skinning of the seal were most barbarous, bloody, and hideous—unnecessarily so. Specially cruel is the task when seal-pikes are used. Only rarely does a seal die from one or two blows of the pike, and if it is not dead it is generally considered «all the better»; for it is easier to skin a seal while it is half alive. In the utmost agony, the wretched beast draws its muscles away from the sharp steel which tears away its skin, and thus assists in parting with its own coat.

THE ICE-PACK.

On the 14th we sighted Balleny Island, and found it, according to Ross, in latitude 66° 44′, longitude 164°. The ice-floes grew gradually larger as we approached land, and it was evident that the ice-pack then about us was for a great part discharged from the glaciers of Balleny, as some of them carried stone and earth. Although the highest part of Balleny was covered with mist when we were near it, we got a good view of its lofty peak, which rises to a height of 12,000 feet above the sea-level. The size and shape of the ice-pack about Balleny threatened considerable danger to our vessel, and many anxious hours did we spend there. Its comparatively small surface above water was covered with snow several yards deep, which ran out in long, sharp points under water. Several of these points struck our propeller without injuring it seriously; but it is not likely that the vessel, depending entirely on its sails, would have been able to exist long in such ice. Even with steam we felt how small and powerless we were in the merciless grasp of the pack. The temperature of Balleny was found to be 34°. Finding the pack nearly impenetrable in this locality, we resolved to seek to the eastward the track where the *Erebus* and the *Terror* had been navigated successfully.

On December 16 we moored the *Antarctic* to a large floe of pancake ice which told its tale of the previous long calm. As far as eye could reach nothing but one immense field of ice could be seen. During the afternoon an increasing swell made our position unsafe; the huge ice-masses rose and fell with long, slow movements, and the sudden shocks that the side of our vessel received caused her to tremble from keel to crow's-nest. On December 22, in latitude 66° 3′, longitude 167° 37′, I shot a wonderful seal of ordinary size and color, but without any signs of ears, and with a very thick neck. Not one of our old sealers on board had ever seen this kind before, and I regret to say that the skull, which I had prepared, was accidentally crushed.

On December 24 we had stormy weather; the evening, however, was beautiful, and the sun just touched the horizon on its lowest descent. I believe that we are the only people who ever saw the midnight sun on Christmas eve. On Wednesday, December 26, we crossed the Antarctic Circle.

ACCIDENT TO THE CHIEF ENGINEER.

On the 28th our chief engineer, Johannesen, had the misfortune to break one of his legs and seriously injure his hand. He was, however, fixed up as well as possible by the poor medical skill at command. Both mates and I formed the medical board, and while one read in an old doctor's book the others acted. It was, by the way, mere luck that the engineer was not killed by his accident. We were in the ice-pack at the time, and as the floes spread, and left small pools of open water, we had a fresh northerly breeze, and it was decided to try to press southward with the aid of our sails. To prevent the ice from striking our propeller, the engineer had to turn the propeller shaft in the engine-room. To do this he had to apply a long and heavy iron bar which fitted into spurs in a solid wheel or ring on the shaft. He had often done this successfully, but on this occasion there happened to be some steam left in the cylinders. When he began to move the shaft, the engine, which had been at «a dead» before, suddenly started to work, and down came the iron bar with fearful velocity. It just missed the head of the engineer, who held on to it, threw him over, cut his right forefinger off, and broke his leg just above the ankle.

It was a long and dreary time for Johannesen down there in a dark hole near the engine, having nothing but lamplight, and hearing about the wonderful and unknown lands outside. However, he was an enthusiast in his calling, and although his pulse set off with feverish speed, it gradually settled down to the regular throbs of the engine

at his side. It was interesting to see this energetic man, with the philosophy of his profession, daily taking the circumference of his poor leg with a pair of compasses; and I should not have felt the least bit astonished if I had found him working away on his swollen limb with a large file to get it into its proper form.

Shortly afterward one of our youngest sailors went out of his mind. He had been very low-spirited, and as, owing to the accident to the engineer, he had to take a turn as stoker, his state grew worse. Misfortunes seldom come alone, and in an expedition where every one is dependent on another, an accident to one is an accident to all.

New Year's eve we were in latitude 66° 47′, longitude 174° 8′, at twelve o'clock. While the sun was shining brightly we rang the old year out and the new year in, and saluted with our guns in honor of the occasion. In latitude 67° 5′, longitude 175° 45′, I secured a specimen of a large penguin. I obtained only four of these birds in all, and I never saw one in company with another of its kind, which fact may account for the profoundly melancholy expression of this phlegmatic bird. I cannot but believe that even in those cold regions the old rule proves true, and that it is not good for penguins to be alone.

VICTORIA LAND.

ON January 14 we came again into open water, having spent thirty-eight days in working our passage through the ice-pack. A clear, open sheet of water was now before us, and not a breath of wind disturbed the surface of the sea. The only sign of ice was a small piece in the shape of a boat, on which four penguins appeared to be rejoicing, like ourselves, in the splendid weather and beautiful, clear sky. We steered straight for Cape Adare, Victoria Land, which we sighted two days later. On the 18th, in latitude 71° 45′, longitude 176° 3′, the temperature of the air was 32°, and of the water 30°; the sky was perfectly clear. At noon we stood toward the bay to the northwest of Cape Adare. The cape, which is in latitude 71° 23′, longitude 169° 56′, rises to a height of 3779 feet, and consists of a large, square basaltic rock with perpendicular sides. From there we saw the coast of Victoria Land to the west and south as far as the eye could reach. It rose from dark, bare rocks into peaks of perpetual ice and snow 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, Mount Sabine highest of all, standing out shining in the rays of the midnight sun. Conical tops covered the plateaus, and ran over in mighty glaciers. I counted as many as twenty of them in the close vicinity of the Bay of Adare; one of them seemed covered with lava, while a thick layer of snow appeared underneath, resting on another layer of lava, and that again on the billowy surface of the glacier. A volcanic peak about 8000 feet high, which was comparatively free from snow, had undoubtedly been active a short time before.

POSSESSION ISLAND AND ITS PENGUINS.

ON the 18th we sighted Possession Island, with its peculiar contour standing sharply against the bright sky. We effected a successful landing on North Island, pulling our boat up on shore, where we were at once furiously attacked by penguins, which fairly covered the surface of the island, and seemed much annoyed at seeing us foreigners intruding on their premises. Their hoarse screams filled the air, and it was with considerable strain of my voice that on landing I addressed my countrymen in a few words, informing them that we were the second to set foot on this island. Sir James Ross had preceded us, having, fifty-four years before, landed there and planted the English flag. We gave three cheers for the great British navigator, and also for Commander Svend Foyn.

The penguins had half-grown young ones, and were often attacked by a gray robber gull which sailed about in large numbers. I saw two of these birds descend on the island and attack a penguin family. While one kept the old penguins out of their home, the other calmly picked a large piece out of the flesh of a young penguin. Indeed, so bold was this bird that several times I had to use my stick in self-defense. The surface of the island was covered with a deep layer of guano, which in time might prove very valuable to Australasia.

It was most remarkable to see what a regulated system of roads the inhabitants of Possession had arranged. From the beach a broad main track led straight into the middle of the island, and from this secondary roads went out to all parts, the whole forming a network of roads apparently ruled by a most civilized department. With beak and feet the penguins had carefully put away most of the pebbles and stones from their footpaths, and where snow covered the ground the roads had by constant use become so smooth and so neat that Macadam

in all his glory would have acknowledged himself beaten. The most curious thing of all was the way in which the penguins seemed to maintain order in these paths. Currents of penguins were continually moving from and toward the beach. While the fat new arrivals always kept to the right, the thin penguins, which were moving off to the continent, always kept to the left; and I never saw any fighting among them. The colony evidently formed one peaceful community.

Penguins are monogamists, and seem to have great respect for matrimonial contracts. I often wondered if the peace which reigned among the islanders came from the fact that penguins are so nearly alike. There could never be any cause for jealousy in the choice of wives, for one is exactly the image of another. Still, the right male seemed always to find his own wife. Morality seemed thus to rule among these myriads of penguins in this London Antarctica.

The penguins which we met here were the same kind that we met everywhere in the ice-pack. They were the short-bellied penguin. They are different from those northern penguins which we met on Campbell Island—the rock-hopper penguin, which are all crested: that is to say, they have over each eye a tuft of long yellow feathers, which gives them the appearance of Mephistopheles in miniature. Their hoarse scream suits their peculiar look.

Though the penguins which we met on Possession and on the mainland had not the yellow ornaments of their cousins in the North, they seemed quite happy with their own plain heads, and I never noticed that they tried to adorn themselves with borrowed feathers.

The island consists of volcanic vesicular lava, rising in the southwest into two pointed peaks 300 feet in height. The specimens of rock that I collected on Possession Island are entirely of volcanic origin. They are chiefly fragments of what seems to be a basaltic rock apparently belonging to two different ages. The fragments belonging to the older flow show evidence of the lava having been much frothed up by steam escaping from its pores, and are of a reddish or pinkish brown tint. The newer lava is denser and of a blackish-gray color.

I scaled the highest of the peaks, and called it Peak Archer, after E. Archer of Rockhampton, Queensland. To the west the island slopes gently upward, forming a bold and conspicuous cape, which, not having been named by Sir James Ross, was left to me to christen. I gave it the name of Baron Ferdinand von Mueller, whose scientific fame I had learned to value even when a boy.

DISCOVERY OF VEGETATION.

QUITE unexpectedly I found vegetation on the rocks about thirty feet above the sea-level. Vegetation never was discovered in such southerly latitudes before. It is a cellular cryptogamous plant—a lichen. Possession Island is situated in latitude 71° 56′, longitude 171° 10′. It was remarkably free from snow. I judged it to be from 300 to 350 acres in extent. We gave it the name of Sir James Ross Island. On the 20th we steamed southward, and sighted Colman Island at midnight on the following day. Finding the eastern cape of this large island unnamed, we called it Cape Oscar, in honor of our king, whose birthday happened to be that day. I noticed great irregularities in our compass at Colman Island, which doubtless contains secrets of scientific value that would be well worth the attention of future Antarctic expeditions. On the 22d we were in latitude 74°. No whales appearing, it was decided to head northward again, although we all regretted that circumstances did not permit us to proceed farther south.

THE FIRST LANDING ON THE ANTARCTIC CONTINENT.

ON the 23d we were again at Cape Adare, and the coast-line presented a most original and magnificent aspect, the huge snow-capped peaks shining and glittering with singular whiteness and beauty in the glorious light of the sun of noon and midnight.

Icebergs of large size were everywhere to be seen, and showed distinctly whether they were broken from the big barrier or discharged from the glaciers on Victoria Land. Like fairy palaces were these masterpieces of nature floating about, so clean, so pure, that the eye of mortal man seemed unworthy of such beauty—beautiful beyond description, terrible in their gigantic majesty, the crystals of their walls glittering in the sun, while caves and arches were half hidden in a mist of azure blue, and about them the ocean, roaring sometimes with great fury, threw waves far up against their perpendicular sides, to fall back again in clouds of foam.

We landed at Cape Adare that night, being the first human creatures to put foot on the mainland. A peculiar feeling of fascination crept over each of us, even to the most pro-

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHNSTONE, O'SHANNESSY & CO., MELBOURNE.

C. EGEBERG BORCHGREVINK.

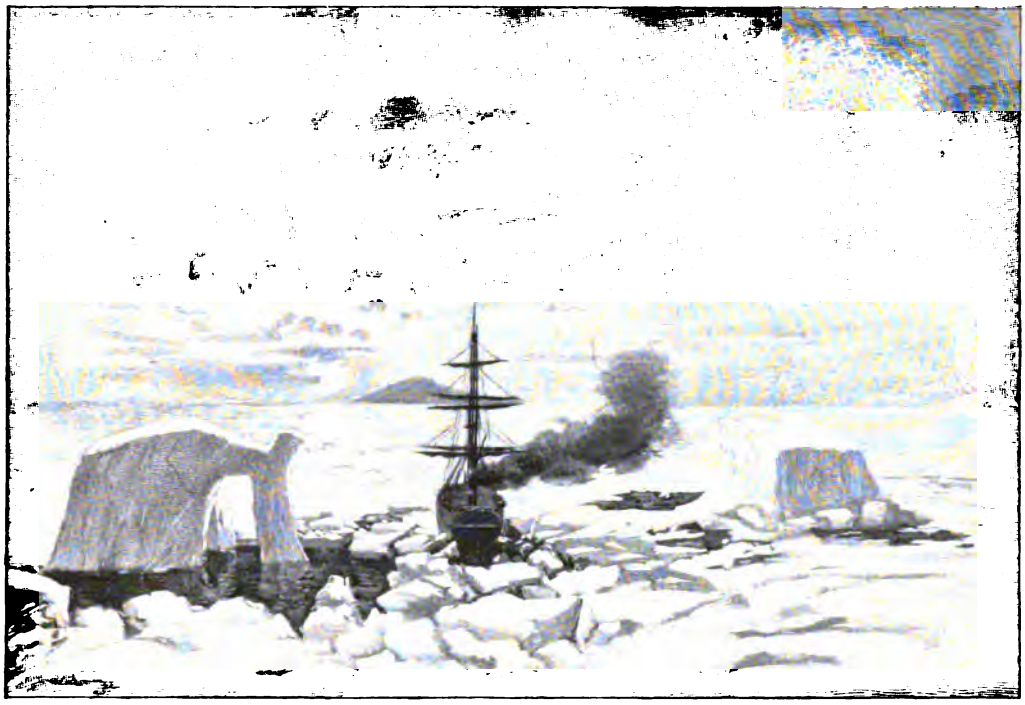
saic natures in our boat, as we gradually drew near to the beach of this unknown land. Some few cakes of ice were floating about, and looking over the side of the boat, I even discovered a jelly-fish, apparently of the common light blue, transparent kind. I do not know whether it was to catch the jelly-fish, or from a strong desire to be the first man to put foot on this *terra incognita*, but as soon as the order was given to stop pulling the oars, I jumped over the side of the boat. I thus killed two birds with one stone, being the first man on shore, and relieving the boat of my weight, thus enabling her to approach land near enough to let the captain jump ashore dry-shod.

I had painted a Norwegian flag on a large box, which we fastened on a strong pole near the place where we landed; and leaving the rest of the crew to be entertained by the penguins, I proceeded alone to investigate the peninsula and to make collections. I found seaweed on the beach; but whether it had grown on the shores of Victoria Land remains to be ascertained in the future.

It seems to me that an investigation of the origin and consequences of the warm current running northeast which we experienced in Victoria Bay is of the greatest interest and importance. When we look upon those phenomena which cause and accom-

DRAWN BY THE AUTHOR.

IN THE CROW'S-NEST.



DRAWN BY THE AUTHOR.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

pany the large currents of the ocean in the Northern hemisphere, we are justified in anticipating that in the Southern hemisphere similar phenomena take place. Norway would be almost uninhabitable if the Gulf Stream did not send its warm water along the Norwegian coast; and the rich fisheries in those waters and at Newfoundland, and on other well-known fishing-grounds, are all more or less dependent on currents of the ocean.

Is it, then, improbable that the warm current in the bay at Victoria Land plays a similar, even if inferior, part in the Southern hemisphere to that of the Gulf Stream in the Northern? When I take into consideration those phenomena which we already have as facts at hand from Victoria Land Bay, I am strengthened in my belief as to startling results of further investigations of the southerly currents and of the shores they touch.

Our landing-place was a sort of peninsula gently sloping down from the steep rocks of Cape Adare until it ran into the bay as a long, flat beach covered with pebbles. The peninsula forms a complete breakwater for the inner bay. Penguins were, if possible, even more numerous here than on Possession Island, and they were discovered on the cape as far up as 1000 feet. These birds lead a strange sort of life. They often live for days without food, for it must necessarily take them two or three days to reach an altitude of 1000 feet on the rocks where some of them were nested; and as the *Argonauta antarctica* and fish form their food, it is evident that in some way they can store away food for days. Having collected specimens of the rocks, and found the same cryptogamic vegetation here as on Possession Island, we again pulled on board, considerable difficulty being experienced in regaining our vessel, which had drifted nearly out of sight, and was separated from us by the heavy ice-drift.

FUTURE EXPLORATION.

I BELIEVE that Cape Adare is the very place where a future scientific expedition might stop safely even during the winter months. From the spot where we were several accessible spurs lead up to the top of the cape, and from there a gentle slope runs on to the great plateau of Victoria Land. The presence of the penguin colony, their undisturbed old nests, the appearance of dead seals (which were preserved like Egyptian mummies, and must have lain there for years), the vegetation on the rocks, and lastly the flat table of the cape above, all indicated

DRAWN BY THE AUTHOR.

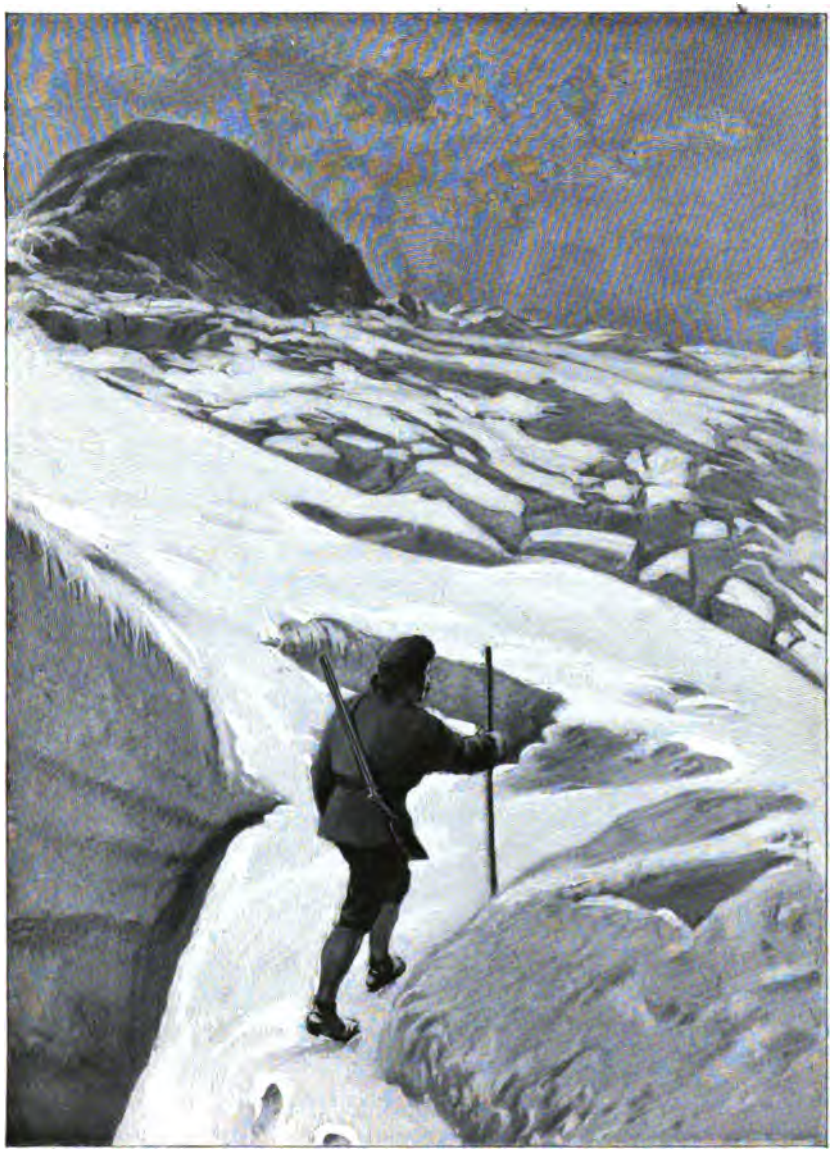
MOUNT SABINE AND MOUNT ROBINSON.

that here is a place where the powers of the Antarctic Circle do not display the whole severity of their forces. Neither ice nor volcanoes seemed to have raged on the peninsula at Cape Adare, and I strongly recommend a future scientific expedition to choose that place as a center of operations. On this particular spot there is ample space for house, tents, and provisions.

I myself am willing to be the leader of a party to be landed either on the pack or on the mainland near Colman Island. From there it is my scheme to work toward the south magnetic pole, calculated to be in latitude 75° 5′, longitude 150° E. Should the party succeed in penetrating so far into the continent, the course should, if possible, be laid for Cape Adare, there to join the main body of the expedition. As to the zoölogical results of future researches, I expect great discoveries. It would indeed be remarkable if on the unexplored Victoria continent, which probably extends over an area of 4,000,000 square miles, there should not be found animal life hitherto unknown in the Southern hemisphere. It is of course a possibility that the unknown land around the axis of rotation might be found to consist of islands joined only by perpetual ice and snow; but the appearance of the land, the color of the water, with its soundings, in addition to the movements of the Antarctic ice, point to the existence of a mass of land much more extensive than a mere group of islands.

ANTARCTICA.

ANTARCTICA, whether a continent or an archipelago the islands of which are united by thick sheets of ice, is, as was said above, considered to have a superficial area of 4,000,000 square miles, being, therefore, larger than Australia. The great chain of volcanoes in Victoria Land rise over 15,000 feet above the sea. On the South American side of Antarctica is the active volcano of Bridgman and the large and partly submerged volcano of Deception Island, with a crater over five miles in diameter, the walls of which, built up of alternating layers of ice and volcanic scoriæ, rise 1800 feet above the sea. Sedimentary rocks of the Eocene age, with fossil trees, were discovered in 1893 at Seymour Island; and the French ship *Talisman*, off the Antarctic continent many years previously, dredged fragments of rock containing a fossil plant characteristic of the Triassic rocks of Europe. Near Laurie Island, in



DRAWN BY THE AUTHOR.

BORCHGREVINK SCALING THE HIGHEST PEAK ON POSSESSION ISLAND.

the South Orkneys, limestone occurs. These rocks are of special interest as confirming the theory that Antarctica is a continent rather than an archipelago, for the microcline granite, with garnet and tourmaline and the mica-schists, must have had a continental origin, such rocks being almost unknown in oceanic islands.

AFTER SMALL WHALES.

AFTER struggling for several hours against tide and ice, we were observed from the crow's-nest, and fought our way safely to the ship. We now stood northward again, and on the 26th, in latitude 69° 52′, longitude 169° 56′, again ran into the ice-pack. The following day we fired into a small-finned whale, the flesh of which forms an excellent dish. We had great difficulty in getting near enough to this monster to kill it. It ran out a considerable length of line, and the ice-pack being very dense, our boats could not reach it. Armed with a whale-lance, I jumped upon an ice-floe, from that to another, and soon struggled near where the whale was spouting, with its huge head above water, tearing and struggling on the line that held it. In approaching

the whale I got new proof of the deceptive appearance of the ice-floes. Jumping upon a large, thick block of ice, as I thought, I went straight through a soft mass of ice and snow; and it was with considerable effort that I kept myself from sinking until the men who had followed reached me a stick and pulled me up on the floe, where I lanced the whale.

These small whales gave us a good deal of trouble. Thus, when we were once lying in a rather large pool of open water, we fired into one of them from the ship. We lowered a boat, and tried hard to get near it, but without success; every time it saw our boat, down it went. Then we resolved to try a rather risky game—«to underhaul the line.» We pulled the boat straight up to the vessel, where the line hung in a curve down to the water, from time to time tightening as the whale pulled on it. We placed the rope in the groove at the bow of the boat, and pulled away right merrily. Of course this went all right as long as the whale kept near the surface, and we managed to get close up to where it was spouting. When it saw the boat, however, it shot straight down again, dragging the bow of the boat with it.

It was remarkable how quickly we all climbed into the stern of the boat, which soon was pointing in the air, clear of the water. I even found time to get my long ice-boots off, which fact pleased the old tars so much that we all joined in laughter on our perch, in spite of the imminent danger we were in.

DRAWN BY THE AUTHOR.

THE FIRST LANDING ON VICTORIA LAND.

THE AURORA.

On February 1, in latitude 66°, longitude 172° 31′, we ran into open water again, having this time spent only six days in the ice-pack. On the 17th the aurora appeared, stronger than I ever saw it in the North. It rose from the southwest, stretching in a broad stream up toward the zenith and down again toward the eastern horizon. The phenomenon this time had quite a different appearance from what we saw on October 20. It now presented long, shining curtains rising and falling in wonderful shapes and shades, sometimes seemingly close down to our mast-heads. It evidently exerted considerable in-

DRAWN BY THE AUTHOR.

OUR LANDING-PLACE ON THE MAINLAND.

fluence upon the magnetic needle of our compass.

SPERM-WHALES.

IN latitude 44° 35′, longitude 147° 34′, we met with a great number of sperm-whales. We hunted them in our boats, and secured one, and I had on this occasion the opportunity to take a most active part in that brilliant sport.

It must have been about five in the afternoon when we discovered the sperm-whales, some three miles off to starboard. We lowered four boats, and pulled for our very lives to get near the place where they were swimming. Having reached them, we fired the gun at the bow, and the harpoon sank its whole length into the body of a whale. The wounded monster made one tremendous bound forward, blew air, water, and blood out of its spouting-hole with a noise like steam escaping from a safety-valve, hit our boat twice gently with its tail, and plunged into the deep with terrible force. In a minute we saw nothing but water and foam about us, and the line ran from aft, where it was coiled, along the boat, through our arms, and over the bow with great velocity—so rapidly that smoke arose from the wood of the groove at the bow, where the line descended into the depths. We stuck to this whale till long after dark. Every time it came to the surface we made the line fast on board the boat, and skimmed along the ocean at tremendous speed. At last we had to take our line on board the vessel, as the sea grew rough and the wind freshened. All night the whale kept on pulling the large vessel at a speed of several knots straight against a strong breeze, and just at noon the next day we succeeded in killing it.

We struggled for several days with a furious storm of distinctly cyclonic character, which turned spirally from northwest to south, reaching its maximum strength from the south. We had to use oil to protect us from the enormous waves. We sighted the coast of Tasmania on the 4th of March, and entered Port Phillip on the 12th, five months and a half after our departure from Melbourne.

COMMERCIAL POSSIBILITIES.

THE recent Antarctic expedition was a commercial one, and commercially it was a failure, because we did not find the right whale, so valuable for its whalebone. The *Antarctic* was fitted out for the hunt of that particular kind of whale; nevertheless, I have no doubt that the commercial result of the expedition would have been much better had we worked under more favorable auspices.

DRAWN BY THE AUTHOR.

LANCING A WHALE IN THE ICE-FLOES.

I do not by any means consider the fact of our not having met with the right whale in those seas as conclusive proof of their non-existence in the bay at Victoria Land. The *Antarctic* found the right whale at Campbell Island in the winter-time; the boats fastened to five of them, of which, however, only one was caught. Now, to me it does not seem improbable that these whales go south to the bay of Victoria Land, where Ross saw them, in the summer, and return north in the winter. It would seem incredible that a man of Sir James Ross's standing, supported as he was by able scientists and experienced whalers, should have made a grave error when he said that this valuable whale was to be found in large numbers in those Southern latitudes.

The difference in the appearance of the blue whale, as we found it there, and the right whale, in the method of spouting, is so striking that even the most casual observer could not easily be deceived. Very possibly, had we penetrated farther into the large open bay discovered by Ross in the vicinity of the volcanic peaks Erebus and Terror, we too would have found the right whale in great numbers. We saw very many blue whales, but had not the appliances to take them.

As I remarked at the International Geographical Congress, we found few seals. They increased, however, in number as we worked eastward, and seemed afraid of the land. All of the seals that we met on the shore showed much uneasiness, and speedily made for the water, a fact which strengthened my belief in the existence of a large enemy of the seal on the continent. I do not doubt that the seals congregate together in larger numbers at some places on the bay.

I consider the guano-beds which we discovered of great commercial importance, and they ought to be well worth the attention of enterprising business men. The specimen which I brought back with me contains a large percentage of ammonia.

Furthermore, from the analysis of the specimens of rock which I brought back with me, the possible and probable presence of valuable minerals on the continent is proved, although the lava and the volcanic aspect of the coast-line do not speak favorably for the presence of heavy metals near the surface.

C. E. Borchgrevink.

TO A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON,

PROFESSOR OF INDO-IRANIAN AT COLUMBIA, ON HIS RETURN FROM ABROAD.

MY Persian, leave the Eternal Fire,
And leave to read the scented scroll,
Pâhlavi, Pali; nor desire
Always that glory to unroll,
Your bright Avesta; day and night
God did divide with sun and star
To show that equal in His sight
Labor and rest, in mortals, are.
A fragment yet of unspent youth
Is left; and yours the social grace
That finds sweet passages for truth,
And brings the soul into the face;
As oft I prove, whose winter hour
More than my blazing log you cheer,
And dropping many a sudden flower
Of Orient speech make Shiraz here,
The while with golden-clouded pipes,
Amid my books, at kindly ease,
We seek to cast anew the types
Of that old Truth which cannot cease;
You long to chase, uncaptured yet,
The young wild-fire of Shelley's mind,
And how your Zoroaster met
His Shadow in the garden find;
And still the talk will smoothly veer
To Shakspere, and our England blend
With Time's lone names—hid poets dear,
Like him I prize, once Sidney's friend,
Greville, wise matter gravely mixt,
Whose thoughts, he said, were « eagles' food »—
As ours should be, who late have fixt
Our eyrie, lord of all the wood,
On Morningside; young eagles there
Try with contention of their wings
Who first, with pinions smiting air,
The sunrise from his plumage flings—
Columbia's brood: there, even as saith
Our own glad Scriptures, under God,
She stirs the nest, she fluttereth
Over her young, and spreads abroad
Her wings, and taketh them, and bears
Them on her wings—ah, too soon flown,
Our eagles, gone to noble cares
And tasks of greatness all their own!
But few shall such a realm survey
As you have won, and, craving more,
Like Alexander, will not stay
Your Indian conquest, who before
Irân and Hellas ruled; refrain
To tempt the Heavens with doing well,
Lest, from my side too early ta'en,
Only your memory with me dwell.
But come! now burns the autumn sea,
September-golden, languid blue,
Long morning hours; till, wild and free,
With wings as if the great deep flew,
The wind comes up the harbor-mouth,
And breaks the calm, and beads the crest,
And hues the purple-watered South,
And glitters down the fluttering West;
Day slowly dies, nor gathers gloom—
A softer beauty; faintly clear
Through reaches of the rosy bloom
Revolves the silver starry sphere;
Still blows the fragrant brine; once more
The island-gateways flood with light;
The moon is up; put off from shore,
And lapt on tides of wakeful night,
And blowing with the canvas cloud,
Know me in my Atlantic home—
The wave-wet deck, the singing shroud,
The rail half buried in the foam!
Next morn, new joys. 'T were long to tell
This Essex; I am grown too fond,
Too many years have loved it well,
And roved dark wood and lilied pond
In my first days; I promise you
The bird's-nest, though the bird be flown;
Come, learn the boy you never knew,
From odors of the pine-tree blown,
And heavy salt-scents of the sea,
And distant gleams, like Virgil's bough;
So shall our mutual memories be
Life-whole, as love is heart-whole now.
Then shall you go from out the gold
October to your Star-leaved Book,
And those gray manuscripts unrolled
Whereon the learnèd Parsees look,
And they forget these changing lights
Of morn and even, here below;
To eyes like yours, how must our Heights
Like God's eternal sunrise show!
So springeth there the dawning truth
Of that forever breaking morn
Whose Orient in the heart of youth
With shining strength is newly born.

BEVERLY, MASS.,
September 20, 1895.

G. E. Woodberry.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

MAT HOUSES.

TRIBAL LIFE AMONG THE OMAHAS.

PERSONAL STUDIES OF INDIAN LIFE.

FROM one of the so-called «cities» of the upper Missouri, armed only with so much governmental indorsement as would insure me courteous assistance from officers stationed at posts on the frontier, and the respectful recognition of reservation officials, I set out upon my journey into the Indian country. It was years ago, but, except for the personal milestones down the vista, it would seem to me as distant as a dream. For I behold fields of waving grain where then was unbroken prairie, the glistening track of the locomotive where the buffalo trail broke through the sod, and thriving towns, the ambitious spires of which rise incisive above the sky-line, where then was only the Indian home, as unobtrusive and as harmonious with nature as the nest of the bird; and I hear the «busy hum of men,» the tones of many people speaking many tongues, where then silence was broken only by the cry of the coyote, the wings of the locust, or the waves of the wind on the wide sea of the tall prairie-grass.

It was in a stout covered wagon drawn by a pair of well-conditioned mules, and packed in with boxes, bundles, tin cans, blankets, and all the paraphernalia of a camper who takes his life in his own hand, and depends only upon his own providence as he goes out into an unknown land for an unknown time, cutting off all communications with any base of supplies behind him. But this is not the place to recite my many adventures as I toiled on over what was in my early school-days the Great American Desert, leaving behind even the most intrepid pioneer, crossing the very fringe of civilization, until at last I came out upon the boundless prairie, where no plow had ever turned a furrow, and the grass reached to the top of my wagon. This, and nothing more: not the glimmer of water anywhere; not a cloud in the white sky to temper with a shadow the intense glare of the August sun; not a landmark to help the eye to measure distance; and silence, save for the rustle of the yellow grass and the muffled tread of the mules in the rich, black loam. There was no touch of familiarity in the scene, no association of song or story; only a vague impression that a race had passed over and left no trace. I could find nothing to connect myself with nature so unaltered by man; there was nothing here on my own plane of life; and thus, alone and self-centered, a sense of loneliness began to oppress me, when a sound fell upon my ear—

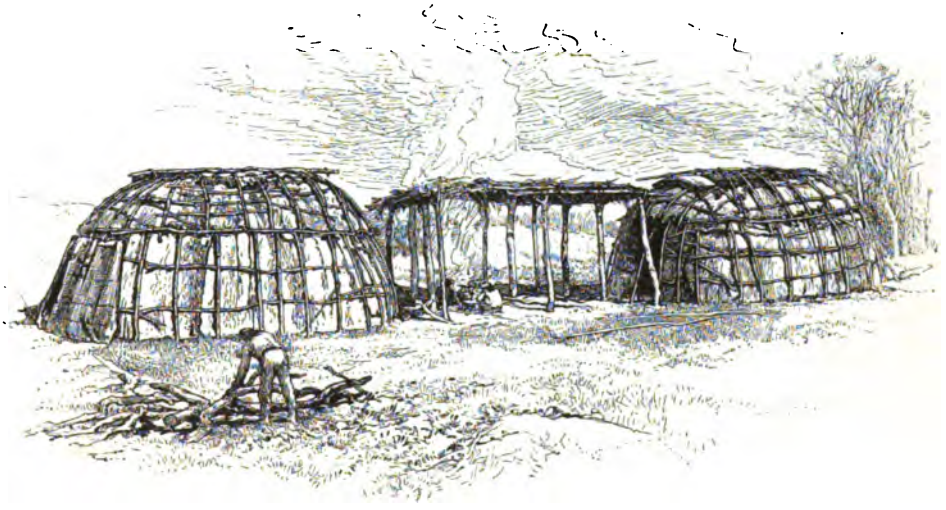
a strange sound, but with a human tone in it. It trembled through the air with more penetration than volume, rising and falling in weird cadences. Out over the rolling prairie I saw on one of the billowy hills, sharply defined above the horizon, an Indian on horseback; his head was erect, and his statuesque body was one with the pony that with drooping head ambled along in its own unconscious independence.

The easy figure, the wayward song, the solitary man in the vastness of incontaminate nature, the apparent content of him, the absence of all concern with time, of all knowledge of the teeming life out of which I had come, and which was even now surging toward him, threatening to engulf his race, touched a new thought-center and awoke a new interest. Old prejudices, old opinions, were all behind me; I had crossed the line, another race had welcomed me with a song, and casting the old standards aside, I began the study of the Indian in his own home, by his side, from his own standpoint.

In the years which have passed since then I have never ceased to strive patiently for more knowledge of the Indian. I have gone back with him into the dim past, have shared with him the changing present, have tried to forecast his future, have alternately hoped and despaired for him, pressed always by the desire which is sure to arise in those who succeed in catching a glimpse of his real character—the intense desire to «do something» for his betterment; his protection, if you will. In these papers I can give only bits of the knowledge gained, only hints of the complexities of details which make up the «simple life» of the race we are so rapidly supplanting on this continent.

I have lived with the Indian in his homes. Sometimes it was the «wickiup,» a mere cluster of branches twisted together; sometimes a framework covered with mats made of rushes, or, as in forest tribes, with the bark of the elm-tree. These bark houses are still found among the Winnebagos, and they are not unlike a section of the long house of the Iroquois.

Indian dwellings are generally communal. In the long house each family has a section and a fireplace of its own. West of the Rocky Mountains the long house was built by setting up three poles in a triangle, tying their tops together. Several of these groups were placed in a line, and over all mats were laid. Within each triangle of poles dwelt a family, having its separate fire; six, eight, or ten fires were often seen in perspective down the middle of the long dwelling. On the Pacific coast the communal houses were, and are, large square structures of logs, having, in some tribes, carved posts within and totem-poles without. There are compartments along the side walls in which each family sets up its own hearthstone. Families living in single habitations gratify their communal feeling by huddling their huts together, sometimes connecting them by mats stretched between, forming a wind-break or shade. In the observance of religious ceremonies there is a reversion to primitive customs, and the long communal tent is still erected and used on such occasions.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

BARK HOUSES.

The most elaborate structure used for a dwelling by the tribes of the West was the earth lodge. The outline—a circle with an oblong projection toward the east—was carefully measured and traced on the ground, the sod cut from within the figure, and the earth well tramped by the feet of the builders. The framework was of poles, and the dome-shaped roof of closely laid poles was supported by large posts, five or more in number, set in a circle a little back of the central fireplace. Outside the wall of poles great bundles of the coarse prairie-grass were laid, and over all a double layer of sods, so that when completed the wall was nearly two feet thick at the bottom, and sloped gently to the line where it joined the roof, which was also very thick. To frame it well about the central opening required considerable skill. The exterior resembles a mound more than a dwelling. The grass creeps upon it, and over it the birds drop seeds, from which flowers grow, so that it is completely covered with verdure and bloom, except at the top, where the blackened sod tells of the heat and smoke of the fire below. It is difficult to avoid the idea of intimacy with nature that these abodes convey. They suggest no occupation or disturbing possession of man, and but for the waving line of smoke they would not be noticed by the inexperienced eye. It seems as though Mother Earth had lifted her flowery robe, and taken her children under it. The ground-plan of the earth lodge is common to structures from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico. When I passed through the long passageway of an Eskimo dwelling to the semi-subterranean room, with its domed roof

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

THE EARTH LODGE.

and central opening for light and smoke, I was reminded of the earth lodge of the Indians. Students of the Southwestern tribes have pointed out the resemblance between the ground outline of the Navajo *hogan* and that of the primitive lava *pueblo*, and how the form of the present pueblos has been evolved by bringing together a number of these round dwellings within a rectangular area. But the *estufa*, where all the religious rites and ceremonies are performed, even in the modern pueblo still preserves the ancient circular shape. So the Indians of the North, who now live in tents, when they assemble to observe certain sacred rites draw the outline of the earth lodge upon the ground, and remove the sod, laying bare the fresh earth, upon which they drop offerings of tobacco, sweet grass, or the down of birds. It is a well-known law that ancient forms which have

pertained to the practical necessities of life in a forgotten age are preserved in religious ceremonies by symbols which in time become overlaid with mythical meanings.

The Indian's love of outdoor life makes even a wickiup too confined for constant habitation, so everywhere one sees an open shelter from the sun, a simple framework of poles thatched with boughs. These are sometimes isolated, and sometimes project like a portico from the bark or mat house. Here the people eat, work, have their social chats, receive visitors, and in warm weather sleep undisturbed by fear of marauders.

Few habitations are more picturesque than Indian tents, whether grouped on the prairie, half buried amid the tall grass and brilliant flowers, or clustered under the trees. Frequently the outside of the tent is decorated with a brilliant symbolical device representing some power of earth or air a vision of which has appeared to the head of the family in his fastings and vigils.

Pleasing as the tents are by day, with the waving shadows of the grass or the broad flecks of sunlight from between the branches of the trees upon their white sides, which shade into a dull brown at the tops, where the skin-covering is discolored by the smoke ascending in lazy, blue columns, the true time to enjoy the beauty of an Indian camp is at night. Then the tents are illuminated by a central fire, and are all aglow under the stars, the silhouettes of the inmates creating an animated shadow world. Here one catches the picture of a group of children watching an elder twisting his fingers to form a fox chasing a rabbit on the tent wall (perhaps some one is telling a myth about the little fellow, for suddenly the shadow rabbit sits up, waving his ears as though he had outwitted his pursuer); yonder a woman is lifting the pestle, pounding corn in the great wooden mortar; near by are some young girls with their heads together, whispering secrets; old men recline on one elbow, smoking; and over there a young man is bidding the baby boy dance; while the sound of song and friendly chatter fills the air. The picture is of a life simple and contented within itself.

The sweat lodge, which is almost universal among Indian tribes, is built, when possible, on the margin of a stream, and is practically a small tight tent or lodge. When the people take a bath in the steam rising from water sprinkled upon heated stones, they generally sing religious songs; and no ceremony is entered upon by the «mystery men» without first passing through this semi-religious act of purification, for danger and disease are believed to be averted by its agency.

On every journey that I made with the Indians I was surprised afresh by the ease with which the home traveled; for, except when the family lived in an earth lodge, everything was packed up and taken along. If any were so fortunate as to possess a surplus supply of food or clothing, they would store it in a cache, which they might either conceal or leave undisguised. The cache was dug in a dry place, sometimes lined with poles, but often left with no wall but the hard soil. The goods were covered with skins, the earth was thrown over, and the place marked with piles of stones. Meat, corn, clothing, and other personal property were kept for months in this manner, and no one disturbed the hidden store.

Many a time, while the morning stars were still shining, I have watched the mother dismantle the tent-poles, wrench them out of their earth sockets, and lash them, two on a side, to a meek pony that had outlived his skittish days, and was now to be trusted with the little ones, who would ride in a comfortable nest made of the folded tent-cover fastened between the trailing poles. Before ponies were obtainable, dogs were the burden-bearers, and in some remote places they are still used. Great were the snarls and quarrels incident to a dog-train. Often an irritable fellow would find himself on his back, or caught by his poles, so that he became frantic with impotent rage. When fording a stream, the children and the puppies were carried over on the backs of women; the dogs and ponies had to plunge for themselves.

The tribes living on the larger rivers used boats of various constructions. The circular skin boat, made by stretching a rawhide over a framework of withes, was to be found on the Missouri, and curiously resembled those in use centuries ago on the Euphrates. Fairly heavy loads could be transported in these primitive vessels, and they were commonly used by the early traders.

Indian journeyings were not the mere wanderings of a homeless people, but had always a purpose and an objective point in view. Aside from war expeditions, offensive or defensive, there were hunting and fishing excursions, which took place as regularly as the seasons came round. But the Indian always came back to his home, his strong attachment to which we have been forced to recognize in the perils of those ejectments we have from time to time undertaken in the interests of our own race, although the

incursions of a stranger enemy, or the exigencies of food-supply, sometimes forced a tribe to change its location in search of safety or subsistence.

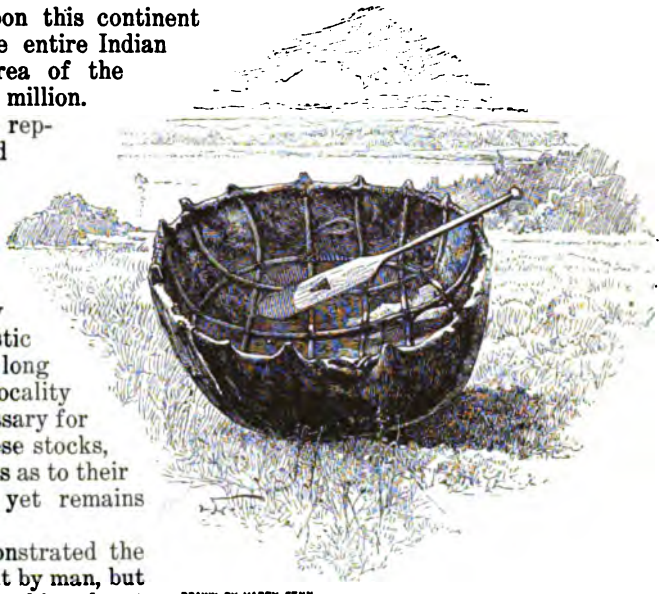
Indians, contrary to widely received opinions, are of a social nature, and fond of paying friendly visits, the etiquette of which would make a chapter of itself. Not much attention is given to the order of their going while in the dust of travel, but when arrived within a short distance of their destination a halt is called, the ponies are relieved of their burdens, the rawhide packs are opened, and gala dresses and fine ornaments come to light. The two young men selected to be the bearers of gifts of tobacco deck themselves for their mission and ride on in advance. A surprise party is not in the Indian's list of amusements; he takes his enemy unawares, but not his friend. The young men return with messages of welcome; sometimes members of the family to be visited come with them personally to conduct the party. Meanwhile all have been busy prinking: brushing and braiding their locks, painting their faces, and donning their best gear, the wide prairie their dressing-room, their mirrors each other's eyes. When the visiting party is again *en route*, there is not a man or woman who is not gorgeous with color and the glitter of shell or feather finery. Even the children have daubs of fresh paint on their plump little cheeks, while the dudes are wonderful to behold, resplendent in necklaces, embroidered leggings, and shirts, and with ornaments innumerable braided into their scalp-locks. The visit over, the Indians go back to their homes pleased and contented, happy if they find, as may not always be the case, that the enemy have not been at work in their absence.

If the «primitive» man led a life void of any definite purpose beyond that of the maintenance of the body, was without any social organization with his fellows, but wandered aimlessly about, guided solely by personal wants or inclinations, and bound by no sense of duty or obligation, we shall not find this «primitive» man in the North American Indian. The principle of mutual helpfulness is a controlling force in the struggle for existence in the merely animal kingdom, and much more has man come under its operations. What happens to the too independent crow in the colony happens also to the human individual who ignores the interests and tramples upon the rights of his fellows. History reveals no people in the past, nor can we find living to-day any race or tribe, without some sort of social organization.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

THE SWEAT LODGE.

When our race entered upon this continent it is questionable whether the entire Indian population of the present area of the United States exceeded half a million. Yet this inconsiderable number represented hundreds of tribes, and these, when grouped according to the laws of their languages, showed that there were many distinct families or stocks, each one, so far as is known, differing from the other as widely as the Aryan and Semitic linguistic families of our own race. A long period of isolation in some one locality would seem to have been necessary for the development of each of these stocks, and there are many speculations as to their birthplaces, but the question yet remains open.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

BULL-BOAT.

Scientific research has demonstrated the long occupancy of this continent by man, but the great chasm lying between his advent here and the era of our acquaintance with him cannot be bridged even by the most patient investigations. We may not, however, despise the little light archæology has been able to throw upon the hidden centuries of the past. From excavations which reveal glimpses of ancient arts and ancient rites, light filaments of old aspirations and beliefs may float back to those far-away days, and upon these delicate threads our thoughts may travel and reach some of the secrets of the long-lost aborigines, which may help to reconcile the curious contradictions found among the Indians of to-day. On the one hand we have groups of people speaking mutually unintelligible tongues, languages unlike in sound and structure, for the development of which there would seem to be necessary a long period of isolation; and on the other hand we find a singular similarity between these groups in their tribal organization, their religious beliefs and worship, and their domestic life and ceremonies.

Professor F. W. Putnam, in his remarkable investigations in the Ohio valley and elsewhere, has shown[1] that several waves of migration or conquest have passed over this country during eons of time; that here, as on the Eastern continent, the long, narrow-headed people of the North have met the short, broad-headed people from the South, bringing with them a higher culture; and in some places these two have passed by each other, and in other localities they have dwelt together and formed a new type. Thus we have to-day Indians agreeing in many things among themselves, yet differing widely in physical characteristics, in their arts, and in their language; and among them we find the survival of ancient arts and customs. Here the clue is found to explain why it so often happens that while studying a group of tribes and finding so many points in common, we are suddenly brought face to face with a great irreconcilable difference. We have struck that strange persistent individuality of a people which is so apt now and then to reveal itself. One race may overlap another, and that which brings superior culture may modify the arts or cults of the other; but here and there a point will be reached where the receptive flexibility ceases, and the integrity of the original stock will be maintained. So, under the seeming likeness of one tribe to another, there are rugged projections of contrast rising from a deeper stratum than that whereon the similarity rests.

Aside from the fascination of the picturesque and the strange in the life of the Indian, there is for general observers, as well as for the student, a deeper interest in the contemplation of him as belonging to an order of society which in other lands had preceded those forms first recorded in history. Among the aborigines of America the tribe can still be recognized as in its various stages of development; and while the social order thus revealed by no means represents

[1] THE CENTURY, for March, 1890, Vol. XXXIX, p. 699.

primitive society,—for ages of struggle lie back of the governmental attainment reached in the Indian tribe,—it has been developed on the same lines as the tribe of the Greeks and the Romans. As we are the inheritors of a political government which has been developed from that of the tribes of Europe, it will be of interest to glance at the structure of an Indian tribe, and to observe there the same conditions which have antedated those revealed to us in the tracing of our own history.

We take for illustration the Omaha tribe, a member of the Dakotan or Siouan linguistic stock. In the course of time the mother tongue of this group became differentiated into tribal dialects that now possess little in common outside their structure, so that the language of one tribe is unintelligible to all the rest. Their traditions tell us that these changes have taken place during the slow migrations of the people as they moved westward from the Atlantic coast; and in proof of this a remnant has been recently discovered in the Tutelos of North Carolina, another has been traced in the Biloxis on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, while the most westerly branch is that of the Crows of Montana. In their long wanderings these tribes have come in contact with the culture of the Southern people, of which we see traces in the ceremonies and customs of the Siouan group. Dakotan names linger on the rivers and mountains along their migratory path, and are preserved in States which embrace much of their ancient territory—Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, and North and South Dakota.

The name «Omaha» bears testimony to the long journey of the people, and reveals some of the causes which brought about this breaking up into distinct tribes. It is composed of two words which signify «going against the current,» or up the stream. The Omahas were the people who went up the stream, while the Quapaws, their near of kin, went, as their name reveals, «with the current,» or down the stream. The traditions of both these peoples say that the parting occurred during a hunting expedition, each division finally settling in the lands whither they had wandered apart. This epochal hunt must have been centuries ago, for the Quapaws bore their descriptive name in 1540, being mentioned in the Portuguese narrative of De Soto's expedition as then living on the Arkansas River, where they dwelt until 1839, when they ceded their long-occupied lands to the United States.

In the northwestern journeyings of the «up-stream people» they again and again divided, the last to leave being the Poncas,

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

FROM THE TENT TO THE CABIN—THE FIRST STEP TOWARD CIVILIZATION.

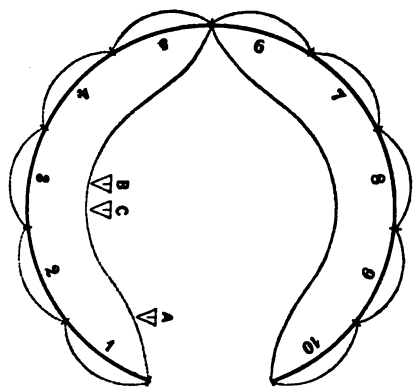
who parted from the Omahas within the last few centuries—not so long ago but that the language of the two tribes is practically the same. Ancient village sites, marked by the decay of earth lodges, burial-mounds, and earthworks, tell us of long sojourn in some favored locality, perhaps until war or other disaster caused a fresh migration. When Lewis and Clark, in the beginning of this century, ascended the Missouri, the Omahas were in the vicinity of their present home, controlling an immense tract of land. In 1854 they ceded their hunting-grounds to the United States, reserving for their own occupancy a small tract on the right bank of the Missouri, about seventy miles north of the city which bears their name. Their villages, gardens, and fields lay along the wooded streams, while to the west the buffalo roamed over the rich, rolling prairies. This tribe has never been at war with the white race, and it has been fortunate in its native leaders. Early in the century, Umpa-tunga, or Big Elk, a head chief, left a prophecy with the people which foretold, in a picture drawn from the overflowing of the Missouri, the coming of the white man, and bade the Indians prepare to meet this flood, which would obliterate all their old ways. One June day, a dozen years ago, as I sat in the shade of a red blanket tied to crotched poles, the plats of the reservation spread upon the ground, over which Indians of all ages, some in coats, some in blankets, were bent, while the ponies, wondering at the crowd, peered over their riders' shoulders, across our talk concerning the allotments of land came the cadence of a chant; and looking up, I saw upon a hill hard by an old Indian, facing the east, the sun shining full upon him as with uplifted hand he recited the parable of Big Elk; then calling out that «the flood had come,» he bade the people give heed to the words of the old chief. This message given, he disappeared as suddenly as he had come.

The changes which have befallen the tribe, although radical, have been accepted and welcomed by the more progressive individuals; but there still remain those who are loath to part with ancient habits and customs. Among the progressive are men of heroic mold, who have evinced great mental power in accepting new ideals. There are unwritten epics hidden among these heroes that may some day find utterance; meanwhile the effort to win a place in the midst of our crowding race taxes the energy of all the people. They are beginning to realize that new demands are upon them, which can be met only by the development of new resources within themselves; and they are thrusting forward their children, some of whom are already entering the professions. However, no rash or iconoclastic hand has been placed upon their ancient beliefs and ceremonies; for the keepers of the sacred tent of war and the sacred pole, discerning the signs of the times, have resolutely, yet not without a reverent reluctance, placed these articles and their belongings for safe keeping where the history of their tribe is also to be preserved—in the Peabody Museum at Harvard University. This voluntary burial of the tribal past by these leaders, that the people may be freer to enter into the new life of civilization, indicates the remarkable characters that are to be found among our native tribes.

That form of political organization called the tribe, which we are apt to regard as a unit, is not so regarded by the Indian. Its component parts are very distinct to him, and their significance is ever present to his mind. All Indian tribes are made up of a number of separate clans, or gentes. There are ten such groups in the Omaha tribe. Each has the general appellation of *Tan-wan-gthan*, or village. In this village we find the simplest political form which exists at the present day; but an examination of the Tan-wan-gthan shows that, simple as it is, it has undergone changes during the long centuries in which man has been slowly working out his social relations. The village contains only kindred, and this kinship is traced through one parent only. In the greater number of tribes it is the mother from whom the clan claims descent, but with the Omahas the descent is traced through the father.

Long ages ago the law of exogamy emerged from the darkness that enshrouded primitive society—a law which prevailed all over this country, and which forbade a man or woman to marry in his or her gens, or clan. This law knit the units, or villages, together by natural ties; for, although the descent was traced through one parent only, and a man was bound to but one clan, or gens, there were curious interlacings of interest and authority which grew out of the affection between parents and children. In Indian tribes the husband and wife must always represent two political units, and can never coalesce to form the family as we know it. A daughter, when she married, did not become merged in her husband's gens, as was the case in Greece and Rome; she still belonged to a gens separate from that of her

husband, and its ties dominated all other obligations. The children were political strangers to one parent, and could claim no rights of relationship, broadly speaking, from both parents. Under these conditions there could be no common property in an Indian family; every article had its individual owner, and this personal right of ownership existed alongside of a species of communism which obtained among some of our Indian tribes—a communism that related almost solely to provisions to be used for the entertainment of tribal guests, or for general consumption in the time of scarcity and want. Upon the death of a person, his property passed to the kindred in his clan. A child could not inherit from both parents; it would have only a clan share in the property of one.



THE OMAHA TRIBAL CIRCLE, OR HOO-THU-GA.

Tun-wan-gthan, or gentes and subgentes.	*Taboo*
1. Wae'jin-shtae.	The male elk.
2. In-kae'sabae.	
a. Ne-ne'ba-tan.	Charcoal.
b. Ee'ae-ko-thae.	Red corn.
c. Wa-the'he-ghae.	Tongue and horns of the buffalo.
3. Hun'ga.	
a. Wa-the'tan.	Side meat of the buffalo.
b. Hun'ga-hte.	Green or blue paint.
c. Wa-sha'bae-tan.	Tongue of the buffalo.
d. Wa-hrae'hae-tan.	Side meat of the buffalo and also the crane.
4. Tha'ta-da.	
a. Khu'ka.	Black bear.
b. Wa-sa'bae-etazhe.	Black bear.
c. Wa-ghin'ga-etazhe.	All birds except the duck.
d. Kae'in.	Turtle.
e. Tae-pa'etazhe.	Head of the buffalo.
5. Kan'zae.	Green paint.
a. Ta-dae'nh-ta.	
b. Ne-ne'ba-tan.	
6. Man'thin-ka-ga-hae.	The clay from which green or blue paint is made.
a. Kha'bae.	
b. Me'ka-se.	
c. Min'ha-san-wa-etazhe.	Down of the swan.
d. Ne-ne'ba-tan.	
7. Tae-theen'dae.	Buffalo fetus and calf.
a. Tae-theen'dae-hte.	
8. Ta-pa'.	Head of the deer and buffalo.
a. Ne-ne'ba-tan.	
b. Ta-pa'.	
9. In-g'thae'zhe-dae.	Buffalo fetus and calf.
10. In-shta'sunda.	Reptiles, frogs, toads, and beetles.
a. In-shta-sunda-hte.	
b. Ne-ne'ba-tan.	
c. Wa-shae'tan.	

A. Sacred tent of war.

B. Tent of sacred white buffalo-skin.

C. Tent of the sacred pole.

Inheritance, however, is at the minimum in an Indian tribe, not only as regards property, but also in the matter of honors and privileges. Little, if anything, ever descends from individuals; and even among tribes that have something akin to a hereditary chieftaincy, no man can remain a leader long who does not possess the power to attain and hold the office through his own superior ability. It may happen that certain families for several generations produce chiefs, and it is true that a prestige clings to the family of a chief; but the essential fact remains that official positions in an Indian tribe are secured and retained by personal talent rather than by inheritance. This statement does not apply to the appointments made by authority of the United States—«paper chiefs,» as they are called, whose power rests solely upon the bolstering of our governmental officials.

The obligations imposed by the clan, or gens, cannot be set aside; they are paramount to all others, and end only with life. Within these groups of kindred each member is held responsible for the acts of every other; every man must take up his kinsman's quarrel and avenge his wrongs. The clan stands at the back of every one, and while none can escape from its exactions, all find safety in its protection.

In the course of time the operations of the law of exogamy did not suffice to bind the villages together in a manner to meet the growing social necessities, and various other causes operated to unite the kinship groups into the tribe. One of these causes is indicated in the Omaha word *Ou-kee-dtae:* when used as a noun it means «tribe,» as a verb it signifies «to fight.» It is the only word in the Omaha tongue which implies battling at the risk of one's life with enemies outside the tribe. To the Omaha Indian the idea conveyed by the noun and by the verb must have been primarily the same. Thus it would seem that external pressure necessitating union for defense was, in this instance at least, instrumental in determining the tribe. All over the country a chief cause of war was the necessity of protecting hunting- and fishing-grounds, for upon the game and the fish the very life of the people depended.

A glance at the diagram of the Omaha tribal circle will suggest that there must have been other influences at work besides those born of the mere necessity of defense to develop an organization at once so com-

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY R. O. COLLINS.

PART OF THE HOO-THU-GA.

pact and so independent of locality. One sees that a different class of ideas has come into play—ideas of great formative power transcending those which concern the merely temporal demands of the people. When these ideas first assumed importance it would be difficult to determine, for the tribe has for generation upon generation pitched its tents in this particular form, to which it gives the name *Hoo-thu-ga*. The diameter of this circle varied from a quarter to nearly a mile, and the width of the opening depended upon the character of the ground or the proximity of dangerous neighbors. In the latter case the ponies were gathered within the inclosure, and the circle of tents was drawn closely together to form a compact line of defense. This outline was carefully observed when the people were on the annual buffalo-hunt, and the opening of the Hoo-thu-ga was in the direction in which the tribe was traveling; but when a permanent village was made, the opening faced the east. The lodges composing the Hoo-thu-ga were arranged according to the order of the ten gentes which composed the tribe. This order was never broken, each gens having its fixed position as relating to its neighbors. Moreover, this position bore a relation to ancient cults of the people, and had therefore a religious signification.

Looking once more at the diagram of the tribal circle, we note that each gens bears a special name, suggestive of some one of the elements, or of the animals which play so large a part in man's struggle for existence. To the Omaha the gens not only conveys the idea of a group of kindred, but of a people holding a common descent from some mythical ancestor whose symbol is sacred in the gens. These symbols are of animate or inanimate objects, and to impress the sacredness of the mythical tie of relationship within the gens, the thing symbolized must not be eaten or touched. Each gens has its particular taboo. One gens must not touch the head of the buffalo. The writer recalls the reverent manner in which a man of this gens waved away a spoon made from the buffalo horn when it was offered him to use, saying, «I make it sacred.» The penalty for violating, even unwittingly, the taboo of a gens is a visitation of sores, livid spots, inflammation of the eyes, and even blindness. The *In-shta-sunda*, or Thunder gens, do not touch reptiles, toads, or beetles. Some years ago the vegetable-garden of the Omaha mission was visited by the potato-bug. The good missionaries in charge engaged the children in the work of extermination by offering a bounty of five cents a quart, solid measure, for defunct bugs. As the extinction of the species became imminent, some of the young wits adulterated their bugs by the addition

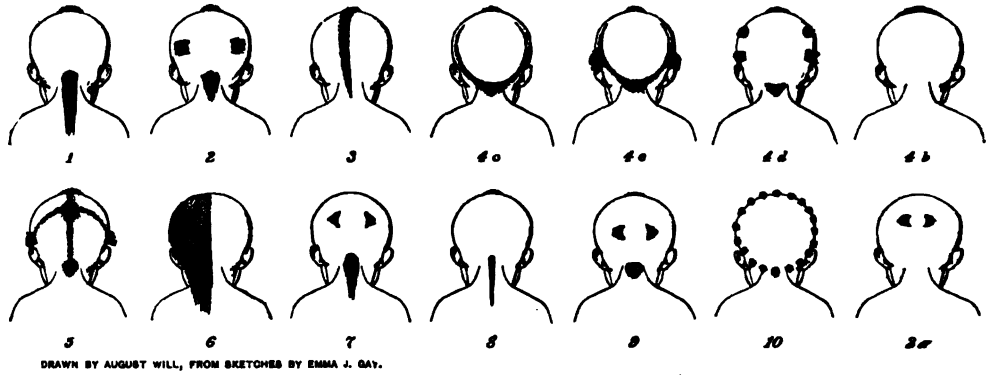
of spurious beetles. About this time one of the little girls became suddenly covered with sores. Her parents, hearing of it, came in consternation to the mission. She belonged to the Thunder gens, and the child's bug income ceased at once. She had unwittingly been carrying on a traffic in her taboo!

Each Tan-wan-gthan has names which belong exclusively to it, and these names all refer to the symbol of the gens. The names in the Thunder gens picture the clouds, lightning, thunder, and their symbols. These names are called *ne-ke-ae*—«spoken by» or «the word of a chief.» The chief here referred to is the mythical object of veneration in the gens, as the Thunder gods in the Thunder gens. The male birth-names are always peculiar to the gens, and while this is true to a degree of the female birth-names, there are quite a number of these common to several gentes, through a supposed subtle relationship between the symbols or taboos of the different gentes. While an Omaha woman never bears any other than the ne-ke-ae name, this does not hold good in all tribes—not even in all of those belonging to the linguistic group of which the Omaha is a member. A numerical name is sometimes given to children, signifying first-born son or daughter, and so on. Some tribes have a set of child-names which are given at birth and superseded at maturity by an adult name belonging to the gens, bestowed with more or less ceremony. Everywhere men, when so inclined, take extra names to commemorate dreams or events in their career, or names may be given in derision or honor, so that a man may have a number; but he never forgets his birth-name, which clings to him more or less closely all his life.

Each gens has not only its exclusive names, but its distinctive style of cutting the hair of the children—a style bearing some real or fancied resemblance to the symbol of the gens. The following sketches show the manner in which the hair of the male child is trimmed from the ages of three to seven years, the first cutting being made with religious ceremony. The numbers and letters refer to the gentes and subgentes on the diagram of the Hoo-thu-ga, or tribal circle.

The ten gentes were grouped into two divisions, five gentes in each, called the In-shta-sunda and the Hun-ga-shae-nu, and both must always be represented in tribal ceremonies, negotiations, and consultations. No council can have authority to act unless there are present at least one chief from the In-shta-sunda side of the Hoo-thu-ga and two chiefs from the Hun-ga-shae-nu. One day, when speaking of this unequal representation to one of the leading men of the Hun-ga-shae-nu, he said, «You see how strong are the In-shta-sunda, since one of their chiefs was enough!» This, to me, was an unfamiliar way of estimating power.

These two divisions resembled somewhat the Greek phratries, and, like those brotherhoods, were based upon religious beliefs and ceremonies. It would lead us into technicalities and carry us beyond the limits of this paper to attempt the dissection of the tribe so as to demonstrate how it came about that the belief in a mysterious kinship between men who were supposed to be descended in some supernatural way from a mythical an-



DRAWN BY AUGUST WILL, FROM SKETCHES BY EMMA J. GAY.

STYLES OF CUTTING THE HAIR OF OMAHA BOYS.

No. 1 is typical of the head and tail of the elk.—No. 2 symbolizes the head, tail, and horns of the buffalo.—No. 2a. The children of this subgens and those of the *Ne-ne'be-tan* subgens of other gentes have their hair cut alike; the locks on each side of the bared crown indicate the horns of the buffalo.—No. 3 represents the line of the buffalo's back as seen against the sky.—No. 4b stands for the head of the bear.—No. 4c figures the head, tail, and body of small birds.—No. 4d, the bare head, represents the shell of the turtle; and the tufts, the head, feet, and tail of the animal.—No. 4e pictures the head, wings, and tail of the eagle.—No. 5 symbolizes the four points of the compass connected by cross lines; the central tuft points to the zenith.—No. 6 represents the shaggy side of the wolf.—No. 7 indicates the horns and tail of the buffalo.—No. 8 stands for the head and tail of the deer.—No. 9 shows the head, tail, and knobs of the growing horns of the buffalo calf.—No. 10 symbolizes reptile teeth. The children of this gens sometimes have the hair shaved off so as to represent the hairless body of snakes.

cestor related to the thunder or the winds, or animate forms, as the bird or the bear, came at last to be a tie transcending all other ties; how the religious idea made stronger the natural bond between the members of a clan, and finally brought about the union of gentes into brotherhoods. The formation of the phratry was a natural result of the domination of the religious idea in the mind of the Indian, rather than the outcome of an external pressure of circumstances or conditions, although such pressure was one of the causes which led the phratries to combine and form the tribe that stood as a unit to the outside world. That the Omahas thought of themselves as a union of phratries rather than as a people united under one political cognomen is evidenced by the manner in which an orator would speak to the collected tribe. He could not say, « Ho, Omahas! » but « Ho, In-shta-sunda, Hun-ga-shae-nu! »

The Omaha tribal circle is the picture of a fixed order. It is far removed from a huddle of tents, or any chance arrangement of kinship groups. Long ages of struggle evidently lie behind this attainment in organization, but how long the ages or how great the struggle none can tell. The Hoo-thu-ga bears the marks of many vicissitudes; the scars are those of ancient rendings when whole groups of people broke away, and there are signs of changes incident to changes of environment and the growth of political ideas. The In-kae-sa-bae and the Hun-ga are now both buffalo gentes. Hun-ga means « leader » — « one who goes before, » or « the ancient one. » This gens has charge not only of the hunting of the buffalo, but of the planting of the corn, and the care of the sacred tents. All the ceremonies which pertain to the conserving of life and the government of the tribe are more or less directly under the control of the Hun-ga, and the leadership of this gens probably antedated the present organization of the tribe, which bears strong indications of reconstruction under the conditions incident to living in the buffalo country. The corn ceremony, instead of standing out alone, has become a part of the great tribal ceremony of thanksgiving for the successful buffalo-hunt.

The comparatively stable supply of food which the vast herds of buffalo afforded the tribes living within their range exercised a marked influence upon the growth of society and of political ideas. By means of the buffalo a sort of rude wealth could be acquired, which led to the overthrow of a government by chiefs drawn from particular gentes, and opened the ranks of the oligarchy to men of industry and valor — men who could count their hundreds of *Wa-thin-ae-thae* — certain prescribed gifts made under certain conditions.[1] This was a step toward the triumph of the individual over the domination of the clan, and is of great interest as marking the rise of the political value of industry.

From this rapid summary of the Indian tribal structure, the details of which run into the minutiæ of each subdivision of the gentes, and control even the cut of the children's hair, it can be seen that the child from infancy is trained in the mythology of his tribe and gens. His father's tent is always in a given place in the tribal circle; his name and the taboo-objects constantly remind him of the strange power that has intimate relation with his life; while his own queerly decorated poll, and the heads of his kindred playmates, so fix the symbol of this mystery in his mind that he can never forget where he and his kin belong in the tribe, nor escape from the thraldom of his tribal beliefs. Thus, when we retrace our steps in the line of social development, instead of going back to an unrestrained state of nature, about which the philosophers of the eighteenth century loved to discourse, we are returning to elaborate ceremonies, to forms which become more and more fixed, and to the loss of individual liberty; freedom being the product of civilization, evolved through the centuries by the slow progress of ideas.

In the perspective furnished by the study of our Indian tribes we see in true proportions the efforts and attainments of man in the past toward the development of social order, and, standing in the broadened light, with clearer knowledge of what is behind us, we can better understand the social problems of our day.

Alice C. Fletcher.

[1] See THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for January, 1893, Vol. XLV, p. 441.

A SLENDER ROMANCE.

WITH PICTURES BY W. McNAIR, JR.

DEACON HATFIELD was forty-five years old and a bachelor. And he was a good bachelor. Now, a good bachelor is an object to sigh over as long as there is a worthy unmarried maid available.

At least, such is the feeling in Simpkinsville. And so the best Simpkinsville folk, who unanimously regarded the deacon as one good husband gone wrong, sighed as they passed from contemplation of his wasted domestic qualities to the solitary life of a certain Miss Euphemia Twiggs, commonly known as «Miss Phemie,» who, during her nearly forty years of residence among them, had proved by many signs her entire fitness for the position of wife to the deacon. The deacon was mild and gentle of mien. Miss Phemie was a woman of decision. She would have given him just the accent he seemed to require for his full perfection.

And then she needed—if such things are ever needs—a home-setting and personal indorsement. It is one thing to be indorsed by a community, and quite another to have the individual indorsement and protection of a special and particular man. The woman thus equipped presents her credentials every time she gives her name. For Mrs. John Smith and all that relates to her, see John Smith, Esquire. Now, John Smith's name may not have great value among men; but his wife, simply because she may appropriate it, has a certain social prestige not quite attainable by the unmarried woman, even though she be far her superior.

At least, so it is in Simpkinsville. So are social values in some of the world's secluded spots still upside down.

For many years the good people of the good little village had regarded Miss Phemie and the deacon as definitely in need of each other. It would never have been granted for a moment that either could need any one else. The deacon had seen the young women of the community grow up, blossom into beauty, and marry, one by one, and he had stood aside and let them depart.

Miss Euphemia had likewise seen men come and go. It is true, however, that she had been several times «kep' company with» in years past, and once, at least, unequivocally addressed by a worthy man, now the father of one of Simpkinsville's leading families. This of course gave her a certain reserve of dignity to be drawn upon on occasion that was in itself a distinction.

Nevertheless, she remained «Euphemia O. Twiggs» on both church-books and tax-roll; for, be it understood, Miss Twiggs was no pauper.

Her income of four or five hundred dollars a year, varying with the crops, gave her a financial independence that went far to dignify her position. And yet, so playfully is the single life regarded in some localities, and so delicate was Miss Euphemia's poise between the independent single woman she consciously was and the possible heroine of an always imminent romance, that the village folk never lost an opportunity of tipping the balance for their own amusement. Thus when, at one of the church sociables, she was prevailed upon to sing Tennyson's «Song of the Brook,» a favorite number in the village repertoire, on her rendering of the words,

> For men may come and men may go,
> But I go on for ever,

there was a suppressed titter among the young and giddy set in the back of the assembly, and one or two of the more adventurous craned their necks to look at the deacon, who was observed to clear his throat. But this may have been accidental. Certainly Miss Euphemia was wholly unaware of any personal application of her song to herself.

But another thing was equally sure: the deacon and she were distinctly aware of each other. Indeed, it would have been tacitly conceded by everything that for either to marry a third person would have been an act approaching discourtesy to the one remaining.

Still, be it said to their credit, both had been frequently known separately to declare their unchangeable intentions of remaining forever single. But this was always under pressure of the village bantering; and what

is the value of such protestation from man or woman pressed to the wall?

There had possibly been moments of annoyance in the lives of each of these good people when the marriage of one to a third person would have been a definite relief to the other. As one of Miss Euphemia's friends had said to her on one occasion:

«Th' ain't no fun in havin' your whole livelong life overshaddered by a man with no earthly intentions.»

To which way of stating the case Miss Euphemia had replied with some spirit:

«Which ef he had any intentions, he 'd be welcome to keep 'em to hisself.»

But, again, what woman could have been expected to say less under the circumstances?

There had been other old bachelors and maidens in and about Simpkinsville, and several were there now; but to all excepting these two were attached their individual romances, long ago finished in tragedy, or still pending.

There was actually, as she herself asserted, nothing between Miss Euphemia and the deacon, not even a professed personal friendship. The point was that there *ought to be*. He had never paid her a visit in his life. He had simply for twenty-five years, more or less, sat in the pew behind her at church, found the hymns as they were given out, and then, leaning forward, changed hymn-books with her.

That was all.

That was only the part of good manners, according to the Simpkinsville code polite, and he would have done the same for any other woman sitting unattended in the pew before him.

For her to decline his book would have been embarrassing at first, and, as the years passed, it would have been serious to do so. Indeed, it would easily have been construed into refusing a man before he had offered himself. And not entirely without cause, either, as an ulterior motive would have been immediately apparent, and there was absolutely nothing back of the small courtesy but himself—himself, eligible, not asking for her.

So Miss Euphemia continued to sing from the deacon's book. The years went on, and a little thin spot was beginning to show on the back of the deacon's head, and a tiny hollow, corresponding with the one at the base of her throat, was coming in between the cords at the back of Miss Euphemia's neck. It was as if Time, in passing down the aisle, had laid his palm lightly upon the man's pate, and then, in a spirit of mischievous spite, had jabbed the back of the woman's sensitive neck with his peaked thumb.

Some of Time's revenges are so shabby that we find it hard to forgive them in one so old—one who ought, centuries ago, to have learned to be kindly at least.

The deacon saw the old man's finger-mark upon the slender neck before him, but Miss Euphemia, seated in front of him, did not see the threatening baldness of his head. Still, of course, she knew it was there. Everybody in Simpkinsville knew just how bald, or nearly bald, or how far from it, everybody else was. They even knew who secretly pulled out gray hairs, and how old some people were who would never be bald or gray, because it did n't run in their families to be so, and their luxuriant locks were held at a corresponding discount or premium according to the point of observation.

There was no reason up to this point in their lives to believe that either Miss Euphemia or the deacon was specially interested in the fact that the other was growing old, or, indeed, that they were particularly interested in each other at all. If they had been let alone, it seems quite probable that they would have continued to the end of their lives to sing from each other's books in their adjoining pews, and this one point of neighborly contact in their separate lives might never have been made a pivotal one, as it was destined to become through the playful intermeddling of interested friends.

It was the minister who began it. At a little supper spread for the officers of the church at the house of one of the elders, the dominie was the most frivolous guest present. His feeling of responsibility for the amusement of the company took form in characteristic missiles of inordinate teasing. After spending his lighter fire in several directions, he said finally, with an assumption of great seriousness, addressing his opposite neighbor, the schoolmaster of the village, and turning his back upon the deacon as he spoke:

«I 've been tryin' to make a mathematical ca'culation, Brother Clark, and I think I 'll have to get you to come in with your arithmetic and help me out. I 'd like to estimate exactly how many times in twenty-three years Deacon Hatfield and Miss Euphemia Twiggs have changed hymn-books.»

Of course there was boisterous laughter at this proposition; but the Rev. Mr. Binnie, who spoke as one with authority, quickly restored silence with a wave of his hand.

«No, I 'm not a-jokin',» he continued; «I've been a-puzzlin' over this ca'culation for some

time. Twenty-three years of 52 Sundays makes 1196. But, you see, there 's—Wait; le' me get out my pencil an' paper again. I thought I had them figgurs all worked out in my mind, but they 're a little too many for me.

«Here it is. Now, I 'll call 'em out as I put 'em down: Once every Sunday for 23 years would be 1196 times; but, you see, there 's three hymns sung every Sunday mornin', an' two every Sunday evenin', an' three at prayer-meetin'. That makes eight book-swappin's for every week *for singin'*; an' countin' in the useless handin' back o' the book at every mornin' service,—what I 'd designate as a empty swap,—why, that makes nine a week. Now, nine times 1196 comes to 10,764, which, added to special meetin's that 's been held throughout the year, an' such little extries as the singin' of doxologies,—exceptin', of co'se, the long meter, which they do manage to worry through without changin' books; an' I confess to you now that I have sometimes given out other meters on a doxology, just to see 'em swap books, they *do* do it so purty—I say, allowin' for all such extries, an' what time there may be over and above twenty-three years, which there is, more or less, with sech odds an' ends as an occasional leap-year Sunday th'own in, if my arithmetic is anyway right—why, they 're consider'ble past the 12,000 notch, *easy*.

«Now, the next question is—an' maybe this is mo' a question in algebra **than it** is of arithmetic, 'cause there 's **a unknown** quantity somewhere in it—the **next question** is, how many of such open attentions **as** this—which we all know to be entirely **unnecessary**, as both parties can read both **words** and numbers at sight—how many of **such** attentions, I say, does it take to be **equivalent** to an open an' aboveboa'd proposal of **marriage**?

«It seems to me that it would **n't be** any more than fair to require that **after ten** or twelve thousand times there **ought be** an understandin' either to have 'em *mean* somethin' or *quit*—one!

«Now, what do you say? I put **it to** vote, an' if there 's a tie, why, I say, give Brother Hatfield the castin' vote. Otherwise, let him maintain the same discreet silence he 's been maintainin' these twenty-three years an' over.»

«I 'D LIKE TO ESTIMATE EXACTLY HOW MANY TIMES.»

He paused here as if to take breath, whereupon the entire party, convulsed with laughter throughout, burst into most uproarious applause; all excepting, of course, the deacon, whose usually pale face resembled nothing so much as a fibrous and gnarled little beet lifted from the soaked earth after a shower, as he sat grinning helplessly in the midst of his tormentors. For of co urse all were with the minister in anything he might dare in behalf of their long-desired match.

Seeing his advantage, he was soon pursuing it again:

«But, my brethren, before the votin' commences,» he interrupted, securing silence now by assuming for the moment his ministerial voice—«before the votin' begins, I say, I 'd like to call attention to one or two other points in this case. I have ascertained by exact measurement with a spirit-level—which I felt free to do, bein' your spiritual adviser—I have ascertained that the top edge of the back of Miss Euphemia's pew is worn down a little over an inch in exac'ly the spot where those twelve thousand passin's of hymn-books have taken place. Now, takin' that as a figgur o' speech and as a basis of mathematical ca'culations at once, it seems to me that we could safely say that in time this romance, if left to its own co'se, would finally wear away all barriers 'twixt the two pews. *In time*, I say, but *how much time?* That 's the mathematical question.

«Even grantin' that Miss Euphemia an' Brother Hatfield have found the secret of perpetual youth, ain't there somethin' due to their friends? I, for one, would like to witness the happy end of this love-affair, but its present progress is too slow for my mortal life. Twenty-three years to the square inch is pretty slow for a high-backed pew.

«Now, another thing; of co'se we 're not goin' to be too personal in this matter, but I 'll wager right now that if we was to examine the under side of Brother Hatfield's right coat-sleeve, we 'd find it wo'e pretty thin, if not darned.

«Don't put down your knife, deacon. We ain't a-goin' to requi'e you to show it. We ain't a-goin' to exceed the bounds of politeness.

«But I say, my brethren, I don't doubt the darn is there. An' furthermo'e—now, this part I 'm a-comin' to now is *a fact*. You see, Miss Euphemia is sort o' cousin to my wife's sister-in-law, so this is all in the family. An' furthermo'e, I say, my wife tells me that as an actual fact she heard Miss Euphemia wonderin' the other day how come the right shoulder of her black silk dress to wear out the way it does. She had darned it twice, an' she declared she never had wo'e the dress nowhere but to church mo' 'n three or four times in thirteen year.

«Ain't it funny to think she has n't never thought o' the friction o' them hymn-books a-passin' over that shoulder? An' neither did wife till I called her attention to it. But she promised never to tell it. She said she would n't dare tell it to her, an' so I thought, Brother Hatfield, that while I was on the subject I 'd ask you, in her behalf, would you mind—as long as she has to pay for her own silk dresses—would you mind liftin' them hymn-books a leetle higher whilst you 're a-passin' that shoulder-seam? Wife tells me a seam-darn is a mighty bothersome one to put in, on account of its havin' to be spliced in the middle.

«As to the wear an' tear of the top o' that pew-rail, why, I propose to refer that over to the committee on church buildin' an' repairs.»

The table was by this time in such an uproar that nothing less than a response from the hitherto silent deacon could have gained a hearing.

The little man had fortunately recovered himself somewhat, and was ready to come to his own rescue with the laughing reminder that he was himself chairman of the committee on repairs, and a promise that he would call a meeting on the subject whenever it should become serious.

The deacon's voice was slender at best, but its thin, good-natured response commanded attention now; and indeed, it went so far to restore his threatened dignity that after a little random bantering the subject was dropped.

But this was only the beginning. Before the next sundown everybody in Simpkinsville, excepting, of course, Miss Euphemia, had laughed over the minister's temerity, and declared it the «best joke they had ever heard in their lives»; while more than one had remarked that «ef Simpkinsville knowed what side their bread was buttered on they would n't let Miss Phemie get a holt of it.»

This also was the deacon's chief concern. Indeed, he declared to himself that it was the only thing he cared for in the whole affair. As for himself, he would n't let sech foolishness pester him into doin' any different to the way he 'd been doin' all his livelong life—the way he 'd been raised to do.

As he took his seat behind Miss Euphemia on the following Sunday, however, it is safe to say that he felt a tremor of embarrassment on his own account; for at his entrance there was a very definite stir throughout the congregation, not to mention the bobbing together in pairs of sundry feathered bonnets near him. Yet, even as he realized the delicacy of the situation, he could not help running his eye along the line defining the top rail of Miss Euphemia's pew, and the marked depression he saw there seemed to run in a quiver up and down his spinal column for the space of some minutes; and when finally, in desperation, he raised his eyes a little higher, it was only to see upon Miss Euphemia's

shoulder the evenly laid stitches of a careful darn.

Somehow, the silken threads seemed to raise themselves above the shiny fabric, so that he saw them clearly, even without his reading-glasses.

He knew there was no truth in the minister's remark about the wearing of his own sleeve, and he had thought him jesting throughout, and perhaps he was. Still, here was the darn. The discovery startled him so that his mind wandered during the entire opening prayer; and when presently a hymn was given out he became so confused that after he had presented his book—blushing, he felt, like a school-boy—he was horrified to discover that he had found the wrong place, and the trying ordeal had to be repeated. He seemed to hear the minister saying «one extry,» and jotting down 12,002 in the account he was reckoning against him, as he changed books a second time for one hymn.

His state of mind was bad enough, but when he raised his eyes from his book only to see a purplish-red color slowly spreading all the way around the back of Miss Euphemia's neck—well, he could only turn purple, too.

Evidently she had heard the talk.

But here be it said that in describing this moment ten years afterward, Miss Euphemia declared that she «had n't heard a breath of it,» and that she did n't know to save her life why she had changed color that a-way, which she knew she done, because for a second or so, when deacon passed her that book, seem like she felt every eye in Simpkinsville on her.

This seems a remarkable statement, and yet the writer of this slender romance of her life believes it to be true, for Miss Euphemia would have died rather than verge a hair's breadth from the exact verities in word or deed. Indeed, it seems to the writer that her subsequent conduct goes far to confirm her statement. Be this as it may, the deacon naturally took her blushes as proof of her knowledge of the affair. She not only knew it, but was sensitive on the subject. «It plagued her.»

The stress of the situation was more than he could stand; and although somewhat reassured when her wavering alto notes came in timidly with the third line of the hymn, he failed to command his own voice, and there was a clear, high tenor missing in the church during the entire hymn.

He sat very still, in seeming attention to the service, until another singing was imminent. But before it was announced the unusual stillness of his mare, tied to a tree outside the window, disturbed him so that he was impelled to go to her relief; and it was only after a prolonged and tedious manipulation of the reins that he was able to return to the church, where, instead of disturbing the congregation in the midst of the sermon, he slipped noiselessly, though by no means unobserved, into a seat near the door.

This was a definite and somewhat ignominious retreat, and so it was regarded by the delighted congregation, now on tiptoe of expectation for next developments.

If Miss Euphemia had not before heard of the minister's joke concerning her and her neighbor, she heard it now, from all sides. Indeed, before she had reached the church door to-day, one of her good friends had expressed surprise at «two sensible people like her and deacon takin' a little fun so seriously.» Another even went so far as to compare the respective blushes of the two as viewed from the rear; while a third declared that she thought she 'd die in her pew for the want of a laugh at deacon's face when he got up an' went out o' church to worry his horse.

When Miss Euphemia finally made them understand that she did n't know what in kingdom come they were talkin' about, more than one of the good people of the church turned away, declaring they would never put faith in human creature again, and that it was a «pity some folks could n't see the backs o' their own necks befo' they openly perjured theirselves—an' in the house of God at that.»

«Yes, an' a thunderstorm a-fixin' to gether this minute,» added a voice outside the door. «I 'd 'a' thought she 'd 'a' been afeered o' bein' struck dead by lightnin'.»

And still another, as the crowd passed down the steps:

«The Lord has gone more out of his way than that to make examples o' people thet set him at defiance that a-way.»

While she lingered in the aisle within, listening to the story as it came to her little by little from many lips, the color came and went in Miss Euphemia's thin face; and when she finally turned away she said simply, though her head was high as she spoke:

«I 'm sorry he troubled hisself. He need n't to 've, I 'm sure.»

It is probable that she made no effort to be non-committal in this speech; still, taking the words afterward, her friends found them unsatisfactory.

There was that in the mien of both Miss Euphemia and the deacon during the week following this most interesting episode that forbade any reference to the subject in their

presence even by such of their worthy and intimate friends as declared themselves «jest a-burstin' to plague their lives out of 'em,» and «nearly dead to know what they 'll do next.»

A week is a long time in Simpkinsville, where time is reckoned chiefly either by great old clocks the long, ponderous pendulums of which seem to be lagging with the village movement, or by the slow insinuations of light and shadow with the easy comings and goings of the never-hurrying sun.

In inverse ratio to her sauntering movement is the Simpkinsville eagerness over a village event. Indeed, she is wont on occasion even to indulge in playful denunciation of her own slow pace so far outstripped by her impatient spirit. And so, wherever two or three were congregated during this longest of long weeks, there might have been heard such remarks as the following, caught up at random during a half-hour spent in the village store:

«Well, old Simpkinsville 's had a laugh, anyhow, an' it 's in the deacon's power to wake her up with a weddin', ef he knows how to take a hint.»

«Yas, maybe so, though there 's no tellin'. Miss Phemie might take it into her head to be contrary. She 's had her own way so long.»

«Well, yas, maybe so; but I look for him to settle it. It all depends on the way he conducts hisself next Sunday. Seem like bad luck would have it thet it could n't 'a' been settled at prayer-meetin'. We ain't had sech a full prayer-meetin' for many a year.»

«Wife says her b'lief is thet Brother Binnie insisted on Miss Phemie goin' out there to set up with that sick child o' his, which ain't no mo' 'n teethin', jest for an excuse to get her out o' the way till folks would have time to get over this joke o' hisn. You see, he done the whole thing, an' he was about ez much plagued ez the next one when he see how things was Sunday.»

«My opinion is thet there 's some liberties thet ought n't to be took with folks in their private affairs—not even by a minister o' the gospel.»

«Yas; an' 't ain't everybody thet looks well in a joke, nohow. I never did see deacon at sech a disadvantage in my life, nor Miss Phemie neither.»

«Guess they 'll be a big turnout Sunday, an' then, like ez not, Brother Binnie 'll git deacon out o' the way. Take my word for it, Brother Binnie is skeert.»

«Trouble is he did n't realize how hungry Simpkinsville was for a' excitement. Pore old Simpkinsville has been asleep so long thet when she does wake up she 's so well rested she 's ready for anything.»

There was, indeed, an unusual attendance at church on the following Sunday morning, even such as were not piously inclined coming in confessedly «to see it out.» While there were many who prophesied that the deacon would find the hymns and pass them over the pew to his neighbor as usual, there was not one who would not secretly have felt defrauded of a sensation if such should be his course.

There was a stir all over the church when at last the deacon was seen tying his mare outside the window. Just at this moment it was that Miss Euphemia walked calmly up the aisle, «lookin' jest ez cool an' unconcerned ez ef all Simpkinsville had n't turned out to look at her.» Such was the disgusted comment of one of her disapproving friends at the end of the service. Going first to her accustomed seat, she deliberately picked up her hymn-book and foot-stool, and, crossing to the opposite side of the church, deposited them in a vacant pew. Then she sat down. The seat she selected was immediately in front of an unoccupied one, and directly back of those assigned to the inmates of the poorhouse. In taking it she had voluntarily isolated herself from any possible neighborly courtesy. Indeed, at the announcement of the first hymn, it was she who hastened to reverse the old order by quickly finding their places for both the old people who sat in the pew before her.

The deacon, who came in a few moments later than she, did not know that she had arrived until her alto voice came to him clear and strong from across the church. At its first note he reddened to the roots of his thin hair, and his high tenor, bravely enough begun, was suddenly silent, nor was it heard again during the rest of the service.

Those who kept guard over his every movement—and there were many who did so—declared that he «never even so much ez cast his eyes acrost the church du'in' the whole mornin'.» Indeed, the general verdict was that under circumstances so trying, «mighty few men would 'a' stood their ground an' acted ez well ez what deacon did.»

As to Miss Euphemia, there was a difference of opinion. Many were pleased to agree that she had «showed sense,» and that while, in the situation, «some would 'a' acted skittish an' made theirselves an' him both laughin'-stalks, she never made no to-do about it, but jest quietly put a' end to foolishness.» Others there were who took the other side,

and dropped their opinions pretty freely, as a few of the following remarks, quoted verbatim, will testify:

«I don't say she did n't act ca'm, but in my opinion a little fluster is sometimes mo' becomin' to a woman 'n what this everlastin' ca'mness is.»

«Why, th' ain't nothin' thet 'll draw a man to a woman mo' 'n for her to fly off the handle sometimes, an' to need takin' in hand.»

«Well, of co'se them thet don't need don't get.»

«An' besides, 't ain't every woman that *wants* to be took in hand.»

The truth is, Miss Euphemia's easy solution of the question that was setting all Simpkinsville agog was a distinct disappointment to more than half the village. Of course it was supposed that her action would end all talk, and things would immediately settle down into a condition even somewhat more prosaic than the old one, inasmuch as at least one hopeful situation was eliminated from it.

The dominie was, indeed, distinctly unhappy seemed, as she professed to be, «jest ez well contented an' happy ez ever.»

Several weeks passed, and, excepting for the fact that the good deacon's tenor had never been heard in the church since the day of his discomfiture, things seemed to be getting back into somewhat the old condition. Some day he would sing, and then everything would be nearly the same as before. Such was the undefined hope of the more sensitive souls among the people.

What Miss Euphemia or he felt in their inmost hearts no one professed to know, though from his silence it seemed that at least he cared a little. Possibly, if she had not cared at all, she would not have changed her seat. Or possibly, if she had cared—? Who can read another, and be sure?

Sympathy was still divided, but general interest in the affair was visibly waning, when one Sunday morning the deacon, who happened to be a trifle late, walked up the aisle as usual, but instead of taking his seat, he simply found his book, and, crossing over,

«THEN, LEANING FORWARD, CHANGED HYMN-BOOKS WITH HER.»

over the affair, which he insisted on considering a «breaking up of pleasant Christian relations,» for which he held himself personally responsible; and he often declared to Miss Euphemia that he «would never draw a happy breath till she went back to her old seat.» But this, of course, she would not do. Miss Euphemia was a woman of her own mind. She had gently, without passion or impatience, taken her stand, and in her new position she seated himself quietly in the vacant pew back of Miss Euphemia. At the announcement of the first hymn he found it in his own book, and then, leaning forward, courteously presented it to her as of old.

When she turned back to receive it, delivering her own in return according to the old form, she smiled frankly in the face of the entire congregation, giving him thus her most gracious and perfect welcome.

The deacon's slender tenor sounded almost full and fine to the pleased ears of all present, as it rose in modest triumph while he sang the sacred words from Miss Euphemia's book. So delighted, indeed, was every one that some of the more impulsive among them could not refrain from expressing their pleasure to the two as they walked separately down the aisle. Of course all Simpkinsville soon rang with the news, and its voice was for once unanimous in prophesying a romantic dénouement.

Who shall say that it was wrong? To whom is it given to define the border-lands of romance, forbidding all to enter save those who come in by the great thronged gate where the orange-flower grows?

Twenty years have passed since the incidents just related, and the deacon, now become an elder in the church, still sits in the pew behind Miss Euphemia, and finds her hymns for her; and occasionally, when the weather is very bad, he even escorts her to her door. Further than this he has never gone.

They are both old now. It is said, though it may not be so, that the deacon has recently bought a lot adjoining hers in the old cemetery. It would be pleasant to believe this to be true, and that he is pleased to hope to rest at last beside her, awaiting the resurrection.

«OCCASIONALLY, WHEN THE WEATHER IS VERY BAD, HE EVEN ESCORTS HER TO HER DOOR.»

And if it be the divine pleasure, perhaps he even hopes to sit behind her in the Great Congregation, and to find her hymns for her.

Ruth McEnery Stuart.

NEWS.

PASSION and suffering and wild despair,
The many dying and the many dead—
How long shall man on such as these be fed?
Rather would I make glad the summer air
With beauty, song, flower-growth, the gardener's care,
The buxom breath along the violet-bed
Of the sweet winds, the priestly bees that wed
Bloom unto bloom, and home the honey bear,
A golden fee. Must I, because the wire
Lies prone to speed the lightning, spend my days,
Ear down, to gather all men's pain and woe?
Nay, let the heavenly messenger of fire
Tell when the antipodal red roses blow,
Or Finland bells sing on the frozen bays!

James Herbert Morse.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Jubilee of the New South.

NO patriotic American could have read the reports of the opening exercises of the Atlanta Exposition last September without feeling a thrill of joy run through his veins. It was the formal birth of the new South, founded on free labor, and the burial forever of the old South and negro slavery. The free negro was not only represented in the exposition by a department filled with the evidences of the progress which he has made as a freeman, but by an orator of his own race,[1] who spoke from the same platform with white men and women, and spoke with such lofty and impassioned eloquence as to arouse the assembled «beauty and chivalry» of the South to a perfect tumult of enthusiasm and delight. His color was forgotten, and the race which had been his oppressor avowed itself not merely his equal, but his hearty and frank admirer.

This was a demonstration the making of which alone would have justified the holding of a great exposition. It showed that slowly but surely the negro is making progress not only in moral, intellectual, and material condition, but in the esteem of Southern white people. The position which the managers of the exposition assigned him in it was evidence in the same direction. They gave his race a building for itself, and encouraged the filling of it with his handiwork. This was, we are glad to be assured by experienced observers, symptomatic of what is going on all over the South. The negro is coming more and more to be recognized as a desirable economic factor in the development of the new South. His labor is sought in many fields of industry, instead of being despised and rejected, as it was a few years ago, and is winning for itself the right to be considered as the equal of other labor. The day is not far distant in the South when the negro will be judged not by his color, but by what he can do.

The Atlanta Exposition will stand as the jubilee of the new South—a South of industrial development and agricultural progress. While not pretending to be of international dimensions, it will rank as a great exposition. Its beauty of location and surroundings has been rivaled only by the Chicago Exposition. Its Government exhibit has rarely or never been surpassed; and its forestry exhibit, occupying a separate building, with its wonderful collection of minerals and timber, has been equaled by nothing of the kind previously made. The new industrial South is revealed in the great variety of small industries exhibited, as well as in the space devoted to cotton manufacture. Everywhere is felt the spirit of a new time. The people are joyous and confident, and are proud of the proof they are offering that they are now enrolled in the ranks of the industrious and prosperous of the land.

[1] Mr. Booker T. Washington. For an account of his work at Tuskegee, see THE CENTURY for September, 1895, p. 797.

Surely there is in all this great cause for national rejoicing. If the negro problem, which since the war has constituted the darkest cloud hanging over the nation, is to be solved in a way so just and beneficent, there is nothing left for the South to fear. All else in the way of progress will be trifles. Of course only the beginning has been made, but the nature of it is so unmistakable that it is only a question of time when success, complete and lasting, shall be achieved.

Encouraging Developments in College Life.

IT was encouraging to note at the opening of the present college year that, one after another, nearly all the colleges in the United States announced that the incoming class was the largest in the history of the institution. This was notably the case with the smaller colleges, some of which will have this year double the number of students that were within their walls a quarter of a century ago. With all allowance for the factitious attractions of college life, the thirst for knowledge is clearly not diminishing among the youth of the land. This is an omen of hope for the future, for nothing can contribute more to our progress as a people than a steady growth in the number of our educated men.

That our colleges are becoming better qualified each year to fit young men to be useful citizens cannot be doubted. The standard of admission is much higher than formerly, the teaching corps is not only much larger, but covers a far wider field of knowledge and investigation; and while the multiplication of special courses and the extension of the elective system may give additional facilities for merely «getting through college,» still, for the youth of to-day who is earnestly in search of higher education the colleges undoubtedly furnish advantages superior to any which have hitherto existed in this country. They are, in fact, justifying what James Bryce said of them in the «American Commonwealth» six years ago:

> Of all the institutions of the country they are those which seem to be at this moment making the swiftest progress, and to have the brightest promise for the future; they are supplying exactly those things which European critics have hitherto found lacking to America; and they are contributing to her political as well as to her contemplative life elements of inestimable worth.

Even the so-called «craze» for athletics has had its good effects. It has convinced many people who had not given much thought to the subject before, that if athletics carried to an extreme produced undesirable and even pernicious results, a moderate and systematic indulgence in them would be decidedly beneficial. In creating an abnormal and disproportionate admiration for the leaders in foot-ball and other sports, the craze has

spread among the undergraduates a desire to appear and to be as robust and strong as possible, which has led naturally to more outdoor and other physical exercise. We have no doubt that the craze has touched its highest point, and is now subsiding. One by one the colleges are regulating athletic sports, and they are not only confining them within narrower limits, so far as contests among the colleges are concerned, but are striving to have a larger number of the students take part in them. A president of a New England college, who has succeeded in thus including virtually the whole body of his students, says that one of the first results noted of the general participation in athletic exercise was a falling off in the annual bills for the breaking of windows and other injuries to the college property. The boys must work off their superfluous energy in some way, and if sports were not within their reach, windows or doors would be smashed, or fences demolished. There has been a noticeable lapsing of «hazing» during the last few years, and this is directly traceable to the more manly spirit which athletic sports have introduced. It is no longer considered to be a brave thing for a squad of ten or more boys to fall foul of a single freshman, make him sing and dance, and subject him to various other indignities. The general and indignant condemnation which sporadic outbreaks of the old brutality call forth on every hand bears testimony to the new order of things.

This more manly spirit is felt also to greater effect each year in the field of college morality. It is considered very bad form for a student to get drunk or to be «tough.» In the old times such men were too often regarded as college heroes; a man who was brilliant was expected to be more or less dissipated. Nowadays a student who drinks heavily, or who is notoriously immoral, is looked down upon as disgracing his college, and soon becomes an outcast in the college world. Another development of manliness scarcely less beneficent in character is the position which the students in many colleges have taken toward the offense of «cribbing» in examinations. The college authorities have thrown the responsibility of maintaining student honor in this respect squarely upon the students themselves, by leaving them alone together in examinations, with no supervision or restraint of any kind, except the obligation of honor to see to it that no student receives aid from any other. The students have justified this faith by repudiating and reporting the names of the very few of their number who proved unworthy of confidence.

There could be no more encouraging development in college life than this spirit of true manliness. Nothing could better fit a boy for the trials, temptations, and burdens of life than to pass four years of his formative period in an atmosphere of this bracing kind. No parent need fear to trust his son in a college in which this is the prevailing atmosphere. The overpowering distinction of great wealth, which penetrates even to the college grounds, cannot prevail against this. If true manliness be the supreme test, then the poor boy will stand on an equal footing with the rich in the eyes of his fellow-students, and if his abilities place him in the first rank, he will hold his place undisputed. This is the only spirit which can overcome the mere money distinction which is leading in some of our colleges to the founding of luxurious dormitories which can be used by the sons of rich men alone.

As a matter of fact, we believe there is not a college in the country in which a poor boy by his talents cannot command a higher respect than money can give him. It is also a fact that a poor boy can «work his way through college» now—even through the largest and most expensive ones—as easily as ever he could. If the expenses are greater than formerly, the opportunities for earning money are greater. In every college the boy who does this is respected, provided he has the qualities of general character which command respect everywhere. It would be a great pity if this were not the case, for it has been the glory of the American college system that it places a liberal education within the reach of every boy who has the pluck and ability to exert himself to obtain it. The small colleges, planted all over the land, almost at the doors of farm-houses and workshops, have been the most useful feeders of its educated class which any great nation has possessed. It is most encouraging to know that these institutions are growing more powerful year by year, and are exerting their enlightening influence over continually widening circles. What this nation needs above all else are respect for and willingness to profit by the results of human experience in the world, and these can come only through education. Whenever a college sends a thoroughly trained mind into a community it despatches a missionary of this gospel, and he begins a work of reformation which never stops. With their present facilities and tendencies our colleges are sending out each year a great army of these men, whose qualifications and character, we are glad to believe, are improving steadily with time. So long as this continues to be the case, no man need be anxious about the future of the Republic.

New Corrupt Practice Laws.

IN this country, for obvious reasons, progress in the enactment of corrupt practice laws is slow. Our legislatures are controlled by men whose political welfare would be seriously injured by thoroughgoing laws of this kind. Every political boss scents danger in a statute which limits the expenditure of money in elections, and compels a public accounting for every dollar received or spent either in an election, primary, or nominating convention. All the men whom he has caused to be elected to the legislature fear such a law as much as he does, for if it were to be enforced it would reveal the exact sums which he had contributed to their nomination and election, and thus show to the people exactly what it had cost him to «own» them. His business would be ruined, and his creatures would be driven out of political life to make room for legislators who would serve the people, and not a boss.

Every year since the passage of the present corrupt practice law of New York State in 1890, efforts have been made to have it so amended that it would be of service in exposing and restricting the use of money in elections. As it stands it requires sworn publication after election of all expenditures by candidates, but makes no such requirement of campaign committees. Again and again has an amendment to include the committees been proposed in the legislature, but both

Democratic and Republican legislatures have refused to pass it. Last winter Governor Morton, in his first message, strongly recommended the adoption of such an amendment; but although several bills were presented in the legislature embodying that and other most desirable changes, the legislature voted them all down. There were two strong, comprehensive, and very carefully drawn corrupt practice acts, designed to take the place of the State's practically useless one, but both were rejected with shouts of derision by the lower house of the legislature.

The only new acts of the last legislative year were those of Minnesota and Connecticut. These two swell the number of corrupt practice acts to ten, in the following States: California, Colorado, Connecticut, Indiana, Kansas, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, and New York. All these laws, except the two of last year, have been discussed by us as they have been enacted from time to time. As our readers may remember, we have shown that the two most thoroughgoing of the series are those of California and Missouri. The poorest are those of New York, Indiana, and Michigan, which are very inadequate. Those of Kansas, Colorado, and Massachusetts are fairly good, and are moderately successful in practice. Of the two new laws, that of Minnesota is much the better. It is, in fact, second only to the California and Missouri laws in merit, following closely upon the latter in most of its provisions. It requires sworn publication after election by both candidates and committees, and places maximum limits to expenditures by all candidates.

The Connecticut law is of very little account. When it was first introduced in the legislature it was a very good measure, fixing limits to expenditures, and decreeing loss of office to successful candidates convicted of violating its provisions. As passed, it fixes no limits, fines instead of removes from office the guilty candidate, and requires sworn publication after election by both candidates and committees. Like the Massachusetts and other laws which require such publication, the Connecticut statute is likely to be of use only in giving a certain amount of publicity to the amounts of money spent. There is no machinery for enforcing the law, and it is made nobody's business to enforce it, and at its first trial it was ignored with impunity by many of the candidates.

We wish we were able to say that there are signs of a growing popular interest in this most important subject, but few are visible. Indeed, in those States in which sufficient interest has been aroused to secure the passage of corrupt practice laws there has not been enough public sentiment in their support to compel their enforcement. In California the law is a dead letter on the statute-books. The politicians either treat it as a joke or ignore it entirely, and nobody calls them to account for it. In Missouri there is a somewhat better condition of affairs. The provisions of the law are moderately well enforced, but to nothing like the extent that they should be. The New York law, poor as it is, is openly defied, and nobody pays attention to the falsehoods and evasions committed under it. There is too often a disposition to take a jocose view of such proceedings. The Massachusetts law, for example, requires the publication of the names of all contributors to the State campaign funds. In the last Presidential election several heavy contributors in both parties evaded this provision by sending their offerings to the national campaign committees in New York, and having them returned to the Massachusetts committees as contributions from the national committees. This was regarded as a «good joke» on the law.

The trouble is that as a people we have not yet begun to realize the evils which flow from the excessive use of money in elections. We are too ready to explain it away by saying that so long as one party has a large fund, the other must have one or be defeated, and that not so much harm is done, after all, since you cannot expect to get work done and arouse enthusiasm without spending money. If we stopped at reasonable expenditure, this defense would be adequate; but the mischief of it is that we never do. On the contrary, as the campaign advances and excitement increases, nearly everybody loses temporarily his moral sense and becomes eager for the use of money to any extent and in almost any form for the sake of winning. The opposite party at the close of a campaign becomes a monster of such hideous mien that the wholesale bribery of voters to keep it from getting into power becomes a moral act in which all good men should join! We shall not get good corrupt practice laws and have them enforced till the public conscience becomes incapable of lapses like these. Sooner or later that time will come, for the American people are honest at heart, and need only to realize a danger or a defect in their political methods in order to set about its removal.

Daniel Webster on Turkish Oppression.

IT is a significant comment on the sluggishness of affairs in Turkey that with the substitution of the word «Armenian» for «Greek» the great speech of Daniel Webster on the Greek revolution, delivered in the House of Representatives on the 19th of January, 1823, would virtually stand for a description of the condition of things in eastern Turkey at the present day. Mr. Webster's speech was not wholly occupied with the discussion of the character of the Turks, but so far as it relates to that phase of the subject, it presents a curious correspondence to the paper by Prof. James Bryce published in THE CENTURY for November. The significance lies in the fact that what was true of the tyranny and the barbarism of the Turkish government seventy-three years ago has to-day lost none of its accuracy.

Mr. Webster was not of those who felt that the United States was not in any way concerned with the mistreatment of a Christian population by a so-called semi-civilized power, and when we consider that our interests in Turkey are made still more vital by the necessity of defending the lives and property of American citizens, there would seem to be ample occasion as well as precedent for the vigorous policy which has been undertaken by the United States government.

Mr. Webster's voice, if we mistake not, was the first to be raised in the Congress of the United States in behalf of the oppressed Greeks, and he went to the heart of the matter in the following passage:

«'The Turk,' it has been said, 'has been *encamped*

in Europe for four centuries.» He has hardly any more participation in European manners, knowledge, and arts than when he crossed the Bosphorus. But this is not the worst of it. The power of the empire is fallen into anarchy, and as the principle which belongs to the head belongs also to the parts, there are as many despots as there are pachas, beys, and visiers. Wars are almost perpetual between the Sultan and some rebellious governor of a province; and in the conflict of these despotisms the people are necessarily ground between the upper and the nether millstone. In short, the Christian subjects of the Sublime Porte feel daily all the miseries which flow from despotism, from anarchy, from slavery, and from religious persecution. . . . There exists, and has existed, nothing like it. The world has no such misery to show; there is no case in which Christian communities can be called upon with such emphasis of appeal.»

When it is remembered that this system of barbarism has existed, and still exists, by the sufferance of the European powers, it is an indication of progress that the Christian world has come to the end of its patience, not only with this abomination, but with the way it has been sustained.

OPEN LETTERS

The Eastern Question and Questions.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

IT is increasingly evident to the Christian world that the Turkish empire is rapidly crumbling, and even the Sultan himself must feel that it will not be long before it has either entirely disappeared, or has shrunk to the dimensions of an Asia Minor kingdom scarcely the size of the Seljuk domain. Certainly at no previous time has there been such a general attack upon the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire. Whether Lord Salisbury told Rustem Pasha in so many words that further refusal to accept the plan of reforms would involve the dismemberment of the empire is of little importance. The English premier is not given to ill-considered speech, and his words in Parliament, followed by his speech at the Guildhall banquet, could mean nothing less than those plainer expressions attributed to him in private conversation. Not less significant are the indications of a concerted plan on the part of the Mohammedans of India to unite with Arabia in the recognition of a calif who shall restore the true succession, so arrogantly appropriated by the Tatar chieftains from beyond the Caspian. If this culminates, the last prop to Turkish pride as the defender of Islam will be gone, and the Sultan become no more than a sheik.

The world is thus brought face to face with the solution of the famous Eastern Question, a problem which has vexed and perplexed the diplomats of Europe for a full century. Just what that solution is to be is as yet hidden in the counsels of a very few men, if, indeed, it has taken complete shape even with them. There are many elements in its present form which were unknown —perhaps unthought of—a half or even a quarter of a century ago. Some of them simplify it, some render it more complex and difficult.

Up to the Treaty of Paris, and for some years after, the question was chiefly as to the occupancy of Constantinople and the control of the Bosporus and the Dardanelles, and there were practically but two sides, the Russian and the European. In the Crimean war France fought cordially with England against Russia, simply because all alike dreaded the appearance of Russian fleets in the Mediterranean. The unanimous feeling was that no southern European coast would be safe if those straits were once thrown open to the great power of the North. Magenta and Solferino, Gravelotte and Sedan, changed the situation, and France has come to think that Russia may be a positive help rather than a danger. England, too, is apparently giving up the idea that it is necessary for her peace to coop Russia up in the Black Sea, and there seems to be a general consensus that while Russia should not be allowed to make that sea an inland lake, she may claim untrammeled passage to the markets of the world. As to Russia herself, she keeps her own counsel, as she always has done; but it seems probable that she has come to the conviction that this free passage will bring internal development of far greater value than the actual ownership of the straits at the expense of constant political unrest, not to say danger. So far as these three powers and their relation to Constantinople are concerned, the question is undoubtedly simpler. The Turkish capital would be made a free city, and the straits put under international guaranties.

Other elements, however, have come in, and other interests must be considered. There is, first, the Balkan peninsula, with its curious congeries of semi-independent states, each anxious to keep up a national existence with its concomitants of political influence and territorial expansion, and each liable at any moment to fall a prey to any one of the surrounding greater states. For a time it seemed as though Bulgaria was going to develop into the coming southeastern state of the Continent, but her most enthusiastic friends are hiding their heads in shame and discouragement. Greece has long been out of the race. Bosnia and Herzegovina have yielded to Austria, and Servia would be glad to do so to-morrow if Francis Joseph would but open the door. The sturdy men of Montenegro are trying to flatter themselves with an occasional sop from St. Petersburg, but not even a Kara George can stay the movement when it is once under way. Rumania alone seems to have any staying power, but that is probably due to the innate hostility between her Latins and the surrounding Slavs and Magyars.

What is to become of all these? Were it possible to unite them into one coherent mass under a centralized government, England, Germany, and perhaps Russia would be glad, even though it should involve the further postponement of the Panslavic ideal. That, however, is impossible. Shall Austria be allowed to extend herself indefinitely to the southeast? She would be glad to hold Saloniki and the rich valley of the Vardar; but whether her associates in the Triple Alliance would cordially assent may be doubted, although Italy might be appeased by the gift of Trieste—an easy thing for Austria, since she would still hold Fiume. On the other hand, Austria would scarcely care to add the Bulgarians to her already heterogeneous collection of subjects, especially as both Magyars and Germans would object to the possible reinforcement of Czech obstreperousness. Can Bulgaria be bolstered and educated into a kingdom, either alone or welded together with Servia, by some sort of diplomatic pressure? If so, how much of Macedonia fairly belongs to her? Can Albania, with its sturdy descendants of the Castriots, be safely committed to the rival followers of the Greek leaders, Trikoupis and Delyannis? These are some of the questions that come up the moment any plan for a general division of the Balkan peninsula is up for discussion.

Crossing into Asia Minor, the situation is even more perplexing. Here there is a dominant race, strongest not merely in numbers, but in force—a race, however, which absolutely cannot be intrusted with rule over any other race. There are only two ways in which a country can be governed with any success—by the strongest inhabiting race or by external power. The inhabiting race may be strong either in numbers or in force of character, but strongest it must be in some way. As a matter of fact, there is no race, or possible combination of races, in Asia Minor that is not overbalanced by the Turks both in numbers and in force of character. Were it possible to unite Armenians and Greeks, they might accomplish something; but racial and ecclesiastical jealousies absolutely forbid that. The other Christian populations need not be taken into the account at all. The question, then, lies between the continued rule of the Turk and foreign occupation. For some time it was thought that the Sultan might continue to rule in a contracted territory, with his capital at Brusa or Konieh. The events of the last few months, however, have pretty thoroughly dispelled that idea, and it appears as if the absolute overthrow of the Ottoman government would be necessary. In that case there must be foreign occupation. By whom? The first answer would undoubtedly be, Russia. This, however, would satisfy nobody. It would quench forever any hope of the development of either Armenian or Greek national life, and it would arouse the jealousy of all southern Europe; for the power that holds western Asia Minor and the archipelago dominates the Mediterranean and northern Africa. Greece and Italy would be at her mercy, and the Suez Canal be practically in her hands. Ambitious as Russia is, and attractive as such a position would be, if available, it is scarcely probable that the Czar would undertake it now. The expense of the civil and military administration of a thoroughly and intelligently hostile country of that size would be enormous, and strain her finances to the breaking-point; and the perplexities introduced would be so burdensome as to hamper, if not absolutely prevent, the development of her internal resources. The suggestion has been made lately that France be the occupying power. This would certainly be more acceptable to the Armenians and probably even to the Greeks, who, however much they may enjoy the Czar's protection against the Turk, have no liking for his autocratic rule. Germany, too, might favor it in the hope that it would help to weaken the French passion for the *revanche*.

Aside from Asia Minor, there are questions of more or less difficulty concerning Syria, Egypt, Palestine, Arabia, and Mesopotamia. Ever since the Druse massacres France has held Syria as her special field of influence, as England has occupied Egypt; and there would probably be little difficulty in making her virtual protectorate actual but for the fact that naturally Palestine goes with Syria, and it is scarcely probable that the Greek Church would willingly see Jerusalem and the holy places come under Roman Catholic influence. What shall be done with Jerusalem is a problem scarcely less difficult than that presented by Constantinople. The Egyptian question is too well known to need more than the statement that any solution which would guarantee to England the safety of transit through the Suez Canal would probably be acceptable to her. Arabia the powers can well afford to leave alone for the present. There is little probability that the mutually hostile Bedouin tribes will unite in any such way as to endanger their neighbors. Mesopotamia offers certain difficulties. The oppression which has forced the Armenians into such prominence bears with almost equal severity upon the Jacobites, Chaldeans, Yezidis, and other non-Moslem races and sects, and even upon the agricultural Kurds of the regions of Suleimanieh and Kerkuk. At present there is no rule of any kind worth the name from Jezireh to Bassorah. The most important foreign interests are connected with the Catholic missions holding Mosul as their chief center, and under French protection, and the general Russian interest in keeping a way open to the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean. Turkey being eliminated, to which of these shall the rich Tigris and Euphrates valleys belong, with the railways which will surely connect the eastern Mediterranean with the Indian Ocean, and possibly revive the commercial importance of Antioch and Bagdad? Here, however, the suggestion that France occupy Asia Minor comes in as a disturbing factor. To make her mistress of practically the whole, certainly the best part, of the Sultan's dominion, would be to give her at no distant day, if not at present, a power and prestige to which all her neighbors would undoubtedly seriously object.

It becomes, thus, very evident that the Eastern Question, which was originally a simple trial of strength, chiefly diplomatic, between Russia and the rest of Europe, has become a most complicated series of questions, involving racial and commercial as well as political interests. What the solution will be it is premature to say. That the leaders are most seriously considering it is certain, and there are indications of a general agreement along certain lines. These are the entire overthrow of the Ottoman dynasty, and its replacement by some European government or governments. Austrian influence will be predominant in the Balkan

peninsula, though Greece and Bulgaria will be somewhat enlarged and given another opportunity for national development, with the assurance that, unless they improve it better than they have those hitherto given, their ultimate absorption will be inevitable. Constantinople, with the Bosporus and Dardanelles, and a small territory on each side of the Sea of Marmora, will be made free territory, with some sort of government under international guaranties. Eastern Turkey will be added to Russian territory, and Russia will find a path to the Indian Ocean, though whether through Persia or Mesopotamia will depend very largely upon what terms can be arranged in regard to Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt. It is scarcely possible that any of the rival Christian churches can secure full control of Jerusalem, and we may again see a principality of Judea. The Khalifa may find a potent rival in a new calif with his residence at Mecca, and the famous mosque school of Cairo may find its occupation of railing at English oppression of Islam gone. Of course these are mere surmises, which to some may seem utterly improbable. The cabinets at London, St. Petersburg, and Berlin, however, are dominated by positive, venturesome men—men, too, who are tired of much of the bickering of the last half-century, and would be glad to see the new one come in with a better mutual understanding and larger opportunities for peaceful development. There are many indications of their accomplishing this desire, and some who are in a position to surmise correctly intimate that the agreement will be substantially as outlined above. It may be deferred for a time by yielding on the part of the Sultan; but sooner or later he will find himself in a position where no yielding in form will secure obedience on the part of turbulent Kurds, Circassians, and even Turks. Then stronger hands will be compelled to take hold of the problem, and some solution, prompt as well as complete, will be necessitated.

Edwin Munsell Bliss.

Advice to a Young Lawyer.

WEBSTER, CALHOUN, AND WILLIAM WIRT ON COURSES OF LEGAL STUDY.

IN a valuable package of letters which has just been found in a forgotten desk in a Washington garret, among other literary treasures in the shape of letters from James Madison, Josiah Quincy, Jared Sparks, Jefferson Davis, Chief Justice Taney, and others, are certain letters from Webster, Calhoun, Wirt, and B. W. Leigh which possess a peculiar interest for lawyers and for students of jurisprudence. They were elicited by a member of the family, two generations ago, who requested the views of these eminent men on the best course of study for one who wished to prepare himself for the legal profession. The list of studies referred to in Daniel Webster's reply has disappeared, but the letter contains a thoroughly «Websterian» expression on the relation between the lawyer and the Republic, which deserves to rank with the famous utterances of «the great expounder.» The emphasis which Calhoun lays on the close study of particular cases in actual practice will recommend his letter to thorough lawyers of every age. Mr. Wirt's more detailed suggestions come with the great weight of his authority, and illustrate the profound wisdom of their writer. The letters, arranged chronologically, are as follows:

WASHINGTON, July 22, 1822.

SIR: I regret extremely that I have to answer your very polite and obliging letter of the 3d inst. *currente calamo.* It arrived while I was absent on a professional tour, and I have returned only in time to equip myself for an expedition to the Bedford Springs in Pennsylvania, rendered necessary by the state of my health.

It is not entirely certain whether I shall myself be a resident of this place at the close of the next winter, the earliest period at which you speak of being here. I have some thought of moving to Baltimore before that time. In this uncertainty I can only say that if I should be here and your inclination hold, I shall be very willing to receive you as a student and to assist you with my opinion in the direction of your studies.

The plan of study which I have used has depended on the time which the student proposes to devote to it. For every plan, however, Blackstone is the best introductory author, as opening to the student all the original sources of his science, besides giving him a clear and comprehensive view of its present state. In all studies, historical, political, or any other dependent for their perfection on the march of mind, a synopsis like that of Blackstone is of great value. Geography, for example, is best taught by stamping, in the first place, on the mind the great outlines of the different countries and their relative position towards each other. The details are afterwards encountered with more intelligence, and consequently with more enjoyment; for the student at every step knows, afterwards, of his whereabout with relation to the whole, and is in no danger of being bewildered or confounded by the apprehension of interminable labor or inextricable labyrinths. So it is with the law. Blackstone, therefore, thoroughly understood (the best edition being Judge Maher's, to be used with his notes and appendixes), I direct the attention of the students in the next place to the great sources from which all the laws of civilized countries are derived, and take them through the following course, which is enlarged or contracted in proportion to the time they have to bestow on their preparatory studies: 1. The law of nature and nations—Rutherforth; and, if there be time, Grotius and Vattel. 2. The Roman civil law—Brown's lectures; and, if time, the references in the *Corpus Juris Civilis*, as they are made by Brown, and Huber's prelections. 3. The Common Law—Bacon's Abridgment, as the text-book, read with the references. 4. The Statute Law and State Decisions of the residence and contemplated place of practice of the student. This course, particularly the latter part of it, should be combined with a regular attendance on the rules of court in some well-kept clerk's office, with the advantage of drawing declarations and pleadings in the office of some regular and extensive practitioner,—with the study of Chitty's Pleadings—and Espinasse's *Nisi Prius;* which should be familiar to the student.

I have said nothing of historical studies, belles lettres, composition, reciting paragraphs from poets, and debating, though I deem them all essential in the preparation of an accomplished advocate. Regular days should be set for composition, and the compositions should be submitted to the best critic of whom you can make a *friend.* You should enflame your emulation by the frequent study of Cicero's Orator, and of his Brutus above all, and imagine yourself to belong to that splendid galaxy of Roman orators which he there displays. Quintilian's Institutes, too, should be thoroughly studied, and the dialogue *de causis corruptæ eloquentiæ*, the work, I believe, of the same author, but which has been incorrectly published with the works of Tacitus. The letters of Pliny the younger, especially those to Tacitus, with the orations of Demosthenes, Cicero, Erskine, and Lord Chatham. I do not mean that these should be read merely, but that they should be studied and analyzed according to the model which Mr. Blair has furnished of Cicero's Action for Cluentius. These exercises, with a debating society under the direction of an experienced man of vigorous intellect and correct taste, accompanying your law course, will diversify your employments most agreeably and usefully, and recreate and cheer you on your ascent up

the arduous steep which leads to the temple of the goddess you so properly worship.

I beg you to excuse this scrawl, the effect of haste, and believe me, with warmest wishes for your success, your obedient servant, WM. WIRT.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18, 1823.

To THOS. J. JOHNSTON, Esq.

SIR: Before I left home I received yours of the 21st of November, in which you very flatteringly asked my opinion on some subjects connected with professional studies. It is unfortunate for you, my friend, that you are your own solicitor in this case, since your manner of asking for that which you say you need shows that you do not need it. It is quite obvious that you have both employed your own thoughts and had the benefit of those of others on the subjects about which you write.

I shall only venture to enclose you a copy of a paper exhibiting a course of study which has been generally pursued by students under my care. It is substantially, I think, a good course, and if it shall suggest anything useful to you I shall be very glad. Our profession, my friend, is a noble profession, and our country, more than all others, favorable to its respectability and advancement. Free institutions afford the atmosphere and aliment for good lawyers, and good lawyers have proved themselves in all times and all countries the most strenuous, as well as the most intelligent, supporters of free institutions. Let us all endeavor to requite our country for the blessings she bestows upon us. Yours, etc., DANL. WEBSTER.

WASHINGTON, 20th March, 1836.

DEAR SIR: It at all times affords me much pleasure to render any aid to youths seeking information and improvement, and I only regret my incompetency to advise your young friend on a general course of reading on law and jurisprudence. I remained only two years at the bar, and have not read a law book in twenty-five years, so that I am far in the rear of the profession as it now stands. But I would say to your young friend, study attentively all the best elementary treatises, be assiduous in his attendance in court, and attentive to the routine of office. He will, of course, make himself master of the particular laws of the State where he intends to practice. But no previous attention can supercede the necessity of the minutest and closest attention to the cases he may undertake, after he is admitted to practice, both as to the facts and law. On this point the success of a lawyer mainly depends. The study of particular cases is better calculated than anything else to give full and accurate legal knowledge.

As to history, he will, of course, study all the ancient classics, to be followed by Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, to which the history of England and that of our own country ought to succeed. Both ought not only to be read, but studied. Add to these some good general history, and a foundation will be laid which may be built on from time to time by reading at leisure the histories of the more celebrated states of modern times. With respect, I am,

J. C. CALHOUN.

THOS. J. JOHNSTON, Esq.

The date of Mr. Calhoun's letter, it will be noticed, is some years later than that of the others, and it was probably called forth by the needs of a younger friend of the recipient.

In addition to these expressions is a letter from ex-Senator B. W. Leigh of Virginia, giving in detail a course of studies in law, history, politics, and literature, which is interesting, though it traverses ground which is familiar to most students, being, as he says himself, «general and elementary.» Senator Leigh, however, proceeds to speak as follows of the value of the Bible to a lawyer:

I advise every man to read the Bible. I speak of it here as a book which it behooves a lawyer to make himself thoroughly acquainted with. It is the code of ethics of every Christian country on the globe, and tends above all other books to elucidate the spirit of laws throughout the Christian world. It is, in fact, a part of the practical law of every Christian nation, whether recognized as such or not.

It is worth while adding that the young man who thus gained the attention of these distinguished authorities subsequently proved himself deserving of their notice by attaining a leading position at the bar in the city of Washington, D. C., where he practised.

Elizabeth Elliot.

The New Lady.

THE misuse of the word «lady» has driven it into the background, and the abuse of the word «woman» has pushed it too far to the front. The word «lady» has come to be regarded as a weakling, and the class of humanity which it represents has shrunk into insignificance before the pretentious claims of the new woman. But the old-time lady has not gone away to stay; she has merely stepped aside to avoid being run over by the wheel of the new woman, and will reappear when the dust has settled. The word «lady» suggests nobility of origin, or, at least, nobility of character. Both the title and its possessor were once regarded with reverent respect. A renewal of the popularity of the title would awaken a revival of the sentiment which the title evoked, and the time for a reaction in its favor is at hand.

This is a time of wild agitation concerning the portion of power that belongs to woman, as well as of wild conjecture concerning the limits of the sphere within which her power is to be exerted. Her interpretation of her sphere and of her privileges distinguishes the woman of the new school from the lady of the old. The woman of the new school claims rights that are separate from the rights of man, and opposed to his; the lady of the old school claimed no rights that were in conflict with the rights of man, and in defense of her own rights she desired the protection that is due to her sex from men. She gratefully accepted the chivalrous courtesy that has been shown to her in all ages until now. That she does not receive it to the same extent now is the fault of the advanced woman, who scorns it, who is ambitious to direct the affairs of state, and who, in order to gratify that ambition, is willing to forego to some extent the usual courtesies which women have hitherto expected and received.

As a result of her advancement, her more unassuming sisters are obliged to witness a marked decline in politeness to women as women. The lady deplores the dawn of such a day, and is looking for a better day, which she may reasonably hope is coming through the very education which the advanced woman is perverting to her own ends.

In times past the lady has been able to influence the affairs of men because she has not attempted to direct their affairs; in the future she can maintain her power only by being as well educated as men are, «by knowing the things that men know as well as men know them,» and by using her knowledge to supplement man's work in the world, not to usurp it. When the elements of the present agitation shape themselves into a new type of womanhood, the characteristics of the lady will be

stamped upon the composite, which will differ in its essential features from the type anticipated by the present theories of the coming woman. If the new type is the lady of Ruskin's portrayal, «enduringly, incorruptibly good, instinctively wise,» her education must make her so. «She must know sciences to be accurate, mathematics to be logical, history to be sympathetic, and languages to be hospitable.» «She must have the same kind of education for social service that man has for business and for professional service,» and then she must use it to accomplish her own purposes, not his. The new type will not be the mere housewife: the breadwinner she may be, but not the imitator of man, nor the woman who is ambitious to usurp his rights. She will be loyal to her womanhood, and as proud to retain the title «lady» as women once were to assume it.

Sculpture has realized the ideal in art—«to assemble into a whole the characteristics of different individuals, excluding the unseemly.» Photography has interpreted the ideal in the composite picture. So the new education will produce the new lady, the type of everything that is strong and sensible and intellectual and noble and pure in womanhood. In her broader sphere she will be the lady of the old school revised and improved.

Rebecca L. Leeke.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Critic and Poet.

«THOU shalt do this and undo that,» the toilsome critic said;
But the poet strayed to Helicon and touched his lips instead.
Across the mirror of the fount he saw fair visions pass,
But never once the critic's face dark frowning from the glass.
The poet seized his tuneful lyre, and joyfully sang he;
«O hear! O hear!» the critic cried, «he learned that song of me!»

Ida Whipple Benham.

Forbidden.

"ES IST STRENGSTENS UNTERSAGT."

(From the note-book of an American tourist in Germany.)

A YANKEE in Deutschland declared:
«I know a fine Fräulein here;
Of the Bangor girls she 's the peer.
I 'll wed her at once,» he declared.
«Oh, no!» said the Polizei.
Said the Yankee, «Why?»
«You cannot at once be wed,
It is strengthily undersaid;
You first must be measured and weighed, and then
Tell where you were born, and why, and when.»

Then the Yankee in Deutschland declared:
«Well, instead we will go on a spin
Through the beautiful streets of Berlin,
On our ‹bike,›» the Yankee declared.
«Oh, no!» said the Polizei.
Said the Yankee, «Why?»
«You cannot go cycling instead,
It is strengthily undersaid;
You first must be measured and weighed, and then
Tell where you would wheel, and why, and when.»

Then the Yankee in Deutschland declared:
«Never mind, we will go to the play,
Your pretty new hat to display.
It is worth it,» the Yankee declared.
«Oh, no!» said the Polizei.
Said the Yankee, «Why?»
«We object to the hat on the head,
It is strengthily undersaid;
It first must be measured and weighed, and then
Tell where it was made, and why, and when.»

Then the Yankee in Deutschland declared:
«If one must forever be worried
Like this, he had better be buried,
And be done with it!» he declared.
«Oh, no!» said the Polizei.
Said the Yankee, «Why?»
«If you do we will break your head,
For it 's strengthily undersaid;
You first must be measured and weighed, and then
Tell why you were born at all, and when,
And promise never to do it again.»
Said the Yankee, «Which?» and «Why?»
«Both,» answered the Polizei.

G. W. R.

Aphorisms.

TACT is intelligence condescending to oil a poor machine instead of devising a better.

«YOU are the first woman I ever loved,» is an avowal that must have been made often before it can be true.

A MAN who affects to despise love passes for a person of experience; but a woman who makes light of love is thought never to have inspired it.

MAN makes friendship a means and love an end. With woman it is the reverse.

J. Spottiswoode Taylor.

In an Ancient Copy of Herrick's "Hesperides."

YELLOW and frayed and torn; but mark within,
The sparkling rhyme
That, like a dimple in an old dame's chin,
Laughs out at Time!

Robert Gilbert Welch.

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

DEGENERATION.

DISCOURAGED ARTIST: «I don't think I paint as well as I did ten years ago.»
CRITICAL FRIEND: «Oh, yes, you do; but your taste is improving.»

The Debate that Might Have Been:

ON A BURNING QUESTION OF THE DAY.

A FEW years ago the Prohibition question was a live issue in Tennessee; for the people of the State were called upon to decide by actual vote whether the manufacture and sale of liquor should be stopped absolutely. Naturally there were a good many public discussions of the subject, and party lines were largely forgotten. The «upholder of morality and decency» was pitted against the «advocate of personal liberty,» and the Constitution was lost and saved many times.

During this lively period a debate had been arranged in one of the country districts of west Tennessee between two citizens who were well known to the people of the neighborhood, and who usually had remarks to make on public occasions. One of these, Elijah Leech, was a planter who had a penchant for country fairs and agricultural gatherings, and who generally represented the farmers' point of view. He was a large, handsome, and methodical man, who went about everything seriously, and never entered upon anything unprepared. His opponent, who was also his warm personal friend, was a fierce-looking lawyer with bristling sandy hair, a red face, a ferocious mustache, and an impatient manner, which created the impression that he was always eager to make the dust fly.

Elijah Leech, though not averse to a toddy now and then, was in favor of Prohibition. His opponent, Luke Edmunds, was a total abstainer, but was opposed to Prohibition. Both had prepared themselves thoroughly, and each was confident that he would annihilate the other.

It was an evening in August that had been selected for the debate, and the school-house, located in a grove of oaks, was the place agreed upon. The night was warm but pleasant, and a number of persons were gathering when the orators of the evening put in an appearance. The school-house was lighted up, and a few ladies were already waiting for the feast to begin.

When both the orators had arrived, Major Baker Green, one of the leading citizens of the vicinity, and secretary of the Democratic executive committee, called them aside under a large oak-tree. There was a look of profound grief on his face as he did so, and the orators thought that some great public calamity must have befallen the town, or that Baker had suffered some irreparable affliction.

«I wanted to git you two gentlemen together before you went in yonder, and see if I could n't persuade you to give it up,» he said.

«Give what up?» asked Elijah, surprised.

«Why, this here fool meetin',» he replied.

«There ain't no law compellin' you to attend the meetin' if you don't want to hear us debate,» said Elijah, tartly. «I don't see what business it is of yours, anyway.»

«I ain't puttin' it on no personal grounds, gentlemen, fer I know you two can make things about as interestin' as the next.»

«What the deuce is the matter with you, Baker, this evening? Are you drunk or loony?»

«I ain't neither. You-all are makin' a great mistake. Both of you are Democrats, and we 're goin' to have a terrible tussle with these here Populites in the next election, and you-all are goin' to split the Democratic party wide open with your fuss over a man's right to take a drink.»

«I don't see how it could hurt the party,» said the elder of the orators, dubiously.

Baker saw evidences of yielding in the uncertain tones of Elijah, and he immediately jumped into the breach he had made: «It 's a big mistake to lug this here Prohibition issue in at this time. We 've got to fight them Populites, and we 've got to fight 'em fer our lives. This here liquor question can wait, fer if you go on dividin' up the party on this p'int now, how you goin' to git together and fight the Populites? I 've been talkin' to the cheermun of the Democratic executive committee, and some of the best Democrats in the county, and they agree with me purcisely.»

«If you really think it will hurt the Democratic party,» said Luke, reluctantly, «maybe we 'd better give the thing up.»

«I reckon we had,» said Elijah, who was always easily diverted. «It was a si ly idea, anyhow. We ought to have known better. But what are we goin' to do with the crowd here?» he aske l in an embarrassed way, as if he had a hyena caged in the school-house.

«You can jus' git up and explain that this here ain't the time to discuss Prohibition, and then you can sail into them Populites a while, and then let Luke git up and show what a lot of infernal lung-splitters and jaw-smiths they are, and you 'll satisfy the crowd. You can't give 'em too much demnition.»

«Very well,» said Elijah. «It 's about time to begin. Let 's go in together, Luke, and make the crowd feel good. You understand we won't debate the Prohibition question?»

«Certainly,» said Luke.

The secretary of the Democratic executive committee heaved a sigh of relief as the two orators entered the school-room and made their way through the crowd to the platform. Loud cheers greeted them, and each felt decidedly sheepish at the idea of calling the people together for so futile a purpose.

The school-room was a frame building capable of holding a good-sized crowd, and it held it on this evening. The windows were all open, and the night wind blew gently through. The audience would have been fairly comfortable if a colony of gnats and moths had not been blown in at the same time. Two lamps were placed on the platform, and they emitted a depressed light that made little headway in the darkness, and gave the distinguished orators a sort of greasy, disconcerted, and Satanic appearance. The faces of the audience could hardly be recognized at all by the speakers, who must have felt as if they were talking through a veil into an impenetrable gloom. Outside the trees were rippling harmoniously with the wind, and the moonlight penetrated the foliage in splotches of white.

Elijah Leech arose in accordance with the program agreed upon, and said in part: «I am sorry, ladies and gentlemen, that we have got you all here on false pretenses, so to speak; but an appeal has been made to Mr. Edmunds and myself to give up this here debate, and we have agreed to do it. They tell us that it would have a tendency to split the Democratic party, of which we are both members, and whose success we both have at heart. I come here this evening ready to wipe up the floor with my friend Edmunds. I have went into the philosophy of this here thing; I have studied its moral aspects; and if it war n't for the agreement we made, I could demonstrate to your entire sanctification that Prohibition is legally, morally, and logically kerrect, and that this here community won't never be thoroughly redeemed until it 's adopted. If you should see a man swallering a deadly pizen, you would n't say you had n't no right to take it away from him. Course I know there 's men who can take a drink without its hurting 'em, but we know that nine tenths of the crime committed in the United States is due to red liquor, and 't ain't goin' to do no man any harm to take his booze away from him any more 'n it would not to let him play with rattlesnakes. But I ain't allowed to show you all this, because we 've agreed not to say nary a word about it. If, however, I was allowed to debate it, I should say that the people have just as much right to regerlate the sale of liquor as they have of firearms. Laws have been passed ag'in' the sale of decayed meat and vegetables, but accordin' to the talk of the Antis, if I want to buy that sort of food the Gov'ment 's got no call to hender me. Now that ain't common sense, and you know it ain't; and if a majority of the people want a law ag'in' liquor, they 've got as much right to it as they have to a law ag'in' rotten meat. I wish I could show you to-night just how much of a fraud this here cry of sumptuary legislation is. ‹Sumptuary› is a mighty big, gassy kind of a word, and when some little two-by-six feller gits his mouth full of it, and pompiously announces that he 's ag'in' sumptuary legislation, you 're apt to think that it must all be wrong. If I war n't shet out of speakin' here to-night, I 'd say that no law was ever passed but what had in it the ingrejients of sumptuary legislation. Every law interferes with somethin' that somebody wants to do. Here 's a statoot that makes you build a barb-wire fence round your place to keep out another feller's hogs. On t' other hand, another law makes a man spend a pot of money fencin' in his cattle, when he wants 'em to roam around in the Bottom. Here 's a law that won't let a man sell liquor to a minor, and here 's another law that won't let me go huntin' snipe until October. One law puts a tax on my buyin' this here coat, and another fines a countryman for sellin' his cotton on the streets from his wagon. Law just meddles with you all the time; you can't turn around without trippin' up over a law; and I don't see no reason why it should n't interfere to do some good sometime, and reduce the crop of drunkards: but I can't tell you all this to-night on account of the bargain I made. I 've got here a lot of figgers which I writ down to read to you, and if I was permitted to do so I 'd show you that the drink bill of these United States, accordin' to the last figgers, was $924,544,036; that we lose every year the labor of 586,472 persons engaged in the liquor business, not to speak of the 700,000 drunkards we have raised; besides that, we spile 66,660,792 bushels of good

grain, and we support 83,899 defective persons and 59,110 paupers, all on account of whisky; and besides all that, we pay the police and the courts $15,000,000 a year to arrest us for bein' drunk and to handle the crime produced by corn-juice. All of this I 'd show you if it war n't for the unfortunate condition of affairs that stands in the way of showin' all these things up. If I 'd 'a' had a chance I 'd have smashed my friend Edmunds before he had ever begun, because he would have told you that the law ain't got no right to interfere with a man's private habits; that sumptuary legislation strikes at the palladium of your liberties; that whenever a man who drinks dies, it is laid up to the drink; and that wherever Prohibition was adopted there was more drinkin' on the sly and more liquor consumed than where there was high license; and I 'd have exploded all that stuff. I know his game. That 's what he would have said, and that 's what I would have refuted, if I could have said the things I 've told you.»

Elijah sat down at this point, having consumed about three quarters of an hour, and Luke arose to make his apologies to the assemblage. The audience was now considerably interested, and he was received with a cheer. He stood before them for a few minutes, growing redder and more aggressive-looking all the while, and then he said: «Ladies and gentlemen, I too am grieviously disapp'inted that I have to appear before you in the rôle of an apologizer; but I 'm a Democrat, and I would see my right arm palsied before I would jeopardize the welfare of my party. Mr. Leech and me have drawn up a contract not to talk about this here issue to-night; but I say to you boldly that if I was allowed to speak I would reply that Prohibition ain't defensible at all. I would show you that this is a sober community, and that we don't need Prohibition to keep us sober, and that my friend Leech hain't no more right to say that I sha'n't take my toddy before breakfast than I have to say that he sha'n't have pork and greens for his dinner. As for all this here talk about pizen, I could have said that quinine 's pizen, that the doctors prescribe morphine, arsenic, and other pizens for sick people, and from that I assume that pizen in moderation is a good thing. Of course it mought n't do any harm to keep a man from drinkin' whisky, but then it mought n't do any harm to keep him from drinkin' buttermilk and eatin' roastin' ears; and that ain't no reason for passin' a law on the subject. My friend Leech don't like the word 'sumptuary,' and I don't blame him, for it 's a word that he can't howl down. Sumptuary legislation means meddlin' with other people's business: pryin' into the house, peekin' through the keyholes, slippin' into the gin-house and the watermelon patch, and sneakin' round the back yard; and I don't keer how big a man is, and how loud he can beller, he can't make it a white man's business. My friend says he would have told you that every law has somethin' sumptuary about it, and interferes with something that somebody wants to do. That 's so, but it interferes to pertect life and property, and not to kerrect a man's private habits and make him quit chewin' tobacker. Mr. Leech wants to destroy all the liquor because some of it causes crime. Now the detectives say that in nine tenths of all the criminal cases woman is at the bottom of the trouble; and if my friend wants to be cawnsistent, he ought to advocate the total annihilation of the female sex. If I jest had the chance I would sock it to my friend on this point until he could n't rest; and as for them figgers he gives, I 'd show you that they ain't wuth a hill of cornfield peas. He wants to wipe out a billion-dollar business with a stroke of the pen, introduce more compertition in the labor-market, reduce the price of corn, and upset the whole country, simply because he don't want another man to take a drink. But then we agreed that we would n't talk about this question, and so I 'm kept out of replyin' to what he would have said. If it war n't for that, I would have said all these things, and I would have rammed 'em home so that he never would have chirped again.»

Edmunds then sat down, he having consumed about three quarters of an hour, and Elijah arose again and said, «I just want to put it to the crowd whether what my friend Edmunds would have said was a satisfactory reply to what I would have said on this important question?»

«And I,» said Edmunds, in a sort of surrejoinder, «am perfectly satisfied that if it had not been for the bargain we made, the verdict of this here cultivated and intelligent audience would have been on my side of the case.»

The audience was very well entertained for the time consumed in not debating the Prohibition question, but there was one disgusted man in the crowd, and that was the able and alert secretary of the Democratic executive committee, who was heard to remark to the orators of the evening as the meeting broke up: «The next time you-all git up a debate, I 'm goin' to git up a petition askin' you to agree that you will talk it out to a finish, and then maybe you won't say nothin' you intended to say, and that you mought have said.»

And he turned on his heel, and left the orators looking at each other.

Walker Kennedy.

A Few More Tests.[1]

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Rose M. Ohaus.

[1] See "The Tests," by Alice Wellington Rollins, in THE CENTURY for December, 1893.

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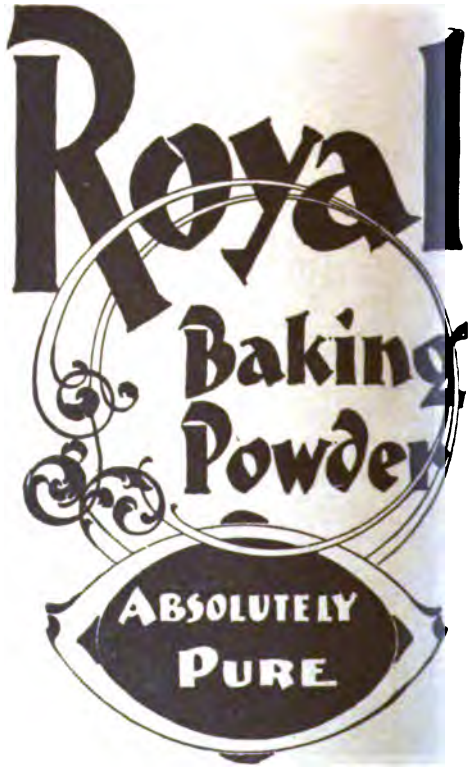
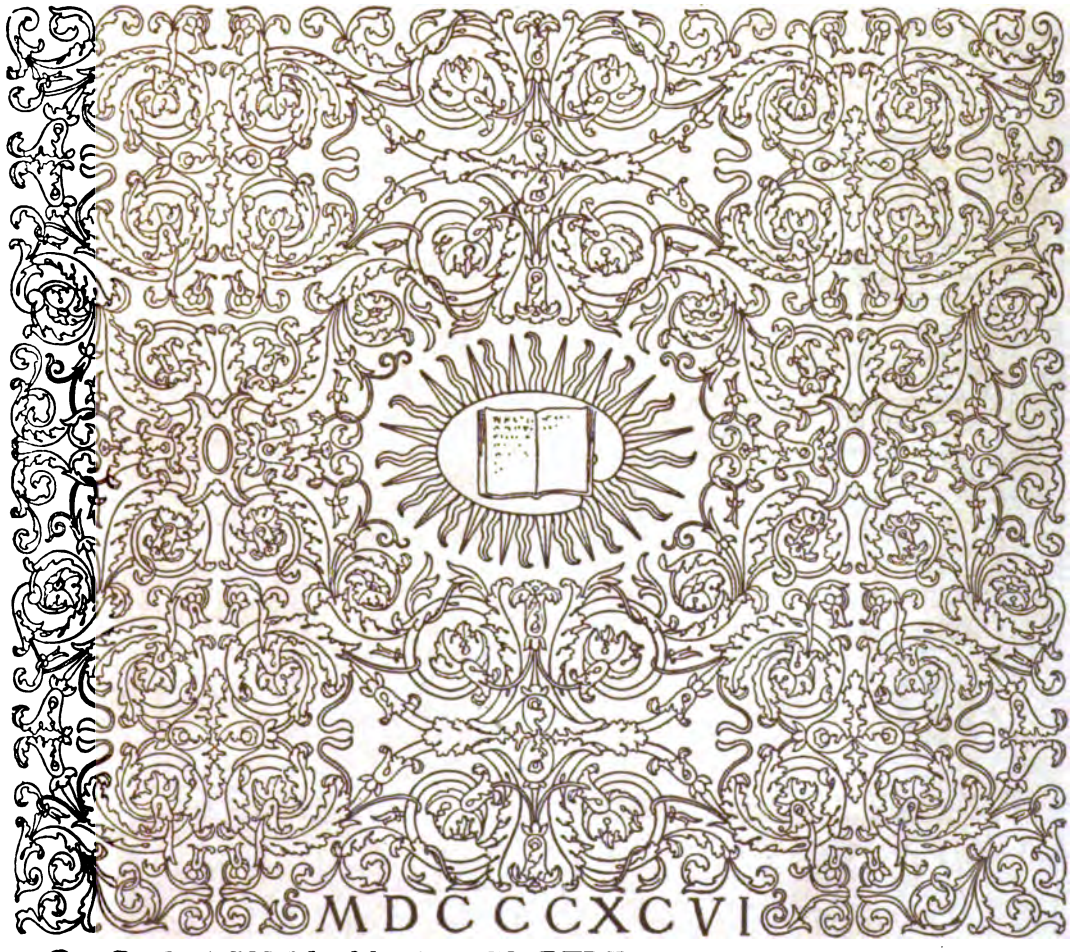


MIDWINTER NUMBER.

VOL. LI, No. 4. FEBRUARY, 1896. PRICE, 35 CENTS.

THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE



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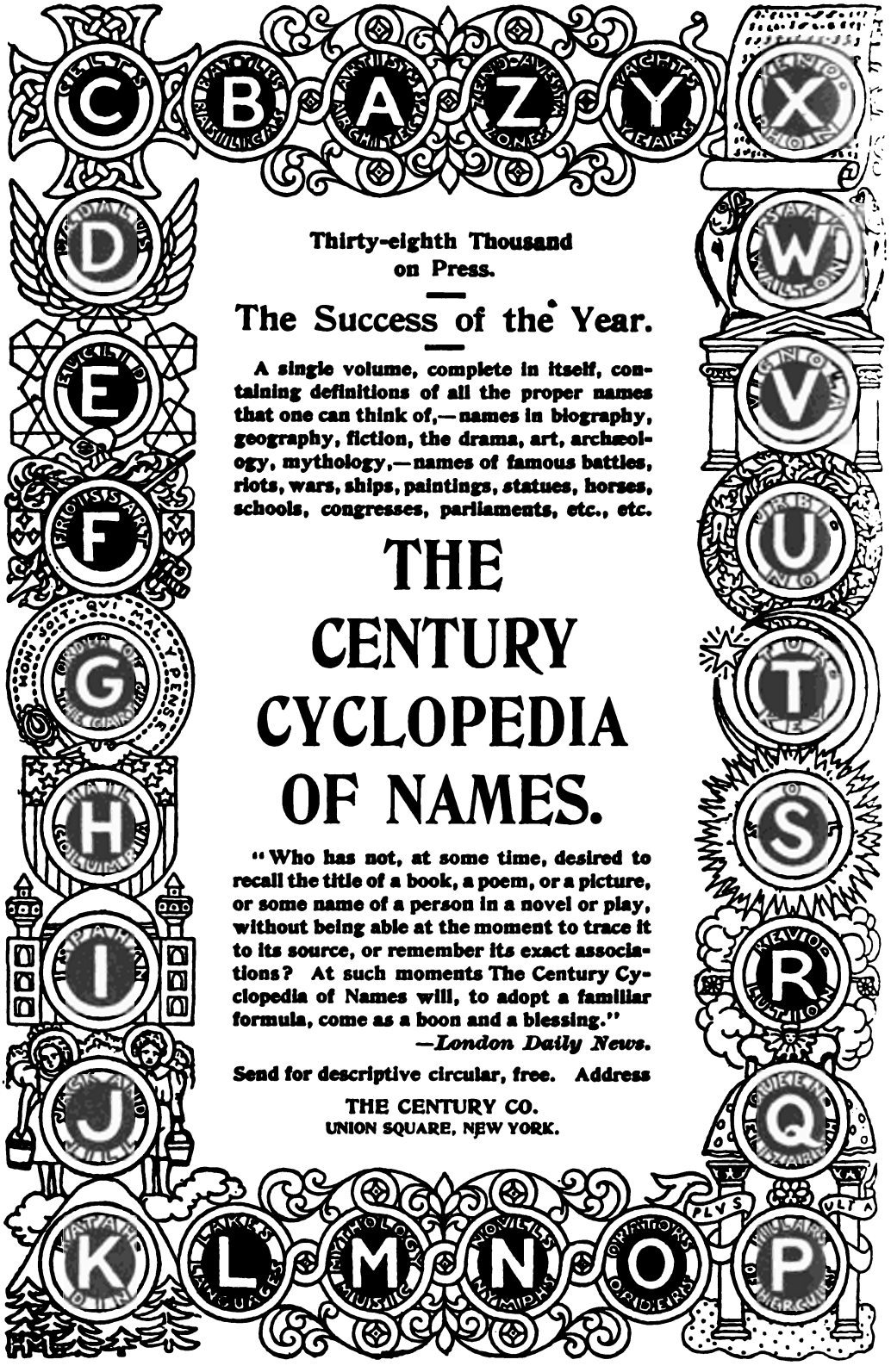

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LI. FEBRUARY, 1896. No. 4.

CERTAIN WORTHIES AND DAMES OF OLD MARYLAND.

IN interesting records of the early colonial families of Maryland, and their holdings, we read of George Evelin, Lord of the Manor of Evelinton, in St. Mary's; of Marmaduke Tilden, Lord of Great Oak Manor, in Kent; of Miles Cook, Lord of the Manor of Cook's Hope, in Talbot; of Giles Brent, Lord of Kent Fort, on the Isle of Kent; of George Talbot, Lord of the Manor of Susquehannah, and Augustin Heerman, Lord of Bohemia Manor, in Cecil; and of Thomas Gerard, Lord of St. Clement's Manor, in St. Mary's.[1]

It was from this stock, enlightened and forceful, that the Chesapeake colony derived that fine breed of worthies and gentlewomen who are remembered by their characteristic qualities—constancy to their conceptions of private obligation and the public good, singleness of purpose and directness of pursuit, a patriotism as stubborn as it was lively and bluff, a proud simplicity of manners, and such a genial enjoyment of the functions of host as imparted to the attitude of the guest the semblance of a gracious benefaction. Their very vices leaned to virtue's side, for they were spendthrift by generosity and convivial by high scorn of churlishness. And they were nothing if not English, chanting old English staves and carols, and tripping to measures piped at Midland fairs; romping in English house games and field sports, and cultivating robust British appetites, refined in time by the fine art of their «darky» cooks. So, too, in the making of their wills and the consigning of their dust to dust, there was no relaxing of their loyalty to the national traditions.

Mistress Jane, widow of Cuthbert Fenwick of Fenwick Manor, legislator, councilor, commissioner, died in 1660, leaving a will through which we catch glimpses of the wardrobe and toilet of a colonial lady of the period. To her stepdaughter Teresa she leaves the little bed, the mohair rug, and the yellow curtains, besides her taffeta suit and her serge coat, all her fine linen, her hoods and scarfs, «except the great one,» and her three petticoats—the tufted holland one, the new serge, and the spangled one. To her own three boys she gives that «great scarf,» and all her jewels, plate, and rings, except her wedding-ring, which goes to Teresa; and to each a bed and a pair of cotton sheets. To her stepsons Cuthbert and Ignatius, an ell of taffeta; to her negro maid Dorothy, her red cotton coat; and to Esther, the new maid, all the linen of the coarser sort. To Thomas, the Indian, two pairs of shoes and a match-coat; and to

[1] Johnson, «Old Maryland Manors.»

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Thomas's mother, three yards of cotton. To the Rev. Francis Fitzherbert, a hogshead of tobacco annually for five years; and to her slave William, his freedom, provided he pay a hogshead every year to the church; and to the church, the same William, «to be a slave forever, if he shall ever leave her communion»; for had not her beloved brother William Eltonhead, and many of her dearest friends, «died by the bloody fangs of Puritan wolves»?

The Fenwicks and the Darnalls, the Wroths, the Addisons, and the Lowes, and many more of the early provincial gentry who brought old English names from English countrysides, were jealous for the ascendancy of their national ways and manners, and insistent in imposing them on those of the colonial community whose names betrayed their «foreign» extraction—Germans and Dutch, Swedes and Danes and French, who have perpetuated their patronymics in Heerman, Comegys, and Hanson, in Duval, Lamar, Ricaud, and Lecompte.

I have elsewhere[1] written of a lady who, by her social distinction and her impressive personality, set the seal of her name upon the local annals, and engaged her descendants in competitions of love and honor to keep her memory green. In the records and ana of her time, Henrietta Maria Lloyd appears as «Madam» Lloyd, so denominated by the social courtesy which supplied the functions of a lord chamberlain. That highly instructed and judicious chronicler, Dr. Samuel Alexander Harrison of Talbot, notes that this appellation was used by the provincial people of Maryland as a title of honor and dignity, bestowed only upon women «of high degree,» as an equivalent for the «Lady» of English etiquette. «Madam» indicated the highest provincial grade; «Mistress» was one degree lower in the social scale; «Dame,» used only colloquially, has nowhere been discovered in the county records or in private letters or memoranda. If ever used by our colonial people, it quickly disappeared.

In the person of Madam Lloyd we have the edifying spectacle of the daughter of a royalist and a Romanist, herself a devoted handmaid of her church, married once and again to a republican and Puritan, and yet beloved and honored on both sides. By her first marriage she was the mother of the richest man of his day in all the colonies, Richard Bennett 3d; and by the second she became the progenitor of a breed of paramount Americans. «Who, standing by her tomb,» says Dr. Harrison, «shall say the poorest praise this epitaph bestows is that she was a fruitful Leah? Who that knows how fondly and proudly a numerous progeny in several generations have loved to link her name with theirs, and call her mother, but must believe she was endowed with rare strength or charms of character to have so inspired her descendants?» The name of this beautiful and gracious lady stands for whatsoever is gentle in birth and breeding, for whatsoever is excellent in character and conduct, for whatsoever is of good report among the honorable men and women of old Maryland.

The later «assemblies» of Annapolis, Marlborough, and Chestertown were hardly more «in vogue» than the yearly meetings of the Eastern Shore Quakers. Their curious quaintness, and the picturesque contrast they presented to the radiant attire and libertine manners of the world's people, who minuetted and coquetted in manor-houses, and caroused and ruffled in cockpits and bowling-courts, drew Romanists and «English Catholics» to the doors of their sober conventicle, and filled its leafy approaches with profane chariots and chairs, and prancing steeplechasers and side-saddled palfreys. So it happened that to the yearly meeting held at Third Haven, near Talbot Court-House, in the year 1700, there came by opposite ways, through groups of booths erected by the graceless and irreverent for the sale of trumpery and tipple, a Quaker maiden mounted on a pillion behind her father, and two plumed and rapiered cavaliers gaily curveting. The wimpled maid, whose overcoming charms still bloom in tradition, was Sarah Covington of Somerset, and the prancing cavaliers were the brothers Edward and Philemon Lloyd, sons of Madam Henrietta Maria aforesaid. Immediately the pretty lads, with a sudden equal passion, loved the wimpled maid, and yearned for her; and each conceived a cunning purpose, proper to the country and the time, and shrewdly held his peace.

When the meeting was over, the brothers, each taking his cunning scheme in hand, mounted and galloped away, taking different ways; and they rode hard, laughing as they rode, for joy of their boyish artifice. After lingering for a while in places remote from the highway, where was no fear of discovery by any chance acquaintance, and so that the slower Quaker folk might have time to regain their homes, they rode on into Somerset—and met at their charmer's gate. First they swore, then they blushed, and then

[1] See «Old Maryland Homes and Ways,» in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for December, 1894.

PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, OWNED BY LORD ROTHSCHILD. AFTER STEEL-ENGRAVING BY ROBERT GRAVES, BY PERMISSION OF HENRY GRAVES & CO.

JOHANNA LEIGH (MRS. RICHARD BENNETT LLOYD).

they laughed loud and long. Phil said, «Let her be for whichever, you or I, did see her first»; and Ned, the elder and the heir, assented. Then said Phil, «No sooner had I taken my place in the meeting than I beheld the girl, and loved her.» And Ned said, «I passed the night before the meeting at the ‹Peach-Blossom› farm; and at the foot of the hill, turning into the gate at the water-

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

IN OLD CHESTERTOWN.

mill, I saw this girl on a pillion behind her father, and they inquired the way to the meeting-house; and I loved her.» Then Phil rode back to Talbot, and Ned dismounted at the gate, and led his horse to the porch. Thus in 1703 Sarah Covington became the wife of the heir, and mistress of Wye House. She it was who in 1733 built with «English» brick the house of «Readbourne» in Queen Anne's County, that typical colonial mansion, still in excellent preservation, and showing an imposing pile fitted with materials brought over from England, where the noble hall and the broad stairway of the period confer a characteristic distinction.

Sarah Covington's grandson, Richard Bennett Lloyd, was a captain in the English Life Guards. In 1775 he married Johanna Leigh, daughter of John Leigh, Esquire, of North Court, Isle of Wight. I doubt if a comelier couple than this engaging pair ever sat to the tricksy pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds. His picture of the handsome guardsman, now at Wye House, shows that scarlet captain standing among fine old trees, with a pike in his hand, men of his troop near by, and Whitehall in the background.

In his romantic portrait of Johanna, that delectable damsel is represented as a sandaled Rosalind of seventeen, carving the name of her sweetheart on a tree in the park at North Court. Thus the pencil of Sir Joshua anticipated the pen of Tennyson in the pretty idyllic prattle of «The Talking Oak.» The picture, finished by Sir Joshua in 1775, and exhibited at Spring Gardens in 1776, has been copied and engraved many times. It stands, without the frame, about six feet high, and is now one of the most admired examples of English art in the Rothschild gallery.

In 1783 Captain Lloyd brought his wife to Annapolis, and spent two years in that courtly capital. He returned to England in 1785, and then to Maryland again in 1787, where he died, and was buried among his people. His widow, the fair Johanna, married

ATTRIBUTED TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER. ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

DOROTHY BLAKE.

Francis Bickford, Esquire, of Basing Park. In 1791 we find her shipping to the master of Wye live hares and rabbits for breeding. «And we have been thinking,» she writes, «of sending some Partridge eggs, which, if they arrive good, you may make a Hen set on them»—a happy touch of country cunning, as «soothfast» and homely as Rosalind's reference to the conie, «that you see dwell where she is kindled.»

A locket set in pearls, showing miniature portraits of the guardsman and his bride, is a treasured heirloom of Mr. Lowndes of «Blenheim»; and a notable portrait of Captain Lloyd, by Charles Willson Peale, is preserved in the Pennington family of Baltimore.

A granddaughter of Madam Henrietta Maria was Dorothy Blake, so archaically winsome in the portrait supposed to be by Kneller. Her father was Charles Blake, of an old Hampshire family, and she was married to Dr. Charles Carroll, of the elder branch of the ancient Irish house of Carrolls of «Ely O'Carroll.» He accumulated a vast estate, and became prominent in public affairs in Maryland. The pretty Dorothy gave him a son of whom the Carrolls of the elder line have ever been jealously proud—Charles Carroll, best known as «the barrister,» author of the «Declaration of Rights,» and a leader of the Revolution, unquestionably the ablest of his name, although his renown as publicist, jurist, and statesman has been obscured by the more glaring light of his somewhat spectacular namesake, Charles Carroll of Carrollton. The hope so significantly expressed in the epitaph of Dorothy Blake was fulfilled in the career of the barrister: «She left Issue two Sons and one Daughter, who inherit her Beauty, and to be hoped they will her Virtues.»

I find an interesting letter addressed by the barrister's father to his kinsman Sir Dan-

iel O'Carroll, residing in London. It is dated «Annapolis, in Maryland, Sept. 9th, 1748.»

. . . I comfort myself and Endeavour to be satisfied in this wild part of the Globe. I have not had the pleasure of seeing either of your Nephews, or of hearing of or from them, and I can not say but I am glad they have chosen to fix at St. Christopher's rather than here, by reason I think that place, or other West India Islands, are the most probable places for young gentlemen to get into business and make something of a Fortune. I assure you, if I were

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GOVERNOR THOMAS JOHNSON AND FAMILY.

Young, and had not the charge of a family, and an Interest I can not get rid of, I would not stay here. My brother John, some years ago, had resolved to go to the West Indies, Spanish Islands and Main, and in his Passage, with other gentlemen, from Barbadoes to Antigua, the vessel and all were lost—which leaves me the only son of the Family you mention. But by this I do not expect to inherit Clonlisk, Ballibritt Leap, Castle Town, or any other Part, or a foot in Ely O'Carroll. Transportations, sequestrations, acts of Settlement, infamous Informations for loyalty, and other Evils, forbid.

In a storied burial-ground in Frederick, «in his narrow bed,» sleeps one whose name never fails to stir the heart of the old Marylander with lively motions of admiration and affection—Governor Tom Johnson, that audacious and stubborn patriot, of whom John Adams said that he was one of four citizens of Maryland and Virginia «without whom there would have been no Revolution»; although, in affected scorn of him, a British officer, writing to his people at home, had assured them «there is no need to be alarmed by all this noise in the Colonies, which is mainly made by a boy named Tom Johnson.» «That pestilent Rebel» of the British War Office was the trusty, loving friend of Washington, whom he nominated to be commander-in-chief of all the armies of the United Colonies; member of the first Congress, and of the convention which adopted the Constitution of the United States; first governor of Maryland, and an associate justice of the Supreme Court; and he was twice urged to accept the portfolio of Secretary of State. He was in his day the first citizen of Maryland, and in all the colonies the Revolution disclosed no wiser, stronger, sweeter character than his who joined the fortitude of the

ENGRAVED BY W. A. HIRSCHMANN. OWNED BY MRS. SHIPPEN.

CAPTAIN RICHARD BENNETT LLOYD, SECOND SON OF EDWARD LLOYD 3D, WYE HOUSE, MARYLAND.

ENGRAVED BY W. A. HIRSCHMANN. OWNED BY MRS. SHIPPEN.

JOHANNA LEIGH, OF ISLE OF WIGHT, ENGLAND, WIFE OF RICHARD BENNETT LLOYD.

warrior with the foresight of the statesman in the temperament of an eager, dauntless boy.

To Mrs. Sara Andrew Shafer, a lady who has written gracefully and lovingly of «Old Frederick,» I am indebted for reminiscences which curiously connect the name of the patriot-governor with that of a stanch old woman whose fame a patriot-poet has identified with the banner Tom Johnson delighted to glorify. In the years following the Revolution, General Washington was on several occasions the guest of Governor Johnson in Frederick. Once, at a supper given in his honor at «The Tavern,» a cup of tea was poured (from a teapot still reverently cherished) by the hand of a young girl whom we all know now as Barbara Frietchie.[1]

ENGRAVED BY W. A. HIRSCHMANN.

CHARLOTTE HESSELIUS, FIRST WIFE OF THOMAS JENNINGS JOHNSON.

The two wives of Thomas Jennings Johnson, the elder son of the governor, were charming types of the finest womanhood of that time—bonny creatures, well bred and well taught, conscious of the superior station to which it had pleased God to call them, and balancing the burden of life on their comely shoulders with the delicate air proper to persons of quality.

Of Charlotte Hesselius, of «Primrose,» near Annapolis, married to young Johnson in 1792, pretty stories, now amusing, now pathetic, are told of her engaging naughtinesses and tremendous little remorses; of her generous impulses, always irrational, and her wilful

[1] «To many people,» writes Mrs. Shafer, «Barbara Frietchie and her flag are all that there is of Frederick, and I would not willingly play iconoclast to one of the few picturesque figures in our country's annals. But although Barbara was quite capable of confronting a hostile host, the fact remains that ‹On that pleasant morn in the early Fall› the Confederate army did not pass her house at all. Stonewall Jackson, thinking to call on his old friends, the Presbyterian pastor and his wife, passed up Second street to the parsonage; but finding that he could not see them, he wrote in his saddle a line of greeting, casually noting the hour under his name. Thus we know that at «5 A. M.» he was leading his gray columns through a narrow way to the pike, leaving the creek and several houses between himself and the cottage of the old woman of whom he never heard, but whose name will be forever coupled with his own.

«The day before the battle of South Mountain the Union troops did pass Barbara's house, and the delighted old woman stood at the door, smiling, and waving her little flag. General Reno, attracted by the venerable figure, stopped, and asked her age. ‹Ninety-six.› ‹Three cheers for ninety-six!› he called—and so rode on to his death.»

carelessness, provoking and delightful; of her coquetries and her magnanimities; of her high scorn of shabbiness and shams, and all the spiteful endearments of the Mrs. Candors of her set, whom she continually defied and tempted. Her mother, who was a mild, domestic poet, wont to beguile the accom-

PAINTED BY CHARLES WILLSON PEALE. OWNED BY MRS. WORTHINGTON ROSS, FREDERICK CITY, MD. ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

MRS. ELIZABETH RUSSELL (MISS LUX) AND CHILD.

modating Muse into innocent excursions of verse for the edification and entertainment of her offspring, has described Charlotte in rhymes more remarkable for maternal solicitude and conscientious specification of details than for the divine afflatus:

Good humoured but thoughtless (she can't be called vain,
Tho' she loves a craped head and is fond of a train),
In the morning her features she will not expose,
For the flounce of her cap almost touches her nose.
When dressed, still her head has a great deal of trash on;
If her gown is pinned crooked, 't is made in the fashion;
Her handkerchief crimpt and quite up to her chin,
But usually parted for want of a pin.
Too thoughtless for conquest, too careless to please,
No ambition she knows but to live at her ease.

. . . . . .

Unconscious, she dreads not the tongues of her sex,
And, unused to slander, she never suspects.
She hates defamation;—to give her her due,
She is gentle to all, to her friendships most true.
She is not without wit; chaste as Dian her breast;
But the lack of Economy spoils all the rest.

Poor Charlotte! Incorrigible to the last, in sheer improvidence and wastefulness of love she wilfully gave her own life for the life of her unborn child. When they told her she must make the ghastly choice, the reckless young mother, with characteristic «lack of Economy,» ransomed the baby, and «spoiled all the rest.»

In due time her place was filled by the pretty little girl who is seen in her mother's lap in Peale's charming portrait of «Mrs. Elizabeth Russell and Child.» The mother was the daughter of Captain Darby Lux, that enterprising skipper whose saucy little sloop, with only one companion, stands bravely for the commerce of Baltimore Town in 1752, in John Moale's early drawing. Accompanying this portrait, and that of Governor Johnson and his family, are two delightful miniatures of Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson, one showing her in Oriental costume.

By a decision of the House of Lords, in 1800, in favor of the Rev. Bryan Fairfax, the title of Baron Fairfax of Cameron was acquired, and quietly pigeonholed along with other outworn vanities, by the Fairfaxes of Virginia and Maryland. In like manner, the heir to the title and estates of Kingsale and Ringrone, the oldest barony in Ireland, which included the questionable right to wear the baronial hat in the presence of royalty, is at this present writing enjoying bucolic peace and ease on his ancestral grounds of Cheston-upon-Wye, in Queen Anne's County, contemplating with satisfaction his cattle and sheep (appropriately beasts of gentle blood and high degree), and wondering, if ever he gives a thought to the matter, how a gentleman, because he happens to be premier baron of Ireland, can fail to doff his beaver to a lady because she happens to be merely Queen of England. This is Dr. William Henry De Courcy, of the ancient stock of that name, whereof a branch was transplanted to Maryland, about 1653, by younger sons of the house of Kingsale—descendants of that doughty Earl of Ulster whose prowess is celebrated in the ballad:

So they gave this hearty honor
To the bold De Courcy race,

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS. MINIATURE OWNED BY MRS. WORTHINGTON ROSS, FREDERICK CITY, MD.

ELIZABETH RUSSELL, SECOND WIFE OF THOMAS JENNINGS JOHNSON.

That they ever should dare their helms to wear
Before the King's own face.
. . . . . .
And when every head is unbonneted,
They walk in cap and plume.

The actual holder of the title inherits from a sailor who hailed from Rhode Island, and whose elevation to the dignities and emoluments of the barony was accomplished by an ingenious and complicated scheme of imposition after the death of Gerald, the twenty-fourth baron, in 1759, that recalls the notorious Tichborne conspiracy. It is even probable that Arthur Orton or his abettors may have found their inspiration and instructions in the case of the De Courcys of «My Lord's Gift» and Cheston-upon-Wye in Maryland. The daughters of Gerald warmly espoused the cause and claim of the Maryland family. A lady of the Kingsale connection, writing from London to William De Courcy of Cheston, in 1763, says:

The late Earl was, in his latter days, weak in his understanding and open to Imposture, being greatly anxious to continue the honors of his Family with his name. A certain great Personage, and a party who had their own views, foisted in this man as his relation, tho' 't is plain he is an Imposter, and deceived the Earl by information drawn from himself. 'T is not to the purpose to give an account of him. They call him a despicable Slave, who was bred a ropemaker and waterman. He is, however,

ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON. OWNED BY DR. W. H. DE COURCY OF "CHESTON." PAINTED BY SIR PETER LELY.

MRS. KATHERINE WETENHALL.

the first peer in the Kingdom, and has actually exercised the Privilege of wearing his hat in the Royal presence.

In a petition to the «Right Honorable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled,» the daughters of the Earl of Kingsale assert that for some years before, and to the time of his death, his lordship

laboured under a constant Indisposition of Mind, and was weak in his Understanding, easy of belief, open to Imposition, and a proper object for designing Persons to work upon, by whose Creatures he was constantly surrounded; that in this Melancholy state of Mind it was first contrived by improper Insinuations to alienate his Affections from his said children, and then to introduce, as the real Heir male of that Antient Family, a person of the name of John Courcy or De Courcy, brought from a state of Obscurity and the lowest Degree in life —a Common Boatman, then plying for Hire at Portsmouth in Great Britain; a Person before unheard of, and unknown to the Family. . . . Your petitioners are well assured, and doubt not to prove if they are permitted to do so, that William De Courcy, Esq., of Queenstown in Maryland, is the real and true Heir male of the Family, and as such respected and considered in that Country; and the late Lord, before he fell into that Melancholy state of Mind, and the Hands of designing Persons, did publickly declare that William De Courcy, son of Miles De Courcy, was the next Heir male of his Family.

But these Eastern Shore De Courcys, being content with their terrapin and oysters and ducks, and the honorable regard of their neighbors, and especially wary of tedious and costly litigation, just «let the old thing go,» while they concerned themselves rather for the independence of the colonies, and proceeded to equip a gallant young captain for the army of the Revolution. So the Rhode Island boatman had it all his own way, and singing,

Fare thee well, my trim-built wherry,
Boat and oars and badge, farewell!

took coach for London, and immediately began to talk to his betters «through his hat.»

In the wainscoted drawing-room and library at Cheston there are distinguished portraits by Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller, notably those of Sir Thomas and Lady Augusta Saunders; Mistress Katherine Wetenhall as a Magdalen; and the beautiful Mistress Eliza Wetenhall, whose charms of person, albeit she was stupid and listless, are descanted upon with unction by Anthony Hamilton; and a portrait of Mistress Augusta Wetenhall by Leermans of Brussels. These found their way to the walls at Cheston through intermarriage of the De Courcys with the English families of Rozier, Notley, and Hall, people of much social consideration.

Edward Lloyd 4th, surnamed the Patriot,[1] was gathered to his fathers on July 8, 1796, and his son, the fifth Edward, stepped into his place, and worthily represented him at Wye, at Annapolis, and at Washington; for he was a delegate to the General Assembly, member of the State Senate and presiding officer of that body, representative in Congress, United States senator, and governor of Maryland. The governor married before he had come of age, and at the celebration of his majority, when there was glorious junketing at Wye House, the infant heir, Edward 6th, then one year old, was mounted upon the great dining-table to lead the fair and gallant company in pledging his father's health. After that we may imagine them singing together the song of «Sir Marmaduke»:

He never turned the poor from the gate,
Good man! Old man!
But was always ready to break the pate
Of his country's enemee.
What knight could do a better thing
Than serve the poor and fight for his King?
And so may every head
Of an ancient familee!

For the governor was such a head of a fine old family as once was displayed in honorable effigy on many a creaking sign that swung from the arm of an oak before some roadside inn in Merrie England. His ways were the good old ways of Talbot and Dorchester and Kent. Every morning he made the round of his many farms, giving general directions through his overseers as to the management of his crops and live stock and the condition and treatment of his slaves. In his day the culture of grain had superseded that of tobacco, which survived but sparsely in the patches that were the perquisite of the negroes, and Governor Lloyd was the most extensive and the most successful wheat-grower in Maryland. He was a notable breeder of horses, horned cattle, and sheep, and the best blood of English stables was blended with that of the country horses on the farms at Wye. He helped to make the Durham cow

ENGRAVED BY R. A. MULLER. MINIATURE OWNED BY MRS. SHIPPEN.

REBECCA LLOYD, DAUGHTER OF EDWARD LLOYD 4TH, WIFE OF JUDGE JOSEPH HOPPER NICHOLSON OF MARYLAND.

the bucolic fashion in Talbot and Dorchester, and promoted emulation in the breeding of Merino lambs. His pleasures were those of the country gentleman of his time: he kept hounds and hunters, and took pride in the deer-park that his father had set up on Wyetown farm. In his youth he delighted in a spirited cocking-main, and was a fancier of the finest strains of game fowls; and when he reluctantly abandoned the sport, it was from no affectation of scruple on the score of humanity, but simply as an expression of his dislike for the coarse company the pit at-

[1] See «By the Waters of Chesapeake,» in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for December, 1893.

tracted. Along the Wye and Chester rivers he was an ardent fowler: swans, wild geese, and ducks innumerable fell to his restless gun; and many and merry were the fishing-parties that danced on the bay in his pungies and canoes. So, too, was he «conspicuous as a member of jockey clubs and breeder of racing stock; entries from the governor's stables were hailed on every course in the country.» [1]

It was his habit to return at noon from the circuit of his farms, first to a mint-julep and a nap, and then to his family and his guests, who may be said to have formed a necessary part of the equipment of Wye House, so continual was the «company,» which often included personages of the first distinction in the public life of the State and nation. The table, bountifully spread with the products of the fields and waters that might be seen from the windows of the dining-room, was richly appointed, and garnished with services of massive plate acquired and transmitted by the generations of the Lloyds; while the guests were served by old and trained domestics proud of their office and of the company, and accustomed to consideration and kindness.

Governor Lloyd was a handsome man, and of distinguished presence, dignified without pomposity, and courtly without affectation, companionable, cheerful, kind, unconsciously condescending. If it takes three generations to make a gentleman, those three and more had gone to the making of his Puritan ancestor, the first of his name on the shores of Chesapeake Bay, who gave their Welsh names to the Severn River in Anne Arundel and the Wye and Tred-Avon creeks in Talbot. The governor was a gentleman by natural selection and development. It is hardly necessary to add that he had the gout.

The governor's sister Rebecca was that vivacious and dashing lassie who, when British officers were despoiling the cabinets and cupboards of Wye House, sat in the middle of the drawing-room, and taking her pretty

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

«BELMONT,» NEAR ELKRIDGE, THE SEAT OF THE DORSEYS OF MARYLAND. BUILT IN 1738.

[1] Dr. Harrison of Talbot.

foot on her knee, covered her gold shoe-buckle with her hand, and said, «I swear you sha'n't steal this!»

In 1738 Caleb Dorsey built with English brick, brought over in his own vessels, the historic house of «Belmont,» home of the Dorseys and Hansons. The walls of the hall and drawing-room were paneled in oak; and the grounds in front and rear were terraced in the large old English fashion, while the box-wood in the garden, gigantic now, seems still to babble of the sweet old times when Caleb and Priscilla set it out.

Here, later, was the home of a man of great intellectual and moral force, who stamped upon the chronicles of his bailiwick the mark of his distinguished talents, his indomitable energy, and his reckless courage, albeit his opinions were at times irrational, and his expression of them extravagant and incendiary. Alexander Contee Hanson, son of the Chancellor of Maryland, editor of the «Federal Republican,» and afterward United States senator, stanch Federalist, and frank opponent of Madison's administration and of the War of 1812, was an undaunted champion of the freedom of the press, in defiance of mobs and assassins, in the State which was first of the American colonies to own a public press and employ it as an active engine of light and liberty, while the Puritans of New England and Virginia abhorred it as an engine of the devil, and would have none of it.[1]

MINIATURE PAINTED BY REMBRANDT PEALE. ENGRAVED BY W. B. CLOSSON.

MARIA MARTIN (MRS. LAWRENCE KEENE).

On a window-pane in the drawing-room at «Hampton» the name of Rebecca Hanson (Rebecca Howard), wife of the chancellor, is inscribed with the diamond of a ring, along with «Billy the House-lamb,» the playful designation of William Lux, of the «Sons of Liberty.» Through the door opening upon the hall one admires the beautiful full-length portrait of Mrs. John Ridgely, the accomplished mistress of Hampton House. Sully shows her in her delectable maidenhood, in Empire gown, standing at her harp.

On August 27, 1895, a monumental pillar, erected by the Maryland Society of Sons of the Revolution, in coöperation with patriotic citizens of Brooklyn, was unveiled in Prospect Park, in honor of four hundred young Marylanders who in the battle of Long Island saved the retreating army of Washington by the determined immolation of themselves. Sullivan's division was in wild rout, and Stirling's left had been doubled back upon his center, when he resolved upon a ghastly sacrifice to save the flying, floundering columns. Changing front, and calling forward the remnant of the Maryland regiment,—less than four hundred lads, tenderly nurtured, who now for the first time knew the rapture of battle,—he hurled them against the iron wall that Cornwallis had drawn about the Cortelyou house, as David hurled his smooth round stone against the armor of Goliath. Artillery and infantry furrowed their lines, and the spiteful Hessian yagers picked them off; but loud and clear above that *feu d'enfer* rang the shout of Mordecai Gist—«Close up! close up!» They drove the British advance back upon the Cortelyou house, till Cornwallis flung grape and canister in their very faces—

[1] In 1689 the province of Maryland had a public press at St. Mary's, which was kept busy with the printing of public documents. In October, 1696, a «public printer» was appointed by act of Assembly. The «Declaration» of the Protestant Associators was printed at St. Mary's in 1689. Mr. Charles Browning, in his «Abstract of the Condition of Granting of Land in Maryland,» says, «It was remarked at this time [1689] that there was a printing press in this Colony for many years, and that none others had one.»

FROM THE PAINTING AT HAMPTON BY THOMAS SULLY. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

MRS. JOHN RIDGELY.

. . . and still [says Field] they closed up over the bodies of their fallen comrades, and still they turned their stern young faces to the foe.

And so an hour was gained, more precious to liberty than any other in its history. The carnage of actual battle could hardly have been more appalling than the retreat, for no vestige of an army formation any longer existed, and all that remained was a distracted mob of flying soldiery, where officers and privates were borne undistinguished along.[1]

Every page of sober history that records the deed they wrought that day, every public report, every private paper, has its tribute of proud love for those heroic lads, and of sorrow for their «honorable dead» (260 men and 12 officers), whose fate wrung a cry of pain from the heart of Washington, and compelled expressions of admiration and regret even from the British historian.

Oh, the rout on the left and the tug on the right!
The mad plunge of the charge and the wreck of the flight!
When the cohorts of Grant held stout Stirling at strain,
And the mongrels of Hesse went tearing the slain;
When at Freeke's Mill the flumes and the sluices ran red,
And the dead choked the dyke and the marsh choked the dead!

Oh, Stirling, good Stirling! how long must we wait?
Shall the shout of your trumpet unleash us too late?
Have you never a dash for brave Mordecai Gist,
With his heart in his throat, and his blade in his fist?
Are we good for no more than to prance in a ball,
When the drums beat the charge and the clarions call?

Tralára! Tralára! Now praise we the Lord,
For the clang of His call and the flash of His sword!
Tralára! Tralára! Now forward to die;
For the banner, hurrah! and for sweethearts, good-bye![2]

In December, 1774, Mordecai Gist was captain of the first company recruited in Maryland. In the battle of Long Island he commanded the devoted battalion, and led those desperate charges against the British advance at the Cortelyou house. He was made a brigadier-general in January, 1779, and was present at the surrender of Cornwallis.

When I was a school-boy in Baltimore, one afternoon in the week was consecrated to the awful rites of «Declamation.» On those impressive occasions certain young gentlemen, oratorically ambitious, and dreaming of listening senates, were invited to «speak a piece» from the semicircular platform—a performance memorable by its audacity, adjusting as it did the impassioned squeak of a Punch-and-Judy show to the jerky gesticulation of Mrs. Jarley's wax-works. For these exciting functions we had several favorite pieces, such as appealed to our patriotic emotions, and stirred our martial ardor with suggestions of flintlock and bayonet, and the bare-headed colonel careering through «the white infernal powder cloud.» Especially were we thrilled by the bugle-blast of Patrick Henry: «Gentlemen may cry, ‹Peace! peace!› but there is no peace»; and the forlorn hope of «Warren's Address to his Soldiers.»

But most acceptable to our hysterical raptures was the «Speech of Logan, the Indian Warrior, at the Council Fire,» because it so cunningly blended the heroic with the pathetic, the tomahawk with tears:

I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. . . . Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as I passed, and said, "Logan is the friend of the white man!" I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man, Colonel Cresap, who last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have glutted my vengeance. . . . Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one![3]

Ah! there was a tale to wring the heart of the Maryland school-boy with a double anguish—pity and indignation for the wrongs of the noble savage, sorrow and shame for the crime and infamy of our favorite pioneer and woodsman! It was hard to believe these things of the man who could fight on parched corn and spring water, and shoot so well.

We had known Logan as the «good Injun,» the simple, lonely, sentimental savage, who dressed deerskins, and sold them to the backwoodsmen, who made a pair of lovely moccasins for Mrs. Brown's little daughter, and who once sued a tailor for bilking him with

[1] T. W. Field, «The Battle of Long Island.»

[2] From the poem, by J. W. P., read at the memorial banquet in Brooklyn, August 27, 1895.

[3] But he was brained with a war-club by his sister's son.

bad wheat—Logan, of whom a popular pioneer said, «He was the best specimen of humanity, white or red, I ever encountered.» And we had known Michael Cresap as the wild and daring mountain boy who had run away from school and made his way alone through 140 miles of wilderness to his home, where his paternal pioneer and Indian-fighter flogged him savagely with a hunting-belt, and sent him back to his horn-book. We had known him as the sagacious, vigilant, daring, generous «buckskin,» feared and respected by the fierce tribes in whose hands the tomahawk and the firebrand were never idle; and we had known him as the leader of the first rifle company of mountaineers and foresters enrolled in Maryland and marched to Boston. Being only school-boys, to whom the «fake interview» and the reporter's «story» had yet to come, it was hard to choose between our splendid savage, with his almost royal personality, and our patriot «buckskin,» who could fight so fairly and shoot so straight. But presently came Metamora in his war-paint, in the person of Edwin Forrest, and the splendid savage had our reluctant votes.

Too late we learned that Michael Cresap, whose fame should be sung in ballads, had been the early victim of the interviewer and the fake. Too late we learned the outworn story of the gentle brave transformed by fire-water into the whooping savage, painted and equipped for war, and dancing to the music of the scalp-halloo. Too late we discovered the interviewer, an Indian trader, getting in his deadly work upon the noble Logan, maudlin drunk under a tree, and then conveying his incoherent notes six miles to a British camp, there to be expertly emended and extended, and read by proxy to Lord Drummond's council as the «Speech of Logan.»

The «speech» is absurdly false as to its allegations against Cresap, who was far from the scene of the massacre, and had but a short time before strenuously counseled the pioneer camps against the employment of such sanguinary methods. Even Gibson, the trader who took down the words from the lips of Logan at the Indian's hut, declares in his testimony that «he corrected the chief on the spot when he made the charge against Cresap.» The bloody work had been done at the cabin of a man named Baker, near Yellow Creek, by a party led by one Greathouse. «When the speech was read in camp, the pioneer soldiers knew it to be false as to Michael Cresap; but it only provoked a laugh in the crowd, which displeased the Maryland captain, who said he was strongly inclined to tomahawk Greathouse for that murder.»[1]

This clever piece of rhetorical embroidery has received fine touches of truth and grace from cunning fingers, on its way to Thomas Jefferson. For example, in one version Logan is made to deplore «rivers of blood,» and in another he «rejoices in the beams of peace.» Michael was well known to Logan as *Captain* Cresap, but the decorators of the «speech» have made him first a major and then a colonel. In an early version Cresap is not even named. It is to Jefferson that we are indebted for the consummate flower of artistic paraphrasing that blooms in the school-books.

Michael Cresap's daughter was married to a man whom Mr. Jefferson hated, and who reciprocated the President's rancor with gleeful enthusiasm. This was Luther Martin, preëminent lawyer and supernatural sot, member of the Maryland Convention of 1774, attorney-general of the State in 1778, bulwark of the defense in the trial of Justice Chase, impeached by the House of Representatives in 1804, devoted personal and political friend of Aaron Burr, whose acquittal of the charge of treason he was mainly instrumental in compelling in the great trial at Richmond. «Most formidable of American advocates was the rollicking, witty, audacious attorney-general of Maryland; boon companion of the whole bar; drunken, generous, slovenly, grand; 'bull-dog of Federalism,' as Mr. Jefferson called him; shouting with a school-boy's fun at the idea of tearing Mr. Randolph's indictment to pieces, and teaching Virginia Democrats a little law,—that reprobate genius, Luther Martin,»[2] of whom Jefferson wrote, in the bitterness of his personal and partizan enmity: «Shall we move to commit Luther Martin as *particeps criminis* with Burr? Grayball will fix upon him misprision of treason, at least; at any rate, his evidence will put down this unprincipled and impudent Federal bull-dog.» Judge Story said of him: «You should hear of Luther Martin's fame from those who have known him long and well, but you should not see him»—thus animadverting on the great lawyer's slovenly figure and his ill breeding. Blennerhasset called him «the Thersites of the law.» Once the Supreme Court of the United States (in Fletcher *vs.* Peck) adjourned because Martin was too drunk to go on. He was compared to Porson, the Oxford professor, who absorbed

[1] See «Logan and Captain Michael Cresap,» a discourse by Brantz Mayer, delivered before the Maryland Historical Society.

[2] Henry Adams, «Life of John Randolph of Roanoke.»

potations and Greek with equal felicity. An entertaining and impartial biographer of Martin describes a scene in the United States District Court in Baltimore, when William Wirt and Roger Brooke Taney (afterward Chief Justice of the United States) were trying a case. There was a little ripple of excitement, and the crowd gave way to right and left as an old man tottered into the room, and passing inside the rail, seated himself, as one accustomed to the place, and munched a piece of gingerbread. He was clad in well-worn knee-breeches with yarn stockings; there were silver buckles to his shoes, and ruffles to his shirt and his wristbands. «This was the man who for half a century was the recognized leader of the Maryland bar, and foremost counsel in two of the most interesting cases of national importance in the history of our country—now wandering, a discrowned, demented, and almost friendless Lear, into the arena of his old renown.»[1]

In 1822 the Maryland legislature passed an act, unparalleled in American history, requiring every lawyer in the State to pay an annual license fee of five dollars to certain designated trustees, «for the use and behoof of Luther Martin.» Only one lawyer is on record as having at any time demurred to paying this remarkable tax; and even he withdrew his objections, which were strictly on «constitutional grounds.»

Martin's daughters, Maria and Elinor, were beautiful and accomplished. The miniature of the former, by Rembrandt Peale, was always greatly admired. Maria married Lawrence Keene, a naval officer: but their married life was most unhappy; they were separated, and Maria died in an asylum, insane.

[1] Henry P. Goddard, «Luther Martin, the 'Federal Bull-dog.'»

John Williamson Palmer.

THE LITTLE MOTHERS.

STRANGE mockery of motherhood!
They who should feel the fostering care
Maternal, and the tender good
Of home when fondling arms are there,

Must, ere their time, in mimic show
Of age and sacred duties, be
Thus wise to guide, thus deep to know,
The artless needs of infancy.

The little mothers! Will they win
The bitter-sweet of elder years?
Will love protect them from the sin,
And faith gleam dauntless through the tears?

God grant some guerdon for the loss
Of childly joy: and when they come
To woman-ways and woman's cross,
Give them a fate more frolicsome.

Richard Burton.

THE STORY OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF AFRICA.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

THE publishers of this magazine lately celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary, and in an interesting review of its various enterprises reminded us of the efforts they have made in the field of intellectual activity, by which THE CENTURY has become endeared and familiar to millions of readers. The mention of this anniversary reminds me that it is just twenty-five years ago this month (November) that I was on my way to Zanzibar, as an emissary of an American newspaper, to search for David Livingstone; and as Mr. E. J. Glave's late researches among the haunts of the slave-traders are shortly to be published in THE CENTURY, perhaps a rapid review of progress in Equatorial Africa since I first set foot on that continent may not be out of place as a proem to the articles of my lamented young lieutenant.

In 1870 there were only two white men in all Equatorial Africa, from the Zambesi to the Nile. These were Dr. Livingstone and Sir Samuel Baker. The first had for years been absent from men's knowledge in the far interior, and no man knew what had become of him. The second had but just arrived in the White Nile regions to suppress the slave-trade.

Newspaper editors sometimes appear to regret the change that has come over Africa during the last quarter of a century. They say the romance is all gone out of it, and that it is becoming too well known. But it must not be forgotten, by Americans at least, that the change began on the day when James Gordon Bennett the younger undertook to do what hitherto had been exclusively the business of a geographical society. Had he not conceived the idea of sending one of his correspondents in search of Livingstone, it is just possible that Africa might still have been a *terra incognita*. When the press, whose broad sheets are found everywhere, began to diffuse an intimate knowledge of the continent among civilized peoples, the first streaks of the dawning light that should wake Africa out of its sleep of ages became visible. The Dark Continent had remained long enough as a byword for all that was degraded and savage. Ever since the art of ocean navigation had been acquired, the crews of ships that sailed by its stern and silent shores had shivered as they gazed far off on the loom of the land. For there, according to them, dwelt the Anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders, the Cynocephali, and those who used their feet as umbrellas and their ears as blankets, and many other curious tribes, the list of which may be found in Ogilvie's and other old geographies. If through any accident or stress of weather these ancient sailors approached the shores, they saw full confirmation of their fears; for the people were naked and fierce, and as black as coal, and preyed upon one another like wild beasts.

Soon after the Portuguese navigator Da Gama had outlined the southern half of the continent, which was only a few years before Columbus sighted America, the European sailors took another view of the African savages, which was about as reasonable as that which their fathers had. They thought it a pity that the wretched blacks should destroy each other like the feral creatures, and accordingly proceeded with right good will to catch them and make slaves of them to work for white people. Sir John Hawkins and his imitators could cite Scripture to prove that it was their duty to teach them the rudiments of civilization in this rude way. From that period until about a century ago the white slave-trader flourished on the gains of his terrible traffic, and then gradually the calling came to be regarded as a crime, until finally, a little before the middle of the century, it ceased altogether.

For some time after the suppression of the slave-trade by sea there appeared to be no use for Africa to the mercantile world. A little ivory, some palm-oil, gold-dust, and ebony were all that it could export, and the risk of murder and malaria was too great for the trader to meditate any enterprise in the interior. Even such bold travelers as ventured inland seldom returned. They were either killed and eaten, or they succumbed to the deadly influence of the climate. Fortunately, the Christian sentiment of England was strong, and it was believed that though mer-

cantile gain from trade with Africa was impossible, an abundant harvest of converts ought to be obtained from among the countless millions of pagans on the continent.

In the «forties» the missionary enterprise and success of Dr. Moffat and his son-in-law David Livingstone in the interior of southern Africa became widely known. Travelers and hunters like Gordon-Cumming, Murray, Oswell, and Webb had always something pleasing to say about Livingstone. In their chase of lions and elephants, and other adventures, they had frequently to pass by the door of Livingstone's mission-house at Kolobeng, where they were always hospitably received and assisted, and they were not ungrateful when they returned to their own homes and related their travels.

Between Livingstone and his Boer neighbors, however, there was little love. He accused the Boer farmers of cruelty to the natives, and they resented his interference, and threatened to drive him out of the country. He published their misdeeds in the Cape newspapers, and in revenge for his strictures they finally set fire to his house and burned him out.

This it was which first induced Livingstone to travel to the north, in hopes of finding a land where he could follow in peace his vocation as missionary, and where the Boer farmers could no longer molest him. In his search for the ideal territory he had in view he entered regions utterly unknown to the best-informed geographer, and made many discoveries of importance. It was then that he discovered Lake Ngami and the southern feeders of the Zambesi. It was from this motive that he was led to continue his journey across the Zambesi, to follow its course to its head waters, and to make his way to San Paul de Loanda in Angola; and this was why he retraced his steps and followed the Zambesi to the eastern ocean, where his first series of remarkable adventures terminated after sixteen years of travel.

Just as the Boer persecution had started him on his explorations and diverted him from his cherished missionary work, so the great reputation he obtained by these brilliant feats of travel and valuable discoveries of great lakes and rivers tended to separate him still further from his true rôle. He had revealed the existence of a tropical world, of luxuriant savannas and extensive forests, where animal life was prolific and the vegetation was of marvelous variety and growth. The Zambesi River was 2000 miles long, the lakes were full of sweet water, the soil was fertile and well repaid cultivation, the native products were varied and useful, and as for the natives, when let alone by the roving Arab and unmolested by the Portuguese half-caste, the account of his long residence among them and his many adventures with them proved that they were a good deal better than English people had any notion of. However, the slave-trade was rampant in the interior, whole districts were being devastated, and thousands of human beings were annually perishing through the bloody violence adopted by the Arabs. The sights in the slave-ship's hold were not to be compared in horror to what he had seen in African kraal and camp.

Livingstone was much occupied with delivering addresses in the principal British cities, and after warming his audiences with his glowing pictures of African lands, he would make their flesh creep by telling them of the wholesale murders perpetrated by the Arab and Portuguese marauders, and then close with an appeal for the help of Christian England to stop these horrid inhumanities.

In time the sympathy he sought was freely given, and the government, responding to the general wish, commissioned him to return to the Zambesi and operate in that region with the object of suppressing the slave-raiding and testing the capabilities of the country for legitimate commerce and civilization. His second expedition occupied Livingstone six years. The cost of it, I believe, was about $400,000, a sum then regarded as prodigious. Many caviled at this expensive philanthropy, and the missionary-traveler was eventually recalled, with his reputation somewhat clouded by events over which he had no control.

The geographical results of these six years of labor were the discoveries of Lakes Nyassa and Shirwa, the Shire tributary of the Zambesi, and of a new watershed some portion of the streams of which flowed north, and which evidently belonged to another river, which was supposed to be the Nile. The discovery of these northerly streams was the cause of his third and final expedition. In 1866 he set out for Lake Nyassa with the object of ascertaining what great river received them; for Murchison, the president of the Royal Geographical Society, would give him no rest until he consented to depart on the quest.

A few months after Livingstone had disappeared on his third and last journey into the interior several of his followers returned to the coast, reporting that he had been murdered by a blow from a hatchet, which had cleft his skull. The report gained almost

universal credence by the graphic details furnished by British Consul Seward, who had obtained them from the chief of the band. A few friends disbelieved the report, and insisted on sending Mr. Young to Lake Nyassa to settle their doubts. Within a few months Mr. Young found ample evidence to prove the whole story to be an invention of deserters to hide their ungrateful desertion.

But as nearly four years passed without any direct intelligence from the traveler, the majority of the public were inclined to believe that he must be dead. Hitherto they had never been so long without a letter from him, and this long-continued silence was inexplicable and ominous. The newspapers of the period gave frequent expression to the public anxiety, and it was this general anxiety which induced the manager of the «New York Herald» to send me in search of him.

In the beginning of January, 1871, I reached the island of Zanzibar. I had come from Bombay via Mauritius and the Seychelles—a terribly roundabout course; but at that time Zanzibar was almost unknown, and difficult to reach.

I am not going to relate my journeyings over again, for I have many subjects to touch upon. Naturally, being a newspaper correspondent, I was bound to secrecy upon the subject of my business in that out-of-the-way part of the world; but I managed to extract information that Livingstone had entered Africa at a point nearly 500 miles south of the island, and that he had the intention of proceeding to Lake Nyassa and then tracing the northern streams of the new watershed, and it might be that he would proceed as far as Lake Albert and perhaps join Baker; but where he was, or whether he was alive or dead, not a soul knew.

Meager as this information was, it sufficed for me to arrange a definite plan of procedure. I resolved to march to Lake Tanganyika, almost straight west from Zanzibar, in the belief that if any white man had passed to the north, such an event would be long remembered by thousands of natives.

After coming to this decision, it only remained for me to organize an expedition and conduct it with what patience and skill I could toward the lake. We set out in April, and early in November, after a march of nearly 1000 miles, we saw the waters of Lake Tanganyika, and its principal port only a few hundred yards distant. A few minutes later we entered the town of Ujiji, and there we came, most miraculously as I thought at the time, face to face with David Livingstone. He had reached Ujiji only ten days before me, from a far country to the west of the lake, where he had left the river he had been tracing for so many years, still flowing northerly. He held to the opinion that it was the Nile, though a misgiving now and then would enter his mind that it must be the Congo; for it was so voluminous and vast that he could scarcely believe it could be the Nile. At Nyangwe, the farthest point reached by him, the river was a mile wide.

We traveled over four months together, during which time it was discovered by us that the rivers to the north of the lake were feeders of the Tanganyika, and that the outlet of the lake, if it had any, must be sought elsewhere. At a place called Unyanyembe, nearly midway between Ujiji and Zanzibar, Livingstone and I parted, he to pursue his investigations to the southwest, and I bound east, and homeward.

Fourteen months afterward, Livingstone, having reached Lake Bangweolo, fell a victim to dysentery, and the men I had sent to him embalmed his body and returned with it to the coast. About the same time that I was returning from the Ashantee expedition the body was on its way to England. I arrived in time to attend the funeral, and saw the coffin containing the remains deposited in a vault of Westminster Abbey.

The task which my friend had left unfinished now devolved upon me. The geographical world was anxious to know what was this mysterious river the quest of which had occupied Livingstone's declining years. The London «Daily Telegraph» joined with the «New York Herald» in defraying the cost of this second expedition. The story of how I set out a second time from Zanzibar, circumnavigated the Victoria Nyanza, discovered Lake Albert Edward, voyaged around Lake Tanganyika, and reached Livingstone's farthest point—Nyangwe—on the banks of the Lualaba, has been told in detail in my book «Through the Dark Continent.» It also relates how, after a tedious land journey parallel with the river, I made ready my English boat, collected about a score of native canoes, embarked my followers, and how, after a course of nearly 1800 miles, we reached the Atlantic Ocean at the mouth of the Congo. By this river voyage the question which had puzzled Livingstone for eleven years was solved. It is a noticeable fact that when I began my descent of the Congo I was the only white man—excepting my companion, Frank Pocock—to be found between the Zambesi

and the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and between Zanzibar and the Lower Congo.

It may easily be understood why, on returning from the discovery of the great African waterway, I should be anxious that England should avail herself of it. In 1816 England had despatched a naval expedition under Captain Tuckey to ascend the Congo, but it terminated disastrously 200 miles inland. In 1873, Captain Grandy, another English officer, had attempted the task. In 1876 Admiral Hewitt's expedition had suppressed the pirates of the Lower Congo. For over sixty years England had kept watch over the Congo slavers. Half of the expenses of my expedition had been contributed in England. She was also rich, tender and just toward the natives, and her people were the best colonizers in the world. All these facts were, in my opinion, claims that might justify England in stepping forward and taking possession.

During my descent of the Congo I had revolved over and over in my mind the question of the destiny of the river. Seated at the prow of my boat, which led our flotilla, and daily watching the river developing itself, I was preoccupied with these thoughts every leisure moment. There was, it seemed to me, no other power but England that could interest itself with this part of Africa; and, as I said, there was not a single white man in possession of any portion of the equatorial belt, except at the mouth of the Congo, where a few traders had gathered. But despite numerous addresses in England upon this subject, I failed to awaken more than a geographical interest in Equatorial Africa. The terror of the African climate in general was too strong upon everybody.

Elsewhere, however, the reports of my addresses in the English newspapers were taking effect. After nearly nine months' busy life in England, the King of the Belgians invited me to visit him, and I was then informed of his strong inclination to undertake for Africa what I had been so strenuously advising Englishmen to do. He was already president of the African International Association, which was about to set on foot a humanitarian enterprise from the east coast, and he led me to understand that if I were free from other engagements he would like to employ me in opening the Congo basin to European influence and civilization.

It was my opinion that the best way of setting about the work was to construct a light surface railway which should skirt the cataracts of the Lower Congo, and then to launch steamers on the upper waters, which I estimated would furnish about 6000 miles of navigation. We argued about this matter from August to December, 1878. The best Belgian engineers were consulted, but after the most elaborate calculations as to cost, it was finally decided that, as the expense would be great, we should content ourselves with making wagon-roads past the cataracts, and build a series of military stations for the protection of caravans, and that the annual expenditure should not exceed $60,000.

I set out on this third expedition in the early part of 1879, and by a certain date in August of that year the personnel and material for the work were all ready for operations at the mouth of the Congo. By December, 1881, we had hauled two steamers and steel barges to Stanley Pool, and the stations of Vivi Isangila, Manyanga, and Leopoldville had been established. A large weekly caravan came and went regularly and safely. There were periodical markets for the sale of food and produce along the road. Reports of the progress of the stations came frequently to hand, by which I was assured of the general tranquillity, and encouraged to persevere in extending the system up the Congo.

During 1882 we built Kimpoko and Gobila stations, explored the Kwa and Mfini rivers, and discovered Lake Leopold II.; but on returning from this voyage I was attacked by a violent fever. It was my second experience of the dangerous hematuric type. I was unconscious for days, and on recovering my senses found that my legs had swollen to an immense size. For a month afterward it appeared to me as if a quarter of a hundredweight of mercury had been injected into each leg. Under these circumstances I surrendered my authority to Dr. Pechuel-Loesche, and returned to Europe. The long sea voyage somewhat restored me, and after a stay of six weeks in England I was on my way back to resume my work, with a large following of officers, and a steamer cargo of goods, tools, and new boats for the Congo. The pitiful sum of $60,000 a year was no longer sufficient for our magnified projects. The expenditure was now over $200,000 a year, and the more we extended our operations into the heart of the continent the greater grew the expense.

Early in 1883 I was back in Stanley Pool with an additional steamer and barge. Leopoldville was growing in extent, and was a comparatively large settlement. A large number of officers were awaiting orders there. Five new stations were required for the Upper

Congo, and over fifteen were wanted for the basin of the Kwilu. Captain Grant Elliott was appointed chief of the Kwilu division, Captain Hansens took charge of the Manyanga district, Baron von Danckelman of the Lower Congo, Lieutenant Valcke of the Stanley Pool division, while I supervised the Upper Congo.

Among the young officials who were waiting appointments at Leopoldville was Mr. E. J. Glave. He appeared to be a slim, tall boy of eighteen or nineteen; but during the few days I remained at Leopoldville I saw that he was a man in character, well educated, fond of sketching, and eager for active service. I was always on the lookout for willing spirits. Every European seemed willing enough when he first landed on the river, but very few, after an experience of the fever, long retained that willingness. However, Glave condemned his inaction, and when offered a chance of proving his mettle and ability at Lukolela, became aglow with animation.

The steamers ascended the river with many officers for the up-river stations. Two were put ashore at Bolobo. About eighty miles higher up we dropped Glave on the site of his future station, and halted only to mark out his clearing in the woods and to arrange a few details. At Equator Station we set ashore a few other officers, purchased land, and built a store for their goods. At Bangala we made almost similar arrangements, after which we continued on our way to Stanley Falls, our ultimate destination at this period.

As we approached the Falls we saw that the river-banks had been depopulated and the villages were in ashes. We passed dead bodies floating in the river. Canoes were standing on end like hollowed columns, crowds of fugitives were afloat, and hiding among the reedy islands. These were all signs of a general terror, but we could get no information of its character. Vague ideas of an invasion from some savage tribe came to our minds, and now and then we had a misgiving that there must be Arab slavers in the neighborhood.

Continuing our ascent, on the third day we came in sight of a huge Arab camp on the right bank, and before very long we discovered that the Arabs of Nyangwe (Livingstone's farthest point), having heard the most exaggerated reports of our successful descent of the Congo in 1877, had hastened after us to reap a harvest of ivory and slaves. They had been too successful. Over 118 villages had been destroyed below Stanley Falls alone, a rich plunder of ivory was in their camp, and several hundred slaves, old and young, were herded like goats and heavily fettered in the slave-pen.

It then appeared that while we had been negotiating with the negro chiefs along the river, making roads, building stations, and hauling steamers overland, the Arabs of Nyangwe had been coming down the river, laying the country waste. We had at last met, about fifty miles below the Falls. A glance at the scenes of the camp was sufficient to reveal what a future awaited the Congo valley had we not conceived the project of opening the river to civilizing influences. There was not a moment to lose. We had no authority to open fire on the miscreants. They were subjects of the Prince of Zanzibar, who was a protégé of England, and to plunge into hostilities with them might possibly involve us in serious complications. But while we dared not use force, we believed that by continuing the same system we had found so successful with the native chiefs, we could check the audacity of the slavers by our mere presence among them. After some days spent in cautious and friendly negotiation with the Arabs, we were permitted to establish a station at the Falls; and after seeing it well advanced, we turned the prows of our steamers down-river toward Leopoldville. The line of garrisoned stations along the Congo was now 1400 miles in length, while along the course of the Kwilu was another line 300 miles in length. We had over 150 European officers and 1200 colored men, of whom about 600 were from Zanzibar, in our employment. The steamers *Belgique*, *Ville d'Anvers*, and *Jeune Africaine* navigated the Lower Congo; the *En Avant*, *Royal*, and *A. I. A.* navigated the Upper Congo; the big steamer *Stanley* was on her way to the Pool; and besides the steamers, there were about a dozen steel rowing-barges.

In addition to the officials of the Association Internationale, there were twenty-four English and six French missionaries scattered between Glave's station and the Atlantic, so that the white population of Equatorial Africa in May, 1884, was about 180.

At Leopoldville news awaited me that General Gordon was coming out to assist me, and I was instructed to meet and consult with him about the best measures to be adopted for the extirpation of the slave-trade within the Congo area. But on reaching the Lower Congo there was later information that Gordon had been induced to proceed to Khartum, and a substitute for him had been found in Colonel Sir Francis de Winton.

Six years of arduous labors and anxieties

in torrid Africa, with only a brief six weeks in Europe between, will sap the best constitutions, and the hematuric form of fever is not a trifling disease. Few recover from it, in fact, and the pioneer who must brave the heat and rain is peculiarly liable to it. Besides, the special work for which I had been engaged was completed, for regular communication between the Atlantic and Stanley Falls, and the means of its continuance, were now established. So, after initiating Sir Francis in his new duties as my successor, I sailed for Europe.

On my return the questions which agitated those who had observed our operations in Africa were, What would be the probable outcome of this vast expenditure by King Leopold, and what would be the effect of maintaining a military force in the interior of Africa, and the natural expansion and development of the enterprise? There were already two claimants in the field for a portion of the territory over which the blue flag of the African Association waved. Portugal laid claim to the Lower Congo by right of discovery in 1484. France laid claim to another goodly portion from the Gaboon to Stanley Pool, because of De Brazza's treaties with native chiefs, made while he was in the service of the association. The other European powers were rather perplexed as to the true status of this company of philanthropists which had the king of a neutral state as its president, and which now exercised almost despotic authority over such a vast extent of African territory.

The British chambers of commerce were much averse to the claims of Portugal, because of her terrible tariff, and the vexatious system in vogue among her officials of delaying business and extorting fees. France, also, invariably favored her own subjects, and this partiality and her love of militarism were objections which demanded consideration as to whether diplomacy could not arrange some other substitute. Germany had also shown a disposition to interest herself in Africa, for our success in the Congo had imbued her people with a desire for exploration and commercial enterprise. Now here were Great Britain, France, Portugal, Germany, and Belgium involved in these questions, and the more they were discussed in the newspapers, the more it appeared necessary that they should be settled by common consent of the powers. Therefore a conference of ambassadors was held in Berlin to discuss the fate of the Congo, Niger, and Zambesi, commercial basins, rights of powers, and rules by which claims to African territories should be recognized as valid. Seventeen nations were represented at the conference, which lasted from December, 1884, to the end of February, 1885. On February 25 the act of the Berlin Conference was signed and sealed, and from that date we have had set forth in clear and distinct words the laws and methods by which territorial acquisitions in Africa must be obtained to deserve recognition. On this date, also, the Congo Free State came into being, with King Leopold of Belgium as sovereign.

It is unnecessary to enter into details of the subsequent expansion and steady development of the young state. One of the first duties of the sovereign was to frame a code of laws for its government, and I may briefly say that all the methods of a civilized government, with courts of justice, custom-houses, collection of taxes, record offices, and police and military forces, were put into operation as quickly as they could be designed.

This year is the tenth of its existence as an organized state. Its present extent is about 900,000 square miles, while its population is between 15,000,000 and 18,000,000, according to the most careful estimate. The whites of all nations within its limits now exceed 1400, two thirds probably being Belgian. There is an armed police force numbering 8600, divided into 16 companies, officered by 289 European officers, commissioned and non-commissioned. The revenue of the state amounts to nearly $1,000,000, to which, however, King Leopold contributes $200,000, and Belgium $400,000. The remainder is derived from customs, taxes, postage, and sales of lands and rights.

Last year about 700 vessels entered the ports of the state—Banana, at the mouth; Boma, 50 miles higher up the river; and Mataddi, 100 miles from the sea. The commerce, imports and exports, amounts to nearly $4,000,000 in value. The exports at present consist principally of coffee, ivory, rubber, gum, palm-oil, kernels, and groundnuts.

There are ten post-offices in the state, through which passed last year 49,544 letters from the interior, and 119,784 letters from abroad. The state owns twenty-three steamers, besides barges and boats, while the missionaries and commercial companies own as many more. Inclusive of those possessed by the French, there are now over forty steamers on the Upper Congo, all of which have been carried plate by plate by porters past the cataracts. In the transportation of goods and produce, and material for

boat-building, there are 75,000 natives engaged.

But to me one of the most gratifying items of news from the Congo is that the railway is advancing at an increased rate toward the Upper Congo. At this time last year there were open for traffic only forty-four miles of railway, which had occupied four years in building. I believe there are now ninety-two miles in operation, and in three years more we ought to hear of the completion of the line from Matadi to Stanley Pool. The railway is destined to change very materially the conditions of European life on the Congo.

Until the Berlin Conference no European nation appeared to take any special interest in the fate of the Dark Continent; but the three-months' sitting under the auspices of Bismarck was a splendid school for Europe. The daily telegrams and editorial comments on the sayings and doings of many celebrities regarding river-basins and delimitations, and the products and possibilities of Africa, were just what was wanted to instruct and start into energy the slumbering ambitions of nations as well as of individuals. What King Leopold, De Brazza, and the writer had done, others could do; and the scramble for Africa was the consequence, with all its jealousies, spites, newspaper banter, and menace. Thoughts of the period from 1885 to 1890 remind me of the way my black followers used to rush with gleaming knives for slaughtered game during our travels.

Foremost among the countries whose lust for territory was awakened by the Berlin Conference were Germany, France, and Italy. I do not blame them at all; on the contrary, I think it admirable, necessary, and inevitable. The starving white man must be satisfied, or he will become ugly. Before these nations was revealed a huge continent with many millions of square miles undeveloped. In possession were several millions of black men, divided into minute fragments of tribes, each of which was isolated on its ten-square-mile plot, upholding with tooth, spear, and arrow its singular African Monroe doctrine—Ugogo for the Wagogo, Uganda for the Waganda, Uguhha for the Waguhha, Unyoro for the Wanyoro, and so on throughout all the thousands of ten-square-mile sections of Equatorial Africa. And a fine mess these tribal fragments had made of themselves and their lands after some fifty centuries or thereabouts of occupation! Murder in every conceivable shape rioted throughout their territories. Naked and bestial they had lived from prehistoric time. It was death to any unarmed stranger to come among them, and death to any member of their communities who showed the least sign of capacity or genius. From the Hottentot to the Shilluk, the Masai to the Bakongo, they were all alike; and so long as they excluded outside influences they would continue to deteriorate morally and physically until they would become as degraded as the Pygmies and the Bushmen.

Therefore it was not harm, but the highest good, that was coming to the savage African by the advent of civilizing white men among them. He was to be protected from the black-haired, yellow-faced Arab, who was incapable of pity. He would be saved from himself, than whom there was nothing more deadly. He was to be taught how to be human, and how in time he would become the equal of the white. Talk about the emancipation of the American negroes and the Russian serfs! They were mere commonplaces compared to the emancipation of Africa from herself that dates from 1885.

Within the scope of a magazine article it is impossible to describe the steps which France, Germany, and Italy severally took. A sufficient idea, however, may be gained by the casual reader of what has been done when I say that within the last ten years France has acquired of Equatorial Africa about 300,000 square miles, in which there are now 300 Europeans; Germany, 400,000 square miles; Italy, 547,000 square miles; and Portugal has now a defined territory extending over 710,000 square miles. France, moreover, has been active farther north, in the Sahara and in west Africa, and claims rights over 1,600,000 square miles; while Germany, in southwest Africa and the Cameroons, asserts her rule over 540,000 square miles.

England was the last European power to engage in the rush for African territory. Her efforts for some years after the Berlin Conference had been confined to reserving spheres of influence, rather than to violent annexation, and to moderating the passion for African land manifested by Germany, France, and Italy.

If any power had the moral right to interfere with this fierce lust for annexation, it must be admitted that, after policing the African coasts for over half a century, exploring the interior, and establishing Christian missions in East Africa, Nyassa Land, and Uganda, England was fairly entitled to it. Between 1886 and 1890 Englishmen began to stir, and succeeded in forming the famous South African Company, the African Lakes Company, and the I. B. E. A.[1] Company. The

[1] Imperial British East African.

Royal Niger Company had obtained a charter in 1886, and in October, 1889, a somewhat similar one was granted to the South African, with administrative power over 750,000 square miles. In 1891 it absorbed the African Lakes Company, and thus British Central Africa, with 500,000 square miles, was formed. To the British East African Company was given authority over 700,000 square miles.

By placing these statistics in a tabular form the reader may best see the subdivision which has taken place since February 25, 1885:

		SQ. MILES.
To the Congo State, by consent of the powers		900,000
France annexed		1,900,000
Germany		940,000
Italy		547,000
Portugal		710,000
Great Britain	South African Company.	750,000
	British Central Africa..	500,000
	British East Africa....	700,000
Total		6,947,000

As mentioned above, I was the only white man during 1876 in Equatorial Africa, but in 1877, when only a short distance from the Atlantic, the first missionaries landed on the east coast in response to an appeal that I had written in 1875 from Uganda. During the years from 1879 to 1884 missionaries followed closely my tracks up the Congo, and as a hundred influences were in the course of a few years enlisted in the cause of Africa, Nyassa Land and the eastern and southern part of central Africa began to be studded with Christian missions, and missionaries have continued to enter Africa ever since, until now there must be about 300 of them, and the number is still increasing. They are not all reputed to be first-class men, but it is wonderful what earnestness and perseverance will do. We have only to think of Uganda, with its 200 churches and cathedral and its 50,000 native Christians, read the latest official reports from Nyassa Land, and glance at the latest map of Africa, to be convinced of the zeal, devotion, and industry of the missionaries.

Mission-houses do not grow of themselves. Gospels are not translated into African tongues, nor are converts spontaneous products of human nature. I am somewhat familiar with African facts, and to me these things represent immense labor, patience, and self-sacrifice; but others expect Africans to fall in love with the missionary's eyes.

It is true, though strange, that for the first six years or so very little visible effect is produced by missionary teaching and influence. The mind of a pagan descendant of innumerable centuries of pagans appears to be for some time impenetrable to the Christian doctrine, and no matter how zealously a missionary may strive with him, he continues to present a wooden dullness, until by and by there is a gleam of interest; he catches the idea, as it were; and the interest becomes infectious and spreads from family to family, and converts multiply rapidly. «Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.»

I have in my mind, as I write, the examples furnished by the Waganda, Wanyassa, and Bakongo. At the town of Banza Manteka, for instance, one day 900 natives came to Mr. Richards, the missionary, and requested to be baptized by him. He had labored among them many years, but hitherto converts had been few. The missionary imposed conditions on them. He said that they must first assemble their fetishes, idols, and stores of gin, and destroy all in the market-place. And they went forthwith, and did it.

I estimate that there are at present 300 Europeans, inclusive of missionaries, in French Congo; 150 in British east Africa; 350 in British central Africa; 250 in German east Africa; and 1400 in Belgian Congo—altogether, say, 2500 Europeans between the Zambesi and the Nile. The railways about to be constructed in British east and central Africa and the German possessions will be the means of attracting several hundred more, just as the Congo Railway has been the cause of the greater European population in the Congo State; and since roadless Africa during the last ten years has attracted so many whites, it needs no prophet to predict that where one white traveled during its primitive state, a hundred will travel by railway. There are now only about 130 miles of railway within the limits of Equatorial Africa; but at the end of ten years from now we shall have the Congo Railway, 250 miles long; the Stanley Falls Railway, 30 miles; the Mombasa-Nyanza Railway, 660 miles; the Shire-Nyassa Railway, 70 miles; the German Usambara Railway, 120 miles; and probably the Nyassa-Tanganyika Railway, 220 miles, in complete working order.

On July 31 last the Geographical Congress discussed the development of Africa by white races. Soon after the reading of Sir John Kirk's sensible paper, the discussion took a decidedly pessimistic tone. Count Pfeil, who succeeded Sir John, was understood by me to say that colonization in Africa was impossible without a knowledge of science, and I made a note of the extraordinary statement at the

time; while Mr. Silva White asserted that tropical Africa was unsuited for colonization and capable of only a limited degree of development, and that to attain even this restricted development it was essential that imported labor should be introduced—in other words, coolies. Mr. Ravenstein, the famous London map-maker, had a controversial paper ready, but he amiably postponed it for delivery before the British Association.

The close of an article is no place for controversy, and I think that what I have written above tends to prove sufficiently that there is a phenomenal development of Africa now in progress. If any one will take the trouble to read Parkman's story of the early days in America, and reflect upon what little advance was made in New South Wales during the first twenty years after its discovery, and compare both with what has taken place in the Congo region after only eighteen years' knowledge of its river and basin, he will need no words from me.

As for the word «colonization,» it is a misnomer as applied to what the British, Germans, and French are doing at present in Equatorial Africa. I know of only one attempt that has been made to colonize central Africa, and that was by the Freelanders [1] lately; and my opinion of that was broadly expressed when I said I hoped the socialistic colonists had not forgotten to take their return tickets. In fact, no one except the speakers above mentioned has associated the word «colonization» with the equatorial region of Africa. It is the term «civilization» that I used in all public addresses when referring to present and future operations in the torrid zone of the Dark Continent. Yet to say that tropical Africa is unsuited for colonization and capable of only a limited degree of development is exaggeration. It is partly true; the rest is an expression of individual opinion on the part of one who, not having seen Africa, can form no just idea of his subject, and who is unable to project his vision beyond the day. Deliberately to assert that imported labor must be introduced before there can be even a partial development of Africa is an absurdity.

I understand what Count Pfeil and Mr. Silva White meant to say, but they have both been unhappy in expressing themselves. The count, no doubt, intended to say that Europeans who propose to live in Africa should observe the laws of hygiene applicable to that tropic climate, which is as true as saying that the naked negro who proposes to make his home in northern Europe must learn how to protect himself against the inclemencies of its climate. As yet, however, there is no indication that any Europeans intend to create permanent homes in tropical Africa; but during the last ten years about 2500 have made a temporary residence in that country for the purposes of business or for the practice of their professions; and the number of these must steadily increase as the means of transport are improved, and new businesses are created, until fifty years from now there will probably be found between two and three millions engaged in various African enterprises. Scattered over a territory of five million square miles, this number will not be in excess of what may be required. Meantime, among these will be tens of thousands who will have found the African climate to be as suitable for their constitutions as their own, and who after experimenting upon high plateaus, lake islands, and lofty mountains, will certainly have found healthy localities. For by that time to a thousand centers of industrial and mercantile activity the railways will have brought all the comforts of civilization, and will have conveyed these Europeans to their destinations without the privations, and wear and tear of strength and energy, the sad results of which have been taken by such men as Messrs. Silva White and Ravenstein as indicative of what must always happen in Africa.

With regard to Mr. Silva White's demand that labor should be imported into Africa, it appears to me unmitigated nonsense, if he means coolie labor. What imported labor could be so effective as native labor for that Congo porterage wherein 75,000 Bakongo are now engaged? Three years hence these porters, having tasted the sweets of payment in coin and bank-notes, will, upon the completion of the Congo Railway, require some other work. Some will become soldiers, others police, while still others will offer themselves as mechanics, house-servants, plantation laborers, house-builders, wood-cutters, and follow a hundred other employments suited to their capacities. The Bangala, who were cannibals eighteen years ago, are already engaged in these occupations. On the Nyassa the natives have erected a handsome brick cathedral, which would be an ornament to any provincial town in England or the United States. In South Africa the Kafirs do most of all the manual labor required. I can find no use in Africa for imported coolies; for what can they do that native Africans cannot be taught to do? True, white men now crowd into Africa faster than the continent can supply trained labor.

[1] Socialist followers of Dr. Hertzka.

I could have found use for 5000 coolies when I began operations on the Congo in 1879, for the natives could not understand my object in digging into the clay and making an even road; but after eighteen years of teaching they are found as navvies along the line of the Congo Railway, and building steel steamers at Stanley Pool! As white employers of labor will persist in going into Africa before the natives are quite ready for them, there will be for many years yet a scarcity of labor, not through unwillingness, but through want of time to train a sufficient number to meet the demand.

As for the climate, it is no worse than that found elsewhere in tropic lands. The heat is not so great as in India, or as it is sometimes in New York in summer. Fortunately, the coast-belt on both sides of Africa, where the heat is greatest, and where the climate is most unhealthy, is narrow. In four hours a railway train at ordinary speed would enable us to cross it, and so avoid the debilitating temperature. Ascending the sides of the coast-range by the same means of conveyance, we should in two hours reach a rolling plain which gradually rises in height from 2500 to 3500 feet above the sea. Here the climate is sensibly cooler, and the white man can safely work six hours of the day in the open without fear of sunstroke, though he must not count on immunity from fever. In from ten to twelve hours the traveler by train would meet another steep rise, and would find himself from 5000 to 8000 feet above the sea, on the broad central plateau of the continent, which varies from 600 to 1000 miles across. It is in this section that the great lakes, snowy mountains, and tallest hills are found. Here we have cold nights and a hot sun when the skies are not clouded, though the air in the shade is frequently cool enough for an overcoat; and it is on this immense upland that the white man, when compelled by circumstances, may find a home.

Of course, Messrs. Silva White and Ravenstein differ with me. They have studied books, and I have studied the possibilities by actual experience. However, no one's experience is worth much about this higher region, because travelers have reached it after infinite labor, anxiety, and months of bad diet, and we cannot tell as yet whether we imported the sickness we sometimes suffered in it, or whether we contracted it in the region itself. I am inclined to think that, given a railway to enable a man to reach it speedily and without effort from the sea, it is fit for permanent settlers. We lived nearly three months near Lake Albert, at an altitude of 5600 feet above the sea, and not one of my white companions suffered from an attack of fever; but as soon as we descended to a lower level of 2000 feet we were attacked with violent sickness, and even Emin Pasha and Captain Casati suffered. This proves little, I am aware; but my memory always reverts with pleasure to the glorious immunity from sickness and the buoyant feeling of health and energy that we enjoyed at Kavalli. Had we had the means of still bettering our condition of existence by the facilities which railway transport affords, and could we have reached that locality safely and expeditiously from the sea, I am persuaded that life would have been still more pleasant there.

However, no amount of preaching against the climate will retard the development of Africa. Civilization has grasped the idea that it must enter and take possession, and now that it thoroughly realizes the fact that the *sine qua non* for securing that possession is the railway, I can conceive of nothing that will prevent the children of Europe finding out for themselves whether they can permanently reside there or not.

Henry M. Stanley.

A NAME.

AT first a glimmer, wavering and pale,
Pierced here and there a cloud's o'erhanging veil;

And then at length a great star, full and bright,
Broke forth, and cast its radiance on the night.

Catharine Young Glen.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

NAPOLEON THE WESTERN EMPEROR.

AN INDECISIVE VICTORY: FRIEDLAND—NAPOLEON AND ALEXANDER AT TILSIT—THE NEGOTIATIONS AND TREATY OF TILSIT—NAPOLEON AND QUEEN LOUISA OF PRUSSIA—THE PATH OF NAPOLEONIC EMPIRE—THE SPLENDORS OF PARIS AND THE UNIFICATION OF FRANCE.

AN INDECISIVE VICTORY: FRIEDLAND.

HE situation in Paris was even less satisfactory to Napoleon than that in the rest of Europe. Then, as now, France was like one of those interesting creatures called by the pleasant scientific name of cephalopod—all head except a few tentacles; so we say Paris, and not France. Imperial interests rested on two supports, Paris and the rest of the world. When Napoleon withdrew behind the Passarge, not all the fictions which his fertile brain could devise and his busy agents spread were sufficient to deceive the astute operators of the Paris exchange. Accordingly, the price of French government bonds went down with a serious drop; England having announced soon afterward that she meant to land a great army on the shores of the Baltic, public confidence was further shaken. A year before, the French nation had been startled by the premature demand for more French youth; the new call anticipating the conscription filled them with consternation.

These were grave matters, and the roads from Paris to Osterode and Finkenstein continually resounded under the hoofs of horses and the roll of wheels as messengers sped back and forth with questions and replies. The nature of this correspondence shows how perfectly the government of France was centralized in Napoleon's person even in his absence at such a distance: the whole gamut of administration was run, from state questions of the gravest importance down to the disposition of trivial affairs connected with the opera and its coryphées. As to reviving the finances, the Emperor was at his wit's end, and in a sort of blind helplessness he ordered the state to lend five hundred thousand francs per month to such manufacturers as would keep at work, and deposit their wares in a government storehouse as collateral; nor did he disdain such measures as the founding of one or two factories of military supplies, or even the refurnishing of the Tuileries, in which he requested the women of his family to spend their money freely.

Of course he was absurdly unsuccessful; scarcely less so, however, than he was in his attempts to restore general confidence by the publication of inspired articles in the newspapers. The censorship was more rigid than ever, and Fouché was instructed to stop indiscreet private letters from the army. Nevertheless, with no great difficulty the senate was bullied into approving the new conscription, and the volatile people soon listened without alarm to the siren voice of their Emperor, which said these boys would be only a national guard, children obeying the law of nature, the objects of his own paternal care. Louis, who was governing Holland with reference to its own best interests, and ordering the affairs of his family rigidly but admirably, received a severe and passionate reprimand from the Emperor for his economy. What was wanted was pay for the troops, plenty of conscripts, encouragement for the Dutch Catholics, and a giddy court where men would forget more serious things, and where the gay young Queen Hortense could make a display. «Let your wife dance as much as she wants to; it is proper for her age. I have a wife forty years old, and from the field of battle I recommend her to go to balls; while you want one of twenty to live in a cloister, or like a wet-nurse, always bathing her child.»

In the absence of her bogy, Mme. de Staël, who said she loved the gutters of Paris better than the mountain streams of Switzerland, reappeared in the suburbs of that city. When

Napoleon heard of it he grew furious, and gave orders to seize her as an intriguer, by force if necessary, and to send her back to Geneva. It was done, but an awful presentiment took possession of the Emperor that she had appeared like a crow foreboding a coming tempest. As if to compensate France for the loss of her literary powers and those of her friends, many means were devised and tried for the encouragement of an imperial literature. In his assumed and noisy contempt for ideals, Napoleon displayed his fear of them: the Academy was ordered to occupy itself with literary criticism; when in public assemblies mention was made of Mirabeau or other Revolutionary heroes, the speaker was to be admonished that he should confine himself to their style and leave their politics alone; the schools were ordered to train the children in geography and in history, but the instruction must be confined to facts, not philosophical or religious.

Napoleon's worst qualities and his growing weaknesses were foreshadowed this winter in two exhibitions of self-indulgence most far-reaching in their results. The first bad symptom was his notorious license, which brought from the Empress expressions of the bitterest reproach. Growing old at forty-three, not forty, as Napoleon gallantly but untruthfully wrote to Louis, the aging Creole dismissed from memory the sins of her own youth and middle age, while in jealous fury she charged her husband not only with his adulteries, but with crimes the very name of which sullies the ordinary records of human wickedness and folly. She would have followed the Emperor to Poland, but his repeated dissuasions, although honeyed, were virtual prohibitions, and she dared not. His unfriendly annalist, Mme. de Rémusat, says he retorted to all Josephine's charges that he needed but one reply, the persistent I: «I am different from every one else, and accept the limitations of no other.» Her continuous weeping, he wrote to his consort, showed neither character nor courage. «I don't like cowards; an empress should have pluck.» The second sign of weakness was the growing neglect of detail in his work. Life has always been too short for a despot both to gratify his passions and at the same time to be a beneficent ruler, even under the simplest conditions. On the recovery of Maret, the Emperor relaxed very much in his personal attention to detail, while his secretary sought to drown a domestic sorrow and scandal in a feverish activity still greater than that which he had always displayed. This conjunction gave the secretary an eminence he had not hitherto reached, and made him thereafter a power behind the throne whose influence was dangerous to the empire, to France, and to the peace of Europe.

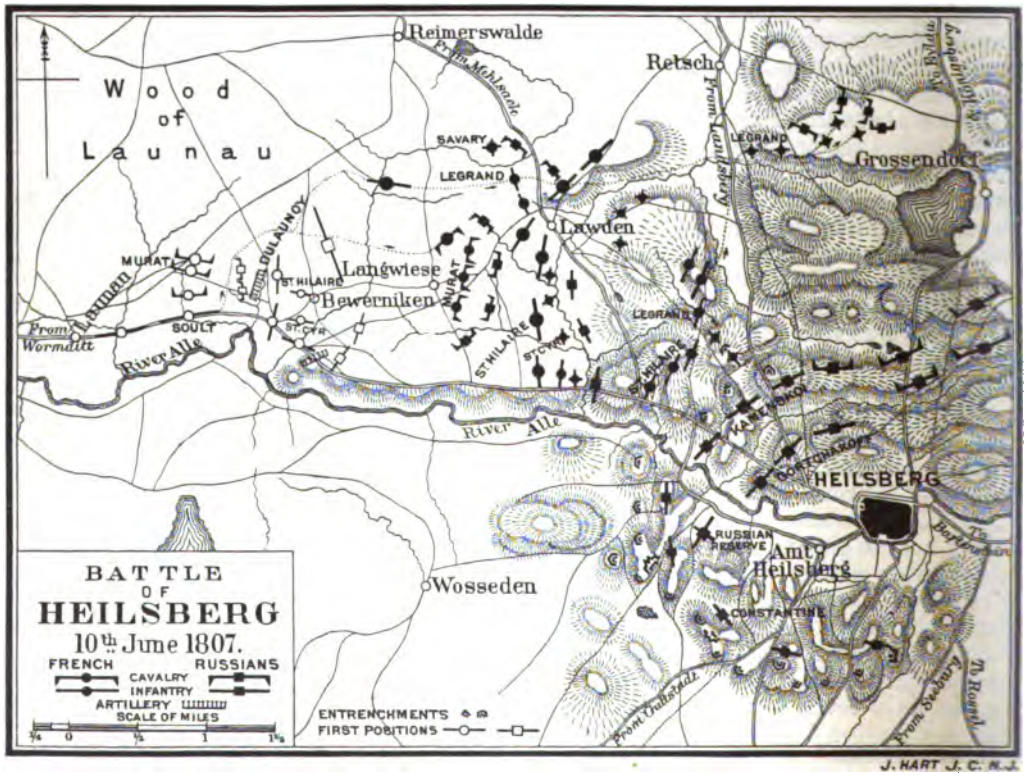
In spite of the enemy's numerical inferiority, Napoleon had been thwarted at Eylau by the weather, by the unsurpassed bravery of the Russian soldiers, and by the able tactics of Bennigsen. The latter had not been worsted in the arbitrament of arms, yet the Emperor's character for resolution and energy had virtually defeated the Russians, and had given him not only a technical, but a real victory. Although he fell back, and assumed the defensive, feeling that without enormous reinforcements and the capture of Dantzic he could not resume the offensive, yet nevertheless he had remained for four months unmolested by his foe. Bennigsen's perplexities were great. The Russian court was rent by dissensions, affairs at Constantinople were occupying much of the Czar's attention, and the force available for fighting in the North seemed too small for a decisive victory: he remained virtually inert. There was an effort late in February to drive the French left wing across the Vistula, but it failed. A few days later Napoleon in person made a reconnaissance on his right, and this show of activity reduced the opposing ranks to inactivity. He had proposed to resume hostilities on June 10, having by that time increased his strength on the front to 160,000 men, all well equipped and fairly well fed. The reserve army in central Europe was much larger, and he had about 400,000 men, all told, in the field.

Meanwhile, however, the pleasant season had mended the roads and dried the swamps. The Russians were refreshed by their long rest, and, children of nature as they were, felt the summer's warmth as a spur to activity. Bennigsen had by that time about 90,000 men, excluding the Prussians, who now numbered 18,000. By his delay he had lost the services of his best ally, the inclement weather; but he had now come to a decision, and forestalling Napoleon's scheme, advanced on June 6 to the Passarge, against Ney's corps, which was the French advance-guard. Ney retreated, and the 7th was spent in manœuvers which resulted in uniting his corps with the main army. Bennigsen, having hoped to cut off and destroy his division before attacking in force, felt compelled, in consequence of failure, to retreat in turn, and this movement left Lestocq at a dangerous distance to the right. At this juncture Napoleon determined to assume the offensive

himself. On the 8th he began to concentrate his troops, and took measures to find the enemy in order to force a battle. Bennigsen had withdrawn beyond the river Alle; Soult and Lannes, with Murat in advance, were sent up its left bank to Heilsberg; Davout and Mortier were to pass farther on, as part of a general movement to surround; Ney and the Guard were held in reserve; while Victor was despatched to block Lestocq.

The first shock occurred on the morning of the 10th, in the neighborhood of Heilsberg; for Bennigsen had sent a considerable number of his troops back over the river to feel the enemy. The Russians were slowly driven across the plain, fighting fiercely as they went, until by six in the evening they reached the heights near the town, which had been intrenched. Here they turned, and for five hours hurled back one advancing French column after another until eleven o'clock at night, when, fortunately for the attacking troops, as Savary, who was with them, thought, it was too dark, even near the summer solstice and in those high latitudes, to fight longer. Napoleon woke from his bivouac next morning and looked to see his enemy gone, as at Pultusk and Eylau. But this time a repetition of that pleasant experience was denied him. His losses had been so serious the day before that he spent the 11th in manœuvers, further concentrating his army before Heilsberg, and despatching Davout to throw himself between Lestocq and Bennigsen, thus turning the latter's right and checking the former, if all went well. This movement determined the character of the whole campaign. It had the desired effect, and on the morning of the 12th the trenches in front of him were empty. The Russians had stolen away, and for two days they steadily retreated down the Alle in the general direction of Königsberg, until on the evening of the 13th they reached Friedland.

Bennigsen had expected to retreat still farther, hoping to reach Wehlau, and cross to the right bank of the Pregel for a strong defensive position before Königsberg. Lestocq with the Prussians was well forward on the extreme right toward that place. But at three in the morning of June 14 the head of Lannes's column appeared before Friedland, and the Russian commander, supposing he had to do with a single division, turned, and crossing to the left bank of the Alle, passed through Friedland in order to meet his enemy in the open. His evident intention was to follow the Napoleonic plan of overwhelming



the attacking divisions one by one as they arrived. His right wing was stationed in the rear of the hamlet of Heinrichsdorf, his left rested on a forest known as the Sortlack. When his arrangements were completed it was nine o'clock in the morning. What information he had is unknown, but what he did remains inexplicable. Starting to seize Heinrichsdorf, he was, after a short conflict, repulsed; for Lannes had stretched his line far to the left for the same purpose, and had been reinforced by Mortier's vanguard. Bennigsen withdrew about noon to his first position, and stood there in idleness for three long hours, exchanging useless volleys with his foe. Having his entire force already on the field, he remained absolutely inactive while the enemy formed their line. In respect to his having massed his forces before the French could form, his position was exactly parallel to that which the latter had occupied at Jena with regard to the Prussians, and which was used by Napoleon with such vigor for a flank attack. But Bennigsen lacked the promptness and insight necessary to use his advantage, and the long delay was decisive. In the interval, Ney, Victor's artillery, and the Guard arrived; at three the Emperor issued his orders for forming the line; and two hours later he gave the signal for Ney to attack on the right.

The Russians had but shortly before learned that the main French army was in front of them, and were beginning their retreat with the intention of recrossing the Alle, many having entered Friedland, which lies on the left bank of the stream. In the first rush toward the town, Ney was repulsed with dreadful loss; but as Ney's corps rolled back to right and left, Dupont appeared with Victor's first division in the very middle of the breaking line, and at the same moment Sénarmont pressed forward close to the Russian ranks with all Victor's artillery,—thirty-six pieces,—and began to pour in grape with shrapnel. This routed the enemy, who fled through the town and over the stream; but their right wing, being thus turned into the rear-guard, was caught by Lannes before it reached the crossing, and checked. The wooden bridge was set in flames, and before nightfall that portion of the Russian army which had not yet crossed was virtually annihilated.

FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS GÉRARD. ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.
OWNED BY THE DUC DE BROGLIE.

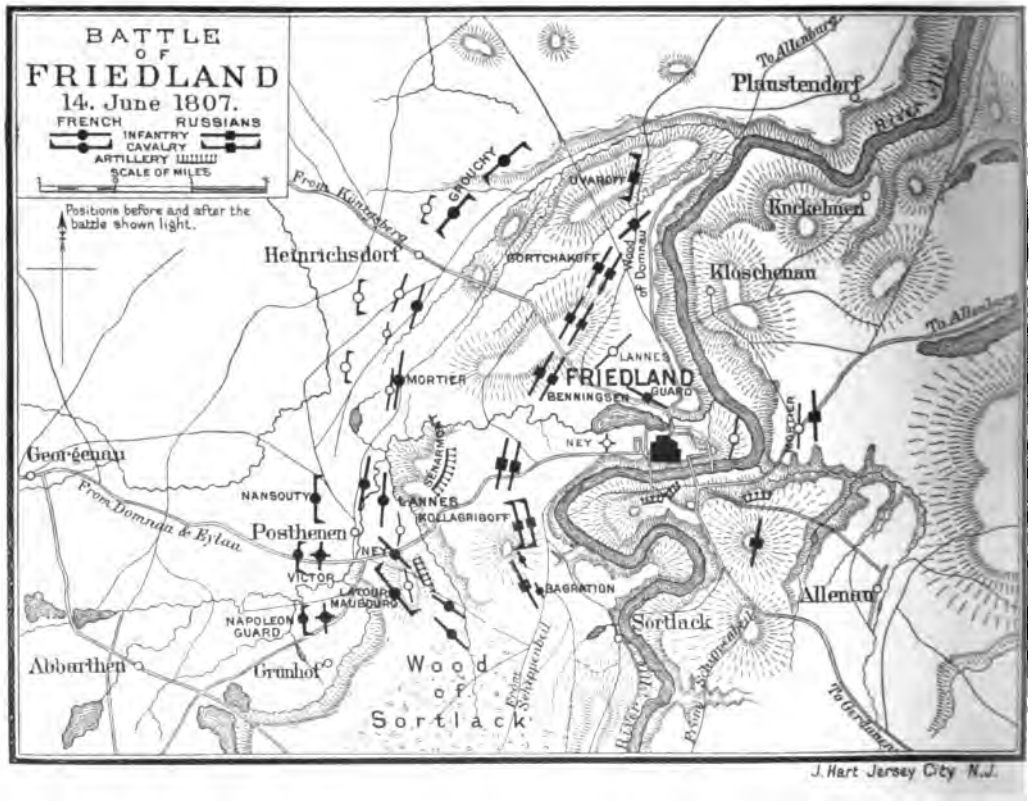
MME. DE STAËL.

About 80,000 French and about 55,000 Russians took part in this battle; the former lost 7000 men, the latter 16,000, with eighty field-pieces. It was the only one of Napoleon's great engagements in which he admitted his numerical superiority to his enemy. The same day Soult and Davout, with Murat's cavalry, drove Lestocq into Königsberg, and prepared to invest the town. But Lestocq's troops, with the garrison and the court, escaped, flying for refuge toward the Russian frontier. Bennigsen collected at Allenburg the troops he had saved, and, retreating in good order, crossed the Niemen at Tilsit four days later. He then had the option either of awaiting Napoleon, who was close behind, or of making peace, or of withdrawing into the interior beyond the enemy's reach, as Alexander had done after Austerlitz. As a matter of fact, he confessed utter defeat. «This is no longer a fight, it is butchery,» he wrote to the Czar's brother, the Grand Duke Constantine. «Tell the Emperor what you will,» he said again, «if only I can stop the carnage.»

The campaign of Friedland shows either less genius or more than any other of Napoleon's victories, according to the standpoint from which it is judged. If he is to be re-

garded throughout its duration merely as a general, then his conduct shows comparatively little ability. He came on his enemy where he did not expect a battle; although he had ample time to evolve and execute an admirable plan, and his loss was trifling compared with that of his opponents, yet, nevertheless, Friedland was a commonplace, incomplete affair. It compelled the foe to abandon Heilsberg, but it did not annihilate him or necessarily end the war. Bennigsen found all Russia behind him after his defeat: 25,000 men came in from Königsberg, Prince Labanoff brought up the Russian reserves, and thus was formed a substantial army. A retreat with this force into the vast interior would have left Napoleon as a general just where he was before. This ineffectual result was entirely due to a single deliberate move which thwarted the general scheme of surrounding and annihilating the foe—the detachment of Davout to check Lestocq on the enemy's extreme right.

But when viewed from the statesman's point of view, Friedland appears in a very different light. It is a strange coincidence that in the month previous a rebellion of the Janizaries had deprived Selim III. of his throne, and that, Sebastiani's influence being thus ended, France's position in the Oriental question was utterly changed. The formal despatches announcing this fact did not reach Tilsit until June 27 or 28, but there is a strong probability that it was known to Napoleon before the battle of Friedland. Is it possible that the Emperor intended Friedland to do no more than satisfy his army's eagerness for glory, and yet leave Alexander in a humor to unite with him for the gratification of those well-known Oriental ambitions of his which he had so recently seen jeopardized by the Franco-Turkish alliance and the ascendancy of French influence at Constantinople? Such a hypothesis is by no means wild; nevertheless, a careful study of the campaign seems to prove that Napoleon, in suddenly changing from the defensive to the offensive, and in consequence finding himself at Heilsberg face to face with defeat, took the quickest and easiest means to relieve a critical situation. It would have appeared something very like bravado had Davout's corps penetrated between Lestocq's division and the Russian army, and thus have exposed itself to a rear attack. If the easy self-reliance Napoleon had felt after a winter of robust health had been somewhat less, and if his intellectual acumen had been somewhat



FROM THE DRAWING BY MEISSONIER. PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

MARSHAL NEY.

greater, the whole situation might have been foreseen and provided for. As neither was the case, he did as a general the best thing that was possible at the moment. Admitting this, we shall find the statesman making the most of the general's poor situation; for the treaty which followed Friedland is unique in the history of diplomacy.

There were forcible reasons on both sides for arriving at an understanding. It has been remarked that Napoleon never discharged the stings and darts of personal abuse at Alexander I. as he did at the persons of other enemies. When a proposition for an armistice was made by Bennigsen on June 21, it was not only courteously, but impressively ac-

SKETCH BY ERIC PAPE, AFTER THE PAINTING BY ANTOINE-JEAN GROS, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

CLAUDE-VICTOR PERRIN, DUC DE BELLUNE.

cepted, and within a very short time things were moving as if the two emperors were no longer enemies, but rather as if they were already intimate friends, anxious to embrace. At least, even before their meeting, such was the attitude they held in their communications with each other and ostentatiously displayed to those about them. Some things are perfectly patent in the Czar's desire for peace. Prussia, although the principal in the fight, was but a feeble power. England, though reaping the harvest of Russia's commerce, had become niggardly in regard to subsidies, and had delayed the long-promised, much-vaunted Baltic expedition until it was useless. The King of Sweden was so hated by his own subjects that his efforts as an ally had been rendered almost futile. In Russia itself there was a strong party, led by the Grand Duke Constantine, which steadily denounced the war as one in the interest of strangers, and in it were included most, if not all, the Russian officers. It was evident that Alexander as an auxiliary would lose no prestige at home in withdrawing from a quarrel which was not Russia's, and in which he had more than paid any debt he owed to Prussia by the sacrifice in her behalf of his guards and of the flower of his army. Moreover, misery abounded among the survivors, and his finances were not exactly in a flourishing condition. Such was the general discontent with the war that men of importance—at least so it was said at the time—ventured to remind Alexander of his father's violent death.

On the other side much also is clear. As the strategists say, Napoleon had won a battle, but not a victory, at Friedland. The situation in Paris was highly unsatisfactory. The threatened English expedition to the Baltic might arrive at any time. Contemptible as was Gustavus of Sweden, he was in Pomerania with an Anglo-Hanoverian army of 10,000 men. Most disquieting of all, there were movements both of intellectual agitation and of active partizan warfare in Prussia that presaged a speedy convalescence on her part. It is evident that an alliance with Russia was better for France than one with Prussia as regards both the Oriental and European plans of Napoleon. He therefore determined to suggest the most glittering prospects to Alexander's messenger—nothing less than the partition of Turkey, and the Vistula as the Russian frontier on the Baltic.

But all these reasons on both sides seem inadequate to explain the extraordinary character of the events preliminary to the meeting of the two emperors at Tilsit, of what occurred at that meeting, and of the treaty there negotiated. When Bennigsen first pro-

FROM THE PAINTING BY ÉDOUARD DETAILLE.

PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

«VIVE L'EMPEREUR!»—1807.

FROM THE PAINTING BY MEISSONIER. IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK CITY.

«1807»—FRIEDLAND.

FROM THE LITHOGRAPH BY RAFFET. IN THE COLLECTION OF ATHERTON CURTIS, ESQ.

«1807.»

posed an armistice, Napoleon demanded as a guarantee the three fortresses of Pillau, Kolberg, and Graudenz. His messenger returned with the reply that they were not Russia's to give. Soon Duroc was despatched to the hostile camp. Would the Czar make a separate peace? To do so was to betray Prussia by expressly violating the Bartenstein treaty. Technically the document was invalid, for Austria had never signed it. She would gladly have done so when brought to face a Franco-Russian alliance, but it was too late. Morally it would be base to accede to this proposition, for Frederick William had refused a similar offer. The young Alexander, however, cared nothing for the royal Europe of former days, and but little for the theory of a Western empire under Napoleon. What he did care for was Russian influence in geographical Europe under whatever name, for the dismemberment of Turkey, and for the extension of his empire toward the west by the acquisition of Finland from Sweden. Having failed to realize his purpose by a coalition of so-called legitimate sovereigns, and having heard the almost incredible suggestions which Napoleon had made to Prince Labanoff, his messenger, he was overpowered by the temptation thus held out, and, deserting Prussia, answered, « Yes.» On the 21st an armistice without serious guarantees was concluded between France and Russia; but none was made with Prussia, for the terms offered to her were so severe that, desperate as was her King, he could not endure the thought of accepting them. She was no longer an equal with either France or Russia, but a dependent on either and on both; her nomad court was reduced to Frederick William, his minister Hardenberg, and a few followers who were here to-day and there to-morrow, wherever they felt most was to be gained from the self-interest of either their former ally or their conqueror. The Queen and royal family were at Memel, the farthest outpost of Prussia's shattered domain.

The attitude of the Czar toward Napoleon was markedly different from that of his predecessors in defeat. Frederick William's ancestor had only a century before bought his thronė by supplying Prussian troops to the German-Roman emperor, and, like Napoleon, had set the crown on his own head. Francis I. of Austria was the grandson of Maria Theresa, a powerful and masterful woman, who held her throne in direct contravention of legitimist theories, because she had conquered it. Both were nevertheless overpowered by the sense of their legitimacy and sacred apartness. When Francis humiliated himself before his conqueror after Austerlitz, his mien was distant and his salute haughty; the miserable

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE HOHENZOLLERN MUSEUM, BERLIN. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

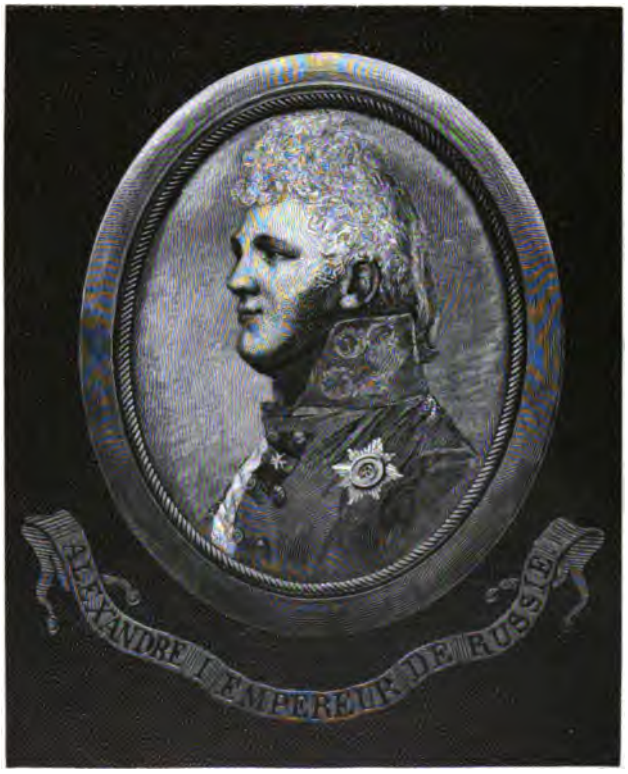
FREDERICK WILLIAM III., KING OF PRUSSIA.

King of Prussia was, like him, dignified and severe even in his beggary. The Czar was too close to the crime which had set him on his throne to assume any airs of superiority with the French Cæsar. Having taken the first step, he began to show a childish eagerness for a personal meeting with Napoleon. The Emperor was far from averse, and made a formal proposal for one, which was promptly accepted; the intercourse between French and Russian officers grew warmer and closer every day, and the arrangements for an interview between the would-be Eastern and Western emperors were soon completed.

NAPOLEON AND ALEXANDER AT TILSIT.

ON the morning of June 25, 1807, there lay anchored in the middle of the Niemen, before Tilsit, a floating pavilion ingeniously con-

structed by French soldiers from boats and boards. It was gaily decorated, according to the taste of their country, with flags and garlands. The front bore a large monogram composed of the letters N and A interlaced. Within were two comfortable rooms, one for the sovereigns, one for their suites. At a signal two skiffs put out, one from each shore, amid the mingled cheers of the French and Russian guards, drawn up in view of each other across the intervening stream. The dull roar of cannon intoned the tidings of reconciliation. In one boat was Alexander, suitably arrayed in uniform; in the other was Napoleon, wearing the traditional gray coat and undress hat. The Emperor of the French was first on board the float, and received his guest with all that winning grace which he could so well command. After a formal embrace he began an informal conversation, which then continued without a break as the two schemers withdrew to the apartment arranged for their interview. The staff, at a respectful distance, could catch nothing of what was said; and although the interview lasted nearly two hours, no words of it are known except the opening phrases, reported by Napoleon himself. «Sire,» remarked the Czar, «I shall second you against the English.» «In that case,» was the reply, «everything can be arranged, and peace is made.» Apparently nothing occurred to disturb the amiability of either monarch. It was doubtless agreed that they would form a dual alliance, absolute and exclusive. «I have often slept two in a bed,» the suave but inelegant Napoleon was heard to say at a subsequent meeting, «but never three.» Savary declared that the smiling and complacent young Czar thought the remark delightful. The meaning of the riddle, if riddle there be, was, of course, that Austria could no longer count as an equal in the Continental Olympus, the membership of which was thus reduced to two.



FROM THE MINIATURE OWNED BY THE DUC DE BASSANO. ENGRAVED BY W. A. HIRSCHMANN.

ALEXANDER I., CZAR OF RUSSIA.

The Czar's conscience smote him in regard to his desertion of Prussia, but with no great effort he obtained material concessions for her from his new ally. The same afternoon an armistice was arranged with Frederick William, by the terms of which he temporarily kept his strong places in Silesia and Pomerania; but his propositions for an alliance were incontinently rejected. Next day there was another meeting on the same raft, but it was tripartite, for the King of Prussia was present. Napoleon was blunt and imperious, reproaching Frederick William with the duplicity of his policy, vindictively (a word he used himself), and with emphasis, demanding Hardenberg's dismissal. At parting he invited Alexander to dinner, but ostentatiously omitted to include Frederick William in the request. It was agreed that to expedite the final negotiations the three monarchs should remain on the ground; one half the town of Tilsit was neutralized and divided into three portions, each of the three parties to take up his residence in one. This closed the preliminaries, and the two emperors returned with mutual satisfaction to the respective sides of the river from which they had come.

The sensations of Frederick William, who accompanied Alexander, must have been those of a patient under a capital operation in surgery. That very afternoon the Czar removed to the quarter of Tilsit appropriated to him. The King of Prussia took lodgings in the

house of a miller, but spent only a part of each day in them, preferring the melancholy solitude of the neighboring hamlet of Piktupönen, where he and Hardenberg had last alighted.

Alexander was now thirty years of age, sanguine, ambitious, impressionable, and mature in proportion to his years. His features were well formed on Slavic lines, his look was sympathetic, and his form elegant. The many graces of his mind and person were natural. «My friend,» wrote Napoleon to Josephine on the 25th, «I have just met the Emperor Alexander. I have been much pleased with him; he is a very handsome, good young emperor; he has more intelligence than is generally thought.» Napoleon himself was only eight years older, but his mind was more penetrating and adroit by a whole generation. The classic cast in his features, which only a few years before made sculptors mold him like the statue of the young Augustus, had nearly disappeared. A complete transformation had been produced in his bodily appearance by the robust health he had for some time enjoyed. He had become more of a primitive Italian and less of a Roman. His skin was now clear and of a rich, dark tint. His powerful frame was fully developed, and while fat, he was not obese; the great head sat on a neck which was like a pillar in thickness and strength. His expression was slightly sensuous about the mouth and chin, but his eyes were quick and penetrating in their glance. It was rarely that his gaze was intent. The good manners and polished courtesy in which he indulged at this time were an unwonted luxury.

Cobenzl said that the last step but one to universal conquest was to divide the world between two. At that moment there was little doubt as to which of these two would ultimately survive. Alexander was impressionable and eager for friendship. He was flattered by the attentive and considerate manner of the greatest man in Europe. The glittering, intoxicating generalities of Napoleon attracted his aspiring mind, while the fascination of the Emperor's person strongly moved his heart. On the other hand, the influence of the Czar on the Emperor was substantial. Beneath his frank and chivalric manners, behind his enthusiasm and romanticism, lay much persistence and shrewd common sense. The advantages which he gained were granted by Napoleon mainly from motives of self-interest, for Russia, strong, was the best helper in reducing Austria to impotence; nevertheless, they were secured largely through personal influence, and were substantial advantages which might be permanent in case of disaster to a single life. Frederick William was only two years younger than Napoleon. His development had been slow: he was well meaning but dull, proud but timid. Though destined to see a regeneration of Prussia under his own reign, he had as yet done nothing to further it, and in an access of resentment had declared a war in which she had been virtually annihilated. His former ally insisted that he should occasionally attend the conferences, but his presence was distasteful to Napoleon. Thus he sat, dejection and despair stamped on his homely face; haughty, yet a suppliant; a king, yet only by sufferance. Fortunately his queen, Louisa, the woman of her day, beautiful, virtuous, and wise, came finally to his support. Her hopes were destined to be rudely shattered, and her charm was to be used in vain; but it was her presence alone which gave any dignity to Prussia at Tilsit.

Both from the place and circumstances, from the station and character, of the persons negotiating, as well as from the nature of the results, the meeting at Tilsit is the most remarkable in the history of diplomacy. The motives which disposed Napoleon to an armistice were plain enough; those which determined his later conduct can only be divined. Prussia had seemed to the French liberals of the Revolution to belong by nature to their system: they were quite as angry with her persistent neutrality as was either Austria or England, both of which thought she should adhere to them, if only for self-preservation. Napoleon's repeated but vain attempts to secure a Prussian alliance before Jena, or a separate negotiation afterward, rooted this traditional bitterness in his mind. He had only two courses open to secure the prize for which he was fighting: either to restore Poland as the frontier state between the civilization of his empire and the semi-barbarism and ambitions of Russia, or else to negotiate with Russia herself.

The former course meant an interminable warfare with Russia, Austria, and Prussia, at a distance of fifteen hundred miles from Paris; for Russia would fight to the death rather than lose the only possessions which put her into the heart of Europe, and thus be relegated to the character of an Asiatic power. The Emperor of the French had already seen after Eylau how untrustworthy the grand army was, even in Poland; if dejected and insubordinate there, as he must

DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

NAPOLEON PLANNING A BATTLE.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

well have recalled was actually the case, what would it be on the banks of the Dnieper, in the plains of Lithuania? Such considerations probably determined not only the fact of peace, but its character. He must secure what he had in western, southern, and central Europe, and to that end England must be brought to terms. Russia must not only be an ally, but a hearty ally: as the price of her subscription to the Berlin decree, and the consequent closing of her harbors to English shipping, she could gratify any reasonable ambition, and might virtually dictate her own terms. With an engine in his hands as formidable as Russia's adhesion to his commercial policy, he could act at the nick of time, —which, as he declared at this very season to Joseph, was the highest art of which man is capable,—could destroy England's commerce, and in a long peace could consolidate the empire he had already won. His empire thus consolidated, he would be virtual master of half the solid earth in the Eastern hemisphere. If ambition should still beckon him on, he would still be young; he could then consider the next step to universal empire.

THE NEGOTIATIONS AND TREATY OF TILSIT.

It may safely be said that Great Britain was never more haughty than at this moment. The King had turned the ministry of «All the Talents» out of doors; for after Fox's death the combination lost all dignity and power. The Duke of Portland was now prime minister. He was a blind, but energetic conservative, his Toryism, unlike that of Pitt in his enlightened days, being of the sort which lay close to his sovereign's heart. England's monopoly of European commerce seemed assured: Sweden, Denmark, and the Hanse towns were the only important seafaring powers of Europe that retained a nominal neutrality, and it was only a question of time when they must accept terms from either France or Great Britain. With every other European nation embroiled in the Napoleonic wars and deeply concerned for its own territorial integrity, the United States were her only real maritime rival, and she had bullied them into a temporary acquiescence in her interpretation of international law.

When colonies were first recognized as essential to the prosperity of European nations, the rule was universally observed that only the mother country could trade with her own. In 1756 France endeavored to break this rule by permitting neutral ships to engage in traffic between herself and her West Indian possessions. England at once laid down the «rule of 1756,» that neutrals should not enjoy in time of war privileges of traffic which they were not permitted in time of peace; and this principle she was able to maintain more or less completely until 1793, when France declared war on her, and again invited neutral commerce to French colonial harbors. England, having regained her supremacy of the seas, reasserted in 1793 the rule of 1756, but nevertheless so modified it the following year that she permitted neutral traders to break their voyages from or to colonial ports in her own or in home harbors. In 1796 France notified all neutrals that she would treat them just as they permitted Great Britain to treat them, and in 1798 shut all her harbors to any vessel which had even touched at a British port. This state of affairs continued until the peace of Amiens. When war was renewed in 1803 between England and France the rule of 1756 was again asserted by Great Britain as binding, while indirect trade between neutral ports and the ports of an enemy was again allowed, but under the new proviso that the neutral ship did not on her outward voyage furnish the enemy with goods contraband of war. This privilege of indirect trade was invaluable to American ship-owners, and for two years the ocean commerce of all Europe was in their hands. The fortunes they thus accumulated were enormous, while Great Britain saw her own manufactures displaced by those of Continental nations, and the colonies of her enemies prospering as never before. In 1805, therefore, she withdrew the privilege of indirect trade, and, her flag being after Trafalgar the only belligerent one left on the ocean, proceeded both to enforce the new rule and to abuse the proviso concerning neutral vessels carrying contraband of war by ruthlessly exercising the right of search. Under the orders in council of September 5, 1805, every neutral ship must be examined to see whether its lading was a cargo of neutral goods, or contained anything contraband. This could only mean that every American ship laden with other than American goods was to be seized; and in May of the following year, by the still more notorious order of the 16th, Great Britain declared that every European harbor from Brest to the mouth of the Elbe was blockaded. This was a distance of eight hundred miles, and even she had not ships enough to enforce her decree. Trafalgar had turned the heads of English statesmen.

This paper blockade was the challenge

DRAWN BY P. GROLLERON.

«THE GORGEOUS DRUM-MAJORS.»

which called forth the Berlin decree from Napoleon. American ships, like those of the French, were for a time seized, searched, and detained by the British on the slightest suspicion that they were either leaving or were destined for a hostile port, while their sailors were pitilessly impressed. The government at Washington authorized reprisals, but American ship-owners found it more profitable to compromise than to resist, and Monroe came to an understanding with the English ministry; the prosperity of American shipping was again revived, and the merchants of the United States continued to prosper by carrying English wares under the American flag into harbors where the union jack was forbidden. By this evasion Great Britain retained her commercial supremacy, and her prosperity was rather increased than diminished. She withheld a similar coöperation from Sweden and Russia until it was too late, her enterprise being chiefly concerned to open new channels for her commerce in Egypt and South America.

How was this leviathan, which was drawing the wealth of all Europe to its stores, and eluding or repelling all attack on its chosen element,—the tyrant of the ocean,—how was it to be slain? Clearly the Americans must be so harassed and annoyed that in the end the public spirit of the United States would be aroused to resent English control, and bid defiance to Great Britain's assumption of maritime supremacy. To this end the rigid enforcement of the Berlin decree would be well adapted in the long run, but in the interval much could be done: if its principle could be extended to the destruction of all smuggling, to the absolute exclusion of British commerce from the entire Continent,—not only from the seaports, but from the markets,—the end would be gained. With Russia's coöperation alone was this possible. Napoleon's present plan, therefore, was to secure France and the French empire, as far as won, by compelling the world to a lasting peace through the immediate establishment of a counterpoise, the French and Russian empires against Great Britain, leaving time to do its perfect work of exasperating the rising naval power of the United States into open hostility against their parent land.

These, it seems, must have been the considerations which controlled the course of affairs at Tilsit. The deliberations were both formal, so called, and informal. At the former were present the three sovereigns with their ministers—Talleyrand for France, Kurakin and Labanoff for Russia, Kalkreuth and Goltz for Prussia; at the latter were sometimes all three of the monarchs, frequently only the two principals, for they found Frederick William a damper to their hilarity. The generals, the staff, and the men of the two great armies which had fought so bravely at Friedland harmonized in mutual respect; but the unwarlike King and his suite, both military and civil, were outsiders. Immediately after the formal and brilliant entry of Alexander into Tilsit, Napoleon began the exchange of prisoners, and despatched messengers commanding his forces in Germany to restore to their sovereign the territories of Mecklenburg, whose reigning house was kin to the Czar. For Frederick William there was scarcely a show of kindness—nothing, in fact, but a cold condemnation of Hardenberg, to whose influence, combined with that of the military party, the conqueror charged Prussia's declaration of war. This minister, banished at Napoleon's instance, was near by. It was a proposition outlined by him which brought forward the first vital question, the partition of Turkey. His sovereign's stateliest lands had been gained by the partition of Austria and of Poland; he now suggested that Russia and Austria should divide the Danubian principalities between them, that France should take Greece and her isles, and that Poland should be restored and given to the King of Saxony, who in turn should hand over his German domains to Prussia. The Czar accepted the paper, which was communicated to him as approved by the King, but kept silence.

A favorite amusement of the two emperors was playing with the French army. Napoleon delighted in the display of his condescension to the men, and in the exhibition of their enthusiastic affection for him. Their drill, their uniforms, the niceties of military ceremonial, the gorgeous drum-majors twirling their batons or marching in puffy state—every detail fascinated the Czar, whose house, said Czartoryski, was affected with the disease of paradomania.

At an opportune moment on one of these reviewing expeditions, Napoleon, surrounded by all the splendors of his power, was approached by a hurrying courier, who put into his hands despatches announcing the overthrow of the Sultan Selim. «It is a decree of Providence announcing the end of Ottoman empire!» he cried. Thenceforth he talked incessantly of the Orient. As if inspired by prophetic fire, he sketched a missionary enterprise for the liberation and regeneration of Greece, and for the emancipation and reorganization of the lands and peo-

ples on the Danube and in the Levant by distributing them among enlightened sovereigns. It was language identical with that which Catherine the Great employed to inspire her people and her descendants for Russia's policy. But the millennium must wait; for the present the barbarous Turks must be driven back, not by force, but by a steady, continuous application of the policy thus outlined; the consummation, when reached, would be permanent. For the moment more immediate and pressing matters must be settled; when Alexander should pay his promised visit to Paris they would have more abundant leisure to discuss ulterior plans. These dazzling prospects were a part of the Czar's consideration. He promised in return to conclude a separate peace with Turkey, which, in the absence of French support, he doubted not he could make most favorable. But in case the Porte should prove obdurate, a provisional plan of partition was drawn up to indicate approximately what Russia might expect.

As the days passed, a routine life was gradually established. The two emperors met privately in the morning, and chatted about every conceivable point, pacing the floor or bending with heads touching over the map of Europe to consider its coming divisions. Alexander had said at the outset that his prejudice against Napoleon disappeared at first sight, and later he exclaimed, «Why did we not meet sooner?» He now repudiated any fondness whatever for the «legitimate» politics of Europe; he had visited the Bourbon pretender, the so-called Louis XVIII., at Mittau, and had found him of no account; he even accepted the light suggestion of his new-found friend that the Russian councilor Budberg should have no share in the conferences, as being possibly too closely wedded to old ideas. «You be my secretary,» said Napoleon, «and I will be yours.» In the afternoon the King of Prussia, with his staff, was generally invited to join their cavalcade for a ride. The Emperor of the French gave a malicious account of those jaunts in later years. Himself a fearless horseman, he spurred his charger to full speed, and the Czar followed with glee, while the King, as timid in the saddle as in the cabinet, jounced and bounced, often knocking Napoleon's arms with his elbows. The French and Russian officers paired in good-fellowship, while the few Prussians rode together. Constantine gathered Murat, Berthier, and Grouchy about him, and treating them on equal terms, displayed the strongest proofs of his regard. The dinner which followed every evening was always large and stately, but short, for the emperors wished to be alone once more as quickly as possible. The Czar was full of curiosity. How did Napoleon win victories? How did he rule men? What were his family relations? How did he regulate his inner life? The Emperor was full of good humor: he told again and again the tale of his victories, and expounded the principles on which he had won them; he explained with candor and in detail the structure and workings of his administrative machine; he opened his heart, and told how its strings had been wrung by the death of the «little Napoleon,» the eldest son of Queen Hortense.

In such pleasant converse the hours of ease rolled swiftly by, and then the work of negotiation began once more. Where differences appeared, Napoleon evaded close discussion and passed to other matters. Next morning, early, the Czar received a carefully worded, concise note on the points at issue, together with an argument. Sometimes he replied in writing, more frequently not. When they met again, Napoleon sought, or appeared to seek, a compromise, and never in vain. The council of ministers, in which there was not a single man of force except Talleyrand, received the conclusions from time to time, and elaborated the details.

By such hitherto unknown simplicity and address the diplomacy of Tilsit was rendered most expeditious. The negotiations were complete, the treaties drawn up, and the signatures affixed on July 7. There were three different documents: a treaty of peace, a series of seven separate and secret articles, and a treaty of alliance. The first point gained by Napoleon was the recognition of all his conquests before 1805. The Czar admitted for the first time absolute equality between the two empires, and recognized the limits of the French system as it then existed: first, the Confederation of the Rhine, with any additions yet to be made; second, the kingdom of Italy, including Dalmatia; third, the vassalage of Holland, Berg, Naples, and Switzerland. There was a verbal understanding, it is said, that Napoleon might do as he liked in Spain and the Papal States, while the Czar should have the same liberty in regard to Finland. Subsequent events attested the probability of this fact. To illustrate Napoleon's attitude toward the recent, but now dissolved alliance, Prussia was given to understand that she owed to Russia what remnants of territory she retained; the stipulations with regard to her were therefore included in the treaty with Russia.

DRAWN BY F. DOLLERON.

NAPOLEON AND ALEXANDER AT TILSIT STUDYING THE MAP OF EUROPE.

Still, there was to be a Prussia. Between the two great empires was to lie, in realization of a long-cherished plan, a girdle of neutral states like the «marches» established by Charles the Great. In this line Silesia was the only break. Prussia and Austria, one on each side of this mark, shorn of their strength and prestige, might await their destiny. France was to mediate for peace between Russia and Turkey, Russia between England and France. In case Great Britain should not prove tractable,—that is, admit the sanctity of all flags on the high seas, and restore all the colonies of France and her allies captured since 1805,—then Russia, in common with France, Denmark, Sweden, Portugal, and Austria, would declare commercial war on England, and complete the Continental embargo on British trade. Should Turkey refuse favorable terms, the two empires would divide between them all her European lands except Rumelia and the district of Constantinople. Alexander afterward declared that Napoleon gave a verbal promise that Russia should have a substantial increment on the Danube. The rumor was that Bessarabia, Moldavia, Wallachia, and Bulgaria were indicated to the Czar as his share.

No mention was made of Austria, which the treaty of Presburg had sufficiently dismembered. But Prussia? In order to complete the great «march» between east and west, Silesia was essential. At first Napoleon thought of combining it with Prussian Poland to form a kingdom. This would not restore the real Poland, but it would create a Poland, and give him a Polish army. It was already decided that the Elbe should form Frederick William's western frontier; to weaken his strength still further would destroy all balance between Prussia and Austria. Moreover, Alexander made a tender appeal, and adroitly suggested a distasteful counter-proposition. Accordingly it was settled that the great province should remain Prussian. This was a large concession to the Czar.

To make some pretense of fulfilling the lavish but indefinite promises made to the Poles, the lands of Warsaw and the province of Posen, with a considerable tract not now contained in it, were erected into the grand duchy of Warsaw. Under the influence of historical reminiscence this was given, not as a province, but as a separate sovereignty, to the Elector of Saxony, who was simultaneously made king and a member of the Rhine Confederation. The Czar, in return for his cessions to the grand duchy of Warsaw, received the Prussian district of Bielostok. As a compensation for the Bocche di Cattaro and the Ionian Islands, Dantzic was restored to its position of a free city. The Prussian lands of the Elbe, together with Hesse-Cassel and many minor domains, were erected into the kingdom of Westphalia for the Emperor's brother Jerome. We have almost forgotten in our day how, less than a century ago, Germany was divided into insignificant fragments. It is instructive to recall that the formation of this new kingdom beneficently ended the separate existence of no fewer than twenty-four more or less autonomous powers—electorates, duchies, counties, bishoprics, and cities. It contained the all-important fortress of Magdeburg, the possession of whose frowning walls carried with it the command of the Elbe, and virtually made Prussia a conquered and tributary state.

This seemed to Frederick William the climax of his misfortunes. He had daily information from the Czar of what was under consideration, and the rescue of Silesia by his mediator gave him high hopes for the preservation of Magdeburg. But his poor-spirited behavior wearied even Alexander, who had been willing to atone for desertion by intervention, but toward the end became very cold. When the King desired permission to plead in person for Magdeburg, Napoleon refused. The Prussian case might be presented by counsel. Goltz was speedily summoned to the task, but though he was always about to have an interview with the French emperor, he never secured it.

NAPOLEON AND QUEEN LOUISA OF PRUSSIA.

It was at this crisis of Prussia's affairs that the King, after much urging, consented to summon his Queen. The rumors and insinuations concerning the Czar's undue admiration of her, so industriously spread by Napoleon, had made him over-sensitive; but as a last resort he felt the need of her presence. She came with a single idea—to make the cause of Magdeburg her own. She had suffered under the malicious innuendos of Napoleon regarding her character; she had shared the disgrace of the Berlin war party in the crushing defeat at Jena and Auerstädt; she had been a wayfarer among a disgraced and helpless people; but her spirit was not broken, and she announced her visit with all the dignity of her station. The court carriage in which she drove, accompanied by her ladies in waiting, reached Tilsit on July 6, and drew up before the door of the artisan under whose roof were the rooms of her husband. Officers

FROM THE PAINTING BY NICOLAS-LOUIS-FRANÇOIS GOSSE, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

NAPOLEON RECEIVES THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA AT TILSIT, JULY 6, 1807.

and statesmen were gathered to receive and encourage her with good advice; but she waved them away with an earnest call for quiet, so that she might collect her ideas.

In a moment Napoleon was announced. As he climbed the narrow stairway she rose to meet him. Friend and foe agree as to her beauty, her taste, and her manners; her presence, in a white dress embroidered with silver, and with a pearl diadem on her brow, was queenly. In her husband's apartment she was the hostess, and as such she apologized for the stair. «What would one not do for such an end!» gallantly replied the somewhat dazzled conqueror. The suppliant, after making a few respectful inquiries as to her visitor's welfare and the effect of the Northern climate on his health, at once announced the object of her visit. Her manner was full of pathos and there were tears in her eyes as she recalled how her country had been punished for its appeal to arms, and for its mistaken confidence in the traditions of the great Frederick and his glory. The Emperor was abashed by the lofty strain of her address. So elevated was her mien that she overpowered him; for the instant his self-assurance fled, and he felt himself but a man of the people. He felt also the humiliation of the contrast, and was angry. Long afterward he confessed that she was mistress of the conversation, adding that she stood with her head thrown back like Mlle. Duchesnois in the character of *Chimène*, meaning by this comparison to stigmatize her attitude and language as theatrical. So effective was her appeal that he felt the need of something to save his own rôle, and accordingly he bowed her to a chair, and in the moment thus gained determined to strike the key of high comedy. Taking up the conversation in turn, he scrutinized the beauties of her person, and, complimenting her dress, asked whether the material was crape or India gauze. «Shall we talk of rags at such a solemn moment?» she retorted; and then proceeded with her direct plea for Magdeburg. In the midst of her eloquence, when the Emperor seemed almost overcome by her importunity, her meddling husband most inopportunely entered the room. He began to argue and reason, citing his threadbare grievance, the violation of Ansbach territory, and endeavoring to prove himself to be right. Napoleon at once turned the conversation to indifferent themes, and in a few moments took his leave. «You ask much,» he said to the Queen on parting; «but I promise to think it over.» The courageous woman had done her best, but her cause—if, indeed, it was ever in the balance—was lost from the moment she put her judge in an inferior position. Her majestic bearing was fine, but it was not diplomacy. She might, nevertheless, have succeeded had she been the wife of a wiser man. Long afterward Napoleon thought she might have had considerable influence on the negotiations if she had appeared in their earlier stages, and congratulated himself that she came too late, inasmuch as they were already virtually closed when she arrived.

The remainder of the day passed for the Queen in a whirl of excitement, messengers from Napoleon bringing the pardon of a Prussian prisoner, with polite attentions of every sort from his adjutants. She gladly consented to dine with Napoleon, and Berthier was chosen to escort her to his Emperor's lodging. On arrival she was received with distinction, and assigned at table to the seat of honor between the host and the Czar. The Emperor was all politeness, offering unwelcome consolations to Frederick William, and expressing astonishment at the Queen's courage. «Did you know my hussars nearly captured you?» he said to her. «I can scarcely believe it, sire,» was the reply; «I did not see a single Frenchman.» «But why expose yourself thus? Why did you not wait for me at Weimar?» «Indeed, sire, I was not eager.» There is a tradition that Talleyrand was made anxious by the good understanding which seemed to prevail, and said to Napoleon later in the evening that surely he would not surrender the benefits of his greatest conquest for the sake of a pretty woman. Whether this admonition was given or not, the Emperor was respectful and polite, but non-committal. After dinner he conversed long with his fair guest. To her lady in waiting, the Countess Voss, he offered snuff—a singular mark of condescension. Next day, in a note to Josephine, he said that he had been compelled continually to stand on his guard; and the day following (July 8) he again wrote to his Empress: «The Queen is really charming, using every art to please me; but be not jealous: I am like a waxed cloth from which all that glides off. It would cost me too much to play the gallant.» The Emperor's courtesy had deceived the poor Queen entirely, and she is said to have returned to her husband's lodging at Piktupönen in the highest spirits.

On that very night, immediately after the dinner, the step she so much dreaded was taken, and orders were given to conclude the treaty as it stood. At the last hour Goltz secured his interview to plead the expectations

awakened in the Queen, but the Emperor coldly explained that his conduct had been politeness, and nothing more; the house of Prussia might be glad to recover a crown at all. Talleyrand showed a completed and final draft of the treaty ready for signature, and said that his master was in haste, that in two days the documents would be signed. This was the news which greeted Louisa next morning. She returned at once to Tilsit, her eyes swollen with weeping; but she appeared in a stately dress, and with a smile on her lips. Again she was the object of the most distinguished courtesy from Napoleon's adjutants, but the expected visit from himself was not made. However, she was again the Emperor's honored guest at his evening meal. The host at once began to speak of her costume. «What, the Queen of Prussia with a turban! Surely not to gratify the Emperor of Russia, who is at war with the Turks!» «Rather, I think,» replied the Queen, «to propitiate Rustan»—rolling her large, full eyes toward the swarthy Mameluke behind his master's chair. She had the air, according to Napoleon's account, of an offended coquette. After the meal it was Murat who took the part filled the previous evening by the Emperor. «How does your Majesty pass the time at Memel?» «In reading.» «What does your Majesty read?» «The history of the past.» «But our own times afford actions worthy of commemoration.» «It is already more than I can endure to live in them.»

Before parting, Napoleon spent a few moments at her side, and at the end, turning, pulled from a bunch a beautiful rose, which he offered with gestures of gallantry and homage. Hesitating a moment, the Queen at last put out her hand, and said as she accepted it, «At least with Magdeburg.» «Madame,» came the frigid reply, «it is mine to give and yours to accept.»[1] But he gave his arm to conduct her to the carriage, and as they descended the stair together the disappointed guest said, in a sentimental and emotional voice, «Is it possible that, having had the happiness to see so near the man of the century and of all history, he will not afford me the possibility and the satisfaction of being able to assure him that he has put me under obligations for life?» With solemn tones Napoleon replied, «Madame, I am to be pitied: it is a fault of my unlucky star.» Queen Louisa's own lady in waiting related that her sovereign's bitterness overcame her at the last, and as she stepped into the carriage she said, «Sire, you have cruelly deceived me.» It is certain that next day she overwhelmed Duroc with reproaches; but she afterward frankly confessed that she could recall no definite promise made by Napoleon. To Talleyrand she said, with fine sarcasm, that only two persons regretted her having come to Tilsit—he and she. Her duty, she believed, as a loving wife, as a tender mother, as the queen of her people, was fulfilled; but her heart was broken. Queen Mary of England said of the loss of Calais, «Should they open my heart, they will find the name of Calais inscribed in bloody letters within.» Queen Louisa pathetically recalled this moan; she could say the same of Magdeburg.

The treaty with Prussia, signed two days later, did not modify in the least the terms arranged with Alexander, and for six years that country remained in a mutilated and conquered condition, compelled to obey with outward respect the behests of Napoleon. Every domain she had owned west of the Elbe went to the kingdom of Westphalia, the circle of Kottbus went to Saxony, the Polish provinces of south Prussia and new east Prussia to the grand duchy of Warsaw, the circle of Bielostok to Russia. Napoleon repeatedly urged the Czar to seize Memel and the strip of Prussian land east of the Niemen; but Alexander desired to be at peace with his neighbor, and firmly refused; moreover, he verbally stipulated for the evacuation of the Hohenzollern lands by French troops at an early date. Nominally, therefore, the King

[1] See THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for November, 1893, p. 81. Napoleon gave substantially the same details to Las Cases at St. Helena; namely, that the incident of the rose occurred at the first dinner, as the illustration on the opposite page indicates it. But how could the Queen have left the first dinner with high hopes after such a reminder of her position? It is entirely possible that, according to the widely accepted French tradition on which the picture is based, she may sportively have used a rose she wore to make a test of Napoleon's temper. If so, he must have picked from a bunch and handed her a second one at the closing interview, as the account followed in the text has it, instead of during the first day's dinner; and in that case the act was, to say the least, ungallant, savoring as it did of a taunt, and being a needless reminder of her first efforts and their futility.

NOTE.—Mr. Myrbach's picture follows Marbot's account of the incident: «It is said that in order to retain this important town [Magdeburg], the Queen of Prussia, during dinner, used all the methods of friendliness until Napoleon, to change the conversation, praised a superb rose that the Queen was wearing. The story goes that she said, 'Will your Majesty have this rose in exchange for Magdeburg?' Perhaps it would have been chivalrous to accept, but the Emperor was too practical a man to let himself be caught by a pretty offer, and it is averred that while praising the beauty of the rose and of the hand which offered it, he did not take the flower.» (Marbot's «Memoirs,» p. 232.)

DRAWN BY F. DE MYRBACH. Constantine. Napoleon. Henry of Prussia. Murat. Queen. Prince Royal of Bavaria.

THE INCIDENT OF THE ROSE.

of Prussia regained sovereignty over less than half of his former territory. For this consideration he was to pay an indefinite but enormous and almost impossible indemnity, which was to cover the total cost of the war. To guarantee this a large portion of the French army was, in spite of Alexander's demand, still left quartered in the Hohenzollern lands, so that the Prussian people were daily reminded of their disgrace, as well as irritated by extortionate taxation. First and last, the war cost Prussia, in the support of the French army and in actual contributions to France, over a milliard of francs—about the gross national income of thirteen years. The process of Prussian consolidation begun three years before was thus hastened. What Pozzo di Borgo called a masterpiece of destruction turned out in the end to be the beginning of a new birth for the nation. But the royal pair were stricken down: the high-souled Queen died, three years later, of chagrin; the King lived to see his people strong once more, but in a sort of obstructing stupor, being always an uncompromising conservative. When he died, in 1840, he left to his successor a legacy of smothered popular discontent.

THE PATH OF NAPOLEONIC EMPIRE.

THE treaties of Tilsit between France and Russia were signed on July 7. The principal personages engaged on both sides in this grand scene of reconciliation were on that day reciprocally decorated with orders of both courts, while the imperial guards of both emperors received food and drink for a great festivity. Next day Napoleon paid his farewell visit. At his morning toilet he had his valet loosen the threads which fastened the cross of the Legion of Honor to his coat, and as the Czar advanced to meet him he asked in audible tones permission to decorate the first grenadier of Russia. A veteran named Lazaref was summoned from the ranks, and with a wrench the Emperor tore off his cross, and fastened it on the breast of the peasant. The welkin rang with applause, while Lazaref kissed his benefactor's hands and the hem of his coat. Next day Alexander crossed the Niemen. Savary went with him as a French envoy, partly to keep up the Czar's courage and spirits, which would be endangered by the sullen h ıor of the court circles in St. Petersburg, partly to study the temper of the Russian people.

To the last moment of their intercourse the Czar appeared to be under the spell of Napoleon's seductive powers. He came as a conquered prince; he left with an honorable peace, with the friendship of his magnanimous conqueror, and with an unsmirched imperial dignity. He had saved his recent ally from destruction, and had secured a small increase of territory for himself; for the future there were Finland and the fairest portion of Turkey. But in a few days the magic began to pass. He had not secured Constantinople, and he had promised to evacuate Wallachia and Moldavia; he had not secured the complete evacuation of Prussia; he had risked a rupture with England; he had, above all, submitted to the creation of a state which, under the thin disguise of another name, was but the germ of a reconstructed Poland. It began to appear as if he had been wheedled. There is sufficient evidence that such bitter reflections made their appearance very soon; but they were repressed, at first from pure shame, and afterward from stern necessity, when England began to vent her anger. But the Russians themselves could not be repressed. Before long Savary was hated and abused by the public, the more because he maintained his ascendancy over the Czar. The reports sent home by the former police agent were clever and instructive, but their pictures of factional disputes and Oriental plots at court, of aristocratic luxury and general poverty, of popular superstition and barbarous manners, were not reassuring, and confirmed in his Emperor's mind the doubts the latter had felt from the beginning as to the stability of the alliance consummated at Tilsit.

Napoleon left for Königsberg the same day on which he bade adieu to Alexander. His route was by way of Dresden. He was not in the slightest degree deceived. The peace of Europe, he said, was in St. Petersburg; the affairs of the world were there. But he had gained much. The outposts of his empire were established, and from one of them he could touch with his hand the enchanted East. He had secured the temporary coöperation of Russia, and with that as a beginning he might consolidate the Continent against England, and complete the stage in his progress now gained. Above all, he could at once restore the confidence of France by the proclamation of peace and the upbuilding of her prosperity. To be sure, he had forecast a division of his prospective Eastern empire with Russia, he had left Prussia outraged and bleeding, and Austria was uneasy and suspiciously reserved; but he had checkmated them all in the menace of a restored Poland, while their financial weakness and

military exhaustion, combined with the reciprocal jealousies of their dynasties, might be relied on to prevent their immediate hostility. Besides, while he had sung a certain tune at Tilsit, in the future he would, as he sarcastically said somewhat later, have to sing it only according to the written score.

But in order to fulfil the purposes and realize the possibilities which were indicated in the treaties of Tilsit, no time was to be lost. The fate of Sweden and the Hanse towns having been virtually settled, there remained three small maritime states in Europe which still maintained a nominal neutrality—Denmark, Portugal, and Etruria. To each of these a summons was to be addressed, and he wrote the necessary and preliminary directions at Dresden. They must choose between England and France. Between the lines it was clear that their precious naval armaments—ships, arsenals, stores, and men—must be put at the disposal of the Emperor. On Napoleon's own principle that «a thing must needs be done before the announcement of your plan,» this was his intention. At Dresden, also, was promulgated the new constitution of Warsaw. Modeled on that of France, it was far from liberal; but it abolished serfdom, made all citizens equal before the law, and introduced the civil code.

In 1804 Portugal had purchased her neutrality for the duration of the war with the sum of sixteen millions. She was now ordered to close her ports to the English, to seize all British goods and ships, and finally to declare war against Great Britain. Junot, formerly imperial ambassador at Lisbon, was despatched with 27,000 men, designated as a «corps of observation,» to be ready on the frontier to enforce the command. In reply, England seized the Portuguese fleet, and kept it in security until the close of the war. During the late campaigns in Poland and Prussia, King Louis of Etruria had died, and his helpless widow, the Spanish infanta, Maria Louisa, acting as regent for her young son, had admitted the English to the harbor of Leghorn. Prince Eugène was now ordered to take another «corps of observation» of 6000 men, and drive them out. He did so promptly. Duroc at once suggested to the Spanish minister that Napoleon would like some proposition for the indemnification of Maria Louisa for the loss of Etruria—say one portion of Portugal for her, and the rest for Godoy, the Prince of the Peace.

This «deformity» removed from the Italian peninsula, it revealed a still greater one—the fact that the Papal States disturbed the connection between the two kingdoms of Italy and Naples. Pius VII., returning disillusioned and embittered after the coronation ceremony, and finding that his temporal weapons had failed him, had taken a stand with his spiritual armor. It has already been recalled that he began to refuse everything Napoleon desired,—the coronation as Western emperor, the extension of the Concordat to Venice, the confirmation of bishops appointed in France and Italy by the temporal power, the annulment of Jerome's marriage, the recognition of Joseph's royalty,—except in return for a guarantee of his own independence and neutrality—in short, he feebly abjured the French alliance and all its works. There now came a demand from Napoleon that henceforth there should be as many French cardinals as Roman, that the agents of hostile powers should be banished from the Papal States, and that the papal ports should be closed to England. The Emperor was weary, too, of the petty squabbles in connection with the Church, of the threats to excommunicate him and declare his throne vacant. Did they mean to put him in a convent and whip him like Louis the Pious? If not, let the full powers of an ambassador be sent to the cardinal legate at Paris; in any case, let there be an end to menaces. At the same time Eugène showed to Pius a letter addressed to himself, and which, though marked confidential, was intended to be thus shown. It contained the threat that his stepfather contemplated a council of the Gallican, Italian, German, and Polish churches to liberate those peoples from the domination of Roman priests. The pontiff was terrified, and hastened to yield the most pressing demands made in the letter which he had himself received, among them the nomination of a negotiator. But he childishly refused the letter of the Emperor's demand, and commissioned, not the French cardinal legate at Paris, but an Italian cardinal. Napoleon notified the See that he would treat only with Bayanne, the French cardinal at Paris, and that longer dallying would compel him to annex Ancona, Urbino, and Macerata to the kingdom of Italy. Pius yielded at once, nominating Bayanne, agreeing to enter the federation with France, and promising to crown Napoleon; but the annexation took place quite as expeditiously as the surrender—was, in fact, complete before it!

Of the three minor sea powers, Denmark, commanding as she did the gateway of the Baltic, was far the most important. Bernadotte was already on her borders with an army. She was notified by him that she must

FROM THE PAINTING BY LIONEL ROYER.

PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED BY THE ARTIST.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER

NAPOLEON DECORATING THE RUSSIAN GRENADIER AT TILSIT.

declare war against England immediately, or lose all her Continental possessions. Her government promised to obey, but procrastinated. It has been claimed that English spies at Tilsit had caught scraps of the bargain contained in the secret articles, and that the Portland cabinet, in which Canning was Secretary for Foreign Affairs and Castlereagh for War and the Colonies, had divined the rest. It is now known that Canning believed there were no secret articles, but was convinced that the two emperors had reached a secret understanding hostile to England. During the summer the ministry received what they called the most positive information—what was its extent and how it was obtained have never been made known—that the French intended to invade Holstein and force Denmark to close the Sound to British commerce. The danger seemed imminent: the Danish fleet contained no fewer than twenty ships of the line, eighteen frigates, nine brigs, and a number of gunboats. Such a reinforcement of the French navy would put it again on a war footing. The English ministry, therefore, offered to defend Denmark, guarantee her colonies, and give her every means of defense, naval, military, and pecuniary, if only she would surrender her fleet to England, to be restored in the event of peace. The Danish regent was already committed to France, and did not accept. Accordingly the English army under Cathcart landed, and laid siege to Copenhagen, while the fleet bombarded it for three days, until the government agreed to their stipulation. This shameful deed of high-handed violence must be laid at Canning's door. It was the first step in the humiliation of a fine people, to their loss of Norway, and ultimately of Schleswig and Holstein. Moreover, it was impolitic to the highest degree, making the Czar a bitter enemy of England for four years. The wretched country, in distraction, threw itself into the arms of Bernadotte. Christian VII. had long been an imbecile, and his son, Frederick VI., though energetic and well meaning, turned Denmark into another vassal state of France by the treaty of Fontainebleau, signed October 30, 1807.

In none of their many sovereignties had the incapacity of the Bourbons been more completely demonstrated than in Spain. With intermittent flickerings, the light of that famous land had been steadily growing dimmer ever since Louis XIV. exultingly declared that the Pyrenees had ceased to exist. Stripped of her colonial supremacy, shattered in naval power, reduced to pay tribute to France, she looked silently on while Napoleon trafficked with her lands, mourning that even the memory of her former glories was fading out in foreign countries. The proud people themselves had, however, never forgotten their past; with each successive humiliation their irritation grew more extreme, and soon after Trafalgar they made an effort to organize under the crown prince against the scandalous régime of Godoy. Both parties sought French support, and the quarrel was fomented from Paris until the whole country was torn by the most serious dissensions.

When, in the previous year, Prussia declared war, and the French legions were about to face those trained in the school of Frederick the Great, a vigorous attempt was made by the Russian envoy in Madrid to win the support of Spain for the coalition. England, too, at the same moment threatened to make the South American colonies independent if she did not consent. Godoy was persuaded that Napoleon had at last found his match, if not his master, and on October 14 issued a manifesto couched for the most part in ambiguous terms, but clearly announcing war as an immediate necessity. By a strange coincidence, its date was that of the day on which was fought the battle of Jena, and after hearing the news of that event the Prince of the Peace hastened to make his submission in the name of the King. Napoleon turned pale as he read the news of the contemplated defection, which reached him at Berlin; he never forgave the treachery, although for the time he feigned ignorance of its existence. The renewal of Charles IV.'s submissior gave him the opportunity to demand that the Spanish fleet should proceed to Toulon, that the King should send 15,000 men to oppose a possible English landing at the mouth of the Elbe, and at the same time undertake the sustenance of 25,000 Prussian prisoners of war, while thenceforward he must rigidly enforce the embargo on English trade in all Spanish ports and markets.

These demands the weak and contemptible government could not resist. Godoy and the Queen resumed their scandalous living, while the King joined in a conspiracy to cut off his son Ferdinand from the succession. The young prince had the people's sympathy; but although he had sought Napoleon's favor, and wished to marry the Empress Josephine's daughter, there was no response, and he remained impotent before an administration apparently supported by France. He was soon arrested on the charge of conspiring against his father's life. Before the summer

of 1807 closed, everything was ripe for Napoleon's contemplated intervention to «regenerate» Spain.

Such was the harvest of Tilsit in the field of foreign relations—a harvest which to the last the Emperor claimed that Talleyrand had sown. As to its effect in France, Metternich, then Austrian ambassador in Paris, declared that men sat in the cafés coldly discussing an entire reconstruction of Europe—two empires, and seventeen new kingdoms with new sovereigns either from or in the interest of the imperial houses! «Rhapsodies,» he said, «which proved that all Europe might crumble without exciting a single emotion of sorrow, astonishment, or satisfaction in a people degraded beneath all others, beneath all imagination, and which, worn out, demoralized to the point where every trace of even national feeling is wiped out, by nineteen years of revolution and crimes, now looks on with cold-blooded indifference at what is passing beyond its own frontiers. Wise men think that the treaties, being as advantageous to Russia as to France, necessarily contain a germ which in developing will prove dangerous to the latter.» In reality there was not now a state in Europe toward which the French empire did not stand in strained relations, not a nationality besides the French which did not feel its self-respect wounded, and resent the abasement.

THE SPLENDORS OF PARIS AND THE UNIFICATION OF FRANCE.

THIS, however, was not the panorama which the Emperor unfolded in Paris. He reached St. Cloud quietly on the evening of July 27. The people of Paris learned the news incidentally, and burst into spontaneous rejoicings, illuminating the city, and sending addresses in which the terms of adulation were exhausted. Napoleon was no longer an actor in merely human history: he was a man of the heroic age; he was beyond admiration; nothing but love could rise to his lofty place.

On August 16 the Emperor opened the legislature in person. «Since your last session,» he said, «new wars, new triumphs, new treaties, have changed the face of Europe.» If the house of Brandenburg still reigned, he continued, it was due to the sincere friendship he felt for the Czar. A French prince would rule on the Elbe, and would know how to conciliate his new subjects, while ever mindful of his most sacred duties. Saxony had recovered her independence, the peoples of Dantzic and the duchy of Warsaw their country and their rights. All nations rejoiced to see the direful influence of England destroyed. France was united to the Confederation of the Rhine by its laws, by the federative system to the countries of Holland, Switzerland, and Italy; her new relations with Russia were cemented by reciprocal esteem. In all this, he affirmed, the pole-star had been the happiness of his people, dearer to him than his own glory. He would like maritime peace, and for its sake would overlook the exasperations caused by a people tossed and torn by party strife. Whatever happened, he would be worthy of his people, as they had shown themselves to be worthy of him. Their behavior in his absence had only increased his esteem for their character. He had thought of several measures to simplify and perfect their institutions.

This picture of martial and political renown, painted by a master who had in one campaign changed the meaning of his title from its primitive sense of military ruler to its later and grander one of chief among and over princes, thus realizing the revival of the Western Empire, could not but please the fancy and arouse the enthusiasm of a generous, imaginative, forgiving people. The impression was heightened by their Emperor's activity in keeping faith as to their own prosperity. As after Austerlitz, his first care was now finance. The new commercial code was promulgated, and it proved scarcely less satisfactory to the merchants than the civil code had been to the people at large. The Bank of France was immediately compelled to lower its rate of discount, and a council was held to consider how Italy and the Rhine Confederation could be made tributary to French industry and commerce. Recourse was also had to the measures of internal development by the execution of great public works which had been begun after Austerlitz, but were suspended before Jena.

Before the last campaign the Emperor and Empress had been accustomed to visit various portions of France. During every halt the Emperor would mount his horse, and, attended occasionally by one or more of the local officials, but usually only by Rustan or an adjutant, would gallop hither and thither, gathering information, examining conditions, and making suggestions. Immediately afterward he would throw off a sketch of needed improvements: public buildings, almshouses, roads, canals, aqueducts, town streets, mountain passes—anything, in short, which would arouse local enthusiasm and benefit the country at large. Many—most, perhaps—of these

schemes remained inchoate; but many of the grandest were executed, and Napoleon has left his impress as indelibly on France itself as upon its society. The routes of the Simplon and Mont Cenis, the great canals which bind together the river systems, the restoration of the cathedral at St. Denis, the quays of the Seine in Paris, the great Triumphal Arch, the Vendôme Column, the Street of Peace, the Street of Rivoli, the bridges of Austerlitz, Jena, and the Arts—these are some of the magnificent enterprises due to his initiative. Such works were pushed throughout the summer of 1807 by employing large numbers of laborers and artisans, while local workshops were opened in every department to furnish employment to all who could not otherwise find it. The political economist may lift his eyebrows and shrug his shoulders in contemplating such shifts; but they were imperial shifts, and created a high degree of comfort at the time, while they satisfied in permanency that passion for beauty in utility which does not enter as an element into the science of selfishness.

Closely connected with this policy was a measure of Napoleon's already referred to, but little known. In some respects it was more successful than any other; it certainly is most characteristic of the man. The evil aimed at was cured at the time, and the permanent question is less acute in modern France than in any other European country. For years past there had been chronic distress among the agricultural classes in some of the most fertile districts of France, notably in the northeast. This was attributed to the presence of Jews in large numbers. The stringent laws of the old régime had crowded that unfortunate people out of every occupation but two—peddling and money-lending. In both of these they became experts, and when emancipated by the Revolution they used their liberty, not to widen their activities, but to intensify the evils of the monopoly which they had secured. Since 1791 large numbers of Polish and German Jews had established themselves on the right bank of the Rhine; and reaching hands across that stream to their kinsfolk on the left bank, they combined to strip the French peasantry by the familiar arts of barter and usury, which need not be described here, until in a few years they were creditors to the extent of twenty-three millions, and had become extensive landed proprietors. They were never seen to labor with their hands, and having no family name, they evaded the conscription laws with impunity, while the courts of justice became their humble servants in enforcing the collection of scandalous debts or in the foreclosure of inflated mortgages.

In the previous year (1806) a temporary decree had suspended all legal executions in certain districts, and many Jews of the better class made ready to bow before the coming tempest and come to the assistance of the government. Napoleon, aware that the Old Testament law was civil and political as well as religious, shrewdly asked advice from these and other men of the more enlightened sort. It was agreed to call a council. The Emperor summoned his prefects to name its members, and appointed a committee to represent the government at its sessions. Decisions taken by this assembly were to be submitted to a general Sanhedrim of all Europe. The assembly of French Israelites met in Paris during the latter part of 1806, and after due deliberation gave satisfactory answers to a carefully prepared set of questions propounded by the government commission. In 1807 the economical situation had nevertheless become graver. The Sanhedrim met early in February. They vied in flattery with the Roman priesthood, setting the imperial eagle above the ark of the covenant, and blending the letters N and J with those of the Jehovah in a monogram for the adornment of their meeting-place. On March 4 they issued a decree which is still the basis of religious instruction among Jewish youth. They forbade polygamy, and admitted the principle of civil marriage without anathema; they ordered all Israelites to treat those who believe that God is the Creator of heaven and earth as fellow-citizens and brothers, to obey the civil and military laws, including that of conscription, and to train their children to industry and handiwork; they also invited them to enter the learned professions, and to attach themselves to the country by the purchase of public obligations. Usury was absolutely forbidden, the Israelite being enjoined as a religious precept to make no distinction in money transactions between Hebrew and Christian. The minutest details of the whole transaction were foreseen and regulated by Napoleon, and may be studied in his correspondence with his ministers.

A year later, after careful and mature deliberation, there appeared an imperial decree, not only organizing the Jewish Church and regulating its relations with the state, but defining the civil and political status of Hebrews. They were pronounced to be citizens like other men; but they could not exact higher interest than five per cent., while if

they should demand over ten they should be punished for usury. Every Jew in the north-eastern department must have a license to do business, and a notarial authorization for pawnbrokerage. Any Jew not domiciled at the moment in Alsace might not thereafter acquire domicile in that department, and could do so in others only by becoming a landowner and tilling the soil. Every Jew should be liable to military service, and, unlike his Christian fellow-citizens, might not provide a substitute; moreover, he must adopt and use a family name. This stringent law was rigidly enforced, except in Bordeaux, the Gironde, and the Landes, where no offense had been given. Its effect was steady and sure. Before long first one and then another Israelite was exempted from its rigors, until finally, in 1812, the department or the man still subject to its provisions was the exception and not the rule. From that day to this there has scarcely been in France what is known elsewhere as the Jewish question. Hebrews are found in every line of human activity; they have the same civil, political, and religious standing as men of other blood and confessions; they are illustrious in finance, in politics, in science, and in the arts. They are, moreover, passionate patriots, and to the casual observer scarcely distinguishable in mien and appearance from other citizens. The temporary contravention of the civil code, both as to spirit and letter, by the notorious decree above referred to has been so beneficent that it has for the most part escaped any criticism or even remark.

While in ways like these the clutch of the usurer was relaxed and the general well-being promoted, measures were taken to crown the work by a stable system of finance. It will be recalled that two years before the Emperor had saved the public credit by the direct expenditure of the Austrian war indemnity. It was his fixed principle that France should not pay for his wars except with her children. He knew too well the thrift of the whole nation and the greed of the lower classes to jeopardize their good will either by the emission of paper money or by the increase of tax rates. The panic of 1805 had been precipitated by the virtual failure of a bankers' syndicate which made advances to the government on its taxes and on the annual Spanish contribution as well. In 1807 the war indemnity exacted from Prussia, Poland, and Westphalia was used for a double purpose, the creation of two funds: one to furnish an immediate supply of cash on the outbreak of war, the other to replace the bankers' syndicate by making advances on the taxes whenever required. There was therefore no increase in the rate of taxation. Work was abundant, and under the forcing process the wheels were moving in almost every department of trade and industry. The price of the imperial bonds on the Bourse rose to 99, a figure never afterward reached in Napoleon's day.

There was one sharp pinch. Coffee and sugar were no longer luxuries, but necessities; and through the Continental embargo colonial wares had become, and were likely to remain, very dear and very scarce. Such substitutes as ingenuity could devise were gradually accepted for the former; to provide the latter the beet-root industry was fostered by every means. The Emperor kept a sample of sugar made from beets on his chimney-piece as an ornament, and occasionally sent gifts of the precious commodity to his fellow-sovereigns. The story is told that an official who had been banished from favor recovered his standing entirely by planting a whole estate with beets. Such traits were considered evidence of plain, homely common sense by the people, who enjoyed the sensation that their Emperor participated in their feelings and daily shifts.

(To be continued.)

William M. Sloane.

THE GRAHAM TARTAN TO A GRAHAM.

USE me in honor; cherish me
As ivy from a sacred tree:
Mine in the winds of war to close
Around the armor of Montrose,
And kiss the death-wound of Dundee.

Come, fear not me, nor such estate
Heroic and inviolate;
But green and white and azure wind
About thy body and thy mind,
And by that length enlarge thy fate!

Louise Imogen Guiney.

THE PALMERSTON IDEAL IN DIPLOMACY.[1]

I.

THE American is always instituting a comparison between himself and his English cousin. The Englishman is ever contrasting his American kinsman with himself. Personal comparisons are proverbially ungracious. The accentuation of supposed contrasts is peculiarly so. Moreover, since men generally find what they seek faithfully, both comparison and contrast tend toward a factitious result. Thus it comes to pass that in most American newspaper offices there is a lay figure, clothed on with insularity, armed to the teeth in view of a possible opportunity for aggression, his face aglow with bitter and ill-concealed hatred of all things American. This is the «property» Briton, and his services are invaluable in those not infrequent seasons when the chariot-wheels of the editorial imagination drive heavily.

We are assured, upon the other hand, that well-ordered English households commonly harbor a corresponding American bogy. He is a fellow of infinite variety, who, when admitted to the drawing-room, slaps strangers on the back, consumes unlimited tobacco, and interlards his speech with barbaric slang. He serves the British matron as the wine-bibbing Helot served his Spartan master. He is even brought into requisition by the British author when that worthy adventures an American tale. He is of inestimable worth to Mr. Justin McCarthy, and it is to be feared that in moments of weakness even Mr. Andrew Lang has taken counsel of him.

[1] It is proper to say that this article was prepared before the appearance of President Cleveland's special message on the Venezuelan question.—EDITOR.

We are not at present concerned to inquire as to the measure of misrepresentation involved in such imaginary types. It will be found to correspond in some degree, however, to the contrast that appears to exist between them. For in sober fact, as respects character, the British and American publics are strikingly at one. The tone of popular sentiment is much the same. The attitude toward questions of general human interest is often identical. Political ideals are, at bottom, not so unlike as superficial observers fancy. Party spirit manifests itself in very similar fashion. Both are sensitive, though in slightly varying degrees, to the same appeals. The same national spirit animates both, showing itself in quite characteristic fashion when the jealousy of one is aroused against the other. Indeed, it is in their mutual rivalries and jealousies that their spiritual kinship is often most manifest. Their diversity is superficial and provincial; their unity fundamental and racial. The American who can divest himself of provincialism in England, and the Englishman who can lay aside his insularity in America, each finds himself at home.

It is beside my present purpose, however, to discuss the general ties of blood and character between the two peoples; I desire rather to point out the identity of their ideals of statesmanship. To do this we must recall the half-forgotten politics of day before yesterday.

It will generally be conceded that no English prime minister of this century has enjoyed a more enthusiastic popularity than Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston. In saying this I am not unmindful of the unique prestige of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone's power, however, is built upon a foundation very different from that which bolstered up the fame of the greatest of Jingoes. There is a moral austerity in his character, a lofty

idealism in his eloquence, a certain philosophy of statesmanship to which, in spite of chance and change, he has been true, that compel a popular esteem and respect which seem scarcely diminished by the general recognition of his marvelous intellectual subtilty. It requires no prophet to foretell the lasting quality of Mr. Gladstone's fame.

Palmerston's hold upon the people, on the other hand, was due in no small measure to the absence of the very qualities by which Mr. Gladstone is characterized. His moral ideals, so far from being exalted, were common to the last degree. His talents commanded consideration by their quantity rather than their quality. He could lay little claim to eloquence, though his plain, ungraceful speech had the effectiveness of eloquence at times, and was always pitched upon a popular key. When his official life was in danger it rose upon one or two occasions—notably in the famous parliamentary conflict of 1850—very nearly to the height of greatness. But even the blunt, half-humorous, decided manner had a certain speciousness about it that was characteristic of the man. In his mouth a cant phrase—his famous «*Civis Romanus sum*» is a case in point—simulated life so well as to deceive the very elect. He managed to galvanize it into wearing its grave-clothes as jauntily as though they had been holiday attire.

Mr. Gladstone is credited with saying that the secret of eloquence consists in giving back to one's hearers in drops what one has received from them as spray. If this be Mr. Gladstone's analysis of his own power, we venture to suggest that he does himself injustice. But it serves admirably as a figurative expression of the essence of Lord Palmerston's popularity. He knew his public to perfection. Their national prejudices appealed to him as a man, and upon these prejudices he built his supremacy as a foreign minister. Of course there were not lacking those who saw through all this. Indeed, they represented a very considerable and highly respectable opposition. But Palmerston knew so well what the galleries liked, and played to them with such assiduity and success, that he could almost afford to ignore his critics.

To say this is in no sense to assert that he was without positive convictions, very unusual administrative abilities, or a smattering of disinterested sentiment. A man may possess all these and yet be a little of a demagogue and very much of a bully. Lord Palmerston admirably exemplifies the statement. The fact that he was successively a Tory, a disciple of Canning, a Peelite, and a Liberal is simply to say that he was a man of generous instincts who made an honest effort to keep pace with the inevitable progress of events. If it be laid to his charge that he aided and abetted Sir Robert Peel on that famous day when the latter «found the Whigs bathing and stole their clothes,» it may be pleaded in extenuation that the bathing Whigs had no vested right in the garments, while Peel and Palmerston had grown to their size and did hard work in them. Palmerston's worst enemy never questioned his administrative powers or his devotion to work. In his long terms at the War and Foreign offices, as well as during the years when he was Prime Minister, the amount of efficient labor which he bestowed upon the public service puts him in the front rank of working ministers; while his three years as Home Secretary served to illustrate both his industry and his versatility. Nor need there be any question that his sympathies, other things being equal, were always on the side of the oppressed, and that he rejoiced to strengthen the guaranties of freedom. But then, other things never were equal. Here lies the great indictment that is to be brought against Lord Palmerston as a foreign minister. He made what he called patriotism a fetish—a blind, despotic, tyrannous thing whose ignorant and imperious demands must be satisfied at once, regardless of all large rules of right and wrong. National aggrandizement, national self-assertion, without account of consequence or the higher demands of justice, were the ends which Palmerston sought to obtain, and national prejudice was the charm with which he conjured. Greville writes significantly on January 18, 1845: «I went there from Broadlands, where I left the Viscount [Palmerston] full of vigour and hilarity, and overflowing with diplomatic swagger. He said we might hold any language we please to France and America, and insist on what we thought necessary, without any apprehension that either of them would go to war, as both knew how vulnerable they were, France with her colonies and America with her slaves, a doctrine to which Lord Ashburton by no means subscribes.» («Journal of the Reign of Queen Victoria,» Vol. II, pp. 6, 7.) It is an admirable miniature of Palmerston at his best—and worst. It depicts a type of statesman that has given tone to England's foreign policy to England's lasting injury. I have said that Palmerston understood his public and played to it with assiduity and success. That public, however, was by no means England's best. The Ashburtons, the Granvilles,

the Clarendons were not of it.[1] The Queen and the Prince Consort emphasized their opposition to it. Reformers like Cobden and Bright did their best to divorce the masses from it. But insular prejudice was so strong, and melodrama proved so popular, that Palmerston retained his prestige almost without interruption until the end. Yet he succeeded in arousing an antagonism to British policy and in forming an ideal of British aggression abroad that still obtains upon the Continent and in America. The fact that there is no other nation with whose interests our own are so bound up is often quite lost sight of in view of popular prejudice against a policy that men like to think still formed upon the Palmerston model. The indisputable fact of the superiority of English rule to that exercised by France or Germany over subject nations is but grudgingly admitted, because since Palmerston's day men have been able to see nothing in every new British acquisition but the brutal bullying of a weaker power. No higher-handed piece of national aggression has probably been perpetrated within this century than the recent invasion of Madagascar by the French. But the world at large has proved quite acquiescent. Had England undertaken such an expedition, however, the press of two continents would have exhausted the vocabulary of contumely. Yet no one at all conversant with colonial history can doubt that Madagascar would be a far better place to live and work in under English than under French dominion, and that it would prove of vastly greater value to the civilized world. England's position to-day is startlingly isolated; and a prime factor in her isolation has been that she has cherished Lord Palmerston's ideal of statesmanship too dearly.

II.

It is not long since we were assured on most excellent authority that high ideals—the ideals of the ten commandments and the golden rule—had no place in practical politics. Whether this be true or not, it is a philosophical platitude that political ideals of some sort exist, influencing the opinions and consequent activities of the mass of citizens; but they are generally vague. The average man is impatient of definition; he has little concern with the exact content of words. They easily become battle-cries, watchwords, or tokens appealing directly to that surface stratum of prejudice in him which often clothes, and sometimes smothers, the intellectual and ethical man within. So long as this remains the case it is evident that the ideal of the citizen will be to a considerable extent compact of prejudice rather than of intellectual or ethical aspiration; that is to say, cant phrases, rallying-cries, *et id omne genus*, will have more weight with him than appeals to sober judgment or to moral sense. There has long been a notion that the sphere of superstition was that in which cant found freest play. But if it were ever true, superstition must long since have surrendered its proud distinction to politics.

It is doubtful if any considerable body of men exist who have a sincerer love of fair play, a more honest desire to see impartial justice done, or a truer respect for self-restrained and unselfish action, than the mass of American and British citizens, when they lay aside personal prejudice and calmly consider the right and wrong of a course of public or private policy; but it is not at all doubtful that to induce them to do this would be regarded as bad politics and worse journalism by the great authorities in the political and journalistic world. One of the commonplaces of their economy, indeed, is that power consists, not so much in the clear vision and firm grasp of truth, nor in a plain and unadorned appeal to the best judgment of their fellow-citizens, as in a «pull» upon their prejudice, and in an ability to arouse them to blind and unquestioning «enthusiasm.» Hence the free coinage of watchwords in every campaign, which, as a New England clergyman once suggested to the writer, is likely to prove as dangerous to the commonweal as the free coinage of silver. Doubtless it has been so since politics began. The demagogue and the poor are ever with us. I have cited the case of Lord Palmerston, however, because it is so marked, and because its influence has proved so lasting. The Jingoism of the Marquis of Salisbury, for instance, is undoubtedly a culture from the original Palmerston microbe, although the virus may have become somewhat attenuated in the process.

On our own side of the water, in the mean time, we have become aware of the growth of a Palmerstonian ideal of foreign policy which bears all the marks of legitimate descent. Its devotees are marvelously noisy. They depend largely upon watchwords and badges. They are chary of definition, and

[1] Though both Granville and Clarendon served with Palmerston, neither seems to have been in genuine accord with the *tone* of his foreign policy. I think this statement borne out by the extraordinary events that marked the formation of the ministry of 1859, especially the Queen's part therein.

charier still of all appeal to the sober second thought of men. Indeed, the man of sober second thought is the one man they cannot away with. The self-restraint and dignity which the world has a right to expect of a great nation are scandalous in their eyes. True, they have much to say of «dignity,» but they persistently use the word in its Palmerstonian sense of overbearing truculence. They talk much and loudly of «Americanism»; but when their speech is reduced to its lowest terms we discover that they have emptied the word of all moral content. It has become a mere «Abracadabra»—a charm wherewith to call spirits from the vasty deep of popular prejudice, and send them upon the errands of small politics. Had Washington a prophetic vision of a United States senator declaring war upon Great Britain in a time of profound peace, when he wrote: «Observe good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct, and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no distant period a great nation to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence?» Was it a desire to observe good faith and justice toward all nations that induced another United States senator to advocate the practical repudiation of obligations laid upon the Government by a properly constituted commission of arbitration? Is it the guidance of an exalted justice and benevolence that leads the chauvinist press to cry aloud for the building of war vessels upon the great lakes, in distinct contravention of treaty provisions? There is something half pathetic in the simple dignity with which Washington concludes the counsels of his farewell message: «If I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigues, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism, this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare by which they have been dictated.»

Measured by the standard of certain senators, Washington and Lincoln can scarce pass muster to-day as «good Americans.» It is difficult to imagine the former attempting to confer added dignity upon the flag of a nation's love by rechristening it «Old Glory»; or the latter shrieking in corybantic fury for the summary obliteration of Spain bef has time to explain or apologize for an ent insult to an American ship. Inde the greatness of these statesmen looms through the years, we begin to see ir considerable measure it was due to the tient conservatism in respect of our fo relations, to their absolute repudiati what I have called the Palmerston ideal. surely no presidents have done more they to give dignity to the flag and wi the nation a world's respect. This Palme ideal is no new thing in our national coun But for President Lincoln's wisdom and ness it would have had a large place ir nation's thought in 1861; for on April that year Secretary Seward presented t President an outline of foreign policy was substantially as follows:

«I would demand explanations from Sp and France categorically at once. I w seek explanations from Great Britain a Russia, and send agents into Canada, Mexi and Central America, to rouse a vigor spirit of independence on this contin against European intervention; and, if sati factory explanations are not received fr Spain and France, would convene Congre and declare war against them. For this pu pose it must be somebody's business to purs and direct it incessantly. Either the Pres dent must do it himself, and be all the whi active in it, or devolve it on some membe of his cabinet. Once adopted, debates on must end, and all agree and abide. It is no in my especial province; but I neither seek to evade nor assume responsibility.» (Morse «Abraham Lincoln,» I, pp. 277, 278.)

It is scarcely too much to say that the adoption of such an inconceivably fatuous policy must eventually have wrecked the Union. The quiet firmness with which the President set it aside is become matter of history, and no one to-day would dare question his wisdom.

We would yield to none in our desire that American dignity be asserted abroad. That, however, can never come to pass until we regard our place among the nations of the earth as too great to be made the stalking-horse of every petty political scheme and schemer. Nor is it consonant with that dignity to treat the murder of Italians in New Orleans or of Chinese in Idaho with comparative levity, while we shout for truculent action the moment that any question arises wherein we have perchance been wronged by Spain, France, or England. The bane of France ever since the Revolution has been

the irresponsible manner in which her people have treated questions of great and far-reaching public import. The irony of the Paris bookseller who, when asked for a copy of the French constitution, replied that he did not keep periodical literature, was sad as well as mordant. It was this same irresponsibility in lofty station that made Palmerston an object of hatred in every court in Europe, and that has ministered directly to England's isolation. It is such irresponsibility among men of influence that is rendering wise and conservative settlement of our own foreign questions increasingly difficult, and an assertion of true American dignity well-nigh impossible.

Edward M. Chapman.

THREE LETTERS FROM JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

IN the spring of 1890 a discussion arose between a friend and myself in regard to the following sentence in Lowell's «My Garden Acquaintance»: «The robins are not good solo singers; but their chorus, as, like primitive fire-worshipers, they hail the return of light and warmth to the earth, is unrivaled.»

The argument was rather one-sided. My friend spoke with the conviction born of his long and close observation of the robin. I could only urge my confidence in the correctness of Mr. Lowell's statement.

At length, feeling my inability to defend my favorite author, I resolved to write and ask Mr. Lowell himself to explain the passage. By return mail I received a letter in Mr. Lowell's own hand, which read as follows:

«ELMWOOD, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,
May 2, 1890.

«DEAR MISS CLARKE: I used to be thought a fairly good observer; indeed, Darwin once paid me the doubtful compliment of saying to me, ‹You ought to have been a naturalist.› I have lived in the same house (except when in Europe) for seventy-one years, and robins find good building-sites in my trees. I once counted seventy on my lawn at the same time. As the males sing without any reference to each other of a morning, and as there are many, I spoke of it, loosely, perhaps, as a chorus. Considered as a thrush, the robin is surely inferior to most of his kind; I am tempted to say all of them. Now and then there is a better singer among them. I have heard one this year who entertained me with some very agreeable variations on their habitual *ding-dong*.

«As for their singing during the day, I am surprised that your friend has never heard their ‹rain-song,› which times itself by the fore-feeling of a shower in the air. Nay, I heard the performer of which I have just spoken at about half-past four in the afternoon. If yours don't begin matins until five o'clock they are lazy creatures. Ours salute the day. But perhaps they don't build with you? That would make a difference in the singing; for though, as I think, rather *bourgeois*, it is love that makes them sing, as it made *Polonius*, no doubt, when he ‹suffered great extremity for love.›

«All the same, though I can't quite give in to your friend, I like her[1] all the better for taking sides with a bird against a man. The worst of them are better than we deserve.

«Faithfully yours,
«J. R. LOWELL.»

I received this letter just as I was starting on a visit to the home of the Hon. Charles Anderson, a brother of Colonel Robert Anderson, and ex-Governor of Ohio. I resolved to delay answering the letter—for of course I must write and thank Mr. Lowell—until I had shown it to Governor Anderson. As I anticipated, Governor Anderson was much interested in the letter. He told me that years before, when he was a lawyer in Cincinnati, he had entertained Mr. Lowell during

[1] He evidently thought the friend a woman.

a political convention. In replying to Mr. Lowell I mentioned this circumstance, adding: «Governor Anderson, with characteristic modesty, says that you have doubtless forgotten him; but I do not believe that any one who ever met so charming a man as Governor Anderson—Colonel Anderson, I think he was when you saw him—could forget him.»

This is Mr. Lowell's reply:

«ELMWOOD, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,
May 17, 1890.

«DEAR MISS CLARKE: Do I remember Charles Anderson,—colonel or governor matters not,—the handsome, fair-haired, brilliant Norseman who, with all his refinement, had a look as if he would cheerfully have gone out with his battle-axe to a *holmgang?* One is not blest with such apparitions so often as to forget them. I suppose the yellow hair is silver now, but men like him do not grow older. May I ask of your kindness to convey to him my warmest salutations?

«If I said that birds were better than men I was not to be taken too seriously. But you shall not put me down in that peremptory fashion. I did n't say they were better than women, did I? You know I did n't, nor ever will!

«I have listened more warily to my robins since your letter, and find that I was right, though I take no credit to myself for what was merely a matter of familiar memory. During the love-making season they may, and often do, sing at any hour of the day.

«You will be glad to hear that my few acres are very *birdy* this year, and many trees full of new homes and songs. I had heard such stories of the usurping habits of the English sparrow which has been naturalized here that I feared to find our native birds diminished. But I think it is not so. How I love creatures that can both fly and sing! 'T is what we all would if we could.

«There is something very pleasant to me in your letters, and I thank you for them. For the first time in my life I have been seriously ill this winter, and am still to a certain extent invalided by my physician. The less I feel myself worth, the pleasanter it is to hear that I have been something to somebody, especially to one who loves Tennyson, so easily the master of us all.

«Faithfully yours,
«J. R. LOWELL.»

In my second letter I had ventured upon an expression of my admiration for Mr. Lowell, and, feeling that no words of my own would express my meaning with sufficient delicacy, I had made use of a quotation from Tennyson. It is to this that Mr. Lowell refers in the last paragraph of his letter.

But now I found myself in an embarrassing position. I felt that I ought not to intrude longer upon Mr. Lowell, and yet would it be courteous to one of his age and position to permit him to write the last letter? I finally decided there could be nothing presumptuous in writing again, if I made it evident that I did not expect him to respond.

But his unfailing courtesy would not permit him to drop the correspondence in that manner, as the following letter testifies:

«ELMWOOD, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,
May 27, 1890.

«DEAR MISS CLARKE: A line more to thank you for your very cordial and in all ways welcome letters. You will understand why I cannot undertake any additional regular correspondence, however agreeable.

«This gives me the chance to make a correction. In my first note to you I mentioned that I had been led to raise my opinion of the robin as a solo singer by the fine performance of one which I had heard this year. But I had been deluded. The bird which had shaken my opinion turns out to have been a rose-breasted grossbeck. All the first part of his song is so like that of the robin that I am still puzzled by him sometimes; but as he goes on he is tempted into variations, voluntaries, and raptures of which the robin is quite incapable. It is the difference between Shelley and Shenstone. I had seen him only once before in my life, and never heard him. But this year two pairs of them are, I hope, building within my boundaries, and the males sing amorpeans from the tops of neighboring trees. It is a pleasure to see as well as to hear them sing, for this lyrical ecstasy makes their wings quiver with the delight of it. 'T is a great joy to have them in my old age.

«I must n't have more of your sympathy than I deserve—pleasant as it is. I am *feeling* very well, but have to be very careful of myself, which is a bore. I have made the wholesome discovery that at seventy one gets beyond middle life. Faithfully yours,

«J. R. LOWELL.»

I did not know then that these letters were penned when Mr. Lowell was suffering from a disease which had compelled him to give up outdoor exercise and continuous literary labor, and which a few months later ended his life.

Mary A. Clarke.

HOW «THE KID» WON HIS MEDAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF «THE TRUMPETER OF THE TROOP.»

IT was two years after the Black Cañon affair when the Kid suddenly announced his intention of giving up the trumpet. «It's all right for a boy,» said this young warrior to the assembled troop standing about the barrack-room waiting for «afternoon stables» —«it 's all right for a boy; but when a man 's taken his second blanket[1] it 's almost time to think of something else.»

«Stripes?» asked the big fellow, laconically.

The Kid nodded his head, and looked at Brookson, who had just been made a corporal.

«You would n't last a month, Stubbs,» said Dave Hernegan, who was again a sergeant in the troop. «The first pay-day—» But here stable-call ended the discussion and sent them scurrying out.

Stubbs had grown ambitious. It was all due to a remark of the colonel's, made some days previous, at the regular monthly inspection of the troop.

«Good material for a ‹non-com.› there,» said the colonel in an audible tone, looking toward the trumpeter of K Troop, who sat erect and soldierly on his gray charger.

Stubbs kept his eyes straight to the front, but his ears caught the captain's reply.

«He can have the stripes whenever he wants them.»

He thought it over and over. Corporal— it did n't sound badly at all; much better than Kid or Stubbs. He groomed his old friend the gray with a great deal of affection and care that day: «Old Torry,» who had carried him on many a hard scout and ride during his six years of service; Old Torry, for whom he had almost bankrupted the troop in the matter of sugar; Old Torry, on whose back he had downed the Bell Mare of L Troop in the great Fourth of July race the recruits were still talking about. There was the rub, and he patted his horse's neck affectionately. Corporals did n't ride grays. If he accepted the stripes, he 'd have to give up Torry and ride a black, just the same as the veriest recruit in the troop. Some duffer might get old Torry—

[1] Enlistment.

«Cease grooming!»

The quick, sharp command of the first sergeant brought him to earth and attention, currycomb and brush in hand, waiting for the lieutenant to inspect the picket-line. He was still thinking of it at supper, and at retreat, and even when taps came faintly sounding through the open windows and doors of the quarters that night. At reveille he had made up his mind, and at guard-mounting he was a private. This was quick work, but the Kid was no laggard.

«How do you like soldiering, Stubbs?» asked a smart young lance-corporal of A Troop, whose accent showed his German extraction. It was Stubbs's first guard as a private, and the young corporal was getting even for many a cut given him in the past.

Stubbs eyed him somewhat contemptuously from head to foot. «Like soldiering?» he answered. «Why, sonny, I was soldiering when your bed-sack was floating around Castle Garden.»

At the next muster and inspection the Kid was the junior corporal of the troop, and carried the guidon in the boot of his right stirrup. As the troop went swinging by the colonel at a good, quick trot, his eyes brightened as they fell on the figure of the new non-com. Deep down in his heart he had a very warm spot for the youngest trooper in his regiment, a sincere and manly respect for this mere boy, with six years' service to his credit, who had already earned the proud right of saying «Ich dien.»

It was soldiers like this who made a troop, a regiment, an army, ay, even a country; and the chief unconsciously straightened up, and so did the Kid, as he sat deep in the saddle and thought it all very glorious.

And then they went by again in review, this time at a gallop that sent the blood tingling through the veins and almost made one gasp for breath.

It was an old and tattered guidon the boy carried (the new ones were kept for the troops in the East), but it snapped and crackled and bravely and merrily sang to the morning breeze. It sang of fights, charges, marches, rides, and midnight raids; it sang of glory,

hope, ambition, pride, and fame; and then in soft and gentle monotone it sang of darkened homes and scattered, nameless graves. It was the song of the soldier, and the Kid understood it all.

Now there are medals and medals in the service, just as there are soldiers and soldiers: there are medals for the Society of the Cincinnati; there are medals for the Sons of the Revolution; there are medals for the Order of the Aztecs; there are medals for the Sons of the Loyal Legion; there are medals for the Sons of Veterans; there are medals for the War of 1812.

All of which I have seen worn on the dress-coats of young and gallant soldiers for services rendered by—their sires and grandsires. It is an impressive sight, but apt to prove misleading. Then there are medals for shooting—that is, for shooting at a target. You go out some fine, sunshiny day, and shoot at two hundred and three hundred and even up to a thousand yards, and make bull's-eyes galore. Then you shoot at men lying, kneeling, and standing. These men, being paper, do not shoot back; but it is very exciting, and leads to displays of wondrous courage on the skirmish-line.

When this is all over there is a presentation of medals. The officers at department headquarters put on their uniforms, redolent of tar-paper and moth-balls; there is a big parade, at which the general presents the medals; the band plays, the men shout, the women wave their handkerchiefs, the crowd goes mad, and—deep down in your heart you wonder what it is all about. And then there is a small bronze medal presented by Congress to soldiers, commissioned and enlisted, who have distinguished themselves in action; and this is the kind of medal the Kid won.

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«Artillery!» said the Kid, scornfully—«artillery! You 'd look fine in the artillery,—would n't you?—serving under a lot of kid white-collar sergeants! Besides, where 's your education, eh? Tell me that, you old bean-cracker!»

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It is always the unexpected that happens, and one bright May morning the troop found itself under orders to change station.

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East? Going East? It was almost pathetic to see the look of utter helplessness on the faces of some of the men—men who had almost forgotten the word «East»; men who had lived and marched and fought and toiled so long under Arizona's hot sun that all else seemed unreal.

«Frisco?» hazarded a recruit.

«Not much, sonny,» answered the first sergeant, who seemed delighted with the news. «We 're going to Tucson, the finest town in the Territory.»

There was an air of general relief among the older men.

«It 's a pretty gay town,» murmured Tommy Creighton, the farrier. «I spent my last finals there four years ago.»

«Ain't there a brewery there?» some one asked.

«Only twenty-five cents a bottle,» said Tommy, by way of reply.

For the next few days there was little else talked of. L Troop seemed to take it very much to heart—not the good luck of the others, but the thought of parting with them.

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hills of the Graham Mountains. Then one saw them slowly winding up the narrow trail, until their fluttering guidon became a mere speck on the horizon.

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«It 's a beautiful place—to get away from,» said Hernegan, after the herd had been turned out to graze, and the troop stood around the camp-fire waiting for something to eat. «Just about the spot the Sixth had their fight, two years ago.»

«But there 's no Indians to fight now,» answered some one; «they 're all on their reservation, ain't they?»

«According to the agent's ration return only,» said the first sergeant, who had a soldier's mistrust of everything political. «Agents don't come to this country for their health, or $1500 a year. Why, I knew a fellow once down at San Felipe in New Mexico—» But here the cook's welcome cry of «Come er-runnin'!» left him without an audience, very much to his disgust. Next to a good drink, I can't remember anything the first sergeant of K Troop liked better than spinning a yarn, as I, who listened to them all for almost three years, ought to know. «I like a drink,» he used to say, «because it makes me talkative; and I like to talk,» he added reflectively, «because it makes me thirsty.»

Now, the beginning of his story, «I knew a fellow once down at San Felipe in New Mexico,» had an interesting sound to me, and I then and there made up my mind to hear the rest of it; so after dinner I heeled myself with a liberal supply of tobacco and hunted him up. I found him stretched out in the shade of his shelter-tent, with his saddle for a pillow, puffing away, and gazing intently at the herd.

«That man down in San Felipe,» I ventured to say, some few minutes later, after he had made a place for me in the shade beside him.

«Who 's in charge of the herd guard?» he suddenly asked me, half rising to his feet.

«Why, the Kid, I believe,» I said, following his looks.

To my inexperienced eyes—for I was myself only a mere stripling of a kid corporal then—there appeared nothing unusual. The horses seemed to be working rather well away from camp, but this I attributed to their not being side-lined.

Presently I saw the leaders (for there are always two or three horses acknowledged leaders in every herd) stop, throw up their heads, and—

«The herd 's stampeded!» called out the first sergeant. «Turn out!»

Crack! There was no mistaking it. «Indians, by ——!» shouted some one.

In a moment the first sergeant had himself together.

«Fall in with carbines and cartridge-belts,» he said, while the trumpet sang out the assembly.

Hardly a moment, and the troop stood steady and ready for the next move.

«There are not very many of them,» said the captain, quietly. «Mr. Greyson, take twenty men and move out to the left. Don't shoot the horses,» he added, by way of caution.

Then fifteen more, under the first sergeant, moved out straight to the front, while the rest of the troop stood eagerly watching and waiting developments.

The herd was running along at a stiff, rapid gait toward the west, evidently driven by something as yet invisible to us.

Crack! crack! The herd guard was evidently making a fight for it.

Then, as the horses swerved off to the north, we saw the Kid, mounted on the trumpeter's horse (his old gray Torry), stop, take careful aim, fire, and the herd leader dropped in his tracks. It stopped the herd for a moment, and then they deliberately turned and came galloping toward the camp.

Up to this time we had not seen any of the Indians; but at this frustration of their plan—which evidently was to drive the herd off to the north, where the rest of their party lay concealed, but to which the Kid, as he afterward said, «tumbled at once»—we caught a glimpse of them. There seemed about eight or ten, perfectly naked, and so mixed up with the horses—running, jumping, and almost conforming to their every movement—that a cartridge seemed wasted or almost certain to strike an animal.

By this time the detachment under Lieutenant Greyson was drawing well up to the

left, and the Indians saw that their game was up. They began to dart about here and there, and then with one accord came boldly and openly toward the Kid and his little herd guard of three men, and before one could quite realize it, halted, fired, and threw themselves flat on the earth.

Three of the soldiers fell from their horses (they were riding bare-back), and the Indians, jumping up, came rapidly toward them. One of the fallen men, evidently not much hurt, reached for his carbine and called to the Kid, who still kept his seat on the gray, though the blood was flowing from a slight flesh-wound in the face.

«He 'll never fall back now,» said old Hernegan, and well he knew the boy.

The Kid turned his gray, paused for a moment as if nonplussed, and then, giving him full rein, lay close to his neck, and rode straight at the approaching Indians. In the mean while the herd had almost stopped running, and now stood huddled together in the manner horses often will when scared or confused.

Now Bridget O'Flanagan, our troop laundress, pretty well known throughout the service as «Biddy,» always declared, with many emphatic shakes of her old head, that what followed was a miracle; but the fact is that as the Kid shot by the herd on his mad ride, with one accord the horses turned, and followed him.

«It 's over,» said the lieutenant to his men. «Don't fire.» And, sure enough, the Indians stood for one moment, and then, throwing down their pieces, broke, and rushed straight into the arms of his approaching party.

On and on went the Kid, and back of him thundered and galloped the troop herd. The victory was his now; he knew it, and soon turned toward the camp, and some little time later came slowly riding in, the herd quietly and contentedly following.

And after that—well, there is n't much more to tell.

Two of the herd guard were dead, shot by the Indians, and we buried them close to where they fell. The young lieutenant of the troop read a few lines out of the prayer-book his mother had «packed among his things,» and a few of the dead men's particular chums were more profane than usual at supper that night.

They were dead, and you can't do much for a dead man, especially in Arizona. Besides, it is all a part of a soldier's life, which is one of the things people in the East sometimes seem to forget.

Well, to make a long story short, the troop eventually marched into Tucson, and the Kid was the hero of the hour.

After the parade, some weeks later,—at which ceremony the governor's fair daughter pinned on the breast of his dress-coat the little bronze medal inscribed, «For distinguished bravery and great coolness in action against hostile Apache Indians on the San Pedro River,» etc.,—the big fellow asked, «Kid, how did you happen to think that out about the herd following you?»

The Kid paused for a moment and then said: «Think? Think nothin'! I ain't no scholar, to be thinkin' out things. I heard poor old Dawson calling to me, and I simply went back to him. If the whole herd got stuck on me shape and followed me, I could n't help it, could I? Horses is like women.» And the Kid strutted off toward old Dave to compare medals with him.

Thomas H. Wilson.

THE DARKENED COUNSEL.

UNWAVERING Death! He dreadful seems, indeed;
But we hear not from those that know him best.
Perchance to them, the many, he gives rest
Not only, but all joys. Maybe we read
His darkened counsel wrongly, and so bleed,
Self-wounded. All obeying his behest,
How large and kind his heart if they be blest!

John Vance Cheney

THE CONVENT UNDER ARMS.

DURING my first trip to Spain I made a study of an old abandoned convent. I used to work under the arches of the cloister, while the hidalgo who ordinarily served as my guide and carried my outfit slumbered in some corner, wrapped in his cloak, proud even in sleep.

Outside, climbing plants twined about the saints in stone; lining their crowns and seeking support from their secular hands, they shot their flower-laden branches through the bays. The sun shone, and the shadow of the pillars on the white flagstones marked the passing hour. Amid the delicious silence of the ruins, whispering to my soul memories of the past, I was thinking of the subject I might paint in this magnificent background. I evoked the personages that the empty cloister had seen; first, the long file of monks carrying to the vaults the body of a venerable prior, or else returning gaily from the refectory; then the silhouettes of dark inquisitors, or some rosy-cheeked young monks weaving garlands of roses for the Virgin.

Ah! the happy landscape-painter can enliven his pictures with certain accepted formulæ: a red touch here means a shepherdess in the distance; a brown spot there represents a cow, and several a herd. But the poor figure-painter, alas! does not get off so easily.

Every day, at the same hour, an old peasant woman of noble bearing came and sat on the same stone within a few steps of me, and knitted without stirring until evening. She was nearly blind.

Although my hidalgo did not speak French, and I knew but little Spanish, he nevertheless managed to make me understand that she was the guardian of the convent. Her father when he was alive, being a barber by trade, and somewhat of a gardener, used to shave the monks and cultivate their kitchen-garden. He lived in a little hut built in the outer arcades of the monastery; and since his death his daughter remained there, living on what she received from passing travelers. She was very old, and the oldest inhabitants said that formerly she had been very pretty.

The day I finished my work it happened that she was not in her accustomed place; and wishing to leave her my offering, I requested the proud hidalgo to accompany me to her abode, where I found her busy putting away some rags in an old coffer as best she could.

As soon as she learned that I was going away her face assumed an expression of profound sorrow, and she began to talk to me with great volubility. I did not understand her jargon. All I could make out was the name of Vibert, repeated several times, as well as that of Napoleon. Being greatly puzzled to find out how this woman could know me, I begged my guide to act as interpreter.

«Well,» said he, «the old woman asks whether you are a light infantry soldier.»

«A light infantry soldier?»

«Yes; one of Napoleon's light infantry. The fact is, your voice reminds her of a French soldier—a sergeant—she knew, whose life she saved, and his name was Jean Pierre Vibert. He had your walk, your figure, and your voice—especially the voice, she says. That is all she can recognize with her weak eyes. He had promised to return, with Napoleon! She is still waiting for him!»

«Jean Pierre Vibert, a soldier under Napoleon, a sergeant of light infantry? Why, that is my grandfather!»

«She asks whether he is still alive.»

«Yes; certainly.»

«Then she does not want your money, and she says she will die happy if you will only kiss her.»

I began to be moved by this strange scene, and willingly acceded to the poor woman's wish. I kissed her on the cheek, and felt a burning tear on my lips. She pressed me for an instant in her thin arms; then, with her trembling hands rummaging in her coffer, she brought out a rag which she put into my hand, and in a voice choked with sobs she said, «Por Pedro, por Pedro.»

I took the deposit she confided to me. It was the half of a silk handkerchief with flowers, the colors of which were faded. She arose, tottering, repeated once more, «Por Pedro,» and disappeared behind a door.

On my return, while showing my grand-

father the study I had made of the old cloister, I asked him whether it did not bring back any recollections of his wars in Spain.

«Wait a little!» said he. «Yes! Is there not a barber's shop under the arcades?»

«Just so.»

«It is there. I remember. The infernal monks, pouring out like rats from all the holes of their convent, which was thought to be deserted, fell upon our weak squad, and we were done up in short order. At night the barber and his daughter dragged me from a heap of corpses. I had fainted, and was covered with wounds. They hid me, cared for me, and cured me. Brave people! I owe them my life; and, youngster, thou also. But being restored to health was one thing, and escaping was another. I should have attempted it, but my hosts made me understand that if I were caught they would both be shot with me for trying to save a Frenchman. Ah! those Capuchins were no jokers; and besides, those were not jocular times anywhere.

«I was therefore obliged to remain in my obscure hole, and let events take their course. After the ringing of the curfew my kind jailer used to visit me with his amiable daughter, who had undertaken to teach me Spanish, so as to facilitate my flight later on, she said. In order to avoid the noise and the light, which might have betrayed us, she would dictate to me in whispers, while I, sitting on the ground, wrote on my knees by the light of a dark lantern hidden under her mantilla.»

«But tell me, grandfather,» I interrupted; «your captivity was not lonesome?»

«Well, at night, no. But what of the long days when thoughts came of my comrades and of France! No; you see, youngster, love comes not in prisons; neither do birds nest in cages.

«It was, however, a great diversion when the monks were at drill. Through a little hole between two stones in the wall of my cell I could see the cloister almost at the spot where you painted it. I assure you that the sight was worth looking at.

«In rank, facing front, and forming a single file, were monks, tall or stout, fat or thin, all armed with grotesque weapons—a veritable series of Don Quixotes and Sancho Panzas. The sergeant, with his bare feet in slippers, wore an enormous shako like a washtub. And the captain! a balloon with legs with his apple-green habit and his column-shaped hat, as proud as Lucifer.

«It was, nevertheless, these same men ridiculously accoutred like monkeys, who had ransacked a barrack and demolished us so effectively. It is true they hit hard; but then, every one is a good soldier when defending his own country.

«At last, one day, our troops having again invaded the province, they disappeared without drums or trumpets, and I saw my flag once more.

«Hold! You ought to paint in your picture that scene of the convent under arms. I will aid you with my recollections to portray the frocklings. I see them yet as if I were there; and I heard them call out the roll so many times that even yet I remember nearly all their names. But, methinks, as you have just been there, you must have seen them—Father Anselmo with his goatee; and Brother Eusebio, short and thick-set, with hands like the claws of a lobster. Look, this is Eusebio's work.» Grandfather, parting the silvery locks on his forehead, showed me a deep scar. «On the other side, here, is that of Father Anselmo. They were the first to strike me, and I have the signatures of the others all round my head.»

«But, my dear grandfather,» said I, «there have been no monks over there for a long time past.»

«Ah! and the barber?»

«He is dead; but his daughter is still living.»

«Carmen? Did you see her? A very beautiful woman, eh?»

«Alas! grandfather.»

«Yes; that is so. Did she speak of me?»

«She even gave me something for Pedro.» I drew from my pocket the half handkerchief. Then, going silently to his chest of drawers, grandfather drew out the other part, the flowers of which matched perfectly, only his half was yet almost new.

«And,» I continued, «Pedro had promised to return—with Napoleon!»

«It is true; but Napoleon willed otherwise.» Then, tying together the two pieces of silk, grandfather lifted his eyes to heaven and said, «Up there!» Grandfather was always *so* laconic when affected.

J. G. Vibert.

PAINTED BY J. G. VIBERT.

THE CONVENT UNDER ARMS.

THE WONDERFUL SAUCE.

FRAGMENT FROM THE MEMOIRS OF A CHEF.

WELL, yes; I am bilious, peevish, unbearable. Yes; my disposition is warped, and my brain too. I admit it. I see everything at its worst, and take everything amiss, while my master is calm, amiable, radiant—a mouth of honey and a heart of gold.

Eh! What, then? We are not alike—that is all. He is fat; I am thin. He has a pink-and-white complexion and a scarlet robe; I have a yellow skin and am dressed in white jacket and apron. They call me «chef,» and I obey him; he calls himself a servant of God, and commands everybody. He loves his fellows, and watches over the welfare of their souls; I hate them, and spend my time in satisfying their appetites. Still, I should like to see him in my place, shriveling up in front of the ranges, and doing a little of my terrible work. Or, rather, I should like not to see him there; for that, above all, is the cause of my bad temper.

Would any one believe that this prelate, as venerated as a saint, as rich as Crœsus, as learned, it is said, as a prophet, has the mania of thinking he can cook, and attaches more value to this imaginary and pretentious talent than to all the rest! If only he would be content to assume the rôle of a platonic Vatel! But no; he must needs come and play the scullion in my kitchen, ridiculously attired in a service apron. He tastes my sauces, and with hands as white as wax, and adorned with a sapphire ring, fusses about among my saucepans.

This ought to make the whole household roar with laughter; but servants are as cowardly as other men, and all bow down before the ridiculous tyrant, vying with one another in their zeal to serve him. They surround him, they peel his vegetables, beat his eggs, and prepare his fowls. If the young onions themselves could talk, they would cry aloud with pride, like the gladiators before the Roman emperor: «Ave, Cæsar! Fricturi te salutamus.» You ought to see him when he has just concocted one of his poisons, lifting his eyes to heaven, and raising his spoon as if to offer it to God, with the triumphant cry, «This sauce is wonderful!»

The worst of it is that he compels me, in my turn, to taste his horrible cooking. Ah! if there be any justice in paradise, where he will doubtless go, I hope that there he will have none other to eat!

J. G. Vibert.

THE NIGHT SCHOOL.

THE necessities of their work often compel artists to shut themselves up when they would be pleased to open their doors. It is therefore not always easy to visit their studios, even with the best recommendations. Does this difficulty alone account for such visits being desirable, or are they really attractive otherwise? We cannot say. But surely many of their admirers, and especially lady admirers, returning full of disappointment from these little excursions to the shrines, must deeply regret having seen their idols at such close quarters. At any rate, whether you return from the temple with more or less fervency than on entering it, no other danger awaits you there.

The same cannot be said of a class studio. There you can penetrate upon the slightest pretext; but however intrepid you might be, had you the strength of Hercules, the voice of a tribune who subdues the masses, the imperious look that fascinates wild beasts, it would not be prudent to go there alone, the more so as any attempt at intimidation on your part would only aggravate your position. Does this mean that you must wear a coat of mail or have an armed escort? Will you have to face man-eating savages, ogres, or vampires who revel in human blood? Is it a resort of brigands, footpads, cutthroats, highwaymen, and other rascals? No. It has not been said that any one was ever eaten, molested, or robbed there. Why, then, is it so terrible?

PAINTED BY J. G. VIBERT.

THE WONDERFUL SAUCE.

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At noon, two days later, they went into camp on the south fork of the San Pedro. It is at this point that the San Pedro, after a long and silent journey through the Caituro Pass, suddenly sweeps off to the left before making its junction with the Gila. As far west as the eye can see, the country rolls along, almost prairie-like in its outlines, covered with rich, thick grass, occasional willows, and myriads of flowers of all imaginable hues. To the east the Caituro range, beginning as mere foot-hills, extends well to the south, rising to almost impassable heights, and ultimately forming a part of the Chiricahui, the mountain-range containing the well-known fastnesses of the Apaches.

«It 's a beautiful place—to get away from,» said Hernegan, after the herd had been turned out to graze, and the troop stood around the camp-fire waiting for something to eat. «Just about the spot the Sixth had their fight, two years ago.»

«But there 's no Indians to fight now,» answered some one; «they 're all on their reservation, ain't they?»

«According to the agent's ration return only,» said the first sergeant, who had a soldier's mistrust of everything political. «Agents don't come to this country for their health, or $1500 a year. Why, I knew a fellow once down at San Felipe in New Mexico—» But here the cook's welcome cry of «Come er-runnin'!» left him without an audience, very much to his disgust. Next to a good drink, I can't remember anything the first sergeant of K Troop liked better than spinning a yarn, as I, who listened to them all for almost three years, ought to know. «I like a drink,» he used to say, «because it makes me talkative; and I like to talk,» he added reflectively, «because it makes me thirsty.»

Now, the beginning of his story, «I knew a fellow once down at San Felipe in New Mexico,» had an interesting sound to me, and I then and there made up my mind to hear the rest of it; so after dinner I heeled myself with a liberal supply of tobacco and hunted him up. I found him stretched out in the shade of his shelter-tent, with his saddle for a pillow, puffing away, and gazing intently at the herd.

«That man down in San Felipe,» I ventured to say, some few minutes later, after he had made a place for me in the shade beside him.

«Who 's in charge of the herd guard?» he suddenly asked me, half rising to his feet.

«Why, the Kid, I believe,» I said, following his looks.

To my inexperienced eyes—for I was myself only a mere stripling of a kid corporal then—there appeared nothing unusual. The horses seemed to be working rather well away from camp, but this I attributed to their not being side-lined.

Presently I saw the leaders (for there are always two or three horses acknowledged leaders in every herd) stop, throw up their heads, and—

«The herd 's stampeded!» called out the first sergeant. «Turn out!»

Crack! There was no mistaking it. «Indians, by ——!» shouted some one.

In a moment the first sergeant had himself together.

«Fall in with carbines and cartridge-belts,» he said, while the trumpet sang out the assembly.

Hardly a moment, and the troop stood steady and ready for the next move.

«There are not very many of them,» said the captain, quietly. «Mr. Greyson, take twenty men and move out to the left. Don't shoot the horses,» he added, by way of caution.

Then fifteen more, under the first sergeant, moved out straight to the front, while the rest of the troop stood eagerly watching and waiting developments.

The herd was running along at a stiff, rapid gait toward the west, evidently driven by something as yet invisible to us.

Crack! crack! The herd guard was evidently making a fight for it.

Then, as the horses swerved off to the north, we saw the Kid, mounted on the trumpeter's horse (his old gray Torry), stop, take careful aim, fire, and the herd leader dropped in his tracks. It stopped the herd for a moment, and then they deliberately turned and came galloping toward the camp.

Up to this time we had not seen any of the Indians; but at this frustration of their plan—which evidently was to drive the herd off to the north, where the rest of their party lay concealed, but to which the Kid, as he afterward said, «tumbled at once»—we caught a glimpse of them. There seemed about eight or ten, perfectly naked, and so mixed up with the horses—running, jumping, and almost conforming to their every movement—that a cartridge seemed wasted or almost certain to strike an animal.

By this time the detachment under Lieutenant Greyson was drawing well up to the

idealism in his eloquence, a certain philosophy of statesmanship to which, in spite of chance and change, he has been true, that compel a popular esteem and respect which seem scarcely diminished by the general recognition of his marvelous intellectual subtilty. It requires no prophet to foretell the lasting quality of Mr. Gladstone's fame.

Palmerston's hold upon the people, on the other hand, was due in no small measure to the absence of the very qualities by which Mr. Gladstone is characterized. His moral ideals, so far from being exalted, were common to the last degree. His talents commanded consideration by their quantity rather than their quality. He could lay little claim to eloquence, though his plain, ungraceful speech had the effectiveness of eloquence at times, and was always pitched upon a popular key. When his official life was in danger it rose upon one or two occasions—notably in the famous parliamentary conflict of 1850—very nearly to the height of greatness. But even the blunt, half-humorous, decided manner had a certain speciousness about it that was characteristic of the man. In his mouth a cant phrase—his famous «*Civis Romanus sum*» is a case in point—simulated life so well as to deceive the very elect. He managed to galvanize it into wearing its grave-clothes as jauntily as though they had been holiday attire.

Mr. Gladstone is credited with saying that the secret of eloquence consists in giving back to one's hearers in drops what one has received from them as spray. If this be Mr. Gladstone's analysis of his own power, we venture to suggest that he does himself injustice. But it serves admirably as a figurative expression of the essence of Lord Palmerston's popularity. He knew his public to perfection. Their national prejudices appealed to him as a man, and upon these prejudices he built his supremacy as a foreign minister. Of course there were not lacking those who saw through all this. Indeed, they represented a very considerable and highly respectable opposition. But Palmerston knew so well what the galleries liked, and played to them with such assiduity and success, that he could almost afford to ignore his critics.

To say this is in no sense to assert that he was without positive convictions, very unusual administrative abilities, or a smattering of disinterested sentiment. A man may possess all these and yet be a little of a demagogue and very much of a bully. Lord Palmerston admirably exemplifies the statement. The fact that he was successively a Tory, a disciple of Canning, a Peelite, and a Liberal is simply to say that he was a man of generous instincts who made an honest effort to keep pace with the inevitable progress of events. If it be laid to his charge that he aided and abetted Sir Robert Peel on that famous day when the latter «found the Whigs bathing and stole their clothes,» it may be pleaded in extenuation that the bathing Whigs had no vested right in the garments, while Peel and Palmerston had grown to their size and did hard work in them. Palmerston's worst enemy never questioned his administrative powers or his devotion to work. In his long terms at the War and Foreign offices, as well as during the years when he was Prime Minister, the amount of efficient labor which he bestowed upon the public service puts him in the front rank of working ministers; while his three years as Home Secretary served to illustrate both his industry and his versatility. Nor need there be any question that his sympathies, other things being equal, were always on the side of the oppressed, and that he rejoiced to strengthen the guaranties of freedom. But then, other things never were equal. Here lies the great indictment that is to be brought against Lord Palmerston as a foreign minister. He made what he called patriotism a fetish—a blind, despotic, tyrannous thing whose ignorant and imperious demands must be satisfied at once, regardless of all large rules of right and wrong. National aggrandizement, national self-assertion, without account of consequence or the higher demands of justice, were the ends which Palmerston sought to obtain, and national prejudice was the charm with which he conjured. Greville writes significantly on January 18, 1845: «I went there from Broadlands, where I left the Viscount [Palmerston] full of vigour and hilarity, and overflowing with diplomatic swagger. He said we might hold any language we please to France and America, and insist on what we thought necessary, without any apprehension that either of them would go to war, as both knew how vulnerable they were, France with her colonies and America with her slaves, a doctrine to which Lord Ashburton by no means subscribes.» («Journal of the Reign of Queen Victoria,» Vol. II, pp. 6, 7.) It is an admirable miniature of Palmerston at his best—and worst. It depicts a type of statesman that has given tone to England's foreign policy to England's lasting injury. I have said that Palmerston understood his public and played to it with assiduity and success. That public, however, was by no means England's best. The Ashburtons, the Granvilles,

the Clarendons were not of it.[1] The Queen and the Prince Consort emphasized their opposition to it. Reformers like Cobden and Bright did their best to divorce the masses from it. But insular prejudice was so strong, and melodrama proved so popular, that Palmerston retained his prestige almost without interruption until the end. Yet he succeeded in arousing an antagonism to British policy and in forming an ideal of British aggression abroad that still obtains upon the Continent and in America. The fact that there is no other nation with whose interests our own are so bound up is often quite lost sight of in view of popular prejudice against a policy that men like to think still formed upon the Palmerston model. The indisputable fact of the superiority of English rule to that exercised by France or Germany over subject nations is but grudgingly admitted, because since Palmerston's day men have been able to see nothing in every new British acquisition but the brutal bullying of a weaker power. No higher-handed piece of national aggression has probably been perpetrated within this century than the recent invasion of Madagascar by the French. But the world at large has proved quite acquiescent. Had England undertaken such an expedition, however, the press of two continents would have exhausted the vocabulary of contumely. Yet no one at all conversant with colonial history can doubt that Madagascar would be a far better place to live and work in under English than under French dominion, and that it would prove of vastly greater value to the civilized world. England's position to-day is startlingly isolated; and a prime factor in her isolation has been that she has cherished Lord Palmerston's ideal of statesmanship too dearly.

II.

It is not long since we were assured on most excellent authority that high ideals—the ideals of the ten commandments and the golden rule—had no place in practical politics. Whether this be true or not, it is a philosophical platitude that political ideals of some sort exist, influencing the opinions and consequent activities of the mass of citizens; but they are generally vague. The average man is impatient of definition; he has little concern with the exact content of words. They easily become battle-cries, watchwords, or tokens appealing directly to that surface stratum of prejudice in him which often clothes, and sometimes smothers, the intellectual and ethical man within. So long as this remains the case it is evident that the ideal of the citizen will be to a considerable extent compact of prejudice rather than of intellectual or ethical aspiration; that is to say, cant phrases, rallying-cries, *et id omne genus*, will have more weight with him than appeals to sober judgment or to moral sense. There has long been a notion that the sphere of superstition was that in which cant found freest play. But if it were ever true, superstition must long since have surrendered its proud distinction to politics.

It is doubtful if any considerable body of men exist who have a sincerer love of fair play, a more honest desire to see impartial justice done, or a truer respect for self-restrained and unselfish action, than the mass of American and British citizens, when they lay aside personal prejudice and calmly consider the right and wrong of a course of public or private policy; but it is not at all doubtful that to induce them to do this would be regarded as bad politics and worse journalism by the great authorities in the political and journalistic world. One of the commonplaces of their economy, indeed, is that power consists, not so much in the clear vision and firm grasp of truth, nor in a plain and unadorned appeal to the best judgment of their fellow-citizens, as in a «pull» upon their prejudice, and in an ability to arouse them to blind and unquestioning «enthusiasm.» Hence the free coinage of watchwords in every campaign, which, as a New England clergyman once suggested to the writer, is likely to prove as dangerous to the commonweal as the free coinage of silver. Doubtless it has been so since politics began. The demagogue and the poor are ever with us. I have cited the case of Lord Palmerston, however, because it is so marked, and because its influence has proved so lasting. The Jingoism of the Marquis of Salisbury, for instance, is undoubtedly a culture from the original Palmerston microbe, although the virus may have become somewhat attenuated in the process.

On our own side of the water, in the mean time, we have become aware of the growth of a Palmerstonian ideal of foreign policy which bears all the marks of legitimate descent. Its devotees are marvelously noisy. They depend largely upon watchwords and badges. They are chary of definition, and

[1] Though both Granville and Clarendon served with Palmerston, neither seems to have been in genuine accord with the *tone* of his foreign policy. I think this statement borne out by the extraordinary events that marked the formation of the ministry of 1859, especially the Queen's part therein.

charier still of all appeal to the sober second thought of men. Indeed, the man of sober second thought is the one man they cannot away with. The self-restraint and dignity which the world has a right to expect of a great nation are scandalous in their eyes. True, they have much to say of «dignity,» but they persistently use the word in its Palmerstonian sense of overbearing truculence. They talk much and loudly of «Americanism»; but when their speech is reduced to its lowest terms we discover that they have emptied the word of all moral content. It has become a mere «Abracadabra»—a charm wherewith to call spirits from the vasty deep of popular prejudice, and send them upon the errands of small politics. Had Washington a prophetic vision of a United States senator declaring war upon Great Britain in a time of profound peace, when he wrote: «Observe good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct, and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no distant period a great nation to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence?» Was it a desire to observe good faith and justice toward all nations that induced another United States senator to advocate the practical repudiation of obligations laid upon the Government by a properly constituted commission of arbitration? Is it the guidance of an exalted justice and benevolence that leads the chauvinist press to cry aloud for the building of war vessels upon the great lakes, in distinct contravention of treaty provisions? There is something half pathetic in the simple dignity with which Washington concludes the counsels of his farewell message: «If I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigues, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism, this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare by which they have been dictated.»

Measured by the standard of certain senators, Washington and Lincoln can scarce pass muster to-day as «good Americans.» It is difficult to imagine the former attempting to confer added dignity upon the flag of a nation's love by rechristening it «Old Glory»; or the latter shrieking in corybantic fury for the summary obliteration of Spain before she has time to explain or apologize for an apparent insult to an American ship. Indeed, as the greatness of these statesmen looms large through the years, we begin to see in what considerable measure it was due to their patient conservatism in respect of our foreign relations, to their absolute repudiation of what I have called the Palmerston ideal. Yet surely no presidents have done more than they to give dignity to the flag and win for the nation a world's respect. This Palmerston ideal is no new thing in our national counsels. But for President Lincoln's wisdom and firmness it would have had a large place in the nation's thought in 1861; for on April 1 of that year Secretary Seward presented to the President an outline of foreign policy that was substantially as follows:

«I would demand explanations from Spain and France categorically at once. I would seek explanations from Great Britain and Russia, and send agents into Canada, Mexico, and Central America, to rouse a vigorous spirit of independence on this continent against European intervention; and, if satisfactory explanations are not received from Spain and France, would convene Congress and declare war against them. For this purpose it must be somebody's business to pursue and direct it incessantly. Either the President must do it himself, and be all the while active in it, or devolve it on some member of his cabinet. Once adopted, debates on it must end, and all agree and abide. It is not in my especial province; but I neither seek to evade nor assume responsibility.» (Morse, «Abraham Lincoln,» I, pp. 277, 278.)

It is scarcely too much to say that the adoption of such an inconceivably fatuous policy must eventually have wrecked the Union. The quiet firmness with which the President set it aside is become matter of history, and no one to-day would dare question his wisdom.

We would yield to none in our desire that American dignity be asserted abroad. That, however, can never come to pass until we regard our place among the nations of the earth as too great to be made the stalking-horse of every petty political scheme and schemer. Nor is it consonant with that dignity to treat the murder of Italians in New Orleans or of Chinese in Idaho with comparative levity, while we shout for truculent action the moment that any question arises wherein we have perchance been wronged by Spain, France, or England. The bane of France ever since the Revolution has been

the irresponsible manner in which her people have treated questions of great and far-reaching public import. The irony of the Paris bookseller who, when asked for a copy of the French constitution, replied that he did not keep periodical literature, was sad as well as mordant. It was this same irresponsibility in lofty station that made Palmerston an object of hatred in every court in Europe, and that has ministered directly to England's isolation. It is such irresponsibility among men of influence that is rendering wise and conservative settlement of our own foreign questions increasingly difficult, and an assertion of true American dignity well-nigh impossible.

Edward M. Chapman.

THREE LETTERS FROM JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

IN the spring of 1890 a discussion arose between a friend and myself in regard to the following sentence in Lowell's «My Garden Acquaintance»: «The robins are not good solo singers; but their chorus, as, like primitive fire-worshipers, they hail the return of light and warmth to the earth, is unrivaled.»

The argument was rather one-sided. My friend spoke with the conviction born of his long and close observation of the robin. I could only urge my confidence in the correctness of Mr. Lowell's statement.

At length, feeling my inability to defend my favorite author, I resolved to write and ask Mr. Lowell himself to explain the passage. By return mail I received a letter in Mr. Lowell's own hand, which read as follows:

«ELMWOOD, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,
May 2, 1890.

«DEAR MISS CLARKE: I used to be thought a fairly good observer; indeed, Darwin once paid me the doubtful compliment of saying to me, ‹You ought to have been a naturalist.› I have lived in the same house (except when in Europe) for seventy-one years, and robins find good building-sites in my trees. I once counted seventy on my lawn at the same time. As the males sing without any reference to each other of a morning, and as there are many, I spoke of it, loosely, perhaps, as a chorus. Considered as a thrush, the robin is surely inferior to most of his kind; I am tempted to say all of them. Now and then there is a better singer among them. I have heard one this year who entertained me with some very agreeable variations on their habitual *ding-dong*.

«As for their singing during the day, I am surprised that your friend has never heard their ‹rain-song,› which times itself by the fore-feeling of a shower in the air. Nay, I heard the performer of which I have just spoken at about half-past four in the afternoon. If yours don't begin matins until five o'clock they are lazy creatures. Ours salute the day. But perhaps they don't build with you? That would make a difference in the singing; for though, as I think, rather *bourgeois*, it is love that makes them sing, as it made *Polonius*, no doubt, when he ‹suffered great extremity for love.›

«All the same, though I can't quite give in to your friend, I like her[1] all the better for taking sides with a bird against a man. The worst of them are better than we deserve.

«Faithfully yours,
«J. R. LOWELL.»

I received this letter just as I was starting on a visit to the home of the Hon. Charles Anderson, a brother of Colonel Robert Anderson, and ex-Governor of Ohio. I resolved to delay answering the letter—for of course I must write and thank Mr. Lowell—until I had shown it to Governor Anderson. As I anticipated, Governor Anderson was much interested in the letter. He told me that years before, when he was a lawyer in Cincinnati, he had entertained Mr. Lowell during

[1] He evidently thought the friend a woman.

a political convention. In replying to Mr. Lowell I mentioned this circumstance, adding: «Governor Anderson, with characteristic modesty, says that you have doubtless forgotten him; but I do not believe that any one who ever met so charming a man as Governor Anderson—Colonel Anderson, I think he was when you saw him—could forget him.»

This is Mr. Lowell's reply:

«ELMWOOD, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,
May 17, 1890.

«DEAR MISS CLARKE: Do I remember Charles Anderson,—colonel or governor matters not,—the handsome, fair-haired, brilliant Norseman who, with all his refinement, had a look as if he would cheerfully have gone out with his battle-axe to a *holmgang?* One is not blest with such apparitions so often as to forget them. I suppose the yellow hair is silver now, but men like him do not grow older. May I ask of your kindness to convey to him my warmest salutations?

«If I said that birds were better than men I was not to be taken too seriously. But you shall not put me down in that peremptory fashion. I did n't say they were better than women, did I? You know I did n't, nor ever will!

«I have listened more warily to my robins since your letter, and find that I was right, though I take no credit to myself for what was merely a matter of familiar memory. During the love-making season they may, and often do, sing at any hour of the day.

«You will be glad to hear that my few acres are very *birdy* this year, and many trees full of new homes and songs. I had heard such stories of the usurping habits of the English sparrow which has been naturalized here that I feared to find our native birds diminished. But I think it is not so. How I love creatures that can both fly and sing! 'T is what we all would if we could.

«There is something very pleasant to me in your letters, and I thank you for them. For the first time in my life I have been seriously ill this winter, and am still to a certain extent invalided by my physician. The less I feel myself worth, the pleasanter it is to hear that I have been something to somebody, especially to one who loves Tennyson, so easily the master of us all.

«Faithfully yours,
«J. R. LOWELL.»

In my second letter I had ventured upon an expression of my admiration for Mr. Lowell, and, feeling that no words of my own would express my meaning with sufficient delicacy, I had made use of a quotation from Tennyson. It is to this that Mr. Lowell refers in the last paragraph of his letter.

But now I found myself in an embarrassing position. I felt that I ought not to intrude longer upon Mr. Lowell, and yet would it be courteous to one of his age and position to permit him to write the last letter? I finally decided there could be nothing presumptuous in writing again, if I made it evident that I did not expect him to respond.

But his unfailing courtesy would not permit him to drop the correspondence in that manner, as the following letter testifies:

«ELMWOOD, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,
May 27, 1890.

«DEAR MISS CLARKE: A line more to thank you for your very cordial and in all ways welcome letters. You will understand why I cannot undertake any additional regular correspondence, however agreeable.

«This gives me the chance to make a correction. In my first note to you I mentioned that I had been led to raise my opinion of the robin as a solo singer by the fine performance of one which I had heard this year. But I had been deluded. The bird which had shaken my opinion turns out to have been a rose-breasted grossbeck. All the first part of his song is so like that of the robin that I am still puzzled by him sometimes; but as he goes on he is tempted into variations, voluntaries, and raptures of which the robin is quite incapable. It is the difference between Shelley and Shenstone. I had seen him only once before in my life, and never heard him. But this year two pairs of them are, I hope, building within my boundaries, and the males sing amorpeans from the tops of neighboring trees. It is a pleasure to see as well as to hear them sing, for this lyrical ecstasy makes their wings quiver with the delight of it. 'T is a great joy to have them in my old age.

«I must n't have more of your sympathy than I deserve—pleasant as it is. I am *feeling* very well, but have to be very careful of myself, which is a bore. I have made the wholesome discovery that at seventy one gets beyond middle life. Faithfully yours,

«J. R. LOWELL.»

I did not know then that these letters were penned when Mr. Lowell was suffering from a disease which had compelled him to give up outdoor exercise and continuous literary labor, and which a few months later ended his life.

Mary A. Clarke.

HOW «THE KID» WON HIS MEDAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF «THE TRUMPETER OF THE TROOP.»

IT was two years after the Black Cañon affair when the Kid suddenly announced his intention of giving up the trumpet. «It's all right for a boy,» said this young warrior to the assembled troop standing about the barrack-room waiting for «afternoon stables» —«it 's all right for a boy; but when a man 's taken his second blanket[1] it 's almost time to think of something else.»

«Stripes?» asked the big fellow, laconically.

The Kid nodded his head, and looked at Brookson, who had just been made a corporal.

«You would n't last a month, Stubbs,» said Dave Hernegan, who was again a sergeant in the troop. «The first pay-day—» But here stable-call ended the discussion and sent them scurrying out.

Stubbs had grown ambitious. It was all due to a remark of the colonel's, made some days previous, at the regular monthly inspection of the troop.

«Good material for a ‹non-com.› there,» said the colonel in an audible tone, looking toward the trumpeter of K Troop, who sat erect and soldierly on his gray charger.

Stubbs kept his eyes straight to the front, but his ears caught the captain's reply.

«He can have the stripes whenever he wants them.»

He thought it over and over. Corporal— it did n't sound badly at all; much better than Kid or Stubbs. He groomed his old friend the gray with a great deal of affection and care that day: «Old Torry,» who had carried him on many a hard scout and ride during his six years of service; Old Torry, for whom he had almost bankrupted the troop in the matter of sugar; Old Torry, on whose back he had downed the Bell Mare of L Troop in the great Fourth of July race the recruits were still talking about. There was the rub, and he patted his horse's neck affectionately. Corporals did n't ride grays. If he accepted the stripes, he 'd have to give up Torry and ride a black, just the same as the veriest recruit in the troop. Some duffer might get old Torry—

[1] Enlistment.

«Cease grooming!»

The quick, sharp command of the first sergeant brought him to earth and attention, currycomb and brush in hand, waiting for the lieutenant to inspect the picket-line. He was still thinking of it at supper, and at retreat, and even when taps came faintly sounding through the open windows and doors of the quarters that night. At reveille he had made up his mind, and at guard-mounting he was a private. This was quick work, but the Kid was no laggard.

«How do you like soldiering, Stubbs?» asked a smart young lance-corporal of A Troop, whose accent showed his German extraction. It was Stubbs's first guard as a private, and the young corporal was getting even for many a cut given him in the past.

Stubbs eyed him somewhat contemptuously from head to foot. «Like soldiering?» he answered. «Why, sonny, I was soldiering when your bed-sack was floating around Castle Garden.»

At the next muster and inspection the Kid was the junior corporal of the troop, and carried the guidon in the boot of his right stirrup. As the troop went swinging by the colonel at a good, quick trot, his eyes brightened as they fell on the figure of the new non-com. Deep down in his heart he had a very warm spot for the youngest trooper in his regiment, a sincere and manly respect for this mere boy, with six years' service to his credit, who had already earned the proud right of saying «Ich dien.»

It was soldiers like this who made a troop, a regiment, an army, ay, even a country; and the chief unconsciously straightened up, and so did the Kid, as he sat deep in the saddle and thought it all very glorious.

And then they went by again in review, this time at a gallop that sent the blood tingling through the veins and almost made one gasp for breath.

It was an old and tattered guidon the boy carried (the new ones were kept for the troops in the East), but it snapped and crackled and bravely and merrily sang to the morning breeze. It sang of fights, charges, marches, rides, and midnight raids; it sang of glory,

hope, ambition, pride, and fame; and then in soft and gentle monotone it sang of darkened homes and scattered, nameless graves. It was the song of the soldier, and the Kid understood it all.

Now there are medals and medals in the service, just as there are soldiers and soldiers: there are medals for the Society of the Cincinnati; there are medals for the Sons of the Revolution; there are medals for the Order of the Aztecs; there are medals for the Sons of the Loyal Legion; there are medals for the Sons of Veterans; there are medals for the War of 1812.

All of which I have seen worn on the dress-coats of young and gallant soldiers for services rendered by—their sires and grandsires. It is an impressive sight, but apt to prove misleading. Then there are medals for shooting—that is, for shooting at a target. You go out some fine, sunshiny day, and shoot at two hundred and three hundred and even up to a thousand yards, and make bull's-eyes galore. Then you shoot at men lying, kneeling, and standing. These men, being paper, do not shoot back; but it is very exciting, and leads to displays of wondrous courage on the skirmish-line.

When this is all over there is a presentation of medals. The officers at department headquarters put on their uniforms, redolent of tar-paper and moth-balls; there is a big parade, at which the general presents the medals; the band plays, the men shout, the women wave their handkerchiefs, the crowd goes mad, and—deep down in your heart you wonder what it is all about. And then there is a small bronze medal presented by Congress to soldiers, commissioned and enlisted, who have distinguished themselves in action; and this is the kind of medal the Kid won.

It was spring in Arizona; at least, the calendar marked April, and the post-trader at Packer had got in his annual supply of canned goods and whisky. Beyond an increased restlessness among the troops, there was little to indicate it. Reports from the new agent at San Carlos were very encouraging, and the indications for a dead summer seemed imminent.

Old Dave Hernegan growled and talked largely of «taking on» in the artillery when his time had expired.

«Artillery!» said the Kid, scornfully—«artillery! You 'd look fine in the artillery,—would n't you?—serving under a lot of kid white-collar sergeants! Besides, where 's your education, eh? Tell me that, you old bean-cracker!»

Dave looked foolish. There was a wild tradition in the troop that artillery non-coms. were never happy unless juggling with figures or reading scientific books.

Fortunately for the troop, and perhaps equally fortunate for Hernegan, there came an order a few weeks later that knocked all ideas of artillery completely out of his head.

It is always the unexpected that happens, and one bright May morning the troop found itself under orders to change station.

«We 're going East,» shouted the first sergeant, who brought the news from post headquarters at orderly call—«we 're going East; so pack up, you duffers!»

East? Going East? It was almost pathetic to see the look of utter helplessness on the faces of some of the men—men who had almost forgotten the word «East»; men who had lived and marched and fought and toiled so long under Arizona's hot sun that all else seemed unreal.

«Frisco?» hazarded a recruit.

«Not much, sonny,» answered the first sergeant, who seemed delighted with the news. «We 're going to Tucson, the finest town in the Territory.»

There was an air of general relief among the older men.

«It 's a pretty gay town,» murmured Tommy Creighton, the farrier. «I spent my last finals there four years ago.»

«Ain't there a brewery there?» some one asked.

«Only twenty-five cents a bottle,» said Tommy, by way of reply.

For the next few days there was little else talked of. L Troop seemed to take it very much to heart—not the good luck of the others, but the thought of parting with them.

«We 've lain 'longside of each other fer ten years, boys,» said old Dave at the «send off» L Troop gave them the night before they left—«ten long years, and not much coffee-cooling[1] in them, either.»

There was no speech-making at the send off; to them it would have seemed foolish: but good-fellowship reigned supreme, and the two or three little scraps thrown in by way of diversion added to the success of the affair.

The next morning, in fifteen sets of fours the troop rode past their colonel in review for the last time; and their carbines glistened and sparkled in the morning sun until the light blinded and moistened the eyes of those left behind.

Out through the sally-port, straight across country, they rode, until they struck the foot-

[1] Easy times.

hills of the Graham Mountains. Then one saw them slowly winding up the narrow trail, until their fluttering guidon became a mere speck on the horizon.

At noon, two days later, they went into camp on the south fork of the San Pedro. It is at this point that the San Pedro, after a long and silent journey through the Caituro Pass, suddenly sweeps off to the left before making its junction with the Gila. As far west as the eye can see, the country rolls along, almost prairie-like in its outlines, covered with rich, thick grass, occasional willows, and myriads of flowers of all imaginable hues. To the east the Caituro range, beginning as mere foot-hills, extends well to the south, rising to almost impassable heights, and ultimately forming a part of the Chiricahui, the mountain-range containing the well-known fastnesses of the Apaches.

«It 's a beautiful place—to get away from,» said Hernegan, after the herd had been turned out to graze, and the troop stood around the camp-fire waiting for something to eat. «Just about the spot the Sixth had their fight, two years ago.»

«But there 's no Indians to fight now,» answered some one; «they 're all on their reservation, ain't they?»

«According to the agent's ration return only,» said the first sergeant, who had a soldier's mistrust of everything political. «Agents don't come to this country for their health, or $1500 a year. Why, I knew a fellow once down at San Felipe in New Mexico—» But here the cook's welcome cry of «Come er-runnin'!» left him without an audience, very much to his disgust. Next to a good drink, I can't remember anything the first sergeant of K Troop liked better than spinning a yarn, as I, who listened to them all for almost three years, ought to know. «I like a drink,» he used to say, «because it makes me talkative; and I like to talk,» he added reflectively, «because it makes me thirsty.»

Now, the beginning of his story, «I knew a fellow once down at San Felipe in New Mexico,» had an interesting sound to me, and I then and there made up my mind to hear the rest of it; so after dinner I heeled myself with a liberal supply of tobacco and hunted him up. I found him stretched out in the shade of his shelter-tent, with his saddle for a pillow, puffing away, and gazing intently at the herd.

«That man down in San Felipe,» I ventured to say, some few minutes later, after he had made a place for me in the shade beside him.

«Who 's in charge of the herd guard?» he suddenly asked me, half rising to his feet.

«Why, the Kid, I believe,» I said, following his looks.

To my inexperienced eyes—for I was myself only a mere stripling of a kid corporal then—there appeared nothing unusual. The horses seemed to be working rather well away from camp, but this I attributed to their not being side-lined.

Presently I saw the leaders (for there are always two or three horses acknowledged leaders in every herd) stop, throw up their heads, and—

«The herd 's stampeded!» called out the first sergeant. «Turn out!»

Crack! There was no mistaking it. «Indians, by ——!» shouted some one.

In a moment the first sergeant had himself together.

«Fall in with carbines and cartridge-belts,» he said, while the trumpet sang out the assembly.

Hardly a moment, and the troop stood steady and ready for the next move.

«There are not very many of them,» said the captain, quietly. «Mr. Greyson, take twenty men and move out to the left. Don't shoot the horses,» he added, by way of caution.

Then fifteen more, under the first sergeant, moved out straight to the front, while the rest of the troop stood eagerly watching and waiting developments.

The herd was running along at a stiff, rapid gait toward the west, evidently driven by something as yet invisible to us.

Crack! crack! The herd guard was evidently making a fight for it.

Then, as the horses swerved off to the north, we saw the Kid, mounted on the trumpeter's horse (his old gray Torry), stop, take careful aim, fire, and the herd leader dropped in his tracks. It stopped the herd for a moment, and then they deliberately turned and came galloping toward the camp.

Up to this time we had not seen any of the Indians; but at this frustration of their plan—which evidently was to drive the herd off to the north, where the rest of their party lay concealed, but to which the Kid, as he afterward said, «tumbled at once»—we caught a glimpse of them. There seemed about eight or ten, perfectly naked, and so mixed up with the horses—running, jumping, and almost conforming to their every movement—that a cartridge seemed wasted or almost certain to strike an animal.

By this time the detachment under Lieutenant Greyson was drawing well up to the

PAINTED BY PUVIS DE CHAVANNES. PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO.

DETAIL FROM THE HEMICYCLE OF THE SORBONNE.

simplification and omission has not gone too far. The effect is as fine, perhaps, as in the « Ave Picardia Nutrix,» — it could not well be finer, — but one misses the charm of detail and the refinement of form. Discarding our modern realism, Puvis has gone back as far as Raphael. Was it necessary to go further? Simplicity is good, but does it entail so much sacrifice? Perhaps not; for there is more than one way of attaining decorative effect, and Veronese and Raphael were great decorators as well as Giotto. But Puvis de Chavannes had to work out the expression of his own artistic personality as well as to form a decorative style. In 1865, at the age of forty, he certainly had not yet entirely expressed himself, even if his artistic character was then fully formed. He was slow of development, and had been a recognized and exhibiting artist for only six years. He had done beautiful work, but his most characteristic work was yet to do.

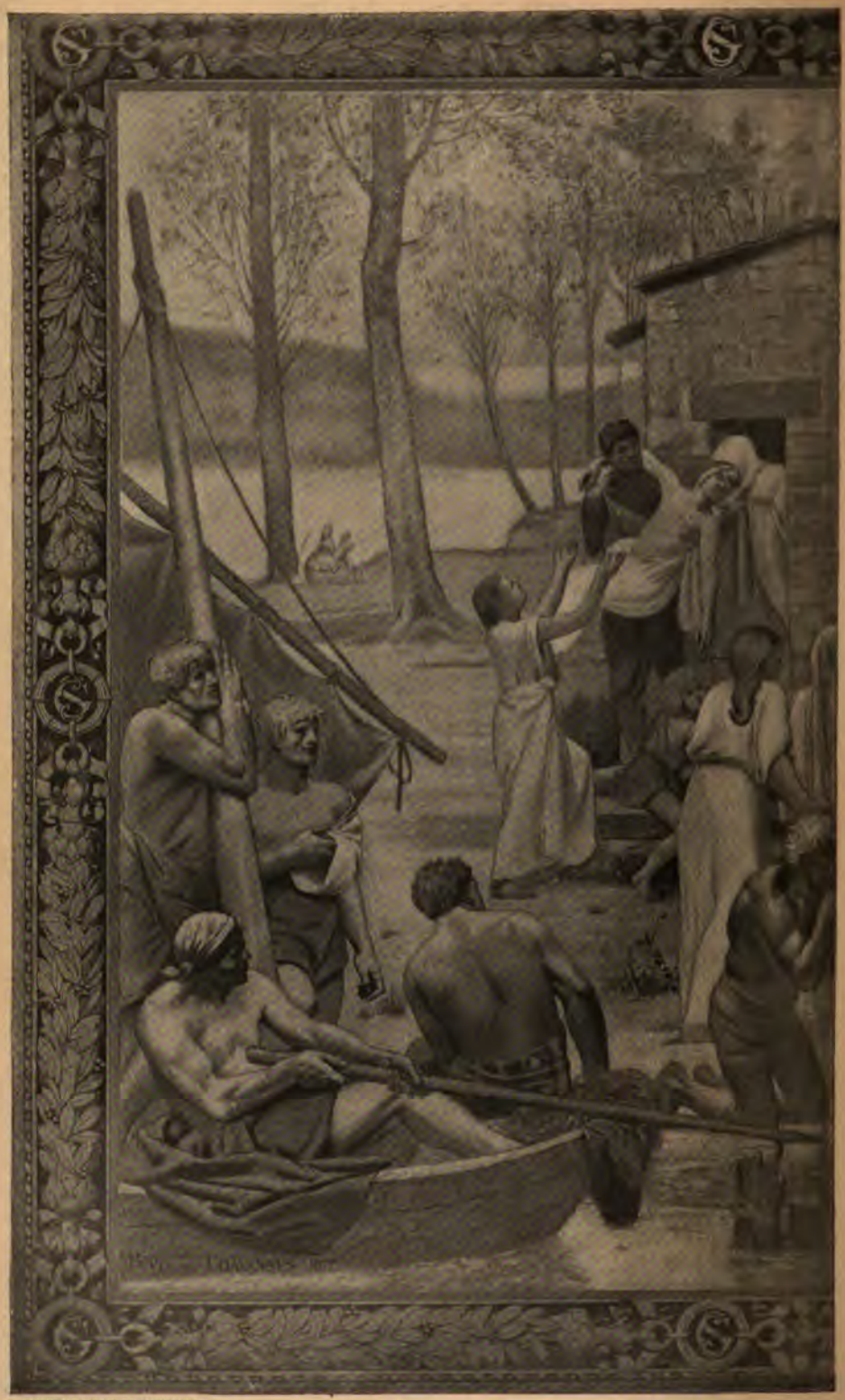
The titles of two of his great paintings at Lyons give a hint of the elements of his artistic nature: « Vision Antique — Symbol de la Forme » and « Inspiration Chrétienne — Symbol du Sentiment,» as the catalogue of the Salon of 1886 has it. A desire for Greek simplicity and grandeur, a desire for Gothic sentiment and directness of expression — these two desires have pushed him forward to new and ever new suppressions of the useless, the insignificant, the cumbrous. He has come to leave out not only every detail that may interfere with the effect of the whole, but every detail that is not absolutely necessary to the expression of the whole. He has eliminated now for the sake of perfect clarity and

now for the sake of quaint simplicity. On the classic side his highest expression is perhaps in the «Sacred Wood.» Could the sense of idyllic peace and noble tranquillity be more perfectly rendered? A single group from the composition is here given, that the reader may study for himself the system of artistic suppressions by which this result is attained. At first sight the drawing may seem simple and almost childish, and one may think it easy to do the like; but there is the knowledge of a lifetime in these grand lines, and they are simple only as a Greek statue is simple. There are antique figures that look almost wooden in their lack of detail and of fleshy modeling, and yet in which the more you know the more you shall find, until you are astonished at the learning which neglected nothing while omitting so much.

Giotto and Fra Angelico have also had their influence on Puvis, and he has felt, as have so many others, the wonderful effect of their rigidly simple works. Doubtless they were decorative by instinct and simple because they knew no better, and left out facts which they had never learned to put in. Is that a reason why a modern painter may not learn their lesson and knowingly sacrifice much that we have learned, and which they never knew, for the sake of attaining their clearness and directness of expression? The system is capable of abuse, as imitators of Puvis have shown us; and one must be very sincere and very earnest not to make it an empty parody. It is not enough to leave out the unessential; one must have something essential to say. Puvis, at his best, is absolutely grand and absolutely sincere; and while he sacrifices, it is for the sake of expressing a lofty and pure sentiment in a chastened but all the more effective style.

But, besides the admirer of the Greeks and of the primitives, there is also in Puvis the man of this latter end of the nineteenth century, of the epoch of impressionism and the school of *plein air*. Nothing is more curious in the history of art than the way in which the continued study of chiaroscuro has brought modern painting back by a devious route to the shadelessness of the primitives. The early painters had no light and shade, as the Japanese have none. After all other possibilities of light and shade had been exhausted, the artists of our day began to study the model out of doors in gray daylight, and lo! the effect is almost that of the early frescos, but with a difference. There is almost as little shade, but there is more study of values —that is, of the exact relative degree of light or dark of each object as compared with other objects and with the sky. In the use of this truth of value Puvis has added something new to the art of decorative painting, and in this and in his study of landscape he is singularly modern. His earlier backgrounds are entirely classic, but gradually landscape occupies a greater and greater place in his work. In the «Ludus pro Patria» the landscape is the really important thing, and the figures are more or less incidental; and this is even truer of other compositions, such as the great landscapes called «Summer» and «Winter,» in the Paris Hôtel de Ville. In these the figures are relatively of little more importance than in many a painting by Corot, and they are real landscape pictures, as I have called them. Of course depth and mystery and the illusion of light are not sought by the painter, who is decorator first and landscapist afterward; the foregrounds are much conventionalized and detail is eliminated. Our painter remains the simplifier in landscape as in the figure; but the essentials of landscape are studied with wonderful thoroughness, and for tone, value, color, and large form, no modern landscape is better than that of Puvis de Chavannes. In the vast decoration at the head of the staircase in the museum of Rouen a composition otherwise not of his best is saved by the splendid background, in which the panorama of the city of Rouen and the islands of the Seine is painted with all the perfection of modern landscape art.

Of course the work of no man remains always at its highest level, and it is hard for any one to escape the defects of his qualities. After the long training in elimination, what wonder if the master sometimes seems oblivious of the things he has so striven to subordinate, and if there are passages in some of his latest work where drawing ceases to be simplified and becomes falsified? You will find now and again in his pictures an ankle or a wrist that is out of drawing, feeble and boneless, or a body that is ill constructed and wrongly put together. He who has learned to forget has sometimes forgotten too much. The «Victor Hugo,» shown in outline only, seemed weak and uninteresting, and one feared that the simple dignity of the hemicycle had declined to simpleness without the dignity. How far it has been redeemed by color one who has not seen it in its completed form cannot say; nor even in its completion should it be judged except in place. Has the decorator whose instinct is so sure, who has



PAINTED BY PUVIS DE CHAVANNES.

«ST. GENEVIÈVE» (DETAIL). IN THE PANTHÉON, PARIS

succeeded so often and failed so seldom, this time fallen short of his best? I cannot tell.

A classicist of the classicists, a primitive of the primitives, a modern of the moderns, Puvis de Chavannes is, above all, an individual and original artist, and to copy his methods would be to learn ill the lesson he teaches. His style is indissolubly bound up with his message; his manner is the only one fit to express what he alone has to say. It would be but an ill-fitting, second-hand garment for another. But let us learn from him that imitation is not art, that the whole is greater than the parts, and that art in service is the freest art and the noblest. All fact and all research are grist to the mill of art, but they are not bread until ground and kneaded and baked. I, for one, believe that the day of mere fact and of mere research is nearly ended, and the day of the isolated easel-picture, too. We are already taking the first steps even here in America; and before very long we shall have come back to the old true notion that the highest aim of art is to make some useful thing beautiful. Art will again enter that service which is for it the most perfect freedom, and as the highest aim of the painter will be to beautify the walls of the temples and palaces of the people, so the highest name he will give himself will be that of «decorator.»

Kenyon Cox.

THE FISHER-MAIDEN'S SONG.

OHI! oho! the herring is coming!
The breezes are humming!
Aloft flies the sail!
The sea-gulls are teeming,
And fighting and screaming,
Adrift on the gale!

Ohi! oho! the west wind is veering,
The fishing-fleet steering
Through whirlwinds of spray!
Oho! lads, how merry
To speed the frail wherry
O'er the billowy way!

Ohi! oho! my heart leaps toward her;
My friend is aboard her,
My true love, my king!
He feasts upon danger,
The daring sea-ranger,
When hurricanes sing!

Ohi! oho! now down the black hollows,
O'er deeps and o'er shallows,
A glorious ride!
May good luck betide him,
And cheer him, and guide him
Safe home to his bride!

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

VII.

YET Marcella Maxwell had taken some time to convince both herself and him that she loved the man who was now her husband!

When Marcella Boyce first engaged herself to Aldous Raeburn, as he then was,—the grandson and heir of old Lord Maxwell,—she accepted him merely as a means to an end. She was at the time a handsome, undeveloped girl of a type not uncommon in our modern world, belonging by birth to the country-squire class, and by the chances of a few years of student life in London to the youth that takes nothing on authority, and puts to fierce question whatever it finds already on its path,—governments, churches, the powers of family and wealth,—that takes, moreover, its social pity for the only standard, and spends that pity only on one sort and type of existence. Her father—a man with a dubious history, of which no one, apparently, was so ignorant as the daughter who had been brought up, through long years at school, away from her parents—unexpectedly inherited the family property in Brookshire. Marcella descended upon country society with all her social scorns and condemnations running high within her; and her mood was still further heightened by the discovery that, because of her father's story, not even her mother and herself could count upon a welcome from the old friends of the family in Brookshire. It was natural that a girl so placed, yet hotly conscious all the time of beauty and capacity, should take her new life stormily; it was almost inevitable that she should make some raw mistake.

Nevertheless, what she did, almost immediately, was to capture the best *parti* in the county, and then to wear her honors with a careless wildness which pleased her own pride, and made the majority of Raeburn's friends dislike and distrust her. For Raeburn, who had felt toward her, almost from the first moment of meeting her, a passion he was never to unlearn again, was no ordinary country squire, and inspired in those few who knew him well an affection and admiration of no common quality. He was very able, very reserved, and very diffident. He was the only young representative of a famous stock, and had grown up from his childhood under the shadow of great sorrows and heavy responsibilities. He had in him the stuff of the poet and the thinker, and he loved Marcella Boyce with all the delicacy, all the idealizing respect, that passion generates in natures so strong and so highly tempered. At the same time he had little buoyancy or gaiety; he had a belief in his class, and a constitutional dislike of change, which were always fighting in his mind with the energies of moral debate; and he acquiesced very easily—perhaps indifferently—in many outward conventions and prejudices.

That such a man should not be able to maintain his hold on the Marcella Boyce of those days might have been foreseen from the beginning. She accepted him partly out of girlish pride, that she might assert her personal triumph in Brookshire; partly that she might have the joy of quarreling with the customary and the established on as large a scale as possible. And yet the instruments of Raeburn's avenging were always present in Marcella's own character. For she was not capable of carrying out to the end any selfish

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or heartless part. Under all her wilfulness her true nature « made for » self-giving, made for love, just as, under apparent sweetness and yielding, the true nature of another type of woman makes for grasping and hatred.

But of course the first engagement came to a tragic end. No need to describe how. Raeburn and Marcella differed and parted in such a manner that, as she broke the bond between them, Marcella for the first time perceived the greatness of Raeburn's complex character, while in him jealous anguish had come to the aid of dignity, and he made no effort to retain her.

Then Marcella, in hot impatience with herself, went up to London, threw herself into nursing, and took her punishment, so to speak, at the hands of life. Circumstances scourged and taught her—hospital training, life among the poor, the effort to think out some of the problems that the poor suggest, the influence of certain friends. The romantic self-love of early youth fell away; she began to see herself, and therefore others, more justly, and there were times of reflection when the spoiled happiness of a man who had poured out an astonishing devotion at her feet came to weigh with her as something more than a trifle or an offense.

Months passed on; experiences came and went. The man who in Brookshire had roused Raeburn's jealousy discovered Marcella Boyce in London, and discussed with himself in loss-and-profit fashion the capture of her beauty. She was sometimes idly, sometimes feverishly attracted by him, and there was a moment when it suited him to pursue her ardently, and when she, out of loneliness and chagrin, might have become his wife. But the Fates were compassionate. All this time, through the common friends that still remained to them, she still occasionally saw Aldous Raeburn. At first the sight of him filled her merely with a painful compunction. She would have liked to make friends with him, and, from a new standing-ground, to persuade him to forget her and to marry. But he, still loving her and still jealous, would have nothing of what she tacitly offered him. The resolution with which he refused to be her friend awakened in her at last the interest and the desire his passion had never stirred. Circumstances befell that showed him to her in noble and unthought-of lights, and that at the same time swept his rival out of her mind and esteem. In the very act of freeing herself from her other lover she realized the new yearning that had come upon her, and it seemed to her impetuous despair that all was lost.

Then death and change stepped in.

For Aldous Raeburn, who revealed himself to few, had made in the course of his life one perfect friend. This friend, a man of rare and delicate powers, had always played the leader to Raeburn's strength, undaunted by his own perpetual struggle merely to keep the physical machine going. It was Edward Hallin's influence that broke up and fired the slower nature of Raeburn, and that informed his natural Toryism with that « repining restlessness » which is the true note of noble living. Hallin was a lecturer and an economist; it might have been said of him on his gravestone that he « loved his friends, and died in the service of the English workman.» At any rate, he died young; nor could it ever have entered into Raeburn's mind that long life was possible to him.

Hallin's feeling toward Marcella Boyce during the engagement was one of growing distrust and dislike. Then the breach came, and, by an odd twist of circumstance, Hallin and Marcella knew each other much better after it than before it. He had the powers of the saint; his pure, stern temper worked on Marcella's passionate soul as no mere affection had ever done. When his short, last illness began he was carried to the house on the Brookshire hills which Raeburn, now become Lord Maxwell, had just inherited. By natural play of circumstance, Marcella, too, was close by. She and Raeburn met again, amid an experience of profound beauty and pity. For Hallin's death—the death of « the wise man » in the old biblical sense—had no terrors. To watch its gentle, irrevocable progress was to weep, and yet be healed.

Then there were misunderstandings and doubts, the natural ebbs and flows of a love born out of struggle. But, all the time, what was to be came nearer day by day, till at last one of the happy chances that wait on the happy arose. A riper and tenderer Marcella made herself known to an unchanged lover; and the girl who had once scorned all he had to give threw herself upon Maxwell's heart with a self-abandoning passion and penitence which her developed powers and her adorable beauty made a veritable intoxication.

SUCH had been the Maxwells' love-story. They had now been married some five years—years of almost incredible happiness. The equal comradeship of marriage at its best and finest, all the daily disciplines, the profound and painless lessons of love, the covetous bliss of parentage, the constant anxieties of power nobly understood, had harmonized

the stormy nature of the woman, and had transformed the somewhat pessimist and scrupulous character of the man. Not that life with Marcella Maxwell was always easy. Now, as ever, she remained on the moral side a creature of strain and effort, tormented by ideals not to be realized, and eager to drive herself and others in a breathless pursuit of them. Time after time it befell her to smart under what seemed to her Maxwell's lukewarmness toward people or causes she would have tortured herself to help; while he was sometimes conscious of a secret wonder how long the pace could last, inly sighing, perhaps, without confessing it even to his own breast, for a repose that never came.

But if in some sort Marcella always seemed to be dragging those that loved her through the heart of a tempest, the tempest had such golden moments! No wife had ever more capacity for all the delicacies and depths of passion toward the man she loved. She was so womanly, so *womanish* even—for him—in the midst of her «causes»; when life and its burdens wore upon him, she could so quickly fling the prophetess and the reformer aside, to make herself child and bride again, that all the anxieties she brought with her, all the perplexities and difficulties she imposed, had never yet seemed to Maxwell anything but divinely worth while. So far, indeed, he had never even remotely allowed himself to put the question. Her faults were her; and she was his light of life.

For some time after their marriage they had lived at the stately house in Brookshire belonging to the Maxwells, and Marcella had thrown herself into the management of a large household and estate with characteristic energy and originality. She had tried new ways of choosing and governing her servants; new ways of entertaining the poor, and of making Maxwell Court the center, not of one class, but of all. She ran up a fair score of blunders, but not one of them was the blunder of meanness or vulgarity. Her nature was inventive and poetic, and the rich fulfilment that had overtaken her own personal desires did but sting her eager passion to give and to serve.

Maxwell's old-fashioned aunt, who had kept house for his grandfather, retired, indeed, to a dower-house on the edge of the park; and the ancient butler, Miss Raeburn's faithful prop for thirty years, went with her, in sheer bewilderment at «my lady's» proceedings. Miss Raeburn, the small spinster aforesaid, who in the days of Marcella's struggle with Aldous had disliked and dreaded her, had meant to do her best under the new reign but when it came to being asked to take tea with her own laundry-maids on the lawn, she felt progress beyond her, and she went. Marcella sighed, reproached herself for a fanatic and an intolerable person, and then for the first time felt herself a free woman in her own house.

Meanwhile the family house in town was sold, and what with the birth of her son, and the multiplicity of the rural interests to which she had set her hand, Marcella felt no need of London. But toward the end of the second year she perceived, though he said little about it, that there was in her husband's mind a strong and persistent drawing toward his former political interests and associations. The late Lord Maxwell had sat in several Conservative cabinets, and his grandson, after a distinguished career in the House as a private member, had accepted a subordinate place in the government only a few months before his grandfather's death transferred him to the Lords. After that event a scrupulous conscience had forced him to take landowning as a profession, and an arduous one. The premier made him flattering advances, and his friends remonstrated; but he had none the less relinquished office, and buried himself on his land.

Now, however, after some three years' hard and unremitting work, the estate was in excellent condition; the «new ways» of the new owners had been well started; and both Maxwell and Marcella had fitting lieutenants who could be left in charge. Moreover, matters were being agitated at the moment in politics which had special significance for the man's idealist and reflective mind. His country friends and neighbors hardly understood why: for it was merely a question of certain further measures of factory reform. A group of labor leaders were pressing upon the public and the government a proposal to pass a special and restricted factory act for certain districts and trades of East London, the provisions of which as regards hours and overtime were for the first time to apply to grown men as well as to women and children. And at the same time it was suggested that two or three specially degraded and miserable trades, within the same area, should be wholly prohibited as home industries, and should be plied only in factories of a certain size, under factory conditions. The change proposed was important, and was avowedly only a prelude to things still more far-reaching.

But great as the change was, Maxwell was prepared for it. During the later years of

his friend Hallin's life the two men had constantly discussed the industrial consequences of democracy with unflagging eagerness and intelligence. To both it seemed not only inevitable, but the object of the citizen's dearest hopes, that the rule of the people should bring with it, in ever-ascending degree, the ordering and moralizing of the worker's toil. Yet neither had the smallest belief that any of the great civilized communities would ever see the state the sole landlord and the sole capitalist, or that collectivism as a system has, or deserves to have, any serious prospects in the world. To both, possession—private and personal possession—from the child's first toy, or the tiny garden where it sows its passionately watched seeds, to the great business or the great estate, was one of the first and chiefest elements of human training, not to be escaped by human effort, or only at such a cost of impoverishment and disaster that mankind would but take the step—supposing it conceivable that it should take it—to retrace it instantly.

Maxwell's heart, however, was much less concerned with this belief, tenaciously as he held it, than with its relative—the limitation of private possession by the authority of the common conscience. That «we are not our own» has not, indeed, been left to Lassalle or Marx to discover. But if you could have moved him to speak, he would have said—his quiet, brooding face all kindled and alive—that the enormous industrial development of the last century has shown us the forces at work in the evolution of human societies on a gigantic scale, and by thus magnifying them has given us a new understanding of them. The vast extension of the individual will and power which science has brought to humanity during the last hundred years was always present to him as food for a natural exultation—a kind of pledge of the boundless prospects of the race. On the other hand, the struggle of society brought face to face with this huge increment of the individual power, forced to deal with it for its own higher and mysterious ends, to moralize and socialize it lest it should destroy itself and the state together; the slow steps by which the modern community has succeeded in asserting itself against the individual, in protecting the weak from his weakness, the poor from his poverty, in defending the woman and child from the fierce claims of capital, in forcing upon trade after trade the axiom that no man may lawfully build his wealth upon the exhaustion and degradation of his fellow—these things stirred in him the far deeper enthusiasms of the moral nature. Nay, more. Together with all the other main facts which mark the long travail of man's ethical and social life, they were among the only «evidences» of religion his critical mind allowed itself—the most striking signs of something «greater than we know» working among the dust and ugliness of our common day. Attack wealth as wealth, possession as possession, and civilization is undone. But bring the force of the social conscience to bear as keenly and ardently as you may upon the separate activities of factory and household, farm and office; and from the results you will get only another illustration of the divinest law man serves—that he must «die to live,» must surrender to obtain.

Such, at least, was Maxwell's persuasion; though as a practical man he admitted, of course, many limitations of time, occasion, and degree. And long companionship with him had impressed the same faith also on Marcella. With the natural conceit of the shrewd woman, she would probably have maintained that her social creed came entirely of mother-wit and her own exertions—her experiences in London, reading, and the rest. In reality it was in her the pure birth of a pure passion. She had learned it while she was learning to love Aldous Raeburn; and it need astonish no one that the more dependent all her various philosophies of life had become on the mere personal influence and joy of marriage, the more agile had she grown in all that concerned the mere intellectual defense of them. She could argue better and think better; but at bottom, if the truth were told, they were Maxwell's arguments and Maxwell's thoughts.

So that when this particular agitation began, and he grew restless in his silent way, she grew restless too. They took down the old worn portfolios of Hallin's papers and letters, and looked through them night after night as they sat alone together in the great library of the Court. Both Marcella and Aldous could remember the writing of many of these innumerable drafts of acts, these endless memoranda on special points, and must needs try, for love's sake, to forget the terrible strain and effort with which a dying man had put them together. She was led by them to think of the many workmen friends she had made during the year of her nursing life; while he had remembrances of much personal work and investigation of his own, undertaken during the time of his undersecretaryship, to add to hers. Another Liberal government was slipping to its fall. If a Conservative government came in, with a possible

opening in it for Aldous Maxwell, what then? Was the chance to be seized?

One May twilight, just before dinner, as the two were strolling up and down the great terrace just in front of the Court, Aldous paused, and looked at the majestic house beside them.

«What 's the good of talking about these things while we live *there?*» he said, with a gesture toward the house, half impatient, half humorous.

Marcella laughed.

«Poor snail!» she said, pressing her face against his shoulder; «does it always wonder why it was plagued with so big a shell? After all, we can shed it for a bit. *Let 's* shed it! I have an idea. I know exactly what we 'll do—we 'll go and take a house in the Mile End Road!»

And, springing away from him, she hunted for a letter in the little bag that hung from her silver belt. It was a letter from one of her old Socialist friends, a clever, talkative fellow, now a bookseller's assistant in the City.

He informed her that he and his wife had taken a house in the Mile End Road, E., hoping, like so many among the upper working-class, to make their rent by letting lodgings. He himself, he explained, being still «exploited,» thought it only fair that he should «exploit» others, until, of course, the whole accursed system should be swept away. But Lady Maxwell knew that his wife was a clean woman, and that he would cheat nobody. And Lady Maxwell's friends were so numerous—from workingmen to lords and ladies—that her ability to help John Armingford and his wife to lodgers, if she *chose* to help them, went without saying. She had only to whisper a word here and there, and the thing was done. They did not expect her, he put in jocosely, to send them lords and ladies; but she had the sort they wanted quite as much at command as she had the lords and ladies.

Armingford had shot his bolt happily. Within a week from the date of his letter Lord and Lady Maxwell were themselves established in his house in the Mile End Road, and the world had once more cause to wonder concerning them.

They had, indeed, made all their arrangements with the most careful reticence; but once settled in the East End, there was no hiding them, let Marcella chafe as she might. They had already a large number of friends among the officials, civil and religious, of East London. They were specially known to every factory inspector, and the little dingy house became the meeting-place of all sorts and kinds of persons. Members of Parliament, school-board workers, social students, clergy, trade-union officials, local officers and teachers, found a common hearth there, a common welcome, as catholic as it was friendly. Some evenings the narrow doorway would be crowded by factory girls of many types, some shy, some boisterous, whom Marcella alternately curbed and drew out, by dint of arts learned long before in an earlier life. Or, again, the same door would open to groups of sallow, wild-eyed «greeners,» young foreign Jews from all the distressful haunts of Europe, to whom Marcella generally talked through an interpreter, and for whom she and her elderly maid made coffee of a quality that touched their hearts.

At last the Mile End Road became familiarly acquainted with these two—this industrious husband and wife. It watched them go forth to tram or railway in the morning; it saw them come back, generally at different times and from different directions, at night; and it took particular pleasure in seeing the wife—supposing she arrived at home first—sally forth a little later to meet her husband at the tram. Many a woman, at any rate, ran to the window as she passed—the tall, straight figure, in its dark serge dress and black hat, walking so lightly and firmly, with a free, unconscious dignity; and many an eye followed her up the long road; saw her pause and wait for the tram; saw the tram arrive, and a man in a gray overcoat descend; saw the wife, smiling, possess herself of some of the books and letters with which the husband was generally laden, and the two come back along the street, chatting and laughing.

«An' they *do* say,» a tailor's wife would say to her neighbor—«they *do* say as they 'ave a thousand a day an' extry for Sundays, an' a house to live in as yer c'u'd put Charrington's brewery inter an' not know yer 'd done it. Why don't they stop at 'ome? An' two workh'us' gurls to do fer 'em. Lor'! ain't it rum!»

Mile End in general agreed that it was «rum.» And had there been any patronage or martyrdom about the performance, the Mile End that respected itself would have taken it in a hostile spirit. But of two busy, simple people, entirely absorbed in what they were doing, and quite unaware, so far as appeared, of anything remarkable in it or in themselves, it was not easy to be suspicious. Maxwell, indeed, was often shy and stiff. But luckily his shyness—at any rate, in Mile End—was not of a sort easily mistaken for a haughty mind. The trade-union secretaries of the neighborhood—a sensitive crew, whose

company he constantly sought—generally after ten minutes' acquaintance found themselves endeavoring both to inform him and to set him at his ease.

As for Marcella, these few months were among the happiest of her life. It was her idiosyncrasy that these tailors, furriers, machinists, and shirtmakers, by whom she was surrounded in East London, stirred her imagination far more readily than the dwellers in great houses and the wearers of fine raiment had ever stirred it. And Marcella, in the kindled sympathetic state, was always delightful to herself and others. Nor was it any difficulty to her, in the Mile End Road, to give all that was asked of her. The duty that Lady Maxwell had real difficulty in fulfilling, as she herself was the first to confess, was what a great preacher called «our duty to our equals»; and she was not plagued with that in Mile End.

The one drawback, indeed, to a fruitful time lay in the fact that not even Marcella could make up her mind to transplant little Hallin, her only child, from the Court to East London. It was springtime, and the woods about the Court were breaking into sheets of white and blue. Marcella must needs leave the boy to his flowers and his «grandame earth,» sadly warned thereto by the cheeks of other little boys in and about the Mile End Road. But every Friday night she and Maxwell said good-by to the two little workhouse girls and the German charwoman who looked after them, took the village boy from Mellor who did their knives and boots, and the ancient maid who had been Marcella's mother's maid, and fled home to Brookshire. So on Saturday mornings it generally happened that little Hallin went out to inform his particular friend among the garden boys that «mummy had tum 'ome,» and that he was not, therefore, so much his own master as usual. He explained that he had to show mummy «*'eaps* of things»—the two new kittens, the «'edge-sparrer's nest,» and the «'ump they 'd made in the churchyard over old Tom Collins from the parish 'ouses»; the sore place on the pony's shoulder, the «'ole that mummy's 'orse had kicked in the stable door,» and a host of other curiosities. By way of linking the child with the soil and its people, Marcella had taken care to give him nursemaids from the village. And the village, being only some thirty miles from London, talked in the main the language of London—a language which it soon communicated to the tongue of Maxwell's heir. Marcella groaned, but Hallin chattered, laughed, broadened his a's, and dropped all his h's into a bottomless limbo none the less.

What days of joy those Saturdays were for mother and child! All the morning, and till about four o'clock, he and she would be inseparable, trailing about together over field and wood, she one of the handsomest of women, he one of the plainest of children—a little square-faced, chubby fellow, with eyes monstrously black and big, fat cheeks that hung a little over the firm chin, a sallow complexion, and a large humorous mouth.

But in the late afternoon, alas! Hallin was apt to find the world grow tiresome. For against all his advice «mummy» would allow herself to be clad by Annette, the maid, in a frock of state; carriages would drive up from the 5:10 train; and presently in the lengthening evening the great lawns of the Court would be dotted with strolling groups, or the red drawing-room, with its Romneys and Gainsboroughs, would be filled with talk and laughter circling round mummy at the tea-table: so that all that was left to Hallin was that seat on mummy's knee,—his big, dark head pressed disconsolately against her breast, his thumb in his mouth for comfort,—which no boy of any spirit would ever consent to occupy so long as there was any chance of goading a slack companion into things better worth while.

Marcella herself was no less rebellious at heart, and would have asked nothing better than to be left free to spend her weekly holiday in roaming an April world with Hallin. But our country being what it is, the plans that are hatched in Mile End or Shoreditch have to be adopted by Mayfair or Mayfair's equivalent; otherwise they are apt to find an inglorious tomb in the portfolios that bred them. We have still, it seems, a «ruling class»; and in spite of democracy it is still this «ruling class» that matters. Maxwell was perfectly aware of it, and these Sundays to him were the mere complements of the Mile End week-days. Marcella admired and seconded him; but she was impatient often of the women whom these peers and politicians, these administrators and journalists, brought with them; and her own successes in the way of personal friendships were constantly balanced in her mind by a dread of some social forgetfulness or indiscretion which might do Aldous harm.

However, by dint of great pains she had not yet done him any harm that counted. During all the time of their East End sojourn a Liberal government, embarrassed by large schemes it had not force enough to carry, was

sinking toward inevitable collapse. When the crash came, a weak Conservative government, in which Aldous Maxwell occupied a prominent post, accepted office for a time without a dissolution. They came in on a cry of «social reform,» and, by way of testing their own party and the country, adopted the factory bill for East London, which had now, by the common consent of all the workers upon it, passed into Maxwell's hands. The bill broke up the party; but the ministry had the courage to go to the country with a program in which the Maxwell bill held a prominent place. Trade-unionism rallied to their support; the forces both of reaction and of progress fought for them in strangely mingled ways; and they were returned with a sufficient, though not large, majority. Lord Ardagh, the veteran leader of the party, became Premier; Maxwell was made President of the Council; while his old friend and associate, Henry Dowson, became Home Secretary, and thereby responsible for the conduct of the long-expected bill through the Commons.

Thus Maxwell had his chance.

AND it was this «chance» of Maxwell's which for the time absorbed all the thoughts and energies of Maxwell's wife; which kept her, on this Sunday afternoon of Tressady's call, still pondering over the young man's character and remarks, as she stood absently beside her husband's picture.

Since their appearance in politics she had always realized and resented the strength of this Fontenoy group—especially of Fontenoy himself. Once or twice in society she had tried to approach the leader, to get somehow into touch with him. But Fontenoy was not amenable to women—except to one woman of powerful mind and character, whose beliefs and prejudices were passionately opposed to those of the Maxwells. Marcella had made no way. Lord Fontenoy had simply turned his square-jawed face and red-rimmed eyes upon her, with a heavy, irresponsive dullness which Marcella knew perfectly well to be a mask, while it protected him none the less effectively for that against both her eloquence and her charm. The other members of the party were young aristocrats, either of the ultra-exclusive or of the sporting type. She had made her attempts here and there among them, but with no more success. And once or twice, when she had pushed her attack to close quarters, she had been suddenly aware of an underlying insolence in her opponent—a quick glance of bold or sensual eyes which seemed to relegate the woman to her place.

But this young Tressady, for all his narrowness and bitterness, was of a different stamp—or she thought so.

She began to pace up and down again, lost in reverie, till after a few minutes she came slowly to a stop before a long Louis Quinze mirror, her hands clasped in front of her, her eyes half-consciously studying what she saw.

Her own beauty invariably gave her pleasure, though very seldom for the reasons that would have affected other women. She felt instinctively that it made life easier for her than it could otherwise have been; that it provided her with a natural and profitable «opening» in any game she might wish to play; and that even among the workmen, unionist leaders, and officials of the East End, it had helped her again and again to score the points that she wanted to make. She was accustomed to be looked at, to be the center, to feel things yielding before her; and without thinking it out, she knew perfectly well what it was she gained by this «fair seeming show» of eye and lip and form. Somehow it made nothing seem impossible to her; it gave her a dazzling self-confidence.

The handle of the door turned. She looked round with a smiling start, and waited.

A tall man in a gray suit came in, crossed the room quickly, and put his arms round her. She leaned back against his shoulder, putting up one hand to touch his cheek caressingly.

«Why, how late you are! Betty left reproaches for you.»

«I had a walk with Dowson. Then two or three people caught me on the way back—Rashdell among others.» (Lord Rashdell was Foreign Secretary.) «There are some interesting telegrams from Paris; I copied them out for you.»

The country happened to be at the moment in the midst of one of its periodical difficulties with France. There had been a good deal of diplomatic friction, and a certain amount of anxiety at the Foreign Office. Marcella lighted the silver kettle again and made her man some fresh tea, while he told her the news, and they discussed the various points of the telegrams he had copied for her, with a comrades' freedom and vivacity. Then she said:

«Well, I have had an interesting time, too. That young Tressady has been to tea.»

«Oh! has he? They say there is a lot of stuff in him, and he may do us a great deal of mischief. How did you find him?»

«Oh, very clever, very limited—and a mass

of prejudices,» she said, laughing. «I never saw an odder mixture of knowledge and ignorance.»

«What? Knowledge of India and the East —that kind of thing?»

She nodded.

«Knowledge of everything except the subject he has come home to fight about! Do you know, Aldous—»

She paused. She was sitting on a stool beside him, her arm upon his knee.

«What do I know?» he said, his hand seeking hers.

«Well, my feeling is that that man might be *won*. It ought to be possible to win him.»

Maxwell laughed.

«Then Fontenoy is not as shrewd as usual. They say he regards him as their best recruit.»

«Never mind. I rather wish you 'd try to make friends with him.»

Maxwell, however, helped himself to cake, and made no response. On the two or three occasions on which he had met George Tressady he had been conscious, if the truth were told, of a certain vague antipathy to the young man.

Marcella pondered.

«No,» she said; «no—I don't think, after all, he 's your sort. Suppose *I* see what can be done!»

And she got up with her flashing smile, half love, half fun, and crossed the room to summon Hallin for his evening play. Maxwell looked after her, not heeding at all what she was saying, heeding only herself, her voice, the atmosphere of charm and life she carried with her.

MEANWHILE the hours swept on, and the second night of Fontenoy's debate arrived. George Tressady duly caught the Speaker's eye, and made a very fair maiden speech, which earned him a good deal more praise, both from his party and the press, than he, in a disgusted mood, thought at all reasonable. He had misplaced half his notes, and, in his own opinion, made a mess of his main argument. He remarked to Fontenoy afterward that he had better hang himself, and stalked home after the division pleased with one thing only—that he had not allowed Letty to come.

In reality he had done nothing to mar the reputation that was beginning to attach to him. Fontenoy was content; and the scantiness of the majority by which the resolution was defeated served at once to make the prospects of the Maxwell bill, which was to be brought in after Easter, more doubtful, and to sharpen the temper of its foes.

VIII.

«GOODNESS! what an ugly place it is! It wants five thousand spent on it at once to make it tolerable.»

The remark was Letty Tressady's. She was standing disconsolate on the lawn at Ferth, scanning the old-fashioned house to which George had brought her just five days before. They had been married a fortnight, and were still to spend another week in the country before going back to London and to Parliament. But already Letty had made up her mind that Ferth *must* be rebuilt and refurnished, or she could never endure it.

She threw herself down on a garden seat with a sigh, still studying the house. It was a straight, barrack-like building, very high for its breadth, erected early in the last century by an architect who, finding that he was to be allowed only a very scanty sum for his performance, determined with considerable strength of mind to spend all that he had for decoration upon the inside rather than the outside of his mansion. Accordingly the inside had charm, though even so much Letty could not now be got to confess; panelings, mantelpieces, and doorways showed the work of a man of taste. But outside all that had been aimed at was the provision of a central block of building carried up to a considerable height, so as to give the rooms demanded, while it economized in foundations and general space; an outer wall pierced with the plainest openings possible at regular intervals; a high-pitched roof to keep out the rain, whereof the original warm tiles had been long since replaced by the chilliest Welsh slates; and two low and disfiguring wings which held the servants and the kitchens. The stucco with which the house had originally been covered had blackened under the influence of time, weather, and the smoke from the Tressady coal-pits. Altogether, what with its pitchy color, its mean windows, its factory-like plainness and height, Ferth had no doubt a cheerless and repellent air, which was increased by its immediate surroundings. For it stood on the very summit of a high hill, whereon the trees were few and wind-beaten; while the carriage-drives and the paths that climbed the hill were all of them a coaly black. The flower-garden behind the house was small and neglected; neither shrubberies nor kitchen-garden nor the small park had any character or stateliness; everything bore the stamp of bygone possessors who had been rich neither in money nor in fancy, who had been

quite content to live small lives in a small way.

Ferth's new mistress thought bitterly of them as she sat looking at their handiwork. What could be done with such a place? How could she have London people to stay there? Why, their very maids would strike! And, pray, what was a country house worth, without the usual country-house amenities and accessories?

Yet she already began to feel fretted and hampered about money. The inside of the house had been to some extent renovated. She had helped George to choose papers and curtains for the rooms that were to be her special domain, while they were in London together before Easter. But she knew that George had at one time meant to do much more than had actually been done; and he had been in a mood of lover-like apology on the first day of their arrival. «Darling, I had hoped to buy you a hundred pretty things! But times is bad—dreadful bad!» he had said to her, with a laugh. «We will do it by degrees—you won't mind?»

Then she had tried to make him tell her why it was that he had abandoned some of the schemes of improvement that had certainly been in his mind during the first weeks of their engagement. But he had not been very communicative, and had put the blame mostly, as she understood him, on the «beastly pits» and the very low dividends they had been earning during the last six months.

Letty, however, did not in the least believe that the comparatively pinched state of their finances, which, bride as she was, she was already brooding over, was wholly or even mainly due to the pits. She set her little white teeth in sudden anger as she said to herself that it was *not* the pits—it was Lady Tressady. George was crippled now because of the large sums his mother had not been ashamed to wring from him during the last six months. Letty—George's wife—was to go without comforts and conveniences, without the means of seeing her friends and taking her proper position in the world, because George's mother—a ridiculous painted old woman, who went in for flirtations and French gowns, when she ought to be subsiding quietly into caps and Bath chairs—would sponge upon his very moderate income, and take what did not belong to her.

«I am *certain* there is something in the background,» said Letty to herself, as she sat looking at the ugly house—«something that she is ashamed of, and that she does n't tell George. She *could n't* spend all that money on dress. I believe she is a wicked old woman—she has the most extraordinary creatures at her parties.»

The girl's delicate face stiffened vindictively as she fell brooding for the hundredth time over Lady Tressady's enormities.

Then suddenly the garden door opened, and Letty, looking up, saw that George was on the threshold, waving his hand to her. He had left her that morning—almost for the first time since their marriage—to go to see his principal agent and discuss the position of affairs.

As he approached her she noticed instantly that he was looking tired and ruffled. But the sight of her smoothed his brow. He threw himself down on the grass at her feet, and pressed his lips to the delicately tended hand that lay upon her lap.

«Have you missed me, madam?» he said peremptorily.

Preoccupied as she was, Letty must needs flush and smile, so well she knew from his eager eye that she pleased him, that he noticed the pretty gown she had put on for luncheon, and that all the petting his absence had withdrawn from her for an hour or two had come back to her. Other women—more or less of her type—had found his ways beguiling before now. He took courtship as an art, and had his own rooted ideas as to how women should be treated: neither too gingerly nor too sentimentally, but, above all, with variety!

He repeated his question insistently; whereupon Letty said, with her pert brightness, thinking all the time of the house, «I 'm *not* going to make you vain. Besides, I have been frightfully busy.»

«You 're not going to make me vain? But I choose to be vain. I 'll go away for the whole afternoon if I 'm not made vain this instant. Ah! that 's better. Do you know that you have the softest little curl on your soft little neck, and that your hair has caught the sun on it this morning?»

Letty instinctively put up a hand to tuck away the curl. But he seized the hand. «Not a bit of it! You sha'n't touch it, little vandal! What have you been busy with?»

«Oh, I have been over the house with Mrs. Matthews,» said Letty, in another tone. «George, it 's *dreadful*—the number of things that want doing. Do you know, *positively*, we could not put up more than two couples, if we tried ever so! And as for the state of the attics! Now, do listen, George!»

And, holding his hand tight in her eagerness, she went through a vehement catalogue

of all that was wanted—new furniture, new decoration, new grates, a new hot-water system, the raising of the wings, and so on to the alteration of the stables and the replanning of the garden. She had no sooner begun upon her list than George's look of worry returned. He got up from the grass, and sat on the bench beside her.

«Well, I 'm sorry you dislike the place so much,» he said, when her breath failed her, staring rather gloomily at his despised mansion. «Of course it 's quite true—it is an ugly hole. But the worst of it is, darling, I don't quite see how we 're to do all this you talk about. I don't bring any good news from the pits, alas!»

He turned quickly toward her. The thought flashed through his mind—could he be justly charged with having married her on false pretenses as to his affairs? No. There had been no misrepresentation of his income or his risks. Everything had been plainly and honestly stated to her father, and therefore to her. For Letty knew all that she wanted to know, and had managed her family since she was a baby.

Letty flushed at his last words.

«Do you mean to say,» she said, with emphasis, «that those men are really going to strike?»

«I am afraid so. We *must* enforce a reduction, to avoid working at sheer loss, and the men vow they 'll come out.»

«They want you to make them a present of the mines, I suppose!» said Letty, bitterly. «Why, the tales I hear of their extravagance and laziness! Mrs. Matthews says they 'll have none but the best cuts of meat, that they all of them have a harmonium or a piano in the house, that their houses are *stuffed* with furniture, and the amount of money they spend in betting on their dogs and their foot-ball matches is perfectly sickening. And now I suppose they 'll ruin themselves and us, rather than allow you to make a decent profit!»

«That 's about it,» said George, flinging himself back on the bench. «That 's about it.»

There was a pause of silence. The eyes of both were turned to the colliery village far below, at the foot of the hill. From this high stretch of garden one looked across the valley and its straggling line of houses to the pits on the farther hillside, the straight black line of the «bank,» the pulley-wheels, and tall chimneys against the sky. To the left, along the ascending valley, similar chimneys and «banks» were scattered at long intervals, while to the right the valley dipped in sharp wooded undulations to a blue plain bounded by far Welsh hills. The immediate neighborhood of Ferth, for a coal country, had a woodland charm and wildness which often surprised a stranger. There were untouched copses, and little rivers and fern-covered hills, which still held their own against the ever-encroaching mounds of «spoil» thrown out by the mines. Only the villages were invariably ugly. They were the modern creations of the coal, and had therefore no history and no originality. Their monotonous rows of red cottages were like fragments from some dingy town suburb, and the brick meeting-houses in which they abounded did nothing to abate the general unloveliness.

This view from the Ferth hill was one which had great familiarity for Tressady, and yet no charm. As a boy he had had no love for his home and very few acquaintances in the village. His mother hated the place and the people. She had been married very young—for the sake of money and position—to his dull old father, who nevertheless managed to keep his flighty wife in order by dint of a dumb, continuous stubbornness and tyranny which would have overborne a stronger nature than Lady Tressady's. She was always struggling to get away from Ferth; he to keep her tied there. He was never at ease away from his estate and his pits; she felt herself ten years younger as soon as she had lost sight of the grim black house on its hilltop.

And this one opinion of hers she was able to impress upon her son: George, too, was always glad to turn his back on Ferth and its people. The colliers seemed to him a brutal crew, given over to coarse sports, coarse pleasures, and an odious religion. As to their supposed grievances and hardships, his intimate conviction as a boy had always been that the miner got the utmost that he was worth, both out of his employers and out of society.

«Upon my word, I often think,» he said at last, his inward reverie finding speech—«I often think it was a great pity my grandfather discovered the coal at all! In the long run I believe we should have done better without it. We should not, at any rate, have been bound up with these hordes, with whom you can no more reason than with so many blocks of their own coal.»

Letty made no answer. She had turned back toward the house. Suddenly she said, with an energy that startled him:

«George, what *are* we to do with that place? It gives me a nightmare. The extraordinary thing is the way that everything in it has gone to ruin. Did your mother really live here while you were away?»

George's expression darkened.

«I always used to suppose she was here,» he said. «That was our bargain. But I begin to believe now that she was mostly in London. One can't wonder at it—she always hated the place.»

«Of course she was in London,» thought Letty to herself, «spending piles of money, running shamefully into debt, and letting the house go to pieces. Why, the linen has n't been darned for years!»

Aloud she said:

«Mrs. Matthews says a charwoman and a little girl from the village used to be left alone in the house for months, to play any sort of games, with nobody to look after them —*nobody*—while you were away!»

George looked at his wife, and then would only slip his arm round her for answer.

«Darling, you don't know how I 've been worried all the morning—don't let 's make worry at home. After all, it *is* rather nice to be here together, is n't it? And we shall do —we sha'n't starve. Perhaps we shall pull through with the pits, after all—it is difficult to believe the men will make such fools of themselves—and—well, you know my angel mother can't always be swooping upon us as she has done lately. Let 's just be patient a little; very likely I can sell a few bits of land before long that will give us some money in hand—and then this small person shall bedizen herself and the house as much as she pleases. And meanwhile, *madame ma femme*, let me point out to you that your George never professed to be anything but a very bad match for you.»

Letty remembered all his facts and figures perfectly; only somehow she had regarded them with the optimism natural to a girl who is determined to be married. She had promptly forgotten the adverse chances he had insisted upon, and she had converted all his averages into minima. No, she could not say she had not been warned; but nevertheless the result promised to be quite different from what she had expected.

However, with her husband's arm round her, it was not easy to maintain her ill humor, and she yielded. They wandered on into the wood which fringed the hill on its farther side, she coquetting, he courting and flattering her in a hundred ways. Her soft new dress, her dainty lightness and freshness, made harmony in his senses with the April day, the building rooks, the breaths of sudden perfume from field and wood, the delicate green that was creeping over the copses, softening all the edges of the black scars left by the pits. The bridal illusion returned. George eagerly, hungrily, gave himself up to it. And Letty, though conscious all the while of a restless feeling at the back of her mind that they were losing time, must needs submit.

However, when the luncheon gong had sounded, and they were strolling back to the house, he bethought himself, knit his brows again, and said to her:

«Do you know, darling, Dalling told me this morning»—Dalling was the Tressadys' principal agent—«that he thought it would be a good thing if we could make friends with some of the people here. The Union are not—or *were* not—quite so strong in this valley as they are in some other parts. That 's why that fellow Burrows—confound him!—has come to live here of late. It might be possible to make some of the more intelligent fellows hear reason. My uncles have always managed the thing with a very high hand—very natural! The men *are* a set of rough, ungrateful brutes, who talk impossible stuff, and never remember anything that 's done for them; but after all, if one has to make a living out of them, one may as well learn how to drive them, and what they want to be at. Suppose you come and show yourself in the village this afternoon?»

Letty looked extremely doubtful.

«I really don't get on very well with poor people, George. It 's very dreadful, I know; but, there! I 'm not Lady Maxwell, and I can't help it. Of course, with the poor people at home in our own cottages it 's different—they always courtesy, and are very respectful; but Mrs. Matthews says the people here are so independent, and think nothing of being rude to you if they don't like you.»

George laughed.

«Go and call upon them in that dress, and see. I 'll eat my hat if anybody 's rude. Besides, I shall be there to protect you. We won't go, of course, to any of the strong Union people. But there are two or three —an old nurse of mine I really used to be rather fond of, and a fireman that 's a good sort, and one or two others. I believe it would amuse you.»

Letty was quite certain that it would not amuse her at all. However, she assented unwillingly, and they went in to lunch.

So in the afternoon the husband and wife sallied forth. Letty felt that she was being taken through an ordeal, and that George was rather foolish to wish it. However, she did her best to be cheerful, and to please George she still wore the pretty Paris frock

of the morning, though it seemed to her absurd to be trailing it through a village street with only colliers and their wives to look at it.

«What ill luck,» said George, suddenly, as they descended their own hill, «that that fellow Burrows should have settled down here, in one's very pocket, like this!»

«Yes; you had enough of him at Malford, did n't you?» said Letty. «I don't yet understand how he comes to be here.»

George explained that about the preceding Christmas there had been, temporarily, strong signs of decline in the Union strength of the Ferth district. A great many miners had quietly seceded; one of the periodical waves of suspicion as to funds and management to which all trade-unions are liable had swept over the neighborhood, and wholesale desertion from the Union standard seemed likely. In hot haste the Central Committee sent down Burrows as organizing agent. The good fight he had made against Tressady at the Market Malford election had given him prestige, and he had both presence and speaking power. He had been four months at Ferth, speaking all over the district; and now, instead of leaving the Union, the men had been crowding into it, and were just as hot—so it was said—for a trial of strength with the masters as their comrades in other parts of the county.

«And before Burrows has done with us I should say he 'll have cost the masters in this district hundreds of thousands. I call him dear at the money!» said George, finally, with a dismal cheerfulness.

He was really full of Burrows, and of the general news of the district which his agent had been pouring into his ear that morning; but he had done his best not to talk about either at luncheon. Letty had a curious way of making the bearer of unpleasant tidings feel that it was somehow all his own fault that things should be so; and George, even in this dawn of marriage, was beginning, half consciously, to recognize two or three such peculiarities of hers.

«What I cannot understand,» said Letty, vigorously, «is why such people as Mr. Burrows are *allowed* to go about making the mischief he does.»

George laughed, but nevertheless repressed a sudden feeling of irritation. The inept remark of a pretty woman generally only amused him; but this Burrows matter was beginning to touch him home.

«You see, we happen to be a free country,» he said dryly, «and Burrows and his like happen to be running us just now. Maxwell & Co. are in the shafts; Burrows sits up aloft and whips on the team. The extraordinary thing is that nothing personal makes any difference. The people here know perfectly well that Burrows drinks—that the woman he lives with is not his wife—»

«George!» cried Letty, «how *can* you say such dreadful things!»

«Sorry, my darling, but the world is not a nice place. He picked her up somehow—they say she was a commercial traveler's wife—left on his hands at a country inn. Anyway, she 's not divorced, and the husband 's alive. She looks like a walking skeleton, and is probably going to die. Nevertheless, they say, Burrows adores her. And as for my resentments,—don't be shocked,—I 'm inclined to like Burrows all the better for *that* little affair. But then I 'm not pious, like the people here. However, they don't mind; and they don't mind the drink; and they believe he spends their money on magnificent dinners at hotels, and they don't mind that. They don't mind anything; they shout themselves hoarse whenever Burrows speaks; they 're as proud as Punch if he shakes hands with them; and then they tell the most gruesome tales of him behind his back, and like him all the better, apparently, for being a scoundrel Queer, but true. Well, here we are; now, darling, you may expect to be stared at.»

For they had entered on the village street, and Ferth Magna, by some quick freemasonry, had become suddenly aware of the bride and bridegroom. Here and there a begrimed man in his shirt-sleeves would open his front door cautiously and look at them; the children and womenkind stood boldly on the door-steps and stared; while the people in the little shops ran back into the street, parcels and baskets in hand. The men working the morning shift had just come back from the pits, and their wives were preparing to wash their blackened lords before the whole family sat down to tea. But both tea and ablutions were forgotten so long as the owner of Ferth Place and the new Lady Tressady were in sight. The village eyes took note of everything: of the young man's immaculate serge suit and tan waistcoat, his thin, bronzed face and fair mustache; of the bride's gray gown, the knot of airy pink at her throat, the coils of bright brown hair on which her hat was set, and the buckles on her pretty shoes. Then the village retreated within doors again, and each house buzzed and gossiped its fill. There had been a certain amount of not very cordial response to

George's salutations; but to Letty's thinking the women had eyed her with an unpleasant and rather hostile boldness.

«Mary Batchelor's house is down here,» said George, turning into a side lane, not without a feeling of relief. «I hope we sha'n't find her out—no, there she is! You can't call these people affectionate, can you?»

They were near a group of three brick cottages all close together. Their doors were all open. In one cottage a collier's stout wife was toiling through her wash; at the door of another the sewing-machine agent was waiting for his weekly payment; while on the threshold of the third stood an elderly, tottering woman shading her eyes from the light as she tried to make out the features of the approaching couple.

«Why, Mary!» said George, «you have n't forgotten me? I have brought my wife to see you.»

And he held out his hand with boyish kindness.

The old woman looked at them both in a bewildered way. Her face, with its long chin and powerful nose, was blanched and drawn, her gray hair straggled from under her worn black-ribboned cap, and her black dress had a neglected air which drew George's attention. Mary Batchelor, so long as he remembered her, whether as his old nurse, or in later days as the Bible-woman of the village, had always been remarkable for a peculiar dignity and neatness.

«Mary, is there anything wrong?» he asked her, holding her hand.

«Coom yer ways in,» said the old woman, grasping his arm, and taking no notice of Letty. «He 's gone—he 'll not freeten nobody—he wor here three days afore they buried him—I c'u'd na let him go—but it 's three weeks now sen they put him away.»

«Why, Mary, what is it? Not *James*—not your son!» said George, letting her guide him into the cottage.

«Ay, it 's James—it 's my son,» she repeated drearily. «Will yer be takkin' a cheer—and perhaps»—she looked about uncertainly, first at Letty, then at the wet floor where she had been feebly scrubbing—«perhaps the leddy 'ull be sittin' down. I 'm nobbut in a muddle. But I don't seem to get for-'ard wi' my work a-mornin's—not sen they put 'im away.»

And she dropped into a chair herself, with a long sigh,—forgetting her visitors, apparently,—her large and bony hands, scarred with their life's work, lying along her knees.

George stood beside her, silent, a moment.

«I hardly like to say I had n't heard,» he said at last, gently. «You 'll think I *ought* to have heard. But I did n't know. I have been in town and very busy.»

«Ay,» said Mary, without looking up—«ay, and yer 've been gettin' married. I knew as yer did n't mean nothin' onkind.»

Then she stopped again, till suddenly, with a furtive gesture, she raised her apron and drew it across her eyes, which had the look of perennial tears.

On the other side of the cottage, meanwhile, a boy of about fourteen was sitting. He had just done his afternoon's wash, and was resting himself by the fire, enjoying a thumbed foot-ball almanac. He had not risen when the visitors entered, and while his grandmother was speaking his lips still moved dumbly, as he went on adding up the foot-ball scores. He was a sickly, rather repulsive lad, with a callous expression.

«Let me wait outside, George,» said Letty, hurriedly.

Some instinct in her shrank from the poor mother and her story. But George begged her to stay, and she sat down nervously by the door, trying to protect her pretty skirt from the wet boards.

«Will you tell me how it was?» said George, sitting down in front of the bowed mother, and bending toward her. «Was it in the pit? Jamie was n't one of our men, I know. Was n't it for Mr. Morrison he worked?»

Mrs. Batchelor made a sign of assent. Then she raised her head quickly, and a flash of some passionate convulsion passed through her face.

«It wor John Burgess as done it,» she said, staring at George. «It wor him as took the boy's life. But he 's gone himsel'—so theer, I 'll not say no more. It wor Jamie's first week o' hewin'—he 'd been a loader this three year, an' takkin' a turn at the hewin' now an' again; an' five weeks sen John Burgess—he wor butty for Mr. Morrison, yer know, in the Owd Pit—took him on, an' the lad wor 'arnin' six and sixpence a day. An' he wor that pleased yo' c'u'd see it shinin' out of 'im. An' it wor on the Tuesday as he went on the afternoon shift. I saw 'im go, an' he wor down'earted. An' I fell a-cryin' as he went up the street, for I knew why he wor down-'earted, and I asked the Lord to 'elp him. An' about six o'clock they come runnin'—and they towd me there 'd been an accident, an' they wor bringin' 'im—an' he wor alive—an' I must bear up. They 'd found 'im kneelin' in his place, with his arm up, an' the pick in it—

just as he 'd been caught by the after-damp. An' his poor back—oh! my God,—scorched off him—*scorched off him!*»

A shudder ran through her. But she recovered herself and went on, still gazing intently at Tressady, her gaunt hand raised as though for attention.

«An' they bräat 'im in, an' they laid 'im on that settle,»—she pointed to the bench by the fire,—«an' the doctors did n't interfere—theer wor nowt to do—they left me alone wi' un. But he come to a minute after they laid 'im down, an' I says, ‹Jamie, 'ow did it 'appen?› An' he says, ‹Mother, it wor John Burgess; 'e opened my lamp for to light hissen as had gone out—an' I don't know no more.› An' then after a bit he says, ‹Mother, don't you fret—I 'm glad I 'm goin'—I 'd got the drink in me,› he says. An' then he give two three little breaths, as though he wor pantin'—an' I kiss 'im.»

She stopped, her face working, her trembling hands pressed hard against each other on her knee. Letty felt the tears leap to her eyes in a rush that startled herself.

«An' he would 'a' been twenty-one year old come next August—an' allus a lad as yer could n't help gettin' fond on—not sen he were a little un. An' when he wor layin' there I says to mysel', ‹He 's the third as the coal-gettin' ha' took from me.› An' I minded my feyther an' uncle—how they was bräat home both togither, when I wor nobbut thirteen year old; not a scar on 'em,—nobbut a little blood on my feyther's forehead,—but stone dead, both on 'em, from the after-damp. Theer was thirty-six men killed in that explosion; and I recollec' how old Mr. Morrison—Mr. Walter's father—sent the coffins round, an' how the men went on because they wor n't good ones. Not a man would go down the pit till they was changed—if a man got the life choked out of 'im, they thowt the least the masters could do was to give un a dacent coffin to lie in. But theer, nobody helped me wi' Jamie—I buried him mysel', an' it wor all o' the best.»

She dried her eyes again, sighing plaintively. George said what kind and consoling things he could think of. Mary Batchelor put up her hand and touched him on the arm as he leaned over her.

«Ay, I knew yo' 'd be sorry—an' yo'r wife—»

She turned feebly toward Letty, trying with her blurred and tear-dimmed sight to make out what Sir George's bride might be like. She looked for a moment at the small, elegant person in the corner, at the sheaf of nodding rosebuds on the hat, the bracelets, the pink cheeks under the dainty veil—looked with a curious aloofness, as though from a great distance. Then, evidently, another thought struck her like a lash. She ceased to see or think of Letty. Her grip tightened on George's arm.

«An' I 'm allus thinkin',» she said, with a passionate sob, «of that what he said about the drink. He 'd allus been a sober lad till this lasst winter it did seem as though he c'u'd na keep hisself from it—it' kep' creepin' on 'im; an' several times lately he 'd broke out very bad, pay-days, an' he knew I 'd been frettin'. And who was ter blame—I ast yo', or onybody—who was it ter blame?»

Her voice rose to a kind of cry.

«His feyther died of it, and his grandfeyther afore that. His grandfeyther wor found dead i' the roadside, after they 'd made 'im blind drunk at owd Morse's public-house, where the butty wor reckonin' with 'im an' his mates. But he 'd never ha' gone near the drink if they had n't druv 'im to 't, for he was n't inclined that way. But the butty as gave him work kep' the public, an' if yer did n't drink yer did n't get no work. You must drink yoursel' sick o' Saturdays, or theer 'd be no work for you o' Mondays. ‹Noa, yer can sit at 'ome,› they 'd say to un, ‹ef yer so damned pertickler.› I ast yo'r pardon, sir, for the bad word; but that 's 'ow they 'd say it. I 've often heerd owd John say as he 'd 'a' been glad to ha' given the butty back a shillin' of 'is pay to be let off the drink. An' Willum—that 's my 'usband—he wor allus at it too; an' the doctor towd me one day, as Willum lay a-dyin', as it ran in the blood; an' Jamie heard 'im—I know he did, for I foun' 'im on the stairs, listenin'.»

She paused again, lost in a mist of incoherent memories, the tears falling slowly.

After a minute's silence George said,—not, indeed, knowing what to say,—«We 're *very* sorry for you, Mary—my wife and I; we wish we could do anything to help you. I am afraid it can't make any difference to you—I expect it makes it all the worse—to think that accidents are so much fewer—that so much has been done. And yet times are mended, are n't they?»

Mary made no answer.

George sat looking at her, conscious, as he seldom was, of raw youth and unreadiness; aware, too, of Letty's presence in a strange, hindering way—as of something that both blunted emotion and made one rather ashamed to show it.

He could only pursue the lame topic of improvement, of changed times: the disap-

pearance of old abuses, of «butties» and «tommy-shops»; the greater care for life; the accident laws; the inspectors. He found himself growing eloquent at last, yet all the time regarding himself, as it were, from a distance, ironically.

Mary Batchelor listened to him for a while, her head bent with something of the submissiveness of the old servant, till something he said roused again the quick shudder, the look of anguished protest.

«Ay, I dessay it 's aw reet, Mr. George—I dessay it is—what yer say. The inspectors is very cliver, an' the wages is paid proper. But theer, say what yer will! I 've a son on the railway out Lichfield way, an' he 's allus täakin' about 'is long hours—they 're killin' 'im, he says; an' I allus says to him, ‹Yer may jest thank the Lord, Harry, as yer not in the pits.› He never gets no pity out o' me. An' soomtimes I wakes in the mornin', an' I thinks o' the men, cropin' away in the dark, down theer, under me an' my bed—for they do say the pits now runs right under Ferth village; an' I thinks to mysel', ‹How long will it be before yo' poor fellers is layin' like my Jim?› Yer may be reet about the accidents, Mr. George; but I *know*, ef yer wor to go fro' house to house i' this village, it would be like 't is in the Bible,—I 've often thowt o' them words,—‹*Theer was not a house*›—no, nary one!—‹*where there was not one dead.*›»

She hung her head again, muttering to herself. George made out with difficulty that she was going through one phantom scene after another—of burning, wounds, and sudden death. One or two of the phrases—of the fragmentary details that dropped out without name or place—made his flesh creep. He was afraid lest Letty should hear them, and was just putting out his hand for his hat when Mrs. Batchelor gripped his arm again. Her face, so white and large-featured, had the gleam of something like a miserable smile upon it.

«Ay, an' the men theirsel's 'u'd say jest as you do. ‹Lor', Mrs. Batchelor,› they 'd say, ‹why, the pits is as safe as a church›; an' they 'd *laugh*—Jamie 'u'd laugh at me times. But it 's the *women*, Mr. George, as knows—it 's the women that 'ave to wash the bodies.»

A great trembling ran through her again. George instinctively rose, and motioned to Letty to go. She too rose, but she did not go. She stood by the door, her wide gray eyes fixed with a kind of fascination on the speaker; while behind her a ring of children could be seen in the street, staring at the pretty lady.

Mary Batchelor saw nothing but Tressady, whom she was still holding by the arm, looking up to him.

«Ay, but I did na disturb my Jamie, yer know. Noa! I left 'im i' the owd coat they 'd thrown over 'im i' the pit. I durs n't ha' touched 'is back—noa, I *durs n't!* But I made his shroud mysen, an' I put it ower his poor workin'-clothes, an' I washed his face an' 'is hands an' feet; an' then I kissed 'im, an' I said, ‹Jamie, yo' mun go an' tell the Lord as yo' ha' done yer best, an' he ha' dealt hardly by yer—an' that 's the treuth—he ha' dealt hardly by yer!›»

She gave a loud sob, and bowed her head on her hands a moment. Then, pushing back her gray locks from her face, she rose, struggling for composure.

«Ay, ay, Mr. George—ay, ay, I 'll not keep yer no longer.»

But as she took his hand she added passionately:

«An' I towd the vicar I could n't be Bible-woman no more. Theer 's somethin' broken in me sen Jamie died. I must keep things to mysen—I ain't got nuthin' good to say to others—I 'm allus *grievin'* at the Lord. Good-by to yer—good-by to yer!»

Her voice had grown absent, indifferent. But when George asked her, just as they were leaving the cottage, who was the boy sitting by the fire, her face darkened. She came hurriedly to the door with them, and said in George's ear:

«He 's my darter's child—my darter by my first 'usband. His feyther an' mother are gone, an' he come up from West Bromwich to live wi' me. But he is n't no comfort to me. He don't take no notice of anybody. He set like that, with his foot-ball, when Jamie lay a-dyin'. I 'd as lief be shut on 'im. But theer, I 've got to put up wi' 'im.»

Letty, meanwhile, had approached the boy, and looked at him curiously.

«Do you work in the pits, too?» she asked him.

The boy stared at her.

«Yes,» he said.

«Do you like it?»

He gave a rough laugh.

«I reckon yo' 've got to like it,» he said. And, turning his back on his questioner, he went back to his almanac.

«DON'T let us do any more visiting,» said George, impatiently, as they emerged into the main street. «I 'm out of love with the village. We 'll do our blandishments another day. Let 's go a little farther up the valley and get away from the houses.»

Letty assented, and they walked along the village, she looking curiously into the open doors of the houses, by way of return for the inquisitive attention once more lavished upon herself and George.

«The houses are *quite* comfortable,» she said presently. «And I looked into Mrs. Batchelor's back room while you were talking. It was just as Mrs. Matthews said—such good carpets and curtains, two chests of drawers, and a harmonium, and pictures, and flowers in the windows. George, what are ‹butties›?»

«‹Butties› are sub-contractors,» he said absently; «men who contract with the pit-owners to get the coal, either on a large or a small scale—now mostly on a small scale. They engage and pay the colliers in some pits; in others the owners deal direct.»

«And what is a ‹tommy-shop›?»

«‹Tommy› is the local word for ‹truck›—paying in kind instead of in money. You see, the butties and the owners between them used to own the public-houses and the provision-shops, and the amount of coin of the realm the men got in wages in the bad old times was infinitesimal. They were expected to drink the butty's beer and consume the butty's provisions,—at the butty's prices, of course,—and the butty kept the accounts. Oh! it was an abomination; but of course it was done away with long ago.»

«Of course it was!» said Letty, indignantly. «They never remember what 's done for them. Did you see what *excellent* teas there were laid out in some of the houses—and those girls with their hats smothered in feathers? Why, I should never dream of wearing so many.»

She was once more her quick, shrewd self. All trace of the tears that had surprised her while Mary Batchelor was describing her son's death had passed away. Her half-malicious eyes glanced to right and left, peering into the secrets of the village.

«And these are the people that talk of starving!» she said to George, scornfully, as they emerged into the open road. «Why, any one can see—»

George, suddenly returned from a reverie, understood what she. was saying, and remarked, with an odd look:

«You think their houses are n't so bad? One is always a little surprised—don't you think?—when the poor are comfortable. One takes it as something to one's own credit—I detect it in myself scores of times. ‹Well,› one seems to say, ‹they *could* have done without it—one might have kept it for one's self. What a fine generous fellow I am!›»

He laughed.

«I did n't mean that at all,» said Letty, protesting.

«Did n't you? Well, after all, darling, you see you don't have to live in those houses, nice as they are, and you don't have to do your own scrubbing. Ferth may be a vile hole, but I suppose you could put a score of these houses inside it, and I 'm a pauper, but I can provide you with two housemaids. I say, why do you walk so far away from me?»

And in spite of her resistance he took her hand, put it through his arm, and held it there.

«Look at me, darling,» he said imperiously. «How *can* any one spy upon us with these trees and high walls? I want to see how pretty and fresh you look—I want to forget that poor thing and her tale. Do you know that somewhere, far down in me, there 's a sort of black pool; and when anything stirs it up, for the moment I want to hang myself, the world seems such an awful place! It got stirred up just now—not while she was talking, but just as I looked back at that miserable old soul, standing at her door. She used to be such a jolly old thing—always happy in her Bible—and in Jamie, I suppose—quite sure that she was going to a nice heaven, and would only have to wait a little bit till Jamie got there too. She seemed to know all about the Almighty's plans for herself and everybody else. Her drunken husband was dead; my father left her a bit of money; so did an old uncle, I believe. She 'd gossip and pray and preach with anybody. And now she 'll weep and pine like that till she dies; and she is n't sure even about heaven any more; and instead of Jamie, she 's got that oafish lad, that changeling, hung round her neck, to kick her and ill-treat her in another year or two. Well! and do you ever think that something like that has got to happen to all of us—something hideous—some torture—something that 'll make us wish we 'd never been born? Darling, am I a mad sort of fool? Stop here in the shade—give me a kiss!»

And he made her pause at a shady corner in the road, between two oak copses on each hand, a river babbling at the foot of one of them. He put his arm round her, and, stooping, kissed her red lips with a kind of covetous passion. Then, still holding her, he looked out from the trees to the upper valley, with its scattered villages, its chimneys and engine-houses.

«It struck me—what she said of the men under our feet. They 're at it now, Letty,

hewing and sweating. Why are they there, and you and I here? I 'm *precious* glad, are n't you? But I 'm not going to make believe that there 's no difference. Don't let 's be hypocrites, whatever we are.»

Letty was perplexed and a little troubled. He had shown her this excitability only once before—on that odd, uncomfortable night when he made her sit with him on the Embankment. Whenever it came it seemed to upset her dominant impression of him. Yet it excited her, too; it appealed to something undeveloped—some yearning, protecting instinct which was new to her.

She suddenly put up her hand and touched his hair.

«You talk so oddly, George. I think sometimes»—she laughed with a pretty gaiety—«you 'll go bodily over to Lady Maxwell and her set some day!»

George made a contemptuous sound.

«May the Lord preserve us from quacks!» he said lightly. «One had better be a hypocrite. Look, little woman! There is a shower coming. Shall we turn home?»

They walked home, chatting and laughing. At their own front door the butler handed George a telegram. He opened it and read:

«*Must come down to consult you on important business. Shall arrive at Ferth about* 9:30. *Amelia Tressady.*»

Letty, who was looking over George's shoulder, gave a little cry of dismay.

Then, to avoid the butler's eyes and ears, they turned hurriedly into George's smoking-room, which opened off the hall, and shut the door.

«George, she has come to get more money out of you!» cried Letty, anger and annoyance written in every line of her little frowning face.

«Well, darling, she can't get blood out of a stone,» said George, crushing the telegram in his hand and throwing it away. «It is a little too bad of my mother, I think, to spoil our honeymoon time like this. However, it can't be helped. Will you tell them to get her room ready?»

(To be continued.)

Mary A. Ward.

PERDITA'S CANDLE.

ASTIEN CARREL sold hot oyster pâtés at his little white canvas booth on Prytania street. Perdita lived in a tiny brown cottage on Tchoupitoulas. She hoped some day—it was the pinnacle of her ambition—to be a clerk like Tante Mimi in one of the shops on Bourbon: not so grand as the grand shops on Canal, but grand enough, indeed, for Perdita's aspirations.

She often sat on the brown door-step, her little feet on the banquette, her knitting in her hands, and thought how affable, how urgent, she would be to every customer.

But neither distance nor mighty ambitions could divide two hearts that seemed—perhaps were, who knows?—wholly fitted to each other.

Perdita had first seen Bastien in front of her gran'padre's little cuddy of a shop on Magazine, bartering with the old Dago for oysters in the shell, just hauled up by the donkey from the wharf. She had thought his eyes the very brightest in the world, and his cheeks the ruddiest; but he looked at her so intently that in a flash her own cheeks were ruddier.

She hastened into the shop, behind the big bunch of bananas that almost always hung just outside the doorway, and measured out for herself her picayune's worth of cheese, and dropped her bit of silver with a tinkle into the till, so that old José could hear it from outside; and feeling that all the air was suddenly filled with bird-song and sunshine, she was hurrying home when Gran'padre José called jocosely: «Stop! stop! Laniappe! Come back for laniappe!»—and he flung a dozen oysters in shell into her puckered-up apron, Bastien thinking all the while that he had never seen so lovely, so shy, so entrancing a creature.

All pretty creatures do not live on Tchoupitoulas. Ah, no. Only three doors from the very spot on the street where Bastien sold his pâtés lived Angèle Gatoux. She knew Bastien well. She often bought pâtés when sudden guests came down on Maman Gatoux when she was unprepared. Sometimes—then Angèle perked up her rosy lips—Bastien gave her—yes, gave her freely—one, sometimes two, of the pâtés when they were so hot, and, oh, more than good!

All this she told Perdita when they next met at Mme. Labouisse's class in wax flowers: for accomplishments we must have, though we

clerk, wash, sew, or sweep rooms. Bastien had told her, said Angèle, that he had met old José Palmisino's granddaughter.

Perdita never spoke of Bastien—she hardly knew whether she ought to think of him; but at Christmas, while kneeling in the cathedral, as all the great flood of rich music rolled over her, it came into her mind that she would make the pilgrimages to St. Giles'.

If the devotee made the long pilgrimage nine times, wishing the same wish with all the heart as one walked around the old church, the good saints would surely intercede for the desire's fulfilment.

The first time she went through the city, passing the shabby suburb, and out to the little vine-mantled church, whom should she meet there but Angèle!

Angèle twisted up her vermilion lips; but she proposed to Perdita that, if she were making the pilgrimages, they come out together next time. This they did four times, Angèle teasing to know the quest, Perdita always silent and shy, not daring even in her inmost heart to give shape to her wishes.

Then by common but unspoken consent they went no longer together; but Perdita heard from this one, «The little blonde girl was out yesterday»; and Angèle perked up her lips and tossed her head when that one asked, «Where is your little black-eyed friend? Why did n't you come with her last Tuesday?»

Candlemas was at hand, and Perdita had only one more pilgrimage to make to count nine. She would make that on Candlemas day. On that day all her kinsfolk—three generations—would be in the procession there, for by prayer to St. Giles Gran'padre José had been cured of a bad inflammation in the hand, which even the herbs of old Lisé had failed to benefit, and a pretty wax hand, near the altar in that church, now told all the world of his recovery and gratitude. Since then he and his always kept Candlemas there.

Perdita planned, while all were in church before the blessing of candles began, to slip out and make the round of St. Giles' alone, make her wish to her heart, and trust to the Virgin to grant it.

Candlemas day came, bright and mild for the second of February. Perdita reveled in the sunshine; but the old people shook their heads, and said a cloud was a blessing on Candlemas: clouds on that day bespoke a prosperous year to come.

Arrived at St. Giles', Perdita slipped away as she had purposed, and with downcast eyes and beating heart—for she had seen Bastien approaching the church—proceeded to make the circuit. She trusted she looked unconcerned, and that none guessed that she was making the pilgrimage. Suddenly, face to face, almost into each other's arms, came Angèle and Perdita.

The first shock of surprise over, Angèle bent herself toward Perdita, angrily shook her slim finger at her, and exclaimed, quite forgetting Candlemas and the people: «You sly one, you! You shall not have Bastien—no, nor the blue silk!»

«Hush, Angèle, hush!» cried Perdita, relieved to see that none noted them. «And if it were silk I wished for, I should love best cerise.»

Just here the bell chimed out, and, each being eager to finish the circuit, they parted, only to meet again at the church door, where they were placed side by side for the procession.

From the altar over the waxen candles floated the words, «Thou who enlightenest every one that comest into the world, pour out thy benediction upon these candles, and sanctify them with the light of thy grace.»

With eyes fastened upon the many burning tapers, the two girls, with many other young people, passed up into the church in slow processional.

The candles were thrice sprinkled with holy water, thrice perfumed with precious incense. Then began another consecratory prayer: «Bless this creature of wax to us, thy suppliants; and infuse into it . . . thy heavenly benediction; that in whatever places it shall be lighted, or put, the devil may depart, and tremble, and fly away, with all his ministers, from those habitations, and not presume any more to disturb them.»

The ceremonies of consecration over, the priests, standing before the altar, began to distribute the blessed candles to the people, while all the congregation burst into the grand chant: «A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.»

The candles were lighted as they were delivered, and many a youth and maiden looked anxiously to the blaze of the one in his or her hand; for by its brightness, dullness, steadiness, or flickering each drew hope or fear for the year to come.

Perdita, rapt in adoration, did not, like many others, gaze on the flame of her taper. She only lifted her heart in praises to the Virgin when the candle, blessed, perfumed, and brightly aflame, was put into her hand.

As the procession wound about the aisles, so great was Angèle's belief in omens,—even

though the ominous should proceed from her own heart and her own act,—and so wildly did the temptation assail her, that as they passed a dim recess, Perdita's candle, in Perdita's absence of mind, bending toward Angèle, Angèle leaned quickly, and with a swift, keen breath blew it out. Perdita's soft brown eyes were upturned to the ascending rings of incense smoke circling above them. The dim recess passed, she looked down upon her taper. Alas! it was as dark and unlighted as an unbeliever's soul!

In a moment all her being was darkened with despair. She could not understand why her light alone, of all that long procession, should have lost its glory. She thought her pure little soul must be full of sin; yet she could think of nothing she had failed to carry to confessional, unless, unless—oh, dreadful thought!—unless that dream she had had six months ago, of being wrapped around and around in a white cloud, a filmy thing from which she could not extricate herself, try as she might, until she awoke with a cry—unless that had been an unregarded call to her to go as a novice into the convent of the Ursulines. Ah, me! she had so often passed their pretty garden, and thought how good they were—and how she would hate to be one of them! Perhaps it had been wrong of her to think of Bastien at all. Perhaps it had been all wrong to make the pilgrimage. But this she knew now: she would repent her of all her sins, be they what they might; and with all her heart she pleaded with the Virgin to be angry with her no longer, to do with her what she would: an obedient child Perdita would be henceforth—always, always.

Neither girl had thrown so much as a glance behind her, so that neither knew that Bastien walked just behind them in the procession. Bastien had seen the quick «pouf» that Angèle had bestowed on Perdita's candle. Looking now at Perdita's face, full of deep contrition for sins never hers, lighted with a beautiful consecration, lifted with heavenly adoration, Bastien thought he had never seen a countenance so lovely.

They were passing another dusky corner now, and as quick as a flash, as swift as the sympathy of a true heart, Bastien swung his candle deftly against Perdita's. No one saw the quick motion, and lo! Perdita's taper was again ablaze!

They stood before the beautiful wounded image lying in front of the altar. Angèle, with a start that brought pallor even to her lips, first noted that her companion's candle again burned brightly. It was no less than a miracle! She felt that she must no longer work against Perdita.

Perdita now saw the light in her hands. It was a miracle! It was a blessing straight from the Virgin! How but from the light of heaven's own stars could the taper have been rekindled! Never was a heart more full of holy gratitude than was Perdita's.

As the procession passed out of the church, Angèle's mother pulled her sleeve and whispered to her: «He saw you in the procession. He loved you—him. You will make him a nice little wife. He is old. He will pet you, and dress you—oh, worthy a queen, this good M. Paragué.»

M. Paragué, as round and red as one of the apples he sold, stood near, bowing and smiling. Angèle stepped to meet him, and laid her hand in his. It was no use to try to rival a girl who had miracles direct from heaven performed for her.

Bastien had hurried out of the church to ask old José Palmisino if he might walk back to the city with him and his family—three generations.

Palmisino said, «Yas; oh, yas.»

As the happy party, Bastien and Perdita lingering a little behind, passed Angèle, Maman Gatoux, and M. Paragué, Angèle could not resist leaning forward to send a sharp little whisper into Perdita's ear:

«Ah, yes; the pilgrimage is not all for nothing at all. The blue silk it is; and the cerise, also, if I desire. It is M. Paragué who is able and well off, indeed. A corner grocery is not selling pâtés on the banquette!»

As for Perdita, she was thinking how, with the help of Mme. Labouisse, she would make the most beautiful wreath of white roses, pure, crystalline, as perfect as first love itself, to lay at the feet of the Virgin before another Candlemas day should come.

Martha Young.

REVIVAL OF ROMANCE.

TOO long, too long we keep the level plain,
The tilled, tame fields, the bending orchard bough!
The byre, the barn, the threshing-floor, the plow
Too long have been our theme and our refrain!
Enough, my brothers, of this Doric strain!
Lift up your spirits, and record a vow
To gather laurel from the mountain's brow,
And bring the era of rich verse again!
Ye painters, paint great Nature at her height—
Seas, forests, cliffs upreared in liquid air,
And touch with glamour all things rough and crude.
And ye who fiction weave for our delight,
Give us brave men, and women good as fair—
And shame our hollow Sadducean mood!

Edith M. Thomas.

GENIUS.

SOME men disdain it, this transmuting power:
Yet genius, like a holy herald, bears
Its deathless glory to the world, and wears
Bravely its laurel and its passion-flower.
Talent is still a rich, yet common, dower,
Marking the many from the few, and fares
With not too eager heart, nor with despairs
That sear the soul and make it thrill and cower.
Genius is martyrdom and grief to them
Who feel its tireless and despotic will;
With cruel rage or subtle stratagem
It bids them dream or sing or die or kill:
It bids them live—live as no others live,
Quickest to love, to suffer, to forgive.

G. E. Montgomery.

ON RETURNING TO ULLSWATER.

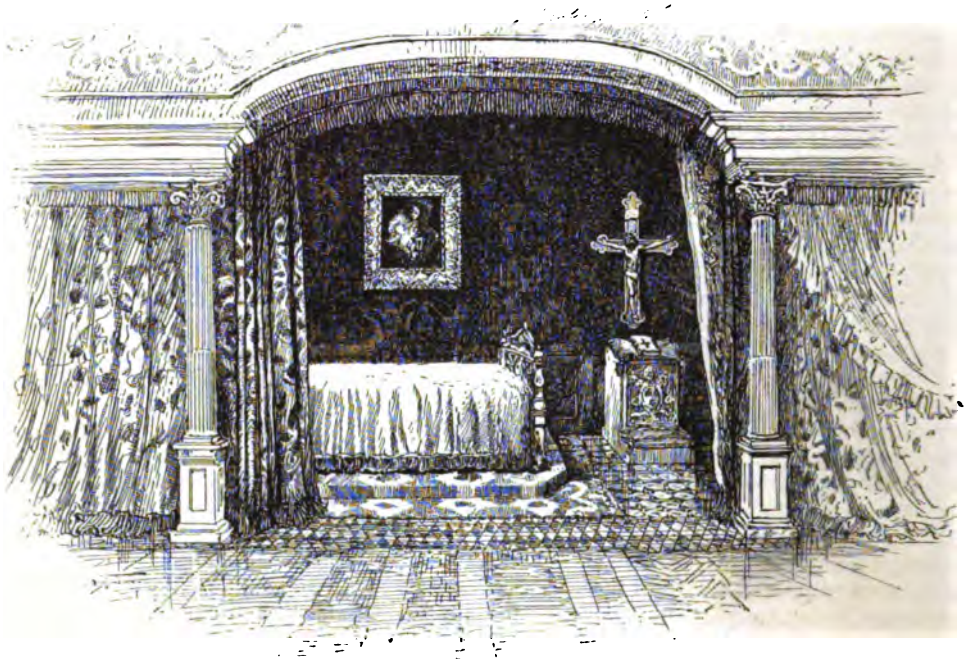
PENSIVE Ullswater, thanks! Thy face once more
I see. Hail, English Lakeland's duskiest child!—
Duskiest, for, closeliest here around thee piled,
Thy mountains fling their shades from shore to shore.
Again thine Aira Force's «gentle roar»[1]
I hear, breeze-borne, o'er heathery waste and wild;
Again I see, delightedly beguiled,
Those daffodils thy Wordsworth sang of yore.
The waves beside them «they outdid in glee»
That day. This hour, perchance, from yonder sky
Their Poet sees them, she[2] beside him—she
Who gazed with him through tears on Yarrow's bowers.
Ah, surely nothing bright and fair, once ours,
If wholly pure, can ever wholly die!

Aubrey de Vere.

[1] An expression of Coleridge's. [2] Wordsworth's sister.

POPE LEO XIII. AND HIS HOUSEHOLD.

WITH RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS OF HIS PRIVATE APARTMENTS.[1]



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH.

BEDROOM OF THE POPE.

IT is not always true that «straws tell which way the wind blows.» Most proverbs have a double meaning, and may be compared to sand thrown by wise men into the eyes of fools. It is not always true that a man's character is indicated by his daily habits, nor that his intellectual tendency is definable by the qualities of his temper or by his personal tastes. Carlyle was one instance of this; Lincoln was another; Bismarck is a great third, with his iron head and his delicate feminine hands. All men who direct, control, or influence the many have a right to be judged by the world according to their main deeds, to the total exclusion of their private lives. There are some whose public actions are better than their private ones, out of all proportion; and there are others who try to redeem the patent sins of their political necessities by the honest practice of their private virtues. In some rare, high types, head, heart, and hand are balanced to one expression of power, and every deed is a function of all three.

Leo XIII. probably approaches as nearly to such superiority as any great man now living. As a statesman his abilities are admitted to be of the highest order; as a scholar he is undisputedly one of the first Latinists of our time, and one of the most accomplished writers in Latin and Italian prose and verse; as a man he possesses the simplicity of character which almost always accompanies greatness, together with a healthy sobriety of temper, habit, and individual taste rarely found in those beings whom we might well call «motors» among men.

[1] The photographs of the Pope's private apartments accompanying this article were taken, with the special permission of his Holiness, by my friend Thomas Hamilton Wood, a private chamberlain, who died suddenly within a week after he had completed the work. He told me before he died that while he was taking the photographs the Pope moved from room to room, to make way for him. No photographs or drawings have ever before been made, to my knowledge, of the inner rooms, and the negatives of these are at present in safe keeping.

It is commonly said that the Pope has not changed his manner of life since he was a simple bishop. He is, indeed, a man who could not easily change either his habits or his opinions; for he is of that enduring, melancholic, slow-speaking, hard-thinking temperament which makes hard workers, and in which everything tends directly to hard work as a prime object, even with persons in whose existence necessary labor need play no part, and far more so with those whose little daily tasks hew history out of humanity in the rough state.

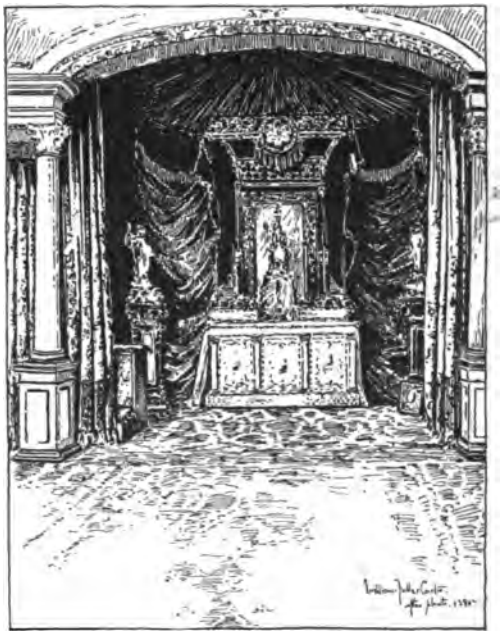
Of the Pope's statesmanship and Latinity the world knows much and is sure to hear more—most, perhaps, hereafter, when another and a smaller man shall sit in the great Pope's chair. For he is a great Pope. There has not been his equal, intellectually, for a long time, nor shall we presently see his match again. The era of individualities is not gone by, as some pretend. We of middle age have seen, in our lifetime, Cavour, Louis Napoleon, Garibaldi, Disraeli, Bismarck, Leo XIII., and the young Emperor of Germany. With the possible exception of Cavour, who died—poisoned, as some say—before he had lived out his life, few will deny that of all these the present Pope possesses in many respects the most evenly balanced and stubbornly sane disposition. That fact alone speaks highly for the judgment of the men who elected him, in Italy's half-crazed days, immediately after the death of Victor Emmanuel.

At all events, there he stands, at the head of the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church, as wise a leader as any who in our day has wielded power; as skilled, in his own manner, as any who hold the pen; and better than all that, as straightly simple and honest a Christian man as ever fought a great battle for his faith's sake.

Straight-minded, honest, and simple he is, yet keen, sensitive, and nobly cautious; for there is no nobility in him who risks a cause for the vanity of his own courage, and who, out of mere anger against those he hates, squanders the devotion of those who love him. In a sense, to-day, the greater the man the greater the peacemaker. And so it should be; for if peace be counted among blessings, the love of it is among the virtues. «Blessed are the peacemakers.»

Leo XIII. was born and bred in the keen air of the Volscian hills, a southern Italian, but of the mountains, and there is still about him something of the hill people. He has the long, lean, straight, broad-shouldered frame of the true mountaineer, the marvelously bright eye, the eagle features, the well-knit growth of strength, traceable even in extreme old age; and in character there is in him the well-balanced combination of a steady caution with an unerring, unhesitating decision, which appears in those great moments when history will not wait for little men's long phrases, when the pendulum world is swinging its full stroke, and when it is either glory or death to lay strong hands upon its weight. But when it stops for a time, and hangs motionless, the little men gather about it, and touch it boldly, and make theories for its next unrest.

Those who have been to Carpineto have seen the blank old pile, with its tower, which tops the town, as the dwellings of the small nobles always did in every hamlet and village throughout the south of Europe. For the Pecci were good gentlefolk long ago, and the portraits of Pope Leo's father and mother, in their dress of the last century, still hang in their places in the mansion. The Pope is eighty-five years old, or thereabouts, so that the count and countess must have been born about the time of the French Revolution. His Holiness strongly resembles both, for he has his father's brow and eyes and his mother's mouth and chin. In his youth he seems to have been a very dark man, as clearly appears from the portrait of him, here shown,



DRAWN BY W. F. CURTIS, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH.

PRIVATE CHAPEL OF THE POPE.

painted when he was nuncio in Brussels at about the age of thirty-four years. The family type is a strong one. One of the Pope's nieces, the young Countess Moroni, might have sat for a portrait of his mother. The extraordinarily clear, pale complexion is also a family characteristic. Leo XIII.'s face seems cut out of live alabaster, and it is not a figure of speech to say that it appears to emit a light of its own.

He spent his childhood in the simple surroundings of Carpineto, than which none could be simpler, as every one knows who has ever visited an Italian country gentleman in his home. Early hours, constant exercise, plain food, and farm interests made a strong man of him, with plenty of simple common sense. As a boy he was a great walker and climber, and it is said that he was excessively fond of birding, the only form of sport afforded by that part of Italy, and practised there in those times, as it is now, not only with guns, but by means of nets. It has often been said that poets and lovers of freedom come more frequently from the mountains and the sea-shore than from a flat inland region. Leo XIII. ranks high among the scholarly poets of our day, and is certainly conspicuous for the liberality of his views. As long as he was in Perugia it is well known that he received the officers of the Italian garrison and any government officials of rank who chanced to be present in the city, not merely now and then, or in a formal way, but constantly and with a cordiality which showed how much he appreciated their conversation. It may be doubted whether in our own country an acknowledged leader of a political minority would either choose or dare to associate openly with persons having an official capacity on the other side.

But the stiff mannerism of the patriarchal system, which survived until recently from early Roman times, gave him that somewhat formal tone and authoritative manner which are so characteristic of his conversation in private. His deliberate but unhesitating speech makes one think of Goethe's «without haste, without rest.» Yet his formality is not of the slow and circumlocutory sort; on the contrary, it is energetically precise, and helps rather than mars the sound casting of each idea. The formality of strong people belongs to them naturally, and is the expression of a certain unchanging persistence; that of the weak is mostly assumed for the sake of magnifying the little strength they have.

The Pope's voice is as distinctly individual as his manner of speaking. It is not deep nor very full, but, considering his great age, it is wonderfully clear and ringing, and it has a certain incisiveness of sound which gives it great carrying power. Pius IX. had as beautiful a voice, both in compass and in richness of quality, as any barytone singer in the Sistine choir. No one who ever heard him intone the «Te Deum» in St. Peter's, in the old days, can forget the grand tones. He was gifted in many ways—with great physical beauty, with a rare charm of manner, and with a most witty humor; and in character he was one of the most kind-hearted and gentle men of his day, as he was also one of the least initiative, so to say, while endowed with the high moral courage of boundless patience and political humility. Leo XIII. need speak but half a dozen words, with one glance of his flashing eyes and one gesture of his noticeably long arm and transparently thin hand, and the moral distance between his predecessor and himself is at once apparent. There is strength still in every movement, there is deliberate decision in every tone, there is lofty independence in every look. Behind these there may be kindliness, charity, and all the milder gifts of virtue; but what is apparent is a sort of energetic, manly trenchancy which forces admiration rather than awakens sympathy.

When speaking at length on any occasion he is eloquent, but with the eloquence of the dictator, and sometimes of the logician, rather than that of the persuader. His enunciation is exceedingly clear both in Latin and Italian, and also in French, a language in which he expresses himself with ease and clearness. In Latin and Italian he chooses his words with great care and skill, and makes use of fine distinctions, in the Ciceronian manner, and he certainly commands a larger vocabulary than most men.

His bearing is erect at all times, and on days when he is well his step is quick as he moves about his private apartments. «*Il Papa corre sempre*» («The Pope always runs»), is often said by the guards and familiars of the antechamber. A man who speaks slowly but moves fast is generally one who thinks long and acts promptly—a hard hitter, as we should familiarly say.

In spite of his great age, the Holy Father enjoys excellent health, and leads a life full of occupations from morning till night. He has in no respect changed his habits since the time when he lived at Perugia as cardinal. He rises very early, and when, at about six o'clock in the morning, his valet, Pio Centra, enters his little bedroom, he more often finds him risen than asleep. He is accustomed to

PORTRAIT OF LEO XIII. AS BISHOP (1844).

sleep little—not more than four or five hours at night, though he rests awhile after dinner. We are told that sometimes he has been found asleep in his chair by his writing-table at dawn, not having been to bed at all. Of late he frequently says mass in a chapel in his private apartments, and the mass is served by Pio Centra. On Sundays and feast-days he says it in another chapel preceding the throne-room. The little chapel is of small dimensions, but by opening the door into the neighboring room a number of persons can assist at the mass. The permission, when given, is obtained on application to the «Maestro di Camera,» and is generally conceded only to distinguished foreign persons. After saying mass himself, the Holy Father immediately hears a second one, said by one of the private chaplains on duty for the week, whose business it is to take care of the altar and to assist. Frequently he gives the communion with his own hand to those who are present at his mass. After mass he breakfasts upon coffee and goat's milk, and this milk is supplied from goats kept in the Vatican gardens—a reminiscence of Carpineto and of the mountaineer's early life.

Every day at about ten he receives the Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla, and converses with him for a good hour or more upon current affairs. On Tuesdays and Fridays the Secretary of State receives the Diplomatic Corps in his own apartments, and on those days the under-secretary, Monsignor Rinaldini, confers with the Pope in his chief's place. Cardinal Mario Mocenni, acting prefect of the «Holy Apostolic Palaces,» is received by the Pope when he has business to expound. On the first and third Fridays of each month the Maggiordomo, Monsignor

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH.

CHAPEL WHERE THE POPE SOMETIMES SAYS MASS.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN AFTER PHOTOGRAPH.

VIEW OF CARPINETO, BIRTHPLACE OF LEO XIII.

della Volpe, is received, and so on, in order, the cardinal prefects of the several Roman congregations, the under-secretaries, and all others in charge of the various offices. In the papal antechamber there is a list of them, with the days of their audiences.

During the morning he receives the cardinals, the bishops «ad limina,» ambassadors who are going away on leave or who have just returned, princes and members of the Roman nobility, and distinguished foreigners. At ten o'clock he takes a cup of broth brought by Centra. At two in the afternoon, or a little earlier, he dines. He is most abstemious, although he has an excellent digestion. His private physician, Doctor Giuseppe Lapponi, has been heard to say that he himself eats more at one meal than the Holy Father eats in a week.

Every day, unless indisposed, some one is received in private audience. These audiences are usually for the cardinal prefects of the congregations, the patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops who are in Rome at the time, and distinguished personages.

When the weather is fine, the Pope generally walks or drives in the garden. He is carried out of his apartments to the gate in a sedan-chair by the liveried «sediarii,» or chair-porters; or if he goes out by the small door known as that of Paul V., the carriage awaits him there, and he gets in with the Cameriere Segreto Partecipante, who is always a monsignor. It is as well to say here, for the benefit of non-Catholics, that «monsignori» are not necessarily bishops, nor even consecrated priests, the title being really a secular one. Two Noble Guards of the corps of fifty gentlemen known under that name ride beside the carriage doors. His closed carriage is a simple and elegant brougham having his coat of arms painted on the door. In summer he occasionally drives in an open landau. He drives several times round the avenues, and when he descends, the «esente,» or officer of Guards, dismounts, and opens the carriage door. He generally walks in the neighborhood of the Chinese pavilion and along the Torrione, where the papal observatory is built. Of

late, however, he has changed the direction of his walks. Leo XIII. is fond of variety—and no wonder, shut up for life as he is in the Vatican; he enjoys directing work and improvements in the gardens; he likes to talk with Vespignani, the architect of the Holy Apostolic Palaces (who is also the head of the Catholic party in the Roman municipality), to go over the plans of work he has ordered, to give his opinion, and especially to see that the work itself is executed in the shortest possible time. Time is short for a pope: Sixtus V., who filled Rome and Italy with himself, reigned only five years; Rodrigo Borgia, eleven years; Leo X., but nine.

In 1893 the Pope began to inhabit the new pavilion designed and built by Vespignani in pure fifteenth-century style. It is built against the Torrione, the ancient round tower constructed by St. Leo IV. about the year 845. In 1894 Leo XIII. made a further extension, and joined another building to the existing one by means of a loggia, on the spot once occupied by the old barracks of the papal gendarmes, who are still lodged in the gardens, and whose duty it is to patrol the precincts by day and night. Indeed, the fact that two dynamiters were caught in the garden in 1894 proves that a private police is necessary.

During the great heat of summer the Pope, after saying mass, goes into the garden about nine in the morning, and spends the whole day there, receiving every one in the garden pavilion as he would in the Vatican. He dines there, too, and rests afterward, guarded by the gendarmes on duty, to whom he generally sends a measure of good wine—another survival of a country custom; and in the cool of the day he again gets into his carriage, and often does not return to the Vatican till after sunset, toward the hour of Ave Maria.

In the evening, about an hour later,—at «one of the night,» according to old Roman computation of time,—he attends at the recitation of the rosary, or evening prayers, by Monsignor Mazzolini, his private chaplain, and he requires his immediate attendants to assist also. He then retires to his room, where he reads, studies, or writes verses, and at about ten o'clock he eats a light supper.

While in the garden he is fond of talking about plants and flowers with Cavalliere Cesare Balzani, the director of the gardens. He walks with the officer of the Noble Guards and with the private chamberlain on duty. He speaks freely of current topics, tells anecdotes of his own life, and visits the gazelles, goats, deer, and other animals kept in the gardens. From the cupola of St. Peter's the whole extent of the grounds is visible, and when the Pope is walking, the visitors, over four hundred feet above, stop to watch him. He has keen eyes, and sees them also. «Let us show ourselves!» he exclaimed one day, not long ago. «At least they will not be able to say that the Pope is ill.»

The Pope's favorite poets are Vergil and Dante. He knows a great part of both by heart, and takes pleasure in quoting them. When Father Michael, the apostolic prefect to Erithrea, was taking his leave, with the other Franciscans who accompanied him to Africa, his Holiness recited to them, with great spirit, Dante's canto upon St. Francis.

The Pope reads the newspapers, passages of interest being marked for him by readers in order to save him time. He frequently writes letters to the bishops and encyclicals in a polished and Ciceronian style of Latin. The encyclicals are printed at the private press of the Vatican, an institution founded by him, and furnished with all modern improvements. They are first published in the «Osservatore Romano,» the official daily paper of the Vatican, and then finally translated into Italian and other languages, and sent out to the bishops abroad. Leo XIII. writes excellent verses, both in Latin and Italian, and likes to see and talk with men of letters, as well as to read their works. Two years ago he requested Professor Brunelli of Perugia to buy for him the poetical works of the Abbé Zanella. The request is characteristic, for his Holiness insisted upon paying for the book, like any one else.

When great pilgrimages are to be organized, the first step taken is to form committees at the place of origin. The leader of the pilgrimage is usually the head of the diocese, who then writes to Rome to make the arrangements. The Committee on Pilgrimages, presided over by Cardinal Mocenni, and consisting of Monsignor Mazzolini, Monsignor Angeli, Monsignor Ugolini, Cavalliere Attilio Ambrosini, and others, provides quarters for the pilgrims at the Lazaret of St. Martha, or elsewhere, that they may be properly lodged and fed. On the occasion of the celebrated French workingmen's pilgrimage the great halls in the Belvedere wing, including the old quarters of the engineer corps and of the artillery, and the riding-school, were opened as dining-halls, where the pilgrims came morning and evening to their meals; the kitchen department and the general superintendence were in charge of sisters. Everything was

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PAINTING BY LENBACH, IN MUNICH.

REPRINTED FROM "THE CENTURY" FOR MAY, 1888.

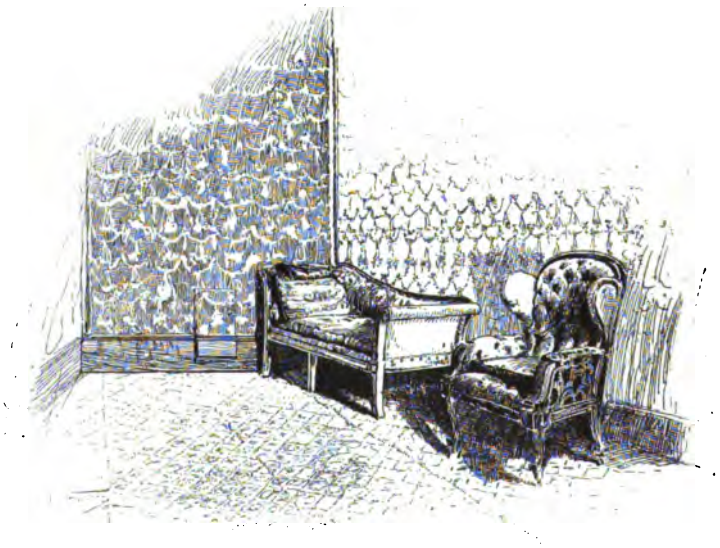
Leo P.P. XIII.

POPE LEO XIII.

directed by the Roman Committee on Pilgrimages. The visitors were received by the Circolo of St. Peter's and by the First Artisan Workmen's Association, the members of which waited at table, wearing aprons. The Circolo, or Club, of St. Peter's has an office for pilgrimages, which facilitates arrangements with the railways, and provides lodgings in hotels, inns, and private houses in Rome for the well-to-do; but the General Committee on Pilgrimages provides lodgings for the poor. The head of the pilgrimage also makes the arrangements with the Maestro di Camera for the mass which the Holy Father celebrates for the pilgrims, and for the audience which follows. If the pilgrimage is large, the mass is said in St. Peter's; if small, in the Vatican, either in the Loggia of the Beatification or in the Sala Ducale. At the audience the pilgrims place their offerings in the Pope's hands, and he blesses the rosaries, crosses, and other objects of devotion, and gives small silver medals in memory of the occasion.

Since 1870 the Pope has not conducted the solemn services either in St. Peter's or in the Sistine Chapel. The only services of this kind in which the Pontiff takes part are those held in the Sistine Chapel on the anniversary of the death of Pius IX., and on the anniversary of his own coronation, March 3. At these two functions there are also present the Sacred College, the bishops and prelates, the Roman nobility, the Knights of Malta, the Diplomatic Corps in full dress, and any foreign Catholic royal princes who may chance to be in Rome at the time. At the «public» consistories, held with great pomp in the Sala Regia, the Pope gives the hat to each new cardinal; but there are also «private» consistories held in the beautiful Sala del Concistoro, near the hall of the Swiss Guards, at the entrance to the Pope's apartments.

Moreover, the Pope appears at beatifications and canonizations, and during the present pontificate these have been generally held in the Hall of Beatifications, a magnificent room with tribunes, above the portico of St. Peter's, turned into a chapel for the occasion, with innumerable candles and lamps, the transparency of the beatified person, called the Gloria, and standards on which are painted representations of miracles. The last of these ceremonies was held in St. Peter's, with closed doors, but in the presence of an enormous concourse, with the greatest pomp, the whole of the Noble Guard and the Palatine Guard turning out, and order being preserved by the Swiss Guards, the gendarmes, and the vergers of the basilica, known as the «sanpietrini.»

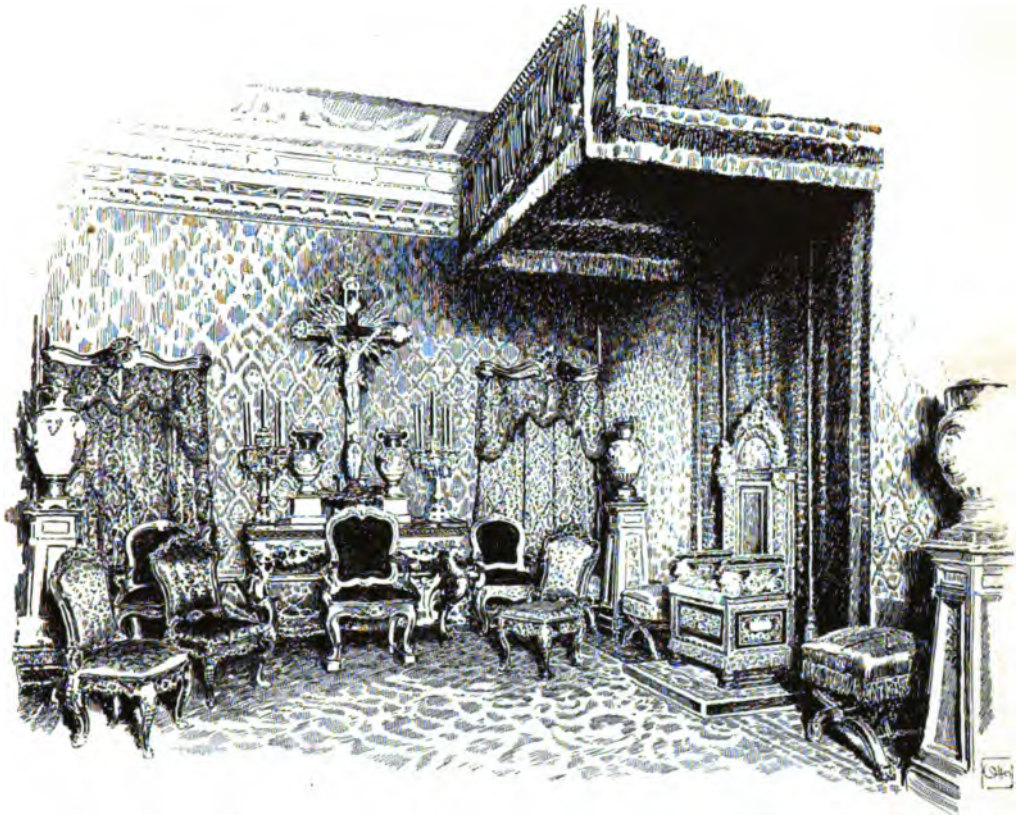


DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH.

ROOM IN WHICH THE POPE TAKES HIS DAILY SIESTA.

During Holy Week, in order to meet the wants of the many eminent and devout Catholics who then flock to Rome, the Holy Father celebrates mass two or three times in the Sala Ducale, which is then turned into a chapel. During these masses motets are sung by the famous Sistine choir, under the direction of the old Maestro Mustafa, once the greatest soprano of the century, but at the same time so accomplished a musician as to have earned the common name of «Palestrina redivivus.» It is to be regretted that he has never allowed any of his beautiful compositions to be published.

On such occasions as Christmas day or the feast of St. Joaquin, by whose name the Pope was christened, he receives the College of Cardinals, the bishops present in Rome,



DRAWN BY OTTO BACHER, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH.

SITTING-ROOM WHERE THE POPE RECEIVES PERSONS FOR SPECIAL PRIVATE AUDIENCES.

many prelates, the heads of religious bodies, some officers of the old pontifical army and of the Guards, and the dignitaries of the papal court, in his own private library, where he talks familiarly with each in turn, and quite without ceremony.

Reigning sovereigns, princes, and distinguished persons are received in the grand throne-room, where the throne is covered with red velvet, with coats of arms at the angles of the canopy. Upon a large pier-table, in the rococo style, between the windows and opposite the throne, stands a great crucifix of ivory and ebony, between two candlesticks. The carpet used at such times was presented by Spain. Before the Emperor of Germany's visit the Pope himself gave particular directions for the dressing of the throne and the arrangement of the rooms. When great personages are received their suites are also presented, after which the Pope retires with his guest to the small private throne-room.

Before coming to the Pope's presence it is necessary to pass through many anterooms. The Sala Clementina, the hall of the palfrenieri and sediarii,—that is, of the grooms and chair-porters,—the hall of the gendarmes, the antechamber of the Palatine Guard, that of the officers on duty, the Hall of the Arras, that of the chamberlains and Noble Guards, and at last the antechamber of the Maestro di Camera—there are eight in all. Persons received in audience are accompanied by the «camerieri segreti,» who do the honors, in full dress, wearing their chains and carrying their staves.

The private library is a spacious room lined with bookcases made of a yellow wood from Brazil, some of which are curtained. Busts of several former popes stand upon marble columns.

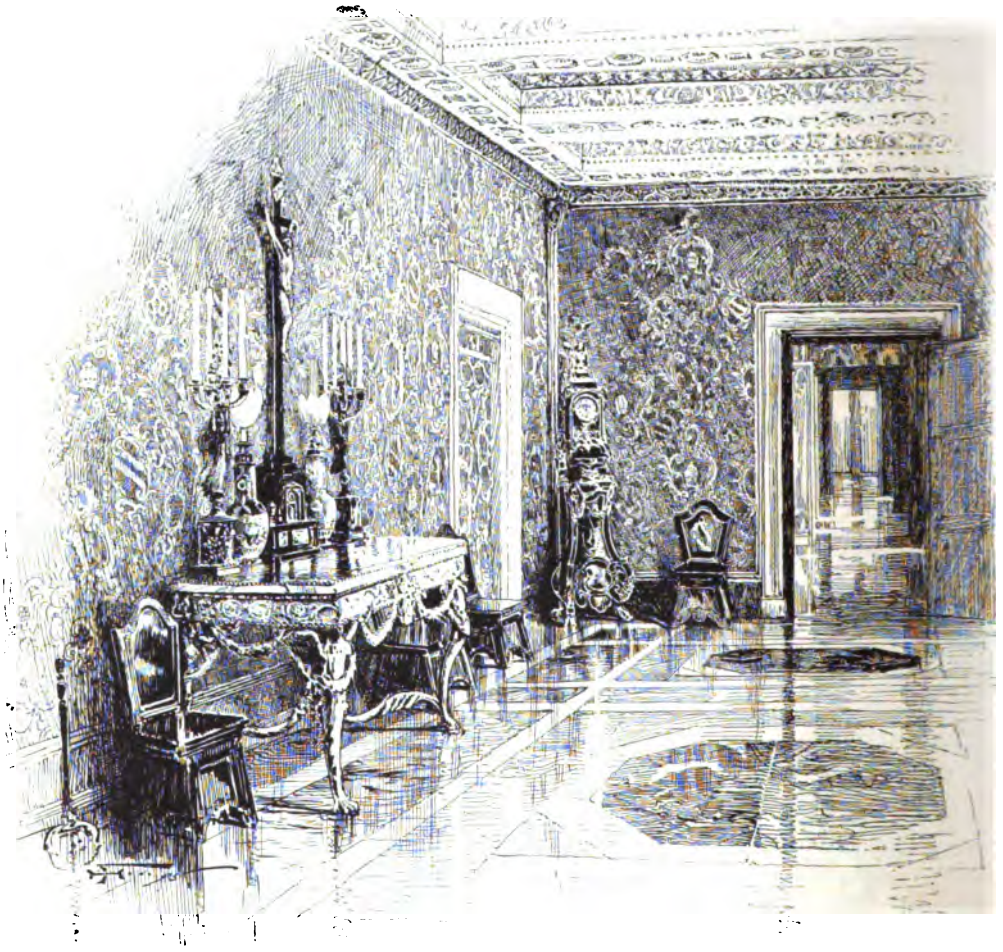
To the Pope's bedroom only his private valet and his secretaries have access. It is of small dimensions, and contains only a bed, in an alcove adorned with graceful marble columns, a writing-table, an arm-chair and kneeling-stool, and one wardrobe.

Besides these, there is his private study, in which the table and chair stand upon a

little carpeted platform, other tables being placed on each side upon the floor, together with an extremely uncomfortable but magnificent straight-backed arm-chair, which is one of the gifts offered on the occasion of the episcopal jubilee. There is, moreover, a little room containing only an old lounge and an old-fashioned easy-chair with « wings,» and nothing else. It is here that the Holy Father retires to take his afternoon nap, and the robust nature of his nerves is proved by the fact that he lies down with his eyes facing the broad light of the window.

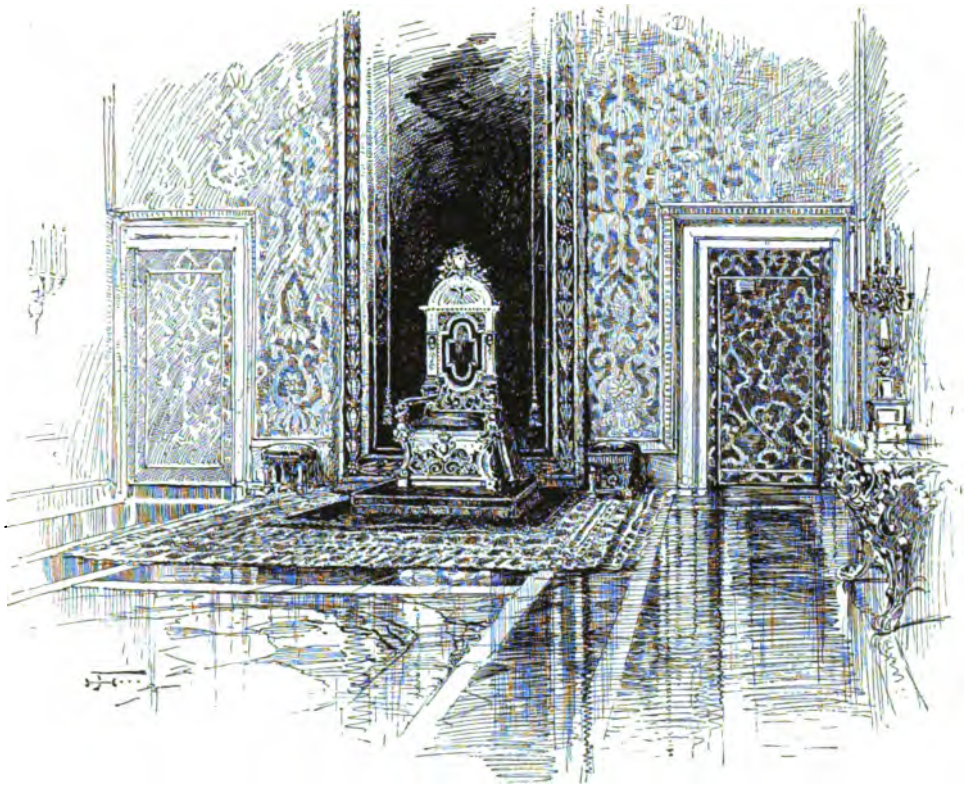
This private apartment occupies the second floor, according to Italian reckoning, though we Americans should call it the third; it is on a level with Raphael's loggie. The floor above it is inhabited by Cardinal Rampolla, the Secretary of State.

The « pontifical court,» as it is called, consists of Cardinal Rampolla; Cardinal Mario Mocenni, pro-Prefect of the Holy Apostolic Palaces, a personage of the highest importance, who has sole control of everything connected with the Vatican palace and all the vast mass of adjoining buildings; Monsignor Francesco della Volpe, the Maggiordomo, who, besides many other functions, is the manager of the museums, galleries, and inhabited apartments; Monsignor Cagiano de Azeoredo, the Maestro di Camera, who nearly corresponds to a master of ceremonies, and superintends all audiences; Monsignor Capetta, the almoner and manager of the papal charities, assisted by a distinguished priest, who is also a lawyer, in the person of the Rev. Marcello Massarenti, formerly secretary to the well-known Monsignor de Merode; Father Raffaelle Pierotti, of the Dominican order, who supervises the issuing



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH.

PRIVATE ANTEROOM LEADING TO THE POPE'S PRIVATE ROOMS.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH.

THRONE-ROOM IN WHICH OFFICIAL RECEPTIONS ARE HELD.

of books printed at the Vatican; the chief steward, Commendatore Puccinelli; four private secretaries, who take turns of service lasting a week for each, and are always with the Pope, namely, Monsignor Mery del Val, Monsignor de Croy, Monsignor Risleti, and Monsignor Misciatelli; and finally the chief of the Vatican police, Commendatore Tagliaferro. Moreover, his Holiness has his private preacher, who delivers sermons before him in Advent and Lent, and who is always a Capuchin monk, in accordance with a very ancient tradition.

It must not be supposed by the uninitiated that these few persons in any way represent the central directive administration of the Catholic Church. On the contrary, the only one of them who is occupied in that larger field is Cardinal Rampolla, the Secretary of State. The others are, strictly speaking, the chief personages of the pontifical household, as we should say. But their offices are not sinecures. The Pope's restless energy extracts work from the men about him as one squeezes water from a sponge. In the good days of Pius IX., after the fall of the temporal power, the Vatican was overrun and overcrowded with useless but well-paid officials, officers, and functionaries great and small, who took refuge there against the advancing wave of change. When Leo XIII. had been on the throne only a few weeks, there was sold everywhere a comic print representing the Pope with a huge broom sweeping all the useless people pell-mell down the steps of the Vatican into the Piazza of St. Peter's. As often happens, the caricaturist saw the truth. In a reign that has lasted eighteen years, Leo XIII. has done away with much that was useless, worthless, and old-fashioned, and much that cumbered the narrow patch of earth on which so important a part of the world's business is transacted. He is a great simplifier of details and a strong leveler of obstructions, so that his successor in the pontificate will find it a comparatively easy thing to keep the mechanism in order, in its present state.

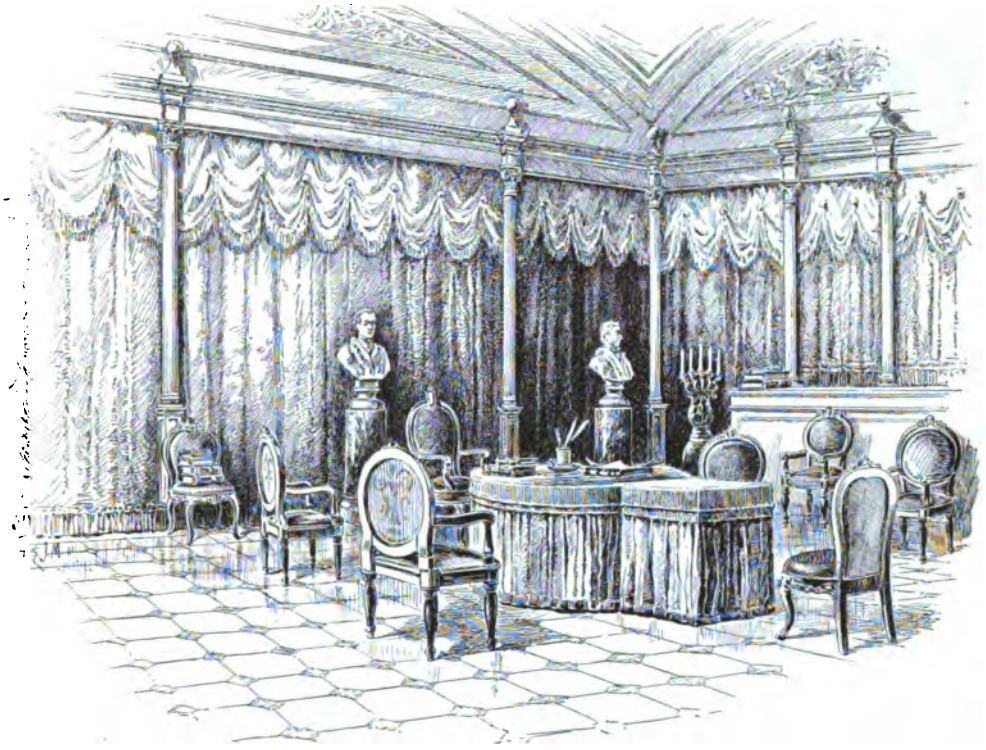
The strictest economy, even to the minutest details, is practised in the Vatican. It appears certain that the accounts of the vast household are generally personally inspected by the Pope, whose prime object in this respect is to prevent any waste of money where so much is needed for the maintenance of church institutions in all parts of the world.

In the midst of much outward magnificence the papal establishment is essentially frugal, for the splendid objects in the Pope's apartments, even to many of the articles of furniture, are gifts received from the faithful of all nations. But the money which pours into the Vatican from the contributions of Catholics all over Christendom is only held in trust, to be expended in support of missions, of poor bishoprics, and of such devout and charitable organizations as need help, wherever they may be. That nothing may be lost which can possibly be applied to a good purpose is one of Leo XIII.'s most constant preoccupations. He has that marvelous memory for little things which many great leaders and sovereigns have had; he remembers not only faces and names, but figures and facts, with surprising and sometimes discomfiting accuracy; and he has the rare faculty of carrying all details, as it were, upon the clear main lines of any subject, instead of smothering the subject itself out of sight under a heap of minutiæ—a failing which is especially that of uselessly gifted people. It is better to know something of the proportion between big things and little things than to know all the little things thoroughly and forget all the big ones.

In Leo XIII.'s private life, as distinguished from his public and political career, what is most striking is the combination of shrewdness and simplicity in the best sense of both words. Like Pius IX., he has most firmly set his face against doing anything which could be construed as financially advantageous to his family, who are good gentlefolk and well to do in the world, but no more. All that he has as pope he holds in trust for the Church in the most literal acceptation of the term. The contributions of Catholics, on being received, are immediately invested in securities bearing interest, which securities are again sold as may be necessary for current needs, and expended for the welfare of Catholic Christianity. Every penny is most carefully accounted for. These moneys are generally invested in Italian national bonds—a curious fact, and indicative of considerable confidence in the existing state of things, as well as a significant guarantee of the Vatican's good faith toward the monarchy. It is commonly said in Rome among bankers that the Vatican makes the market price of Italian bonds. Whether this be true or not, it is an undeniable fact that the finances of the Vatican are under the direct and exceedingly thrifty control of the Pope himself. To some extent we may be surprised to find so much plain common sense surviving in the character of one who has so long followed a spiritual career, who has reached the highest ecclesiastical and temporal distinction in the world, and who has held that exalted position for eighteen years with a force, a dignity, and a skill rarely exhibited in combination by any sovereign. We should not look for such practical wisdom in Gregory

DRAWN BY W. F. CURTIS, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH.

PRIVATE STUDY OF THE POPE.



DRAWN BY E. J. MEEKER, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH.

PRIVATE LIBRARY WHERE THE COUNCILS OF CARDINALS ARE HELD.

the Great; we should not have found it in Pius IX. But the times are changed since the days of St. Gregory, and are most changed since yesterday. The head of the Catholic Church to-day must be modern man, statesman, and administrator as well as Holy Father—and he is all four in the august person of Leo XIII.; he must be able to cope with difficulties as well as with heresies; he must lead his men as well as guide his flock; he must be the Church's steward as well as her consecrated arch-head; he must be the reformer of manners as well as the preserver of faith; he must be the understander of men's venial mistakes as well as the censor of their mortal sins.

Battles for belief are no longer fought with books and dogmas, opinions and theories. Everything may serve nowadays, from money, which is the fuel of nations, to wit, which is the weapon of the individual; and the man who would lose no possible vantage must have both a heavy hand and a light touch; a swift thrust and a quick parry are better to-day than Gregory's « swashing blow » or the ax of the king-maker.

Leo XIII. is a leader by his simple nature and energetic character, as well as by his position and the circumstances of the times—the leader of a great organization of Christian men and women spreading all over the world; the leader of a vast body of human thought; the leader of a great conservative army which will play a large part in any coming struggle. He will not be here to direct when the battle begins, but he will leave a strong position for his successor to defend, and great weapons for him to wield, since he has done more to simplify and strengthen the Church's organization than a dozen popes have done in the last two centuries. Men of such character fight future campaigns many times over in their thoughts while all the world is at peace around them, and when the time comes at last, though they themselves be gone, the spirit they called up still lives to lead and conquer, the weapons they forged lie ready for other hands, the roads they built are broad and straight for the march of other feet, and they, in their graves, have their share in the victories that come after them.

F. Marion Crawford.

NELSON AT CAPE ST. VINCENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF «INFLUENCE OF SEA POWER UPON HISTORY.»

FOR nearly two centuries Great Britain has been a Mediterranean power, and has attached the first importance to her position and influence in that sea. When the year 1796 opened, her fleet there numbered over twenty ships of the line, commanded by Sir John Jervis, a veteran of sixty-two, of singularly determined character, an admirable organizer and disciplinarian. Under his able administration it soon became one of the finest bodies of sailing ships of war that have ever been gathered under the same flag.

Yet, before the year ended, the government felt compelled to withdraw this superb fleet and its resolute admiral from the Mediterranean, which she entirely abandoned for over eighteen months to her enemies. The cause of this extreme step, bitterly resented by men like Nelson, then one of its officers, was the tide of disaster which throughout the year set steadily against England and the states friendly to her in Italy. Her allies, the Sardinians and Austrians, had been successively overthrown. Sardinia had made peace with France, and the Austrians had been driven out of Lombardy, retaining possession only of the strong fortress of Mantua, which was closely blockaded by the French. Naples, which was of service through the use of its port, and the anxiety it necessarily caused to the French, was wavering and ready to submit if seriously threatened.

Upon these causes of danger followed a declaration of war by Spain. Three years before, the peninsular kingdom had declared against France. In 1795, thoroughly beaten and disheartened, it made peace. In the summer of 1796, swayed by the successful advance of the French armies in Germany and Italy, it entered into alliance, offensive and defensive, with the republic. This brought the Spanish navy into the war, and twenty-six of its heaviest vessels gathered in the western Mediterranean, making, in conjunction with the French at Toulon, thirty-eight ships of the line. Upon this the British government ordered Jervis to evacuate Corsica, which had been held for over two years, and to retire with the fleet to Gibraltar. Thence it again fell back to Lisbon, where it was assembled in December, 1797, having, meantime, by various accidents, been reduced to ten ships of the line.

The French government had now recognized that their chief enemy was Great Britain, and that upon her sea power the issue of the war was depending. It thought that if a corps of 20,000 men could be landed in Ireland, the effect, succeeding the other disasters of the year, would force a peace. To support this movement the Spanish alliance was invoked, and twenty-seven ships of the line sailed from Cartagena for Cadiz on February 1. The Rock of Gibraltar was passed on the 5th, in heavy easterly weather, the continuance of which during the following week not only prevented the fleet, which was ill manned and ill disciplined, from reaching Cadiz, but drove it one hundred and fifty miles to the northward and westward of that port, into the neighborhood of Cape St. Vincent, on the Portuguese coast, where it was met by Sir John Jervis on the 14th.

Jervis with his ten ships had quitted Lisbon on January 18, 1797, and after some incidental services, needless to particularize, had taken his station off Cape St. Vincent, where he was well placed for intercepting communication between the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, and also for covering Lisbon, a hundred miles north of the cape, from any attempts made upon it from the sea. The French and Spanish governments were then understood to contemplate an attack upon Portugal, as the ally of Great Britain; and the project of forcing the entrance to the Tagus was openly discussed in France—probably, however, as a ruse to divert attention from the intended invasion of Ireland. This position of the British fleet had been communicated to the home government as the rendezvous where either it or one of its

lookouts would always be found; and here, on February 6, Jervis was joined by a reinforcement of five ships of the line from England, raising the total under his command to fifteen.

During the following week, although the actual collision of the 14th had some of the features of a surprise for the Spaniards, neither of the hostile fleets was quite ignorant of the other's proximity. Jervis's information, however, was both fuller and more accurate than that of his enemy, who, by the report of a passing American merchantman, had been led to believe that the British numbered but nine ships of the line—a delusion that doubtless contributed to the careless disorder in which the Spaniards were found at the critical moment. The British admiral, on the contrary, had fairly accurate knowledge of the numbers about to confront him, and wrote on the 7th that he had learned they were about to leave Cartagena for the Straits. But, better than mere knowledge of numbers, he and his officers had had abundant opportunity to observe the indiscipline and inefficiency of the Spanish navy. Months before, while still at Corsica, he had written home: «The extreme disorder and confusion the enemy was observed to be in, by the judicious officers who fell in with them, leaves no doubt on my mind that a fleet so trained and, generally, well commanded as this is would have made its way through them in every direction.» And while waiting off Cape St. Vincent he said to a young commander of a brig which had brought him precise details of the enemy's great superiority: «Notwithstanding the disparity of force, with such stuff as I have about me I shall attack them, and England shall hear of them.»

The day before the battle—February 13—Jervis was joined by Nelson, then a commodore under his orders. The title commodore was one given to officers of the rank of captain when in command of several ships—a position which had then for some time been occupied by Nelson, who did not become an admiral until a few days after this battle. When the fleet reached Gibraltar in the previous December, he had been sent back to the Mediterranean with a couple of frigates on a special mission. Returning, he touched at Gibraltar on February 9, remaining until the 11th. There were then in the bay, but in the Spanish part of it, three Spanish ships of the line belonging to Cordova's fleet, but temporarily detached at the port. When Nelson sailed, these pursued him, and the frigate which carried him was for some time in imminent danger of capture. She escaped, however; but that same night she fell into the midst of the grand fleet itself, being for some time entangled with it. Fortunately she was taken for one of their own frigates; and edging away gradually,—for any decisive change of course would have aroused suspicion,—she succeeded in drawing out from among the enemy before daylight revealed the presence of a stranger. The next day she was out of their sight, and on the 13th, shortly after noon, rejoined the commander-in-chief. At 6 P. M., it being at that time of the year a little after dark, Nelson went on board the *Captain*, a ship of the line of the most usual size, with two gun-decks, and carrying seventy-four guns. The broad swallow-tailed pennant, the distinguishing mark of a ship on board which a commodore serves, was then hauled down from the frigate and run up at the mainmast-head of the *Captain*, where it flew the following day. On board the *Victory*, a ship of a hundred guns, upon three decks, there was in like manner hoisted the square flag which betokened the rank of Jervis as the commander-in-chief—at the main, because he was a full admiral, and blue in color, because he belonged to the Blue Squadron of the British navy, considered as one great fleet.

The tidings brought by Nelson were particularly valuable, because there came with him two British lieutenants who had been prisoners in Cartagena on board one of the Spanish ships, and had sailed with the fleet as far as Gibraltar, where they were exchanged during the short stay of the frigate at that port. They had, therefore, had particular and prolonged facilities for noting not only the exact force, but the manœuvering power and general efficiency of the enemy's vessels, the knowledge of which could not but confirm Jervis in his purpose to fight at all hazards. This determination being now decisively and finally reached, signal was made to the fleet to prepare for battle, and to keep in close order during the night. The ships were formed in two columns, a disposition more compact than the single line of battle, which from its greater length tended more to straggling, and in thick weather might entail permanent separation.

The atmosphere had for two or three days been hazy, and at times even foggy, a circumstance which delayed the hostile fleets from seeing each other, and also, like most difficulties, favored the more efficient. The easterly wind that had so long prevailed now changed to the west; and as the news brought, not by Nelson only, but by the scouting vessels of

the fleet, indicated that the Spaniards were to the westward, the British stood slowly to the southward, to cross the track which the enemy would probably follow in his wish to reach Cadiz. The course steered was south by west, or south-southwest—that is, a little to the westward of south itself; more westerly the wind would not allow them to head. That afternoon Sir John Jervis entertained at dinner several distinguished persons, officers and others; and as the company broke up, before returning to their ships, they drank the toast, «Victory over the Dons in the battle which they cannot escape to-morrow.»

With the change of wind the Spaniards naturally shaped their course for Cadiz, upon which, and not upon the British fleet, their minds had from the first been set. The direction taken, east-southeast, was nearly perpendicular to that of their enemy, both fleets thus running down by the shortest road toward the point where the two tracks met; but the general slovenliness and inefficiency which at this time characterized the Spaniards at sea were painfully evident, and their ships were strung out irregularly on a long line of twelve or fourteen miles. By morning, in the haze and through their own neglect they had become divided into two groups, of which the leading, and therefore the leeward, one, of six ships, was separated by an interval of eight miles from the other, of twenty-one ships. The latter, from its size, will be called the main body.

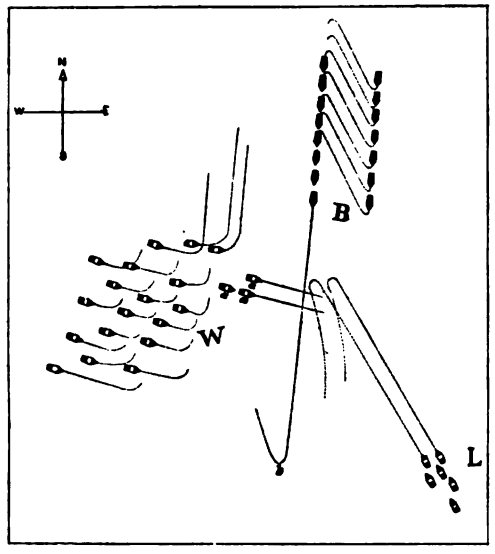
Sir John Jervis, with a half-century of naval experience behind him, was not only a man of singular energy, and thoroughly master of his profession in all its details, but possessed also an unusual power of bearing responsibility. Nevertheless, fearless though he was, and confident in the powers of his fleet, which he had for fifteen months subjected to a drill and discipline like that of Cromwell's Ironsides, he was too well aware of the tremendous risk he had assumed to relax for an instant the vigilant supervision upon which victory must depend. Though one of the half-dozen most distinguished officers of the British navy, he had never before commanded a fleet in action; and now, in willingly and deliberately going to meet such heavy odds, he was staking his reputation, the hard-won fruit of a lifetime, upon a hazard which in case of failure would be condemned as folly. He did it because he felt that his country, in this hour of accumulated disaster, needed a brilliant counter-stroke.

Through the first and middle watches of the night the signal-guns of the hostile fleet were heard from time to time in the southwest, on the weather bow of the British ships, as the dark hulls, in close array, moved noiselessly and slowly along the appointed path, ready, watchful, and silent. Others slept, but not the admiral; and as the sound of the guns became more and more audible, telling of the gradually lessening distance between the foes, he sent from time to time to ask what the keen eyes of the seamen on watch, peering through the darkness and the misty air, could make out of the order and positions of his own fleet, in which the *Victory*, as flag-ship, held a central position. Always an early riser, long before daylight he was pacing the deck; and as the dawn enabled him to see for himself, and clearly, with what success the ships had held their stations during the night, his sense of relief found utterance in an ejaculation of satisfaction at the «admirable close order» in which they were. «I wish,» he added, «that we were now well up with the enemy; for»—and this was the key to his action and his anxiety—«a victory is very essential to England at this moment.»

The Spanish admiral was more unconcerned. Secure in a superiority of numbers actually in the proportion of over five to three, and which, from the erroneous information received, he believed to be even greater, he appears to have made no attempt to keep his fleet in hand. Possibly he thought the effort hopeless, with so unpractised a force. Be this as it may, while the British had held so close together that it is asserted each ship could throughout the night have been hailed by voice from the one next her, the Spaniards had scattered as already described; yet it is said that their admiral felt so little anxiety that he made no reply to his lookout frigate signaling the British approach, until her captain, to extort attention, reported that there were forty ships of the enemy in sight—a ludicrous exaggeration that naturally startled, not the admiral only, but also the fleet, which was not near enough to detect its falsity.

At 5 A. M. Jervis was joined by the lookout frigate *Niger*, which had kept in view of the Spaniards the day before. Her captain reported that he had but a few hours since lost sight of them, and that they were now probably not over twelve miles distant. At 6:30, it being then daylight, the leading British ship, the *Culloden*, seventy-four, reported five sail to the southward and westward, and a small sloop of war was sent ahead to reconnoiter, the fleet proceeding under moderate

canvas. As it advanced, and more and more enemies loomed up out of the haze, the customary reports succeeded one another in monotonous yet somewhat exciting rotation. «There are eight sail of the line, Sir John.» «Very well, sir.» «There are twenty sail of the line, Sir John.» «Very well, sir.» «There are twenty-five sail of the line, Sir John.» «Very well, sir.» The admiral had by this time been joined by Captain Hallowell, an officer of very distinguished merit, but of eccentric character. His ship had been lost during his temporary absence on other duty, two months before, and he was now present only as a passenger. When the final report of twenty-seven ships was made, the admiral's chief of staff ventured a remonstrance on the inequality of force. «Enough of that, sir,» retorted the admiral. «If there are fifty sail, I will go through them.» Jervis was not a man with whom liberties could well be taken, but Hallowell was not to be restrained.



DRAWN BY D. S. KEELER.

FIG. 1. BATTLE OF CAPE ST. VINCENT, FEBRUARY 14, 1797. ▮ BRITISH SHIPS. ▯ SPANISH SHIPS. 10:45 A. M. WIND, WEST BY SOUTH.

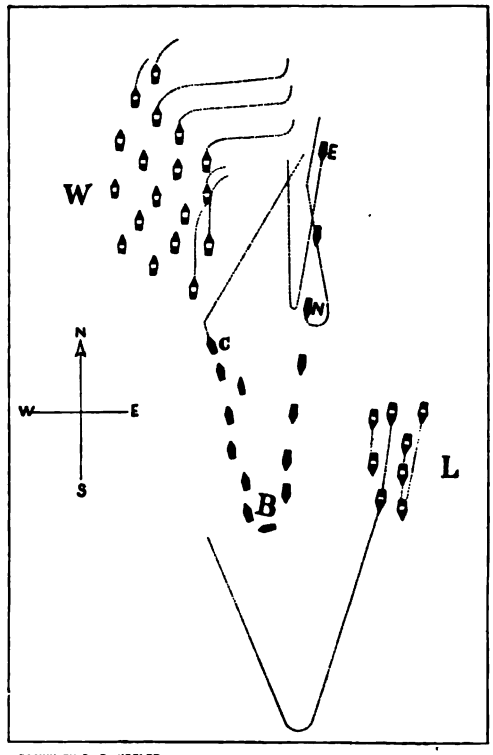
B, British fleet, in two columns, forming in single column; W, Spanish weather division, 21 ships, steering E. S. E. before the wind, change to N. by E.; L, Spanish lee division, six ships, on the wind port tack seeking to join weather division; a, a, a, three Spanish ships from weather division cross the British advance and join the lee division; b, British column tacks in pursuit of Spanish weather division. (From "Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire," by Captain A. T. Mahan.)

«That 's right, Sir John!» cried he, patting him on the back; «and, by ——, we 'll give them a d—d good licking!»

At 10:30 A. M. the deliberate but steady advance of the two fleets had brought the British within four miles of the Spanish line, heading directly for the great opening which still separated the lee group of six ships from the main body to windward (Fig. 1). Jervis's plan of action, as yet held in suspense, but gradually forming as the situation developed, was now fixed. Already at 9:30 A. M., when the fatal interval in the enemy's array was ascertained, he had ordered a half-dozen of his fastest ships of the line to hasten forward to prevent the divisions uniting. Three of the main body had succeeded in passing across, raising the lee group from six to nine; but it was evident that no more could do so before the arrival of the British in the gap. Signal was therefore made for the two columns to form into one, the fighting order, «as most convenient»; that is, that the ships should each take the place, before and behind the admiral, which they could then most rapidly reach. This movement was executed, to use Jervis's words, «with the utmost celerity,» and at eleven the single column was standing south-southwest, still straight for the breach in the enemy's line—the *Culloden*, Captain Trowbridge, leading; the *Victory*, seventh; Nelson's ship, the *Captain*, thirteenth; and Collingwood, in the *Excellent*, bringing up the rear.

The Spaniards had by this been rudely roused out of their apathy to a realization of their danger. The main body continued to stand on, for it was already headed for the separated lee ships; but the latter, also seeking to rejoin, had, after some vacillations, settled down to steer north-northwest, as nearly the reverse of their former course—east-southeast—as the wind, before which they had been running, would allow. It was too late. The British were nearer the gap than themselves, and before noon the *Culloden* with her next astern had interposed, while over a mile still separated the two Spanish divisions.

The battle had begun before this. The Spanish main body, headed by two three-decked ships, had persisted in standing east-southeast, apparently hoping to bluff the *Culloden* from her course by the prospect of having one or more vessels so much larger than herself run directly on board her. The first lieutenant reported the danger to Trowbridge. «I can't help it, Griffiths,» he replied; «let the weakest fend off.» As the two enemies drew thus together, the *Culloden's* broadside began to bear, from forward aft, in succession, as she advanced. Her fire opened at once with guns double-shotted, after the manner of those days; the reports following each other with such steady regularity as to resemble, to use Trowbridge's expression, a salute timed



DRAWN BY D. B. KEELER.

FIG. 2. BATTLE OF CAPE ST. VINCENT. 1 P. M.

B, British fleet in single column tacking in succession; W, Spanish weather division, 18 ships, standing N. by E., keep off east to join lee division by passing British rear; L, Spanish lee division seeking to join weather division; N, Nelson's ship, the *Captain*, leaves her line to head off Spanish weather division; C, the *Culloden*, British van ship, joins and supports Nelson, followed by other van ships; E, the *Excellent*, Collingwood's ship, tacks by signal for the same purpose. (From "Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire," by Captain A. T. Mahan.)

«by a seconds watch, in the silence of a port-admiral's inspection.» The Spaniard's obstinacy had left him at a disadvantage to receive this murderous onslaught, for the *Culloden's* guns bore first. Abandoning his purpose, he now hauled rapidly toward the wind until he headed about north, thus turning to the enemy his other side, upon which, it is said, the guns had not even been cast loose, and so could not at once return the *Culloden's* fire. His movement was imitated by the whole Spanish main body, which ran in a confused column to the northward, nearly parallel, but opposite in direction, to the advancing British column, with which it exchanged distant broadsides. Thus was given up the attempt to cross ahead of the British in order to join the lee division (Fig. 2).

The latter, meantime, had continued to steer north-northwest, and it also manifested the intention of forcing its way through the British to its consorts to windward. As it drew up to the enemy's line it found, not the *Culloden*, but the *Victory*, barring the way. The latter stopped,—hove to, as seamen say,—laying the maintopsail aback, to deaden her way. The approach of the Spaniard,—here also a three-decker, with a vice-admiral's flag,—being nearly perpendicular to the *Victory's* course, entailed the same disadvantage as was undergone by the *Culloden's* opponent. Her guns would not bear, her enemy's did. Jervis's seamen were practised gunners. «Keep men at sea,» he used to say, «and they will generally become seamen; but gunnery must be drilled into them.» The *Victory's* well-aimed broadside swept through the crowded decks, and this body of Spaniards also went about, heading south-southwest, a course similar to that of the British, and opposite to that of their main body.[1] The *Victory* then resumed her speed, following her next ahead.

Two attempts of the Spaniards to unite had thus been frustrated; but it was imperative upon them to renew the effort. A divided force has got far toward being a beaten force. Meanwhile the *Culloden* and the ships behind her, still standing in the same direction as before, and engaging successively the vessels of the Spanish main body, had come nearly abreast the rear ships of the latter. Jervis's purpose was now to reverse the course, to follow the weather division of the enemy, and to bring it to decisive action without the support of the lee ships. This, if realized, would make the odds, in actual encounter, British fifteen, Spanish nineteen.

The signal was therefore made to tack in succession. Trowbridge had so anticipated this that his answering pennant was already hoisted; rolled up, however, after the manner of the sea, and needing but a turn of a wrist to fly out. The flags on the *Victory*, therefore, were no sooner up than Jervis saw, by the flapping of the *Culloden's* sails, that his order was being executed. «Look at Trowbridge!»[2] he cried exultingly. «He handles his ship in battle as though the eyes of all England were upon him; and would to God they were, that she might know him as I know him!» Ship following ship tacked at

[1] There was to this general procedure a single exception. One of the Spanish lee division steered north-northeast instead of south-southwest; and, passing the British rear, succeeded thus in reaching the main body. This raised the latter to nineteen ships, eight remaining to leeward.

[2] This eminent officer, whom Nelson esteemed the best in the navy, and Jervis second only to Nelson, rose to be a rear-admiral, and was lost at sea ten years later; his flag-ship, the *Blenheim*, having never been heard from after she left the East Indies for England, in 1807.

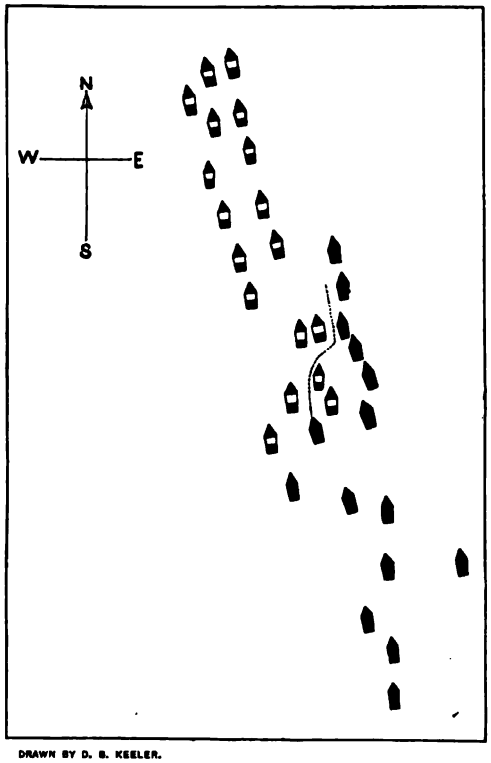
the same point, the effect being to range the British ships on a line between north and north-northwest, following close the Spanish main body. The lee division of the Spaniards continued to stand south-southwest for the time.

Jervis's new step entailed upon him one serious disadvantage. As each ship was standing on to the point where the *Culloden* tacked, while the Spanish main body was receding from it, the effect of the two movements would be gradually to remove the British rear from the position in which it had hitherto effectually separated the two sections of the enemy. If completed, Jervis's column would be following the Spaniards, its van possibly overtaking and lapping their rear; but abreast their van would for a while be no British ships to prevent it from crossing and joining the lee group. Upon this chance was based Cordova's next move, which brought Nelson so conspicuously «to the front» in every sense of the phrase, physically on this field of battle, as well as in personal renown and in future opportunity.

It will be remembered that Nelson's ship, the *Captain*, was thirteenth in the order, only two being behind her. At 1 P.M., taking his own account, the *Captain* had passed the rear of the Spanish main body, but had not yet reached the common point of tacking. Jervis ought by this time to have seen the mistake of allowing the rear of his column to go so far in a direction opposite to the particular enemies whom he meant to attack; but if he did, he had taken no steps to remedy the evil. At this moment, and in the position stated, Nelson saw the Spanish main body by a simultaneous movement change course to the eastward, to cross the line over which the British had just come, and, by passing astern of their rear ship, the *Excellent*, to find a clear sea for joining their comrades to leeward.

This was the crisis of the battle; and owing to the rapidity with which ships move, and the slow methods of transmitting orders from one to the other, there was no time for signaling. Fortunate indeed was it for Jervis that Nelson was in the rear of the column. Not waiting to reach the point where the *Culloden* tacked, the *Captain's* helm was instantly put up, the ship turned short round, all sail made, and, steering between the fourteenth and the rear ship of her own fleet,—the *Diadem* and the *Excellent*,—she pressed toward the head of the British column, passed beyond it, and threw herself in front of and across the track of the Spaniards; much as one of the latter had attempted at the opening of the fight to stop the *Culloden*, but with different results. Nelson being immediately joined by Trowbridge, who till now had continued to lead the fleet, and by whom, to use Nelson's words, «I was most nobly supported,» the Spaniards relinquished the attempt. They hauled up again to north-northwest, and resumed their flight.

Thus it happened, to use Jervis's own words, that «Commodore Nelson, who was in the rear on the starboard tack, took the lead on the larboard, and contributed very much to the fortune of the day.» Much, indeed! for never was a more timely or a more daring act done upon a field of battle. So much, did he take the lead that for some time—Nelson reckoned it an hour, but it was probably less—the *Captain* and the *Culloden* stood alone, facing the fire of half a dozen of the enemy's vessels, among them that of the Spanish admiral, the *Santisima Trinidad*, of 130 guns, then the biggest ship in the world, which afterward sank at Trafalgar. Of the total British loss, among fifteen ships, over a fourth—nearly a third—fell upon the *Captain*, and much more than a third upon her and the *Culloden* together. But Jervis, if he had not directed the movement, quickly saw its merit, and



DRAWN BY D. B. KEELER.

FIG. 3. BATTLE OF CAPE ST. VINCENT.

PAINTED BY JOHN HOPPNER. ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

JOHN JERVIS, EARL ST. VINCENT.

signaled the *Excellent* to imitate and support it. Collingwood was thus brought from the rear to insure and share the triumph of his old friend and messmate; the other van ships, some sooner, some later, arriving at about the same time.

Thus the battle was won. What had preceded was the preliminary manœuvering to obtain a great tactical advantage. What followed was the culling of the fruits of victory already achieved. Many a hard blow was yet to be exchanged, but there could be only one result. The scales turned in those few dazzling moments when Nelson seized the key of the position, and Jervis ordered up the reinforcements which enabled it to be held.

The strife now raged about the rear of the Spanish main division, a formidable mass in itself, but in confusion, and handicapped by the inefficiency of its own units and the surpassing skill of Jervis's remarkable body of captains. Passing for the most part to leeward of the enemy, the successive British ships, from the *Captain* on, concentrated their fire upon the rear third of the main body (Fig. 3). Of the four heavy ships that were captured, all were in the rear, and all had shared in the unique combat, where, for an appreciable time, Nelson and Trowbridge had held them at bay. Disordered, and crippled in spars and rigging by the oft-renewed broadsides which they thus underwent from ships comparatively fresh, they tended more and more to drop behind their center and van, which had received little or no punishment. Cordova's flag-ship, the *Santisima Trinidad*, was in the midst of this mêlée, and so badly handled as to be reduced to a wreck. Several

British officers—notably Sir James Saumarez, one of the greatest of his generation—affirmed that she struck; but possession was not taken, and she ultimately escaped.

Upon this scene of confusion the *Excellent* entered; and this ship, with the *Captain*, bore the most conspicuous parts that have been transmitted to us in the brilliant and singularly dramatic episodes with which the fighting concluded. It was a marked coincidence that here linked so closely together the names of the two great seamen, Nelson and Collingwood, who eight years later led the columns at the crowning victory of Trafalgar, and many years before had been young officers at the same mess-table. The *Captain* had at this time lost one of her principal spars, the foretopmast; her sails were riddled, the wheel was shot away, and the rigging necessary for manœuvering the ship cut to pieces. To use Nelson's words, she «had not a sail, shroud, or rope standing, and was incapable of further service in the line [of battle] or in chase.» In consequence, being herself scarcely manageable,—the *Culloden* having now dropped behind crippled, out of supporting range, and the *Blenheim*, which had come up and passed the two, having fallen to leeward,—the *Captain*, almost unaided, was at this time being fired upon by three first-rates of over 100 guns each, the *San Nicolas*, of 80, and a 74. The *Excellent*, coming up from the rear, passed between two great Spanish ships, the *Salvador del Mundo*, of 112 guns, and the *San Isidro*, 74, which had dropped astern, and into which, from each hand, she in alternation discharged the forty double-shotted guns of which her broadside consisted. But let Nelson and Collingwood themselves here tell their tales, written for friends immediately after the battle, with its vivid realities and its heat still fresh on mind and temper:

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE, AFTER ENGRAVING BY C. TURNER. COLLECTION OF W. C. CRANE.

ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD.

PAINTED BY SIR W. BEECHEY. ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. COLLECTION OF W. C. CRANE.

SIR THOMAS TROWBRIDGE.

The first ship we engaged [says Collingwood to his wife] was the *San Salvador del Mundo*, of 112 guns, a first-rate; we were not further from her when we began than the length of our garden. Her colors soon came down, and her fire ceased. I hailed, and asked if they surrendered; and when by signs made by a man who stood by the colors I understood that they had, I left her to be taken possession of by somebody behind, and made sail for the next, but was very much surprised on looking back to find her colors up again, and her battle recommenced. We very soon came up with the next, the *San Isidro*, 74, so close alongside that a man might jump from one ship to the other. Our fire carried all before it, and in ten minutes she hauled down her colors; but I had been deceived once, and obliged this fellow to hoist English colors before I left him, and made a signal for somebody behind to board him, when the Admiral ordered the *Lively* frigate to take charge of him.

Collingwood still pressed on. « Disdaining,» says Nelson, « the parade of taking possession of beaten enemies, he most gallantly pushed up to save his old friend and messmate, who was, to appearance, in a critical situation,» surrounded by Spanish ships as just before described. The *Excellent* interposed—a nearly fresh ship—between the *Captain* and her nearest enemy.

Making all sail [resumes Collingwood], passing between our own line and the enemy, we came up with the *San Nicolas*, of 80 guns, which happened at the time to be abreast of the *San Josef*, of 112 guns; we did not touch sides, but you could not put a bodkin between us, so that our shot passed through both ships, and, in attempting to extricate themselves, they got on board each other. My good friend, the Commodore [Nelson], had been long engaged with those ships, and I came happily to his relief, for he was dreadfully mauled. Having engaged them till their fire ceased on me, though their colors were not down, I went on to the *Santisima Trinidad*, the Spanish Admiral Cordova's ship, of 132 guns, on four complete

decks — such a ship as I never saw before. By this time our masts, sails, and rigging were so much shot, that we could not get so near her as I would have been; but near enough to receive much injury from her both in my men and ship. We were engaged an hour with this ship, and trimmed her well. She was a complete wreck. Several others of our ships came up, and engaged her at the same time; but evening approaching, and the fresh Spaniards coming down upon us, the admiral made the signal to withdraw, carrying off the four ships that had surrendered to our fleet.

Collingwood's action, here described in his own spirited words, conveys a graphic and clear impression of the scenes through which a ship passed in the heat of an action, when once the general direction had been imparted to the attack and the battle fairly joined. It was exceptional only as guided in this case by a man of unusual skill, calmness, and judgment, actuated by the noblest ideals, and favored with a special opportunity. It was like that of many other ships in many other battles, from which it differed in degree rather than in kind. While the same may perhaps be said of Nelson's action which followed the passing of the *Excellent*, yet to that was also granted that stamp of originality which characterized all the chief situations of life in that extraordinary man — extraordinary alike in his genius and in his weakness. Here also we may use the hero's own words, though his style is far from equaling that of his companion in arms.

The *San Nicolas*, luffing up (towards the *San Josef*), the latter fell on board her,[1] and the *Excellent* passing on for the *Santa Trinidad*, the *Captain* resumed her situation abreast of them, close alongside. Being incapable of further service in the line, . . . I directed Captain Miller to put the helm a-starboard,[2] and calling for the boarders, ordered them to board.

The soldiers of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, with an alacrity which will ever do them credit, with Lieutenant Pierson of the same regiment, were amongst the foremost on this service. The first man who jumped into the enemy's mizen chains was Captain Berry, late my first lieutenant. He was supported from our spritsail-yard; and a soldier of the Sixty-ninth Regiment having broke the upper quarter-gallery window, jumped in, followed by myself and others, as fast as possible. I found the cabin doors fastened, and the Spanish officers fired their pistols at us through the windows, but having broke open the doors, the soldiers fired, and the Spanish brigadier (commodore, with a distinguishing pendant) fell as retreating to the quarter-deck. Having pushed on the quarter-deck, I found Captain Berry in possession of the poop, and the Spanish ensign hauling down. The *San Josef* at this moment fired muskets and pistols from the admiral's stern-gallery on us. Our seamen by this time were in full possession of every part: about seven of my men were killed and some few wounded, and about twenty Spaniards.

Having placed sentinels at the different ladders, and ordered Captain Miller to push more men into the *San Nicolas*, I directed my brave fellows to board the first-rate, which was done in a moment. When I got into her main-chains, a Spanish officer came upon the quarter-deck rail, without arms, and said the ship had surrendered. From this welcome information it was not long before I was on the quarter-deck, when the Spanish captain, with a bended knee, presented me his sword, and told me the admiral was dying with his wounds below. I gave him my hand, and desired him to call to his officers and ship's company that the ship had surrendered, which he did; and on the quarter-deck of a Spanish first-rate, extravagant as the story may seem, did I receive the swords of the vanquished Spaniards, which, as I received, I gave to William Fearney, one of my bargemen, who placed them with the greatest *sang-froid* under his arm. I was surrounded by Captain Berry, Lieutenant Pierson (Sixty-ninth Regiment), John Sykes, John Thompson, Francis Cook, and William Fearney, all old Agamemnons, and several other brave men, seamen and soldiers. Thus fell these ships. The *Victory*, passing, saluted us with three cheers, as did every ship in the fleet.

The letters that passed next day from ship to ship between these two gallant friends are pleasant reading to those who rejoice in seeing self forgotten in generous appreciation of another's worth — worth which neither in this case can be said to exaggerate.

MY DEAR GOOD FRIEND [wrote Collingwood]: First let me congratulate you on the success of yesterday, on the brilliancy it attached to the British navy, and the humility it must cause to its enemies; and then let me congratulate my dear Commodore on the distinguished part which he ever takes when the honor and interests of his country are at stake. It added very much to the satisfaction I felt in thumping the Spaniards that I released you a little. The highest rewards are due to you and *Culloden*. You formed the plan of attack — we were only accessories to the Dons' ruin; for had they got on the other tack, they would have been sooner joined, and the business would have been less complete.

Nelson's letter crossed Collingwood's:

MY DEAREST FRIEND: "A friend in need is a friend indeed" was never more truly verified than by your most noble and gallant con-

[1] That is, the two ships lay together, in contact.

[2] When the wheel has been shot away, as the *Captain's* had been, the ship is steered by tackles, efficiently, though awkwardly.

PAINTED BY F. L. ABBOTT. ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

HORATIO, VISCOUNT NELSON.

duct yesterday in sparing the *Captain* from further loss; and I beg, both as a public officer and a friend, you will accept my most sincere thanks. I have not failed, by letter to the admiral, to represent the eminent services of the *Excellent*. . . . We shall meet at Lagos; but I could not come near you without assuring you how sensible I am of your assistance in nearly a critical situation. Believe me, as ever, your most affectionate HORATIO NELSON.

While these closing scenes of the battle were in progress, the lee division of the Spaniards, now consisting, as will be remembered, of eight ships, continued to stand away from the combatants, to the south-southwest, close to the wind, until they had got well to windward of the British positions. This they were the sooner able to do because all the engaged ships, both Spaniards and British, had gone off from the wind, and the latter had deliberately and properly engaged their enemy to leeward, cutting off escape in that direction. When it became certain that they could, by heading to the northward, pass to windward of the British, these ships went about, and stood up to join their commander-in-chief. By this move was finally effected, after three abortive attempts, the junction of the two Spanish bodies, which should never have been exposed by their admiral to the disastrous separation which befell them. As the eight ships drew up with the battered *Santisima Trinidad* and the other sufferers from the fray, some of the van also put about to their assistance. The prizes taken were not yet properly secured; several of the British were greatly crippled; the enemy, roughly handled though they had been, were still much superior in numbers and material force; and night was fast approaching. For all these reasons Jervis decided to discontinue the engagement, and secure the results already obtained. The British accordingly formed in line of battle, heading to the southward, the four prizes to leeward of them. The Spanish

fleet lay to windward in great confusion; but although it was in its power to attack, no attempt was made to repair the misfortunes of the day.

The vessels taken were the *Salvador del Mundo* and *San Josef*, both of 112 guns; the *San Nicolas*, of 84; and the *San Isidro*, of 74. The British loss was 300 killed and wounded; that of the Spaniards on board the prizes alone, 261 killed and 342 wounded—total, 603. The loss on board the other Spanish ships engaged is not known.

As a naval action the battle of Cape St. Vincent is distinguished by the firm resolution which, for sufficient reason, dared to engage against odds so great; by the promptitude and vigor with which was seized the unforeseen opportunity offered by the severance of the Spanish fleet; by the sound judgment which led Jervis to attack the weather division, though far larger, because the lee could not for a long time assist it; and finally, by the brilliant inspiration and dauntless courage which enabled Nelson to redeem in time the single capital oversight committed by the commander-in-chief. This combination of daring and judgment, of skilful direction with energetic determination to have none but great results, marked an epoch in naval history. Succeeding the dawn that glowed around the names of Rodney, of Howe, and of Hood, this achievement of Jervis's foretokened the near approach of that brilliant noontide of the British navy, which was coincident with the career of Nelson, and culminated at Trafalgar. Its timely importance, in the eyes of the government, was shown by the rewards bestowed upon the commander-in-chief. Already destined, for eminent services, to the lowest grade of the peerage, he was now at one step raised to the dignity of earl, with the title of St. Vincent, by which he is now best known to history.

As a political incident the importance of this battle can scarcely be overestimated. The strife between revolutionary France and the nations of Europe, although it had been in progress for over four years, was yet little more than beginning; but it had definitely assumed on the part of France the form of an armed propaganda, by which the principles adopted by herself were to be imposed upon all peoples, as far as her military strength could carry her. In its course, the issue of the struggle was to turn upon the sea-power of Great Britain, the only state and the only force that possessed at once the vitality of principle, and the power of endurance, capable of resisting to the uttermost the genius of Napoleon and the energy of the early revolutionary period. But, on the one hand, the success that ultimately crowned Great Britain's efforts was unattainable, if there was to continue the timid and halting system of naval warfare which, with no conspicuous exception,—save in the case of Lord Hood, who was soon retired,—marked for some time the first years of the struggle; and on the other hand, it was very probable that the resolution of the British people would succumb under an unbroken series of disasters such as had marked the year 1796, and was still awaiting them in 1797; for the year of Jervis's victory was also that of the great mutinies of the fleet, of the suspension of specie payments by the Bank of England, and of a despondent expectation that Ireland —if not Great Britain herself—would be invaded under cover of the combined fleets of France and Spain. It was at this moment of gloom, deepening almost to despair, that the news of the naval battle of Cape St. Vincent flashed across the otherwise unbroken darkness of the sky. It not only carried with it a hope of better things, of a turning tide, but it aroused that spirit of national pride and well-grounded self-confidence, that moral force, which is the chief support in a great trial of national endurance such as then lay before the British people. Jervis had well said, «A victory is very essential to England at this time.» When the scales tremble in the balance a feather's-weight may turn them. The victory of St. Vincent was no feather's-weight; but as, in itself, it carried the promise of the Nile and of Trafalgar, so, in the impulse it gave to the spirit of the nation, it was no slight factor in determining the course of events which led to Waterloo, and to Trafalgar, without which battle Waterloo could not have been.

A. T. Mahan.

DRAWN BY H. C. REINHART.

«‹DAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE!›»

[BEGUN IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.]

TOM GROGAN.

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH,

Author of «Colonel Carter of Cartersville,» «A Gentleman Vagabond,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES S. REINHART.

IX.

WHAT A SPARROW SAW.

EVER since the eventful morning when Carl had neglected the big gray for a stolen hour with Jennie, Cully had busied himself in devising ways of making the Swede's life miserable. With a boy's keen insight, he had discovered enough to convince him that Carl was «dead mashed on Jennie,» as he put it, but whether «for keeps» or not he had not yet determined. He had already enriched his songs with certain tender allusions to their present frame of mind and their future state of happiness. «Where was Moses when the light went out?» and «Little Annie Rooney» had undergone so great a change when sung at the top of Mr. James Finnegan's voice that the original warp and woof of those very popular melodies were entirely unrecognizable to any but the persons interested. This was Cully's invariable way of expressing his opinions on current affairs. He would sit on the front-board of his cart, —the big gray stumbling over the stones as he walked, the reins lying loose,—and fill the air with details of events passing in the village, with all the gusto of a variety actor. The impending strike at the brewery had been made the basis of a paraphrase of «Johnnie, get your gun»; and even McGaw's red head had come in for its share of abuse to the air of «Fire, boys, fire!» Now this new development of tenderness on the part of Carl for Jennie served to ring the changes on «Moses» and «Annie Rooney.»

Carl's budding hopes had been slightly frost-bitten by the cold look in Tom's eye when she asked him if it took an hour to give Jennie a tattered apron. He noticed, too, that he was no longer invited to join gran'pop's round-table after the day's work was done and the horses were fed, except at rare intervals when Tom was at home, or when the men were given their meals. He had always been a timid, shrinking fellow where a woman was concerned, having followed the sea and lived among men since he was sixteen years old. During these earlier years he had made two voyages in the Pacific, and another to the whaling-ground in the Arctic seas. On this last voyage, in a gale of wind, he had saved all the lives aboard a brig, the crew so helpless from scurvy that they were unable to make fast a life-line. When the relief-boat swamped, Carl sprang overboard, swam to the sinking vessel, and lowered the men, one by one, into the rescuing yawl. He could with perfect equanimity have faced a storm and rescued a second crew any hour of the day or night, but he could not face a woman's displeasure. What Tom wanted done was law to Carl. She had taken him out of the streets and given him a home, and he would serve her as long as he lived.

Gran'pop he always liked, and the old man liked him. On rainy days, or when work was dull in the winter months, he would often come into Carl's little chamber, next the harness-room in the stable, and sit on his bed by the hour. And Carl would tell him about his people at home, and show him the pictures tacked over his bed of his old mother with her white cap, and of the young sister who was soon to be married.

On Sundays Carl would follow Tom and her family to church, waiting until they had left the house. He always sat far back near the door, so that he could see them come out. Then he would overtake pop on his way home—with Patsy, whenever the little fellow could go. This was not often, for now there were many days when the boy had to lie all day on the lounge in the sitting-room, or play with Stumpy, brought into the kitchen to amuse him.

Since the day of Tom's warning look Carl

rarely joined her daughter. Jennie would idle along, speaking to the girls, but he would hang back. Somehow he knew that Tom did not want them together.

One spring morning, however, a new complication arose. Dennis Quigg had been lounging outside the church door during service, his silk hat and green satin necktie glistening in the sun. When Jennie tripped out Quigg started forward. The look on his face as with swinging shoulders he slouched along beside her sent a thrill of indignation through Carl. He could give her up himself, or wait until he should be bold enough to ask Tom for her, but he would not give her to a man like Quigg. Before the walking delegate had «passed the time of day» the young sailor was close beside Jennie, within touch of her hand.

There was no love lost between the two men. Carl had not forgotten the proposition Quigg had made to him to leave Tom's employ, nor had Quigg forgotten the uplifted shovel with which it had been greeted. Neither was there any well-defined jealousy. Mr. Walking Delegate Dennis Quigg, confidential agent of Branch No. 3, Knights of Labor, had too good an opinion of himself ever to look upon that «tow-headed duffer of a stable-boy,» as he called him, in the light of a rival. Nor could Carl for a moment think of that narrow-chested, red-faced, flashily dressed Knight as ever being able to make the slightest impression on «Mees Jan.»

Quigg, however, was more than welcome to Jennie to-day. The little hurt that always begins away down in a girl's heart—more a wounded pride than a hurt—had sent the hot color to her cheeks when she thought of Carl's apparent neglect. He had hardly spoken to her in weeks. What had she done that he should treat her so? She would show him that there were just as good fellows about as Mr. Carl Nilsson.

But all this faded out when Carl joined her—Carl, so straight, clear-skinned, brown, and ruddy; his teeth so white; his eyes so blue! She could see out of the corner of her eye how the hair curled in tiny rings on his temples.

Yet for all that, she talked to Quigg. And more than that, she gave Quigg her prayer-book to hold until she fixed her glove—the glove that needed no fixing at all. And she chattered on about the dance at the boat club, and the picnic which was to come off when the weather grew warmer.

And Carl walked silent beside her, with his head up and his heart down, and the tears almost in his eyes. Where did so sweet a soul as this girl-woman's learn so cruel an art?

When they reached the outer gate of the stable-yard, and Quigg had slouched off with-

DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

«'WHAT MAK' YOU NO LAK ME ANNA MORE, MEES JAN?'»

out even raising his hat,—in a certain class the absence of all courtesy stands for a mark of higher respect,—Carl swung back the gate, and held it open for her to pass in. Jennie loitered for a moment. There was a look in Carl's face she had not seen before. She had not meant to hurt him, she said to herself. They never do.

«What mak' you no lak me anna more, Mees Jan? I big annough to carry da buke,» said Carl.

«Why, how you talk, Carl! I never said such a word,» said Jennie, leaning over the fence, her heart fluttering.

A song-sparrow near by was heard singing a note of spring across the meadow. In the

shadow of the fence-post a dandelion had burst into bloom. Opal-tinted clouds with violet shadows were sailing above the low hill.

«Well, you nev' cam' to stable anna more, Mees Jan,» Carl said slowly, in a tender, pleading tone.

The girl reached through the fence for the golden flower. She dared not trust herself to look. She knew what was in his eyes.

«I get ta flower,» said Carl, vaulting the fence with one hand.

«No; please don't trouble. Oh, Carl!» she exclaimed suddenly. «The horrid brier! My hand 's all scratched!»

«Ah, Mees Jan, I so sorry! Let Carl see it,» he said, his voice melting. «I tak' ta brier out,» he added, pushing back the tangled briers.

«Oh, please do, Carl, it hurts so!» she said, laying her little round hand in the big, strong, horny palm that had held the life-line the night of the wreck. She did not care now. She wanted him to see—to know. And all the world could know too.

The song-sparrow clung to the swaying top of a last year's mullein-stalk, and poured out a strong, swelling, joyous song that well-nigh split its little throat.

When Tom called Jennie, half an hour later, the song in the girl's heart matched that of the sparrow.

X.

CULLY WINS BY A NECK.

McGAW'S triumph at obtaining the brewery contract was but short-lived. Schwartz had given him the work at Tom's price, not at his own. McGaw had accepted it, remembering his chattel mortgage. He hoped the profits would help him out. After he had been at work for a month, however, he found that somehow he ran behind. He began to see that, in spite of its boastings, the Union had really done nothing for him except to help him get the contract at a price so low as to cripple him. The Union, on the other hand, insisted that it had been McGaw's business to arrange his own terms with Schwartz. What it had done was to kill Grogan as a competitor, and knock her non-Union men out of the job. This ended its duty.

The real facts were that the Union was doubly glad when Tom withdrew and McGaw accepted the contract, even at Grogan's price. They had not forgotten Schwartz's stubborn fight of two years before. So far as outsiders would know, the Union had scored a brilliant victory. The Brooklyn and New York branches duly paraded it as another triumph over capital, and their bank-accounts were accordingly increased with new dues and collections.

About the tenements, however, and in the brewery itself, the true facts were well known. The women understood the situation, and many of them blessed Tom in their hearts. Schwartz learned of Tom's sacrifice, and determined to do away with all bidders next season, and to give her his hauling at any price she would name. Indeed, the very week after McGaw signed the contract, needing some extra horses, he had sent for her teams.

Just at this time the labor element in the village and vicinity was startled by an advertisement in the Rockville «Daily News,» signed by the clerk of the Board of Village Trustees, notifying contractors that thirty days thereafter, closing at nine o'clock P. M. precisely, separate sealed proposals would be received at the meeting-room of the board, over the post-office, for the hauling of 20,000 cubic yards of fine crushed stone for use on the public highways; bidders would be obliged to give suitable bonds, etc.; certified check for $500 to accompany each bid as guaranty, etc.

The news was a grateful surprise to the workingmen. The hauling and placing of so large an amount of material as soon as spring opened meant plenty of work for many shovelers and pickers. The local politicians, of course, had known all about it for weeks; especially those who owned property fronting on the streets to be improved, and who had helped the appropriation through the finance committee. McGaw, too, had known all about it from the very first day when the matter was discussed by the board; for those inside the ring had already decided that he would be the very man to haul the stone. The «steal,» they knew, could best be arranged in the tally of the carts—the final check on the scow measurement. They knew they could control McGaw's accounts, and thus the total result could be easily «fixed.» The stone itself had been purchased of the manufacturers the year before, but there were not funds enough to put it on the roads at that time.

Here, then, was McGaw's chance. With this contract in his possession he could cancel his debt with Crane and get even with the world. He began his arrangements at once. Police-Justice Rowan, the prospective candidate for the Assembly, who had acquired some landed property by the purchase of ex-

pired tax titles, agreed to furnish the certified check for $500 and to sign his bond for a consideration to be subsequently agreed upon. A brother of Rowan's, a contractor, who was finishing some grading at Quarantine Landing, had also consented, for a consideration, to loan McGaw what extra teams he required.

The size of the contract was so great, and the deposit check and bond were so large, that McGaw concluded at once that the competition would be narrowed down between himself and Rowan's brother, with Justice Rowan as backer, and perhaps one other firm from across the island, near New Brighton. His own advantage over other bidders was in his living on the spot, with his stables and teams near at hand.

Tom, he felt assured, was out of the way. Not only was the contract very much too large for her, requiring twice as many carts as she possessed, but now that the spring work was about to begin, and Babcock's sea-wall work to be resumed, she had all the stevedoring she could do for her own customers, without going outside for additional business.

Moreover, she had apparently given up the fight, for she had bid on no work of any kind since the morning she had called upon Schwartz and told him, in her blunt, frank way, «Give the work to McGaw at me price. It 's enough and fair. I 'll touch nothin' that 'll break the heart of any woman.»

During all these weeks Tom kept her own counsel. She knew McGaw would be her closest competitor, and she determined to outwit him. She made frequent visits to New York, returning late at night; and one day she brought home a circular with cuts of several improved kinds of hoisting-engines with automatic dumping-buckets. She showed them to pop under the kerosene-lamp at night, explaining to him their advantages in handling small material like coal or broken stone. Once she so far relaxed her rules over Jennie's lover as to send for Carl to come to the house after supper, questioning him closely about the upper rigging of a new derrick she had seen. Carl's experience as a sailor was especially valuable in matters of this kind. He could not only splice a broken «fall,» and repair the sheaves and friction-rollers in a hoisting-block, but whenever the rigging got tangled aloft he could spring up the derrick like a cat and unreeve the rope in an instant. She also wrote to Babcock, asking him to stop at her house some morning on his way to the Quarantine Landing, where he was building a retaining-wall; and when he arrived, she took him out to the shed where she kept her heavy derricks. That more experienced contractor at once became deeply interested, and made a series of sketches for her, on the back of an envelop, of an improved pintle and revolving-cap which he claimed would greatly improve the working of her derricks. These sketches she took to the village blacksmith next day, and by that night had an estimate of their cost. She was also seen one morning, when the new trolley company got rid of its old stock, at a sale of car-horses, watching the prices closely, and examining the condition of the teams sold. She asked the superintendent to drop her a postal when the next sale occurred. To her neighbors, however, and even to her own men, she said nothing. The only man in the village to whom she had spoken regarding the new work was the clerk of the board, and then only casually as to the exact time when the bids would be received.

The day before the eventful night when the proposals were to be opened, Mr. Crane, in his buggy, stopped at her house on his way back from the fort, and they drove together to the ferry. When she returned she called pop into the kitchen, shut the door, and showed him the bid duly signed and a slip of pink paper. This was a check of Crane & Co.'s to be deposited with the bid. Then she went down to the stable and had a long conference with Cully.

The village Board of Trustees consisted of nine men, representing a fair average of the intelligence and honesty of the people. The president was a reputable hardware merchant, a very good citizen, who kept a store largely patronized by local contractors. The other members were two lawyers,—young men working up in practice with the assistance of a political pull,—a horse-doctor, and five gentlemen of leisure, whose only visible means of support were derived from pool-rooms and ward meetings. Every man on the board, except the horse-doctor and the president, had some particular ax to grind. One wished to be sheriff, another sutler at the fort, another county clerk. The five gentlemen of leisure wished to stay where they were. When a pie was cut these five held the knife. It was their fault, they said, when they went hungry.

In the side of this body politic the horse-doctor was a thorn as sharp as any one of his scalpels. He was a hard-headed, sober-minded Scotchman, who had been elected to represent a group of his countrymen liv-

ing in the eastern part of the village, and whose profession, the five supposed, indicated without doubt his entire willingness to see through a cart-wheel, especially when the hub was silver-plated. At the first meeting of the board they learned their mistake, but it did not worry them much. They had seven votes to one.

The council-chamber of the board was a hall—large for Rockville—situated over the post-office, and only two doors from O'Leary's bar-room. It was the ordinary village hall, used for everything from a Christmas festival to a prize-fight. In summer it answered for a skating-rink.

Once a month the board occupied it. On these occasions a sort of rostrum was brought in for the president, besides a square table and a dozen chairs. These were placed at one end, and were partitioned off by a wooden rail to form an inclosure. Outside this rail stood the citizens. On the wall hung a big eight-day clock. Over the table, about which were placed chairs, a kerosene-lamp swung on a brass chain. Opposite each seat lay a square of blotting-paper and some cheap pens and paper. Down the middle of the table were three inkstands, standing in china plates.

The board always met in the evening, as the business hours of the members prevented their giving the day to their deliberations.

Upon the night of the letting of the contract the first man to arrive was McGaw. He ran up the stairs hurriedly, found no one he was looking for, and returned to O'Leary's, where he was joined by Justice Rowan, the latter's brother John Rowan the contractor, Quigg, Crimmins, and two friends of the Union. During the last week the Union had joined interests with McGaw, and their men had quietly passed the word of «Hands off this job!» about in the neighborhood. If McGaw got the work—and there was now not the slightest doubt of it—he would, of course, employ all Union men. If anybody else got it—well, they would attend to him later. «One thing was certain: no ‹scab› from New Brighton should come over and take it.» They 'd do up anybody who tried that game.

When McGaw entered the board-room again, surrounded by his friends, the room was full. Outside the rail stood a solid mass of people. Inside every seat was occupied. It was too important a meeting for any trustee to miss.

McGaw stood on his toes and looked over the heads. To his delight, Tom was not in the room, and no one representing her. If he had had any lingering suspicion of her bidding, it was allayed by her non-appearance. He knew now that she was out of the race. Moreover, no New Brighton people were present. He whispered this information to Justice Rowan's brother behind his big, speckled hand covered with its red, spidery hair. Then the two forced their way out again, reëntered the post-office, and borrowed a pen. Once there, McGaw took from his side pocket two large envelops, the contents of which he spread out under the light.

«I 'm dead roight,» said McGaw. «I 'll put up the price of this other bid. There ain't a man round here that dares show his head. The Union 's fixed 'em.»

«Will the woman bid?» asked his companion.

«The woman! What 'd she be a-doin' wid a bid loike that? She c'u'd n't handle the half of it. I 'll wait till a few minutes to nine o'clock. Ye kin fix up both these bids an' hold 'em in yer pocket. Thin we kin see what bids is laid on the table. Ours 'll go in last. If there 's nothin' else we 'll give 'em the high one. I 'll git inside the rail, so 's to be near the table.»

When the two squeezed back through the throng again into the board-room even the staircase was packed. McGaw pulled off his fur cap and struggled past the rail, bowing to the president. The justice's brother stood outside, within reach of McGaw's hand. McGaw glanced at the clock and winked complacently at his prospective partner—not a single bid had been handed in. Then he thrust out his long arm, took from Rowan's brother the big envelop containing the higher bid, and dropped it on the table.

Just then there was a commotion at the door. Somebody was trying to force a way in. The president rose from his chair, and looked over the crowd. The body of a boy struggling like an eel worked its way through the mass, dodged under the wooden bar, and threw an envelop on the table.

«Dat 's de ole woman's bid,» he called out, looking at the president. Then, turning to the startled board: «Hully gee! but dat was a close shave! She telled me not ter dump it till one minute o' nine, an' de bloke at de door come near sp'ilin' de game till I give him one in de mug»—and Cully wriggled back again, and bounded down-stairs.

At this instant the clock struck nine, and the president's gavel fell.

XI.

A TWO-DOLLAR BILL.

THE news of Tom's success was known everywhere before the board had fairly adjourned.

Mr. Moriarty had sent it ringing through O'Leary's, and Mrs. Moriarty, waiting outside the bar-room door for the pitcher her husband had filled for her inside, had spread its details through every hallway in the tenement.

«Ah, but Tom 's a keener,» said that gossip. «Think of that little divil Cully jammed behind the door with her bid in his hand, a-waitin' for the clock to git round to two minutes o' nine, an' that big stuff Dan McGaw sittin' inside wid *two* bids up his sleeve! Oh, but she 's cunnin', she is! Dan 's clean beat. He 'll niver haul a shovel o' that stone.»

«How 'll she be a-doin' a job like that?» came from a woman listening over the banisters.

«Be doin'?» rejoined a red-headed virago. «Would n't ye be doin' it yerself if ye had that big coal-dealer behind ye?»

«Oh, we hear enough. Who says they 're in it?» rejoined a third listener.

«Pete Lathers says so—the yard boss. He was a-tellin' me man yisterday.»

And so the talk went on.

Down at O'Leary's the excitement was no less intense. The bar-room was filled with a motley crowd of men, most of whom belonged to the Union, and all of whom had hoped to profit in some way had the contract fallen into the hands of the political ring who were dominating the affairs of the village. The more hot-headed and outspoken swore vengeance, not only against Tom and the horse-doctor, who had refused to permit McGaw to smuggle in the second bid, but against Crane & Co. and everybody else who had helped to defeat their schemes. As to Crane, they would boycott him before to-morrow night. He should n't unload or freight another cargo of coal until they got ready to give him leave. The village powers, they admitted, could not be boycotted, but they would do everything else they could to make it uncomfortable for the board if they awarded the contract to Tom. They would not forget every one of the trustees at the next election. As to that «smart Alec» of a horse-doctor, they knew how to fix him. Suppose it was nine o'clock and the polls had closed, what right had he to keep McGaw from handing in his other bid? (Both, in fact, were higher than Tom's. This, however, McGaw did not mention.)

DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

«(AH, BUT TOM 'S A KEENER.)»

On consulting Justice Rowan the next morning, McGaw and his friends got but little comfort. The law was explicit, the justice said. The contract must be given to the lowest responsible bidder. Tom had deposited her certified check of $500 with the bid, and there was no informality in her proposal. He was sorry for McGaw, but if Mrs. Grogan signed the contract there was no hope for him. The horse-doctor's action was right. If McGaw's second bid had been received it would simply have invalidated both of his

bids. The law forbids two from the same bidder.

From Rowan's the complaining trio adjourned to O'Leary's bar-room. Crimmins and McGaw entered first. Later Quigg dropped in. He closed one eye meaningly, and O'Leary handed a brass key over the bar to him, with the remark, «Stamp on the floor three toimes, Dinny, an' I 'll send yez up what ye want to drink.» Then Crimmins opened a door concealed by a wooden screen, and the three disappeared up-stairs. Crimmins reappeared within an hour, and hurried out the front door. In a few moments he returned with Justice Rowan, who had adjourned court. Immediately after the justice's arrival there came three raps from the floor above, and O'Leary swung back the door, and disappeared with an assortment of drinkables on a tray.

The conference lasted until noon. Then the men separated outside the bar-room. From the expression on the face of each one as he emerged from the door it was evident that the meeting had not produced any very cheering or conclusive results. McGaw had the vindictive, ugly, bull-dog look about the eyes and mouth which always made his wife tremble when he came home. The result of the present struggle over the contract was a matter of life or death to him. His notes, secured by the chattel mortgage on his live stock, would be due in a few days. Crane had already notified him that they must be paid, and he knew enough of his money-lender, and of the anger which he had roused, to know that no extension would be granted him. Losing this contract, he had lost his only hope of paying them. Had it been awarded him, he could have found a dozen men who would have loaned him the money to take up these notes and so pay Crane. He had comforted himself the night before with the thought that Justice Rowan could find some way to help him out of his dilemma; that the board would vote as the justice advised, and then, of course, Tom's bid would be thrown out. «Whoever heard of a woman's doing a job for a city?» he said constantly to himself.

Rowan's opinion sustaining Tom, therefore, was a blow he did not expect. Furthermore, the justice offered no hope for the future. The law gave Tom the award, and nothing could prevent her hauling the stone if she signed the contract. These words rang in McGaw's ears—*if she signed the contract.* On this *if* hung his only hope.

Rowan was too shrewd a politician, now that the bid was lost, to advise any departure, even by a hair-line, from the strict letter of the law. He was, moreover, too upright a justice to advise any member of the defeated party to any overt act which might look like unfairness to any bidder concerned. Besides, he had had a talk overnight with his brother, and they had accordingly determined to watch events. Should any way be found of rejecting Tom's bid on legal grounds, making a new advertisement necessary, he meant to ignore McGaw altogether, and have his brother bid in his own name. This determination was strengthened when McGaw, in a burst of confidence, told Rowan of his present financial straits.

None of the details of these several conspiracies reached Tom. If they had it would not have caused her a moment's anxiety. Here was a fight in which no one would suffer except the head that got in her way, and she determined to hit that with all her might the moment it rose into view. This was no brewery affair, she argued with pop, in which five hundred men would be thrown out of employment, with all the attendant suffering of women and children. The village was a power nobody could boycott. Moreover, the law protected her in her rights under the award. This was a work, too, that she could superintend herself. She would therefore quietly wait until the day for signing the papers arrived, furnish her bond, and begin work. In the mean time she would continue her preparations. One thing she was resolved upon—she would have nothing to do with the Union. Carl could lay his hand on a dozen of his countrymen who would be glad to work for her. If they were all like him she need have no fear in any emergency.

That day she bought two horses at the trolley sale, and ordered two new carts from a manufacturer in Newark, to be sent to her on the first of the coming month.

Her friends took her good fortune less calmly. Their genuine satisfaction expressed itself in a variety of ways. Crane sent her this characteristic telegram:

«Bully for you! Glad you laid out McGaw.»

Babcock came all the way down to her home to offer her his congratulations, and to tender her what assistance she needed in tools or money.

When the Union met the next night it was evident that something of more than usual interest had called them together. Quigg said very little openly. He had not yet despaired of winning Jennie's favor, and until that hope was abandoned he could hardly make up his mind which side of the fence he

was on. Crimmins was even more indifferent in regard to the outcome—his pay went on, whichever side won; he could wait. McGaw, however, was desperate. He denounced Tom in a vocabulary peculiar to himself, but without offering any possible suggestion as to how his threats against her might be carried out.

The Union, in their deliberations, insisted that it was the «raised bid» which had ruined the business for McGaw and for them. As for the woman, there was but one chance left. McGaw should omit no effort to prevent her signing the contract. They had stuck by him in times gone by, now let him stick by them. One thing was positive—the Union wanted its men to be employed on the work.

In this emergency McGaw again sought Crimmins's assistance. He urged the importance of his getting the contract, and he promised to make Crimmins foreman on the street, and to give him a share in the profits, if he would help him in some way to get the work. The first step, he argued, was the necessity of crushing Tom. Everything else would be easy after that. Such a task, he knew, could not be altogether uncongenial to Crimmins, still smarting under Tom's contemptuous treatment of him the day he called upon her in his capacity of walking delegate.

McGaw's tempting promise turned the scale with Crimmins. He determined then and there to inflict some blow on Tom Grogan from which she could never recover; and he was equally determined on one other thing —not to be caught at it.

Early the next morning Crimmins stationed himself outside O'Leary's, where he could get an uninterrupted view of two streets. He stood hunched up against the jamb of O'Leary's door in the attitude of a corner loafer, with three parts of his body touching the wood—hip, shoulder, and cheek. For some time no one appeared in sight either useful or inimical to his plans, until Mr. James Finnegan, who was filling the morning air with one of his characteristic songs, brightened the horizon up the street to his left.

Cully's outline produced so marvelous and so startling an effect upon Mr. Crimmins that that gentleman instantly fell back through the bar-room door.

The boy's quick eye caught the disappearance, and it also caught, a moment later, Mr. Crimmins's nose and watery eye peering out, when their owner reassured himself that his escape had been unseen. Cully slackened his pace to see what new move Crimmins would make; but without the slightest sign of recognition on his face, he again broke into song. He was on his way to get the mail, and had passed McGaw's house but a few moments before, in the hope that that worthy gentleman might be either leaning over the fence or seated on the broken-down porch. He was anxious McGaw should hear a few improvised stanzas of a new ballad he had composed to that delightful old negro melody, «Massa 's in de cold, cold ground,» in which the much-beloved Southern planter and the thoroughly hated McGaw changed places in the cemetery.

That valiant Knight was still in bed, exhausted by the labors of the previous evening. Young Billy, however, was about the stables, and so Mr. James Finnegan took occasion to tarry long enough in the road for the eldest son of his enemy to get the stanza by heart, in the hope that he might retail it to his father when he appeared.

Billy dropped his manure-fork as soon as he saw Cully, and dodging behind the fence, followed him toward the post-office, hoping to get near enough the singer unobserved to hit him with a stone.

When the slinking body of McGaw's eldest son filled the offing, Mr. Crimmins's face broke into creases so nearly imitative of a smile that his best friend would not have known him. He slapped the patched knees of his overalls gaily, bent over in a subdued chuckle, and otherwise disported himself in a thoroughly merry and much satisfied way. His rum-and-watery eyes gleamed with delight, and even his chin-whisker took on a new vibration. Next he laid one finger along his nose, looked about him cautiously, and said to himself, in an undertone:

«The very boy! It 'll fix McGaw dead to rights, an' ther' won't be no squealin' after it 's done.»

Then he peered around the edge of one of O'Leary's drawn window-shades, and waited until Cully had passed the bar-room, secured his mail, and started for home, the song all the time in full swing. Then he opened the blind very cautiously, and beckoned to Billy.

Cully's eye caught the new movement as he turned the corner. His song ceased. When Mr. Finnegan had anything very serious on his mind he never sang.

When, some time after, Billy emerged from O'Leary's door, he had a two-dollar bill tightly squeezed in his right hand. Part of this he spent on his way home for a package of cigarettes; the balance he invested in a

mysterious-looking tin can. This can Cully saw him hide in a corner of his father's stable.

XII.

CULLY'S NIGHT OUT.

EVER since the night Cully, with the news of the hairbreadth escape of the bid, had dashed back to Tom, waiting around the corner, he had been the hero of the hour. As she listened to his description of McGaw when her bid dropped on the table—«Lookin' like he 'd eat sumpin' he could n't swaller—see?»—her face was radiant, and her sides shook with laughter. She had counted upon McGaw falling into her trap, and she was delighted over the success of her experiment.

In recognition of these valuable services Tom had given him two tickets for a circus which was then charming the inhabitants of New Brighton, a mile or more away, and he and Carl were going the following night. Mr. Finnegan was to wear a black sack-coat, a derby hat, and a white shirt which Jennie, in the goodness of her heart, had ironed for him herself. She had also ironed out a scarf of Carl's, and had laid it on the window-sill of the outer kitchen, where Cully might find it as he passed by.

The walks home from church were now about the only chance the lovers had of being together. Almost every day Carl was off at work with the teams. When he did come home in working hours he would take his dinner with the men and boys in the outer kitchen. Jennie sometimes waited on them, but he rarely spoke to her as she passed in and out, except with his eyes.

Carl had confided his troubles to gran'pop one rainy morning when the old man came down to the stable, and to his great delight and surprise gran'pop had promised to speak to Tom about it. She had married a poor boy herself, the old man said, when she was only a few months older than Jennie, and they had gone off to America to seek their fortune; and she ought not now to be hard on Carl because he was poor. This encouraged Carl, until he remembered that it was just like gran'pop, trying to help everybody; only Tom did not always take his advice.

When Cully handed him the scarf, Carl had already dressed himself in his best clothes. This meant that he was really looking his worst; that the wrinkles of his coarse, every-day working-clothes, wrought into graceful lines by the play of his vigorous body, were now stiffened and starched into ugliness; that their stretches, swells, and creasings—each one an index of some fine muscle beneath—were all gone. Only the necktie that Jennie had ironed preserved any part of its original swing and freedom.

Cully's metamorphosis was even more complete than Carl's. Now that the warm spring days were approaching, Mr. Finnegan had decided that his superabundant locks were unseasonable, and therefore had had his hair cropped close to his scalp, showing here and there a white scar, the record of some former scrimmage. Reaching to the edge of each ear was a collar as stiff as pasteboard. His derby was tilted over his left eyebrow, shading a face brimming over with fun and expectancy. Below this was a vermilion-colored necktie and a black coat and trousers, while his shoes sported three coats of blacking, which only partly concealed the dust-marks of his profession.

«Hully gee, Carl! but de circus 's a-goin' ter be a dandy,» he called out in delight, as he patted a double shuffle with his feet. «I see de picters on de fence when I come from de ferry. Dere 's a chariot-race out o' sight, an' a' elephant what stands on 'is head. Hold on till I see ef de big gray 's got ernough beddin' under him. He wuz awful stiff dis mornin' when I helped him up.» Cully never went to bed without seeing the gray made comfortable for the night.

The two young fellows saw all the sights, and after filling their pockets with peanuts and themselves with pink lemonade, took their seats at last under the canvas roof, where they waited impatiently for the performance to begin.

The only departure from the ordinary routine was Cully's instant acceptance of the clown's challenge to ride the trick mule, and his winning the wager amid the plaudits of the audience, after a rough-and-tumble scramble in the sawdust; sticking so tight to his back that a bystander remarked that the only way to get him off was to «peel the mule.»

When they returned it was nearly midnight. Cully had taken off his choker, as he called it, and had curled it outside his hat. They had walked over from the show, and the tight clutch of the collar greatly interfered with Cully's discussion of the wonderful things he had seen. Besides, the mule had ruined it completely for a second use.

It was a warm night for early spring, and Carl had his coat over his arm. When they reached the outer stable fence—the one nearest the village—Cully's quick nose scented a

peculiar odor. «Who 's been a-breakin' de lamp round here, Carl?» he asked, sniffing about close to the ground. «Holy smoke! Look at de light in de stable—sumpin' mus' be de matter wid de big gray, or de ole woman would n't be out dis time o' night wid a lamp. What would she be a-doin' out here, anyway?» he exclaimed in a sudden anxious tone. «Dis ain't de road from de house. Hully gee! Look out for yer coat! De rails is a-soakin' wid kerosene!»

At this moment a blaze the size of a torch shot out of the window over the big gray's head and licked its way up the siding. Then a column of smoke burst through the rear door in the hay-loft above the stalls of the three horses and the bedroom of Carl and Cully. Then came a shriek from a window hastily opened in Tom's house. It was Jennie's voice, and it had a tone of something besides alarm.

What the sight of the fire had paralyzed in Carl, the voice awoke.

«No, no! I here—I safe, Jan!» he cried out, clearing the fence with a bound.

Cully did not hear Jennie. He saw only the curling flames over the big gray's head. As he dashed down the slope he kept muttering over to himself the old horse's pet names, catching his breath, and calling out to Carl, «Save de gray—save Ole Blowhard!»

Cully reached the stable first, smashed the padlock with a shovel, and rushed into the gray's stall. Carl seized a horse-bucket, and began sousing the window-sills of the harness-room, where the fire was hottest.

By this time the whole house was aroused. Tom, dazed by the sudden awakening, with her ulster thrown about her shoulders, stood barefooted on the porch. Jennie was still at the window, sobbing as if her heart would break, now that Carl was safe. Patsy had crawled out of his low crib by his mother's bed, and was stumbling down-stairs, one foot at a time. The only person who seemed to keep his head was gran'pop. He was filling buckets at the trough and carrying them to Carl, who was fighting the fire and smoke that were strangling the gray. Twice had Cully tried to drag the old horse clear of his stall, and had fallen back for fresh air. Then came a smothered cry from inside the blinding smoke, a burst of flame lighting up the stable, and the big gray was thrust out, his head wrapped in Carl's coat, the Swede pushing behind, Cully coaxing him on, his arms around the horse's neck.

Hardly had the big gray cleared the stable when the roof of the extension fell, and a great burst of flame shot up into the night air. All hope of rescuing the other two horses was now gone.

Tom did not stand long dazed and bewildered. In a twinkling she had drawn on a pair of men's boots over her bare feet, buckled her ulster over her night-dress, and rushed back up-stairs to drag the blankets from the beds. She realized how scant was the water-supply, and how long a time must elapse before the village firemen could help her. Only wet blankets, she knew, could save the larger stable and the tool-house nearest the burning building, and only then if the water held out.

Laden with bedding, she sprang down-stairs, called to Jennie to follow, soaked the blankets in the trough, and, picking up the dripping mass, carried them to Carl and Cully, who, now that the gray was safely tied to the kitchen porch, were both on the roof of the tool-house, fighting the sparks that fell on the shingles.

By this time the neighbors began to arrive from the tenements. Tom took charge of every man as soon as he got his breath, stationing two at the pump-handle, and forming a line of bucket-passers from the water-trough to Carl and Cully, who were spreading the blankets on the roof. Another line was formed to carry the tools to a place of safety near the big gray. Over this portable property, as a guard of one, she placed her father. Hammers and crowbars were too handy about a tenement, she knew, to be left lying about.

The crisis came when the roof of the doomed stable fell. The heat was now terrific. Carl had to shield his face with his sleeve as he threw the water. Cully lay flat on the shingles, holding to the steaming blankets, and directing Carl's buckets with his outstretched finger when some greater spark lodged and gained headway. If they could keep these burning brands under until the heat had spent itself they could perhaps save the tool-house and the larger stable.

All this time Patsy had stood on the porch. Tom had left him hanging over the railing, wrapped in Jennie's shawl. He was not to move until she came for him. She wanted him out of the way of trampling feet. Now and then she would turn anxiously, catch sight of his wizened face dazed with fright, wave her hand to him encouragingly, and work on.

Suddenly the little fellow gave a cry of terror and slid from the porch, trailing the shawl after him, his crutch jerking over the ground, his sobs choking him.

«Mammy! Cully! Stumpy 's tied in the loft!

Oh, somebody help me! He 's in the loft! Oh, please, please!»

In the roar of the flames nobody heard him. The men beating down the burning fences with their axes only added to the deafening confusion. At this moment Tom was standing on a cart, passing the buckets to Carl. Cully had crawled to the ridge-pole of the tool-house to watch both sides of the threatened roof.

The little cripple made his way slowly into the crowd about the pump, pulling at the men's coats, begging them to save his goat, his Stumpy. «Won't somebody please?» he cried, but his piteous cries were unheard in the din. Nobody would listen. Nobody cared for the goat, or for him either. One big fellow—evidently a sailor, and a stranger to everybody—picked him up by the arms as one would lift a cat, and set him down outside the throng on the sheltered side of the tool-house. «It 's no place for the kid, under everybody's heels,» he said, returning to the pump.

On this sheltered side nearest Patsy was a door opening into a room where the chains were kept. From it rose a short flight of six or seven steps leading to the loft. This loft had two big doors—one closed, nearest the fire, and the other wide open, fronting the house. When the roof of the burning stable fell, the closed door of this loft had begun to shrink and blister; it was below the eaves, and out of the reach of Cully's watchful eye or Carl's dashes of water. Soon the wisps of straw in the cracks burst into flame.

Within three feet of this blazing mass, shivering with fear, tugging at his rope, his eyes bursting from his head, stood Stumpy, his piteous bleatings unheard in the surrounding roar. Then a child's head appeared above the floor, followed by a cry of joy as the boy flung himself upon the straining rope. The next instant a half-frenzied goat sprang through the open door and landed below in the midst of the startled men and women.

Tom was on the cart when she saw this streak of light flash out of the darkness of the loft door and disappear. Her eyes instinctively turned to look at Patsy in his place on the porch. At this moment the loose straw of the loft, kindled by the wisps, broke into flame. Then a cry of horror burst from the throng, silenced instantly by the piercing shriek of a woman forcing her way through the crowd. Above Tom, bareheaded, in the open door of the burning loft, a silhouette against the flame, his little white gown reaching to his knees, his crutch gone, the stifling smoke rolling out in great whirls above his head, stood Patsy.

Carl heard Tom's cry of agony and dropped from the roof. Half a dozen men ran for a ladder, which was too short. Others tried to back the cart under the door and so reach the boy. Tom in her terror had forgotten the side door, but Carl had not. Tearing a handkerchief from a woman's neck, he plunged it into the water of the trough, binding it about his head as he ran, sprang up the short steps, threw himself flat to escape the stifling smoke, and dragged himself toward the terror-stricken child. There was a quick clutch, a bound back, and the smoke rolled over them.

The crowd held their breath. Minutes seemed hours. Then a man with his hair singed and his shirt on fire staggered from the side door. In his arms he carried the almost lifeless boy, his face concealed by the handkerchief.

A woman rushed up, fell on her knees, and

DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

«IN HIS ARMS HE CARRIED THE ALMOST LIFELESS BOY.»

caught the boy in her arms. Then the man reeled and fell.

. . . . . .

WHEN Carl regained consciousness, Jennie was bending over him, chafing his hands and bathing his face. Patsy was on the sofa, wrapped in Jennie's shawl. Pop was fanning him. Carl's wet handkerchief, the old man said, had saved the boy's life.

Tom, tired out with anxiety and hard work, had thrown herself down on the porch. The morning was already breaking, the gray streaks of dawn brightening the east. From where she sat she could hear through the open door the soothing voice of Jennie talking to her lover, and the hoarse whispers of Carl in reply. He had recovered his breath again, but little worse for his scorching, except his speech. Jennie was in the kitchen making some coffee for the exhausted workers, and he was helping her.

Tom realized fully all that had happened. She knew who had saved Patsy's life. She remembered how he laid her boy in her arms, and she still saw the deathly pallor in his face as he reeled and fell. What had he not done for her and her household since he entered her service? If he loved Jennie, and she him, was it his fault? Why did she rebel, and refuse this man a place in her home? Then she thought of her own Tom far away, and of her fight alone and without him. What would he have thought of it? How would he have advised her to act? He had always hoped such great things for Jennie. Would he now be willing to give her to this stranger? If she could only talk to her Tom about it all!

As she sat, her head in her hand, the smoking stable, the thinning crowd, the dead horses, all the excitement of the night, faded away and became to her as a dream. She heard nothing but the voice of Jennie and her lover, saw only the white face of her boy held in her arms. Then a sickening sense of utter loneliness swept over her.

During all this time Cully was watching the dying embers, and when the fire had died down and all danger was over,—only the small stable with its two horses had been destroyed,—he led the big gray back to the pump, washed his head, sponging his eyes and mouth, and housed him in the big stable. Then he vanished.

The crowd began to thin out. The neighbors and strangers went their several ways. The tenement-house mob made a procession back to their beds.

McGaw had watched the fire from his upper window with mingled joy and fear—joy that Tom's property was afire, and fear that it would be put out before she would be ruined. He had been waiting all the evening for Crimmins, who had failed to arrive. Billy had not been at home since supper. So he could get no details of the amount of the damage.

Mr. Cully Finnegan, immediately on leaving the big gray, had dodged behind the stable, run rapidly up the hill, keeping close to the fence, and had come out behind a group of scattering spectators. Then he had begun a series of complicated manœuvers, mostly on his toes, lifting his head over those of the crowd, and ending in a sudden dart forward and as sud-

DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

«BILLY KICKED AND STRUGGLED, BUT CULLY HELD ON.»

den a halt within a few inches of young Billy McGaw's coat-collar.

Billy turned pale, but held his ground. He felt sure Cully would not dare attack him with so many others about. Then, again, the glow of the smoldering cinders had a fascination for him.

Mr. Finnegan also seemed spellbound. The

only view of the smoking ruins that satisfied him seemed to be the one he caught over young McGaw's shoulder. He moved closer and closer, sniffing about cautiously, as a dog would on a trail. Indeed, the closer he got to Billy's coat the more absorbed he seemed to be in the view beyond.

Here an extraordinary thing happened. There was a dipping of Cully's head between Billy's legs, a raising of both arms, grabbing Billy around the waist, and in a flash the hope of the house of McGaw was swept off his feet, Cully beneath him, and in full run toward Tom's house. The bystanders laughed; they thought it only a boyish trick. Billy kicked and struggled, but Cully held on. When they were clear of the crowd, Cully shook him to the ground and grabbed him by the coat-collar.

«Say, young feller, where wuz youse when de fire started?»

At this Billy broke out into a howl, and one of the crowd, some distance off, looked up. Cully clapped his hand over his mouth: «None o' that, or I 'll mash yer mug—see?» standing over him with clenched fist.

«I war n't nowheres. Say, take yer hands off 'n me—ye ain't—»

«Ain't I? Ye answer me straight—see? —or I 'll punch yer face in,» he said, tightening his grasp. «What wuz youse a-doin' when de circus come out—an', anoder t'ing, what 's dis cologne yer got on yer coat? Maybe next time youse climb a fence ye 'll keep from spillin' it, see? Oh, I 'm onter ye. Ye set de stable afire. Dat 's what 's de matter.»

«I hope I may die—I wuz a-carryin' de can er ker'sene home, an' when de roof fell in I wuz up on de fence so I c'u'd see de fire, an' de can slipped—»

«What fence?» said Cully, shaking him as a terrier would a rat.

«Why, dat fence on de hill.»

That was enough for Cully. He had his man. The lie had betrayed him. Without a word he jerked the cowardly boy from the ground, and marched him straight into the kitchen:

«Say, Carl, I got de fire-bug. Ye kin smell de ker'sene on his clo'es.»

(To be concluded.)

F. Hopkinson Smith.

THE FLIGHT.

ALONG the lonely mountain
And down the dusky vale,
He took by scaur and tangle
A path without a trail.

No bird sang on that journey,
And, piping through the glade,
No brown young shepherd hurried
From sun to happier shade.

There was no wind; the tree-tops
Seemed frozen on the sky:
There was no sound; the wild-woods
Gave forth no wild thing's cry.

He saw no foe before him,
He saw none in the rear,
Yet ever seemed to hurtle
The wild, avenging spear.

The sunlight made his shadow
One crouching at his knees;
The darkness hid the leering face
Of hate among the trees.

He thought he heard low whispers,
And stealthy foemen glide,
As all his dark pursuers
Closed round on every side.

Yet never hand was lifted
Against him in that place,
And never grim avenger
With him stood face to face.

He was his own sad victim;
His was the slayer's part:
For ever sped the arrow—
The sin within his heart.

L. Frank Tooker.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

How to be a Congressman after Election.

EVERY one who has made personal efforts to induce Congress to take action upon some question of large public importance has been surprised and disheartened by the lack of interest which the average congressman has shown in his appeals. There are a few members in both houses who are always ready and willing to help in such causes, but the great mass of members are either indifferent or passively hostile. They really take no interest in these matters, because they do not see behind them a perceptible, concrete body of voters in their own districts, whose support will be influenced by their conduct in regard to them. The average congressman, as soon as he is elected, begins to shape his course in the way which he thinks most likely to secure his reëlection. He bends his mind entirely upon his own district, and divides that district in his mental vision into blocks of voters whose allegiance is to be secured only by careful attention to their various demands, and careful avoidance of all offense to their prejudices.

In other words, instead of becoming a public servant, the average congressman becomes a slave to his constituents. When a question comes before the House of which he is a member he does not ask, «Which side of this is right and just and best for all the people?» but «Which side can I take and thereby get the largest number of votes in my district?» He makes no attempt to lead the people, but follows them, no matter whether they be right or wrong. For the sake of placating this block of voters he stifles his convictions on one question, and to win over that block he dodges and trims so on another question that nobody can tell where he really stands. His mind is so completely absorbed in this personal business that he is able to give little thought to the public business of the country; hence his indifference toward it when his support is sought.

Thus it comes about that few congressmen attain national prominence by making for themselves reputations which lift them above their fellows. The great mass of people take no interest in the subjects to which most congressmen devote their time and energy, but they do take a great deal of interest in large questions, and look eagerly to see what position individual members hold upon them. Generally they look in vain so far as the great majority of congressmen are concerned. A few well-known leaders appear at the front, but scarcely any one else shows a head. The result is that the people come to the conclusion that Congress as a whole is an incompetent body, and when election day arrives go to the polls in disgust and vote to give the other party a trial. They usually do this in such an irresistible mass that all the painstaking efforts of the congressman to keep himself «solid» with the voters amount to nothing. General disgust with his incompetence overcomes all the individual favor which he has secured by his absorption in petty political devices.

It is passing strange that the invariable failure which attends this policy has not long ago convinced every intelligent congressman of its folly. We have said that the people look eagerly for decisive action by their congressmen when important questions are under consideration, and this is unquestionably the fact. Like all other nations, we are hero-worshipers, and are on the watch for heroes whom we can worship. The poor substitutes with which we are compelled to put up at times afford pathetic evidence of the strength of this desire. During the last year, especially, a great majority of the people of the country—the entire body of men who represent its commercial and industrial stability and wealth—have been looking with strained and hungry eyes for congressmen, or any other variety of statesmen, who could be trusted to lead us out of our currency slough of despond, but they have found not one. It is possible that by the time these lines reach the public a Moses of this kind may have revealed himself in the new Congress. Let us hope he will, and we venture the prediction that if he does he will be hailed with joy by the country, and started at once on the road to political eminence and glory.

As we have pointed out in previous articles in this place, the people have never failed to reward courage and high principle in public life. A signal instance of this kind occurred in the career of the late Justice Lamar. When he was senator in 1878, the legislature of his State—Mississippi—passed joint resolutions instructing him to vote in favor of the repeal of the Resumption Act and for the remonetization of silver. He declined to do so, gave the reasons for his course in the open Senate, and then resigned his seat and appealed to the people of the State for judgment on his course. He took the stump and explained to the people why he thought he was right and the legislature wrong on the financial question, and made the campaign so completely one of education that at its close he was reëlected to the Senate by the new legislature unanimously. The people had listened to him attentively, recognizing in him a true leader whom they were willing to follow.

No one can doubt that if all our congressmen were to take this course on public questions we should have a far abler body of statesmen than we have to-day, and should have to spend far less time in fighting popular delusions or «crazes.» Suppose the majority of Southern and Western congressmen had followed Mr. Lamar's example when the silver question came into prominence seventeen years ago,—had gone to the people and had shown them the truth of the matter, instead of following them in their error and aggravating their delusion,—would we not have escaped nearly or quite all of the

monetary troubles from which we have suffered and are still suffering?

Suppose, further, that there should appear in the present Congress a few men who from the outset should devote themselves intelligently, studiously, and fearlessly to the advocacy of the right side of all great public questions, such as sound finance, a reformed currency, the merit system, forest preservation, and other subjects of a non-partizan sort vitally affecting the happiness and welfare of the whole people, and the true greatness and glory of the country: does anybody doubt that the people would joyfully rally to their support, and that within a few years they would be recognized as national leaders, and would become the leading candidates for the highest offices in the land? There can be no question whatever of this. The people are yearning for leaders, and mourning because they find them not. Why cannot some of our congressmen see their opportunity in this situation, and improve it?

The Craze for Publicity.

It is a strange thing to see how deeply certain people of our time have been smitten with a form of insanity which may be called, for want of a dictionary word, publicomania. The name is rather ugly, and altogether irregular, being of mixed Latin and Greek descent; but then it is no worse than the thing it describes, which is, in fact, a sort of mongrel madness. It has some kinship with the Roman Grandio's passion for celebrity which Seneca satirized, and not a little likeness to the petty ostentation of Beau Tibbs at which Goldsmith laughed kindly in London a century ago. But in our own day the disease has developed a new symptom. It is not enough to be pointed out with the forefinger of notoriety: the finger must be stained with printer's ink. The craving for publicity is not satisfied with anything but a paragraph in the newspapers; then it wants a column; and finally it demands a whole page with illustrations. The delusion consists in the idea that a sufficient quantity of this kind of notoriety amounts to fame.

It is astonishing to observe how much time, energy, ingenuity, money, and life people who are otherwise quite sane will spend for the sake of having their names and unimportant doings chronicled in a form of print which can be preserved only in private and very inconvenient scrap-books. In England, where they have a hereditary aristocracy and a «Court Journal,» the mania seems less difficult to understand. But in this country, where the limits of the «smart» set are confessedly undefined and indefinable, changing with the fluctuations of the stock-market and the rise and fall of real estate, it is impossible to conceive what benefit or satisfaction reasonable beings can derive from a temporary enrolment among the assistants at fashionable weddings, the guests at luxurious banquets, or the mourners at magnificent funerals.

Our wonder increases when we consider that there is hardly a detail of private life, from the cradle to the grave, which is not now regarded as appropriate for publication, provided only the newspapers are persuaded to take an interest in it. The interest of the public is taken for granted. Formerly the intrusion of reporters into such affairs was resented. Now it is their occasional neglect to intrude which causes chagrin.

If we could suppose that all this was only a subtle and highly refined mode of advertisement, it would be comparatively easy to account for it. There would be method in the madness. But why in the world should a man or a woman care to advertise things which are not to be sold—a wedding trousseau, the decorations of a bedroom, a dinner to friends, or the flowers which conceal a coffin? We can see well enough why a dealer in old silver should be pleased at having his wares described in the newspapers. But what interest has Mr. Newman Biggs in having the public made aware of the splendor and solidity of his plate? We can understand why a Circassian father should wish to have his daughter's portrait published, although, if it were like the prints in our daily papers, he would probably be disappointed in its effect on the chances of a good sale. But why should an American father like it or submit to it?

Of course we recognize the fact that there is such a thing as public life. It is natural and reasonable that those who are engaged in it should accept publicity, and even seek it within proper limits, so far as it may be a necessary condition of success in their work. Authors and artists wish to have their books read and their pictures looked at. Statesmen and reformers desire to have their policies and principles discussed, in order that they may be adopted. Benefactors of mankind wish at least to have their schools and hospitals and libraries received with as much attention as may be needed to make them useful. But why the people who are chiefly occupied in eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, should wish to have their lives turned inside out on the news-stands passes comprehension. They subject themselves to all the inconveniences of royalty, being, as Montaigne says, «in all the daily actions of life encircled and hemmed in by an importunate and tedious multitude,» without any of its compensations. They are exposed by their own fantastic choice to what Cowley called «a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences,» and they get nothing for it but the disadvantage of being talked about. The result of their labors and sufferings is simply to bring them to the condition of a certain William Kenrick, LL. D., of whom old Samuel Johnson said, «Sir, he is one of those who have made themselves public without making themselves known.»

But if we are inclined to be scornful of the vagaries of publicomania, this feeling must surely be softened into something milder and more humane when we reflect upon the unhappy state of mind to which it reduces those who are afflicted with it. They are not as other men, to whom life is sweet for its own sake. The feasts to which they are bidden leave them hungry unless their presence is recorded in the «Daily Eavesdropper.» They are restless in their summer rest unless their comings and goings are printed in the chronicle of fashionable intelligence. Their new houses do not please them if the newspaper fails to give sufficient space to the announcement that they are «at home». It is a miserable condition, and one from which all obscure and happy persons should pray to be delivered.

There is, however, a great consolation for true lovers of humanity in the thought that the number of people who are afflicted with this insanity in an incurable form is comparatively small. They make a great noise, like

Edmund Burke's company of grasshoppers under a leaf in a field where a thousand cattle are quietly feeding; but, after all, the great silent classes are in the majority. The common sense of mankind agrees with the poet Horace in his excellent praise of the joys of retirement:

Secretum iter, et fallentis semita vitæ.

One of the best antidotes and cures of the craze for publicity is a love of poetry and of the things that belong to poetry—the beauty of nature, the sweetness and splendor of the common human affections, and those high thoughts and unselfish aspirations which are the enduring treasures of the soul. It is good to remember that the finest and most beautiful things that can ever come to us cannot possibly be news to the public. It is good to find the zest of life in that part of it which does not need, and will not bear, to be advertised. It is good to talk with our friends, knowing that they will not report us; and to play with the children, knowing that no one is looking at us; and to eat our meat with gladness and singleness of heart. It is good to recognize that the object of all true civilization is that a man's house, rich or poor, shall be his castle, and not his dime museum. It is good to enter into the spirit of Wordsworth's noble sonnet, and, turning back to «the good old cause,» thank God for those safeguards of the private life which still preserve in so many homes

Our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

The Ethics of Yachting.

Of the large sports, outside the field of athletics, which have stirred the pulses of men, there is only one which, according to the standards and tastes of the present time, may be called a noble sport. Those that are brutal, like pugilism and bull-fighting, are now generally held to be ignoble, and those that stimulate the gambling passion of the age are more or less degrading; it is only yachting which in the realm of large sport continues to raise men to a sense of self-mastery and a mastery of nature's forces, with no other aim than the crowning of emulation with the laurel of honorable victory.

Yachting is the large sport above all others in which the unquestioned honesty of the contestants is a primary matter of course. With the gambling sports it is different. They are to some extent hedged about by rules made for the purpose of keeping the contestants and their employees within the bounds of fair dealing. It is true that men of the highest sense of honor engage in them, but the majority of the devotees who follow the sport as gamesters are satisfied with what is known as gamblers' honor. With them an imputation of fraud leaves no stain on the sport if the charge cannot be proved.

But in yachting the slightest breath of scandal capsizes the pleasure of the contest. Its rules do not assume the liability of a deviation from the ordinary lines of honorable conduct; they provide merely for a basis of measurement by which the relative force of the contestants may be determined, and for a common understanding as to rights of way, so that accidents may be avoided, or, if they occur, may be accurately charged to somebody's account. They provide for a remeasurement in case an opponent thinks a mistake has been made in the intricate computation, or through negligence. They prescribe that the «trim» shall not be altered, and that certain minor adjustments shall not be made, within a fixed space of time. In effect everything is left to the honorable disposition of the contestants, and in recognition of that fact a winner of a prize makes formal acknowledgment before taking it that he has adhered to the rules. In match contests an owner's representative, with, perhaps, a member of the governing committee, sails on each yacht, not for the purpose of spying a possible propensity to alter ballast or gain an advantage by some ingenious bit of smartness or meanness, but to observe from the point of view of each contending yacht mistakes as to the course, obstacles that may unexpectedly appear, and accidents which from the nature of the sport are always to be apprehended.

In yachting the responsibility for a dishonorable action cannot be shifted from an owner, in charge, to his officers and crew. The latter have it in their power to weaken a stay or a rope, or to do some malicious injury calculated to impair the efficiency of a yacht; but they can do nothing outside the strict performance of their duty which would give their yacht an advantage over a rival. The discipline essential to the successful handling of a great yacht, no less than the mechanical factors involved, precludes the possibility of effective dishonesty by subordinates. So if a greater insult than an imputation of personal dishonesty could be offered to a yacht-owner, it might be conveyed in a vague charge that his officers and crew had assumed the responsibility of cheating in his behalf. That not one man among a large crew would be found willing to safeguard the honor of an employer would be a supposition quite preposterous.

Under the moral conditions which prevail in the sport of yachting an unsportsmanlike suspicion is as much out of place as a dishonorable action. A yachtsman who lodges a suspicion of dishonesty against a contestant is in honor bound to rest from the contest. There could be no true sport in such a match. Somebody must be ruled out—either the accused as a dishonest yachtsman, or the accuser as being in a state of mind inconsistent with honorable competition. If the accuser, from easy notions of other people's sense of honor, should fail to see the impropriety of racing with an imputation of dishonesty in the balance, the regatta committee ought to act instantly and with decision. Investigation might exculpate the accused, but that would not of itself exonerate the accuser; to proceed with a contest under those conditions would be to invite disorder, for a yachtsman capable of an unsportsmanlike suspicion would be prone, in case of defeat, to find other sources of dissatisfaction, and in the end to revive the charge of dishonesty as a cloak for his chagrin. A committee which would allow such an incident in yachting to be smoothed over, either out of mistaken courtesy to a guest or to save a great contest from collapse, would not be equal to its duty, and would merely run the risk of exchanging an unfortunate failure for a disgraceful fiasco.

In a common respect for sportsmanlike honor, international yachting has shed a new luster on the nautical

inheritance of Englishmen and Americans; but if the sport must be conducted according to the ethics of the race-course, with suspicions of unfairness and unmanly bickerings, we believe the yachtsmen of both countries would prefer to know that the *America's* cup, and all other international trophies, were lying at the bottom of the sea.

A Model Dramatic Performance.

THE recent performance in this city, by Sir Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the London Lyceum company, of Mr. Comyns Carr's play «King Arthur» was a complete demonstration of the falsity and absurdity of the various pleas advanced by the majority of our so-called managers in extenuation of their failure to provide wholesome and rational entertainment. These autocrats of the footlights claim that they are obliged to cater to the public taste; that there is no popular demand for, or appreciation of, the serious, poetic, romantic, or literary drama; that they produce the best plays to be had in the market; and that they cannot justly be held responsible for the lack of able playwrights and competent actors. The exact reverse of all this is the fact. As we have pointed out in previous articles on this subject, the public has no voice in the selection of the theatrical fare set before it, but invariably patronizes the best dishes, of whatever kind they may happen to be; whereas our managers, with very few exceptions, do not know good from bad, have no independence of judgment, and are absolutely terrified by anything like originality on the part of an unknown author. They have discouraged native writers by importing nearly all their plays from Paris or London, and have stunted the artistic growth of young actors by a system which debars them largely from opportunities of proper training.

If Sir Henry Irving had been a manager of this kind, instead of being a man of force, ambition, and intellect, devoted to his profession and resolved to establish its right to a place among the arts, he would not now be the most famous actor playing at this time, as he undoubtedly is, in spite of his faults; nor would the London Lyceum be the only real dramatic school worth talking about in the English-speaking world. What is and what has been the secret of his success? Not his dramatic genius, for no actor of his eminence has owed so little to natural inspiration. Not inherited fame, for he is the first of his family to win renown upon the stage. Not chance, for his upward progress has been slow and steady, and from the first he has been the architect of his own fortunes. The simple explanation is that he has had faith in the eagerness of the public to patronize the best work, and courage enough to act upon his convictions. This may sound like a truism, but it is one that cannot be insisted upon too strongly. There never was an actor who has been assailed more vigorously or more persistently by the critics than he. His warmest admirers must admit that he has essayed characters for which he is unfitted physically and temperamentally; and yet, in spite of occasional personal failures, his managerial career has been one long and unbroken record of triumphant prosperity.

Many of the most striking characteristics of his liberal and enlightened theories of management were exemplified in his representation of «King Arthur,» which was a delight not only to cultivated men and women, but to the great mass of fairly intelligent theater-goers. The public crowded the house at every performance, although the ordinary prices of the seats had been nearly doubled. Yet it appealed, not to that love of the morbid, the sensational, the grotesque, or the vulgar which is supposed by our modern managers to dominate the popular mind, but to the natural admiration, common to mankind at large, of what is beautiful, romantic, poetic, heroic, or ennobling. If the play had been presented through the combined efforts of a checkbook, a dry-goods house, a decorator, and the ordinary stage manager only, the appeal probably would have been made in vain; altogether too much would have been left to the imagination. Sir Henry Irving knew how to surround the personages of the playwright with the atmosphere and spirit of the place and period to which they were assigned. To secure all possible accuracy and consistency in the designs of the costumes and scenery he employed the services of one of the greatest experts in such matters—Sir Edward Burne-Jones. For the incidental music, used with such admirable effect, he went to one of the most popular and gifted of modern composers, Arthur Sullivan. To the general preparation he contributed his own extraordinary intelligence and energy, his keen sense of pictorial and dramatic effect, and his intense appreciation of the value of minute detail. The result was an entertainment of the rarest excellence in all its distinctive features, whether literary, artistic, or theatrical. More than one of those beautiful stage-pictures will live long in the memory of those who witnessed them. The scene at the magic mere, with its background of rugged rock and glimpses of darkened landscape, its storm-clouds streaked with red, its chorus of spirits, and the flashing brand «Excalibur» rising from the silver waters, was full of the atmosphere of romance and mysticism, through which the figures of *Merlin* and the *King* moved with majestic effect. What, again, could be more in consonance with the spirit of the play than the noble and picturesque hall at Camelot, with its groups of knights in clanking armor, and the fluttering array of pennons encircling Arthur's throne? The whole thing was instinct with the very breath of chivalry. Certainly no lovelier woodland picture than that of the «Queen's Maying» was ever set on any stage, while the final tableau of the «Passing of Arthur,» fit conclusion to so refined and imaginative a pageant, was a triumph of theatrical illusion.

In this rich and appropriate, but never profuse or gaudy, setting the literary and poetic qualities of Mr. Comyns Carr's scholarly and elevated play found perfect expression, while the dramatic elements were duly emphasized and interpreted by a company of experienced, but not brilliant players, drilled in the observance of the nicest coöperation. It was this delightful harmony of purpose and achievement that constituted the charm of the performance, quite as much as the noble, tender, courtly, and pathetic *Arthur*, or the charming and sympathetic *Guinevere* of Miss Ellen Terry.

The potency, versatility, and profound insight of the actor have won for him present and lasting renown. His fame as a manager will be still more enduring, for he will leave behind him a standard by which his suc-

cessors will be judged long after he has retired from the scene. He has proved that management is an art, not a speculation, and that the elevation of the stage is not only practicable, but immensely profitable.

The Effect of Large Ideas on Small Minds.

ONE of the most interesting of psychological studies is the effect of a large idea upon a small mind. A large idea entering a large mind balances and dignifies it; its effect upon a small mind is often completely upsetting. The man becomes intellectually top-heavy and unsteady.

When one becomes observant of this phenomenon he finds much to amuse, and again much to deplore. He is amused, for instance, to notice the results of this overloading throughout a long career. Where a subject is thus acted upon by a succession of ideas, each embodying an important truth which the man is incapable of carrying, his receptivity to impression proves to be his bane. The sudden realization for the first time of a fundamental principle makes a monomaniac of him. Another sudden realization of still another fundamental principle, and he is spinning off at a new tangent.

But there are times when this effect of large ideas upon little minds is most mischievous and deplorable. Thus is bred the race of incurable cranks in philosophy, theology, art, and politics. The word «crank» has been maliciously misused for purposes of cynical ridicule; but it is too descriptive a name to be set aside. The congenital crank is always started on his career of inutility by this application of a big idea to a small brain. The most tiring thing about him is his self-complacency, owing to his knowledge of the fact that better men have been miscalled by his own accurately descriptive cognomen.

A large half truth is as upsetting to a small intellect as a whole truth. A half truth in such a mind rapidly turns into a complete lie, and the poor brain throbs and shrills on like millstones grinding air.

Such a description of certain psychological phenomena should perhaps be illustrated with actual incidents. But, after all, the statement will give satisfaction to more persons without, than with, such illustrations. History is full of facts which go to prove the thesis, and each reader will remember cases which fall in with his own theories and prejudices. And as for the present, every community teems with illustrations; they are so numerous and so close at hand that the cap will find more heads to fit if the latter are unnamed than if it were possible to point them out with individual minuteness.

It should be remembered that few men have done their whole, fearless duty in the community without at some time being mistaken for fanatics and cranks. But this does not diminish the danger to which a community is subjected when some of its most well-meaning citizens betray a tendency to eccentricity, owing to the impinging of large thoughts on small intellects.

OPEN LETTERS

The Plight of the Arid West.

THE conquest of arid America, as outlined in the MAY CENTURY, will scarcely be realized unless there is an early and radical reform in existing land laws. If these arid wastes are to be changed into fertile fields; if those who give their labor and means to the work of reclamation are to have an adequate reward; if the irrigated home is to have the same security as that in regions of abundant rainfall, then there must be laws and institutions in conformity with physical conditions and industrial needs. This is not the case at present. The extension of irrigation has been marked by continuous controversies and disastrous litigation over water rights. Throughout the entire arid region the nature of these rights is as yet involved in confusion and uncertainty, if not open controversy. The adoption of the doctrine of ownership of water apart from land, already recognized in more than half of the arid States and Territories, makes it a speculative commodity, and threatens its users with exactions which no lover of his country can contemplate with satisfaction.

Thus far this conquest has been one of spoliation as well as development. With the creation of homes has gone the destruction of the mountain forests upon which their prosperity largely depends. Not since the strife between the herdsmen of Abraham and the herdsmen of Lot have there been more serious contests over range rights than those now prevailing in many sections over the possession of the free grazing-lands—contests which cannot be ended like the biblical one, because there is no unoccupied land to the right hand or the left.

These evils have their origin in inadequate land laws. The attempt to extend to this region the operation of a land system framed for a region of abundant rainfall, ignoring the changes in climatic conditions, is so serious an error that the best results are impossible. It prevents the best use of either irrigable, forest, or grazing-lands, and by ignoring wholly the water-supply opens the way for endless abuses. The truth of these statements can best be shown by considering each of these classes of land separately.

IRRIGABLE LANDS.

ABOUT one tenth of the arid region can be reclaimed. The ultimate percentage will depend upon the methods employed to secure the conservation and proper use of the water-supply. The success and prosperity which at-

tend this reclamation will depend largely on the methods employed in its distribution and control.

The history of irrigation shows that to prevent abuses water rights must inhere in the land and pass with land titles. It is only where the irrigated home controls both elements of fertility that success is assured. Successful land laws must recognize these facts. In disregard of manifest requirements and of the teaching of experience, we have a land system which divorces them at the outset. The public land of the arid region belongs to the General Government; the water-supply is owned or controlled by the several States. Title to land comes from the nation; title to water from the State. No right to water goes with a land patent. Each arid State has a different law governing water rights, and in none are the titles adequate or satisfactory.

Under the present land system there is neither supervision over the location of canals, limitation of their number, or protection for the investments made in their construction. As a result, canals are improperly located and streams are often notoriously over-appropriated. A visitor to St. Vrain Cañon, Colorado, will find three canals leaving the east side of the stream, so near each other that a stone can be thrown across the whole. They parallel each other for miles, reclaiming a region which could have been watered equally well from a single channel. It needs no acquaintance with irrigation to recognize the waste of money in constructing three canals instead of one, in the maintenance of three headgates and supervision of three diversions, where one would have served every purpose. To one familiar with the subject the enormous loss of water from seepage and evaporation becomes the most serious evil of this haphazard development.

This is not an isolated instance. The last report of the State engineer of Colorado estimates that sixty per cent. of the water wasted in irrigation is due to the needless multiplicity of canals. Eighty-five ditches have been built to divert the water of the stream which supplies the capital of Wyoming. Nine months in the year the city's appropriation absorbs its entire flow. The water secured by the other eighty-four appropriators is entirely accidental. One of the largest ditches, which it cost thousands of dollars to construct, has never secured a gallon of water from the stream. Nine tenths of the ditches, with the money spent in their construction, are not only wasted, but are a prolific source of mischief in promoting water-right controversies. In every arid State the significance of these facts is understood. The importance of limiting the number of ditches, and the gain which would come from their location according to a prearranged plan, are fully appreciated; but so long as there is no local control over public land, State supervision is impossible.

Under the present land system much of the best land and the largest rivers are unused. The Platte, Yellowstone, Missouri, Snake, and Colorado are all examples of the extent of our wasted resources. This is because of lack of protection for the money required to divert and distribute their waters. Small streams can be diverted by individuals, but coöperative effort or corporate capital is required to control a river. The outlay thus made must be returned by the use of the water. It can be insured only by reserving the land under canals for actual cultivators of the soil and users of water. Except where provided for in lands under State control, there is no way of insuring this result. The homestead law does not require reclamation, but only nominal residence for a brief period. By means of this law all the land under a canal may be absorbed by speculative filings, while its builders, deprived of its source of revenue and subjected to heavy charges for maintenance, are driven into bankruptcy.

Intrinsically there is no more meritorious or secure investment than the construction of irrigation works. There is scarcely an instance in which the increase in land values has not been far greater than the cost of the work; but because this increase does not go to those who make the outlay, results have been unsatisfactory. In all the West, though millions of dollars have been invested in canals, there is not, to the writer's knowledge, a large irrigation work built to water public land which has not been financially disastrous to its builders.

There is no necessity for this condition of affairs. There are thousands of home-seekers willing to occupy and use the irrigable lands, and to pay for the works to reclaim them. The lands should be reserved for them. The remedy is simple. ***Make the title to all irrigable land depend on reclamation.***

THE FOREST LANDS.

ALONG with the proper management and use of the water-supply is the problem of its preservation. It is this which gives value to the forest lands. All perennial streams have their sources among the snow-clad summits of the mountains. It is also in this region of summer frosts that the timber lands are found.

The head waters of the streams are covered by the forests' cooling shade; here the snows are held and the waters retained until the time of greatest need on the thirsty plains below. The value of a river for irrigation depends not on its yearly discharge, but on its proper distribution. A mountain torrent in May, if followed by a dry channel in August, is of little value. Yet this is the result which will follow the removal of the forests from our mountain slopes.

The greatest menace to their preservation is fire. The industrial value of the timber is, as a rule, limited; and the actual use of a century would be less than the destruction wrought by two fires witnessed by the writer. The latter of these destroyed fully one third of the timber along the eastern slope of the Big Horn Mountains. In the thirty days during which the fire raged there was greater loss to the available water-supply of this region than will be replaced by all the reservoirs constructed within the lifetime of this generation.

The question to be solved is, Can these areas be protected from fire? To do this will require comprehensive action and adequate governmental supervision. The forests will all be destroyed before these lands pass into the hands of private owners and have their preservation assured by the incentive of self-interest. Left, as they now are, exposed to the carelessness of tourists and hunters and to the indifference of those using them as grazing-areas, their destruction will increase with the facilities of travel and the settlement of the lands below.

THE GRAZING-LANDS.

THE irrigable and forest lands comprise but a small fraction of the arid region. Between the valley which can be watered and the mountain snows is an expanse of hill and plain, embracing nearly one third of the United States, which has no agricultural value except for the pasturage it affords. In the aggregate this is very great. The live stock supported thereon has in the past constituted more than half the taxable wealth of several arid States, and has given employment to a large percentage of their people. For the past few years the press of this region has been filled with accounts of conflicts over the possession of this range. In the autumn of 1894 flocks of sheep driven from Utah into Colorado met with armed resistance from the settlers of the latter State. In the spring of 1895 similar resistance met an attempt to occupy the grazing-land of Colorado by flocks from Wyoming. Eight hundred men were reported as under arms in the region in dispute. For several months there was daily danger of an armed conflict, and it was finally averted by an agreement which, without any warrant of law, divided the occupancy of the region in dispute among the warring factions.

At the last session of the Wyoming legislature a bill was introduced making it a misdemeanor to graze sheep on public land within two miles of the boundaries of a settler's home. Although the State has no control over these lands, so strong was local feeling that it came near passing. Since its failure force has largely taken the place of law in an attempt to prescribe boundaries on the open range.

This condition results from the absence of any statute providing for the management of the grazing-lands. At present they are an open common; there is not a line in our land laws which recognizes their existence or provides for their disposal. Those using them pay nothing for the privilege, either to the State or the nation, nor do they observe any rules as to the limit of territory occupied or the number of animals grazed thereon. The temptation to overstock the range, to make the most of the present, regardless of the future, is too great to be resisted. While the owners of herds of cattle, as a rule, observe fixed boundaries, flocks of sheep range from Oregon to Nebraska and from Arizona to the British possessions. The native pastures are grazed over until every vestige of vegetation disappears. In Eastern meadows, where the recuperative forces are tenfold greater than those of the arid plains, rest and reseeding are required: they are much more necessary in a region parched in summer by continual drought. The destructive effects have become, therefore, too marked to be mistaken. Where the early emigrants to California and Utah found abundant support for their teams and attendant live stock, one can now travel a day's journey without securing support for a single animal. Ten years ago nearly one million cattle were returned for taxation in Wyoming; in 1894 only one third that number were assessed.

In many places the profitable cultivation of irrigated land depends on the preservation of the contiguous pasturage. Lands remote from railways or local markets, as is much of the reclaimed area, can be profitably used only to provide the winter food-supply for stock grazed on the open range in summer. With the destruction of the latter is lost the greater part of the value of the irrigated holdings, and in many cases the possibility of occupying them at all. Because of this there has been growing friction between those having homes of this character and the owners of nomadic flocks who disregard their necessities. A continuance of the present policy means a continuance of the warfare for possession, and the ultimate destruction of the native grasses, with all that it implies.

Where the development of a country requires that force shall take the place of law, where the reward of toil spent in the creation of homes and adding to the country's permanent wealth is endangered by a pursuit which improves nothing, develops nothing, and which, if continued a thousand years, would leave this region less populous and productive than it is to-day, a change in conditions cannot be too swift or comprehensive.

The arid West does not reflect the best tendencies of irrigated lands. Our water laws are inferior to those of both Canada and Australia, countries in which the practice of irrigation is of more recent origin than with us. The time has come for a more adequate appreciation of the importance of this subject, and for national pride in securing the best possible results.

CHEYENNE. *Elwood Mead,*
State Engineer of Wyoming.

Were Colonial Bricks Imported from England?

IN THE CENTURY for December, 1894, John Williamson Palmer, in his article «Old Maryland Homes and Ways,» says that «here [in Maryland] stood the sturdy domicile, broad and square, *built of bricks brought over from England* in the ships that came for tobacco.» Now Maryland was settled in great measure by Virginians, and Mr. Palmer repeats only what is current as an accepted tradition in Virginia.

But traditions are not history, and if Mr. Palmer has any facts from the Maryland records to support the tradition, I, for one, would like to know what they are. On the contrary, the facts from the Virginia records are all the other way. In spite of the tradition, there is not a case to be found in the annals of Virginia of bricks imported from England.

Indeed, the objection to the tradition is at the threshold. It stands to reason that it was easier to import brickmakers than brick. Moreover, the importation of settlers was a paying business, since for every immigrant there were allowed fifty acres of land to the importer. Many ships went to England yearly with tobacco from Maryland and Virginia, but they came back freighted, not with brick, but with immigrants, servants, and dry-goods. There is no lack of bills of lading giving evidence of such cargoes. Sober thought seems to repudiate the idea of importing across 3000 miles of water, in the little vessels of that day, a commodity like brick, which in damp weather would absorb vast quantities of water, endanger the vessel, and bring no adequate return.

We know that there is no lack of good brick clay in Virginia and Maryland; and the truth is that if there was anything, after the making of tobacco, in which the

planters were well versed, it was in the making of brick. But I must quote the records.

Now it seems that brick was made use of almost contemporaneously with the first settlement. To quote the Rev. Alexander Whitaker, who wrote, in 1612, of Virginia: «The higher ground is much like the moulds of France, clay and sand being proportionately mixed together at the top; but if we dig any depth (*as we have done for our bricks*) we find it to be red clay, full of glistering spangles.» (Brown's «Genesis of the United States,» Vol. II, p. 584.) Again, in the «New Life of Virginia,» published by authority of the Council of Virginia at London, in 1612, there is this statement: «You shall know that our Colonie consisteth of seven hundred men at least, of sundrie arts and professions. . . . The Colonie is removed up the river fourscore miles further beyond Jamestown, to a place of higher ground, strong and defencible. . . . Being thus invited, here they pitch; the spade men fell to digging, the *brick men burnt their bricks*, the Company cut down wood, the carpenters fell to squaring out, the sawyers to sawing, the souldiers to fortifying, and every man to somewhat.»

The first brick houses in America made by Englishmen were built at Jamestown; and in August, 1637, Alexander Stoner, who calls himself «brickmaker,» took out a patent for an acre of land in Jamestown Island, «near the brick-kiln.» That the soil on the island was prime for making brick is shown by the letter of the council in 1667, who, when the king required the fort at Old Point to be repaired, argued in favor of that at Jamestown, «which hath great comodity of Brick Turfe or mudd to fortifye wth all» (Sainsbury MSS.). The fort at Jamestown, like all the rest, was to be *homework*, since in 1673 there is a complaint on record that the contractors, Mr. William Drummond and Major Theophilus Hone, had «made the brick,» but had not erected the fort. (General Court MSS.) And in the York County records there is a suit in 1679 «about a house for the saveguard of the bricks made upon Col. Baldry's land for building Fort James at Tyndall's Point» (now Gloucester Point).

In 1649 there was printed a little tract entitled «The Description of Virginia» (published in Force's «Tracts»), wherein it is stated that «the people in Virginia have lime in abundance made for their houses, store of Brick made, and House and Chimnies built of Brick and some wood high and fair, covered with Shingell for Tyles; yet they have none that make them [tiles], wanting workmen; in that trade the *Brickmakers* have not the art to do it, it shrinketh.» Cypress shingles are still preferred in Virginia to clay tile for roofs of dwellings. In the act of 1662 providing for brick houses in Jamestown, not only are «brickmakers» mentioned, but the prices for «moulding and burning bricks.» (Hening's Statutes.) And in the York County records, in 1692, John Kingston, «brickmaker,» is allowed £7 against the estate of Robert Booth «for makeing and burning Bricks.» In the inventories of dead men's personal property there are several mentions of «brick moulds» necessary in making the brick.

The three great public buildings of the colony during the eighteenth century were the college of William and Mary, the capitol, and the palace. I have the manuscript accounts of the expenses entering into the erection of the first, but among them I cannot find any evidence that the brick was imported. I infer, however, from the items for «brick moulds» that the brick was made on the spot. The committee appointed to superintend the building of the capitol was invested with power to buy certain materials in England; if brick had been one, it would certainly have been mentioned, contributing, as it did, the largest element in the structure. The first capitol building was burned down, however, fifty years later, and a great contest arose as to its future location. Some were for abandoning Williamsburg altogether. Finally it was decided to rebuild at the old place, and in John Blair's diary we read: «Nov. 15 [1751].—Fair. Skelton fired the last kiln for the Capitol.» The same fact is noted concerning the other buildings.

In addition I may say that I have carefully examined the files of the Virginia «Gazette» for three years, from 1736 to 1739, recording the ships entered in the James, York, Rappahannock, and Potomac rivers; but there is not a single cargo of brick reported in all that time, except one of 100,000 brick from New England, which came, doubtless, in response to some pressing demand.

How, then, did the idea of houses made of imported brick become so firmly fixed in the popular fancy? I conceive that the impression arose from mistaking the meaning of «English brick.» Houses in Maryland and Virginia were, it is true, made of «English brick," but this did not mean imported brick. The statute for building up Jamestown in 1662 called for «statute brick,» which meant brick made according to the English statute. In the early days of the colony, previous to the passage of the navigation law, there was a large trade with Holland, and a great many Dutchmen came to Virginia, where they became useful citizens. I find, in the Virginia records, mention made of «Dutch brick,» meaning brick made after the Dutch fashion—a large order of brick, such as, I am informed, one sees in the walls of houses in Charleston, South Carolina. Sometimes, it seems, the colonists preferred Dutch brick, and the reason for the distinction between the two kinds was obvious to them. When in the course of time the circumstances of society had changed, the phrase «English brick» came to be understood as «brick imported from England.»

Lyon G. Tyler,
President of William and Mary College.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

«The Lady, or the Tiger?»[1] — **A New Solution.**

Time: *Summer.* Place: *Mrs. Darrell-King's Veranda.*

Mrs. Alexander Powers (lowering her parasol, and ascending the steps): «Mrs. King is the wily spider who waylays us. It is charming to stop midway between the beach and hotel, and find the very people one would rather see.»

Chorus: «Thank you.» «Oh, how lovely!»

Miss Elizabeth Whiteford Blake (following, with a book in her hand): «Just the hour, too, at the shore, when one is so aimless. Life has no object this morning—probably because I have finished ‹Degeneration.›»

Mrs. Willie Denzell (in a steamer chair, studying the beach through her lorgnette): «Imagine having an object before luncheon!»

Mrs. Powers (taking the wicker chair proffered by Mrs. King): «Bless you, *I* have one! My entire attention is absorbed in trying not to look limp. Alexander says that for a quiet resort this is the most hair-curling place he ever encountered.»

Chorus: «Oh!» «Ah!»

Miss Del Terrett (from the hammock): «Men hate limp women. I don't blame them. I hate 'em myself. We *never* look more forlorn, though, than the men when they go down to the beach with those tiger-striped robes over their bathing-suits.»

Mrs. Powers: «They don't feel tigerish. A man is never so helpless as when he has to leave his hat at home.»

Mrs. Darrell-King (crocheting): «At least, so we imagine.»

Miss Van Mack (adjusting her glasses): «Yes. I find that we are prone to endow others with our point of view, and take it for granted that certain results *must* spring from the causes which are most apparent to *us*. We always know just what the other person thinks and feels, because we should think and feel so under similar circumstances. Whereas, in our characters there may be only one touch of nature to make us kin, and all the other touches diametrically opposed.»

Miss Del Terrett: «Dear me!»

Miss Van Mack: «Take the threadbare subject of ‹The Lady, or the Tiger?› What is the use of discussing what every woman would have done? I once took my note-book and asked certain women what *they* would have done; but I doubt the sincerity of the replies.»

Mrs. Darrell-King: «Naturally. A woman's first lesson is repression.»

Miss Elizabeth Whiteford Blake: «Oh, *dear* Mrs. King, I *don't* think so! *Why* should n't one answer honestly? There is surely but one reply to the Lady or *Tiger* question. *Any* right-minded woman would give him to the—»

Mrs. Powers: «Well, I don't believe in half-way measures, anyhow. I 'd give him straight to the—»

Mrs. Willie Denzell: «So should I—right straight to the—»

Miss Van Mack: «Why, any woman in her senses would say the same thing, if she answered honestly. She 'd give him right to the other woman, of course.»

Simultaneous Chorus of Five: «Yes!» «*Yes!*» «No!» «*No!*» «No!»

Mrs. Darrell-King (smiles, and crochets in silence).

Miss Van Mack: «Well, really! There seems to be some diversity here, at any rate. Now, remember. I am not speaking of Mr. Stockton's one particular woman, but of what we, individually, would do if the scene could be shifted to the present.»

Miss Del Terrett (swinging lazily): «It would be awfully nice to have to do it. Just imagine how exciting to have the Casino bedecked, and Benjamin's orchestra playing waltzes, and all your dearest friends and best enemies making up box-parties, just to see one give a gesture. Why, it would be perfectly lovely. I could give him to the other woman—»

Mrs. Willie Denzell (interpolating): «And spend the rest of your life making him wish he 'd never seen her.»

Miss Del Terrett: «Precisely. Or I could give him to the tiger, and be happy ever after as a woman with a melancholy history—»

Miss Van Mack: «And a well-paying lecture tour.»

Miss Del Terrett: «Of course. The managers would bid high. But if you want me to answer honestly—»

Mrs. Willie Denzell: «You might at least try, Del.»

Miss Del Terrett: «Thank you, yes. I would give the dear man to the other woman, because—»

Mrs. Willie Denzell: «You know you could get him back again.»

Miss Del Terrett (modestly): «Yes.»

Mrs. Willie Denzell: «So should I give him to the woman. But it would be to see them both eaten up afterward by the tiger, which I 've no doubt was the finale if that—a—person—princess, was it?—in Mr. Stockton's story had anything to do with it.»

Chorus: «Oh!» «*Oh!*» «Just listen!»

Mrs. Darrell-King (quietly): «Was the caged woman beautiful?»

Mrs. Powers: «Of course. Better be dead than ugly—in a story.»

Miss Van Mack: «Here is Mrs. Hope. Let us ask her, because she is a delightful type of a happy and wholesome young woman—»

Mrs. Stanley Hope (stopping at the veranda steps): «Good morning, Mrs. King. How interested you all look!»

Miss Van Mack: «Yes, Mrs. Hope; we wish you to tell us which you would do if the scene of Mr. Stock-

[1] Mr. Stockton's story with this title first appeared in THE CENTURY for November, 1882.

ton's story were transferred to the present—give the man you love—»

Mrs. Powers: «Who, by the way, is charming.»

Miss Van Mack: «— to be eaten by the tiger rather than to be married to another woman, or vice versa? No, now; don't go! Please tell us.»

Mrs. Stanley Hope (on the steps, smiles and blushes): «I—oh, don't ask me. Ask some one else.»

Chorus: «Go on! Go on!»

Mrs. Hope: «I know you will think me perfectly dreadful. I suppose I *ought* to say the woman, but (moving down the steps)—but I 'm sure I would give him to the tiger.» (Runs off, smiling over her shoulder.)

Miss Elizabeth Whiteford Blake: «How dreadful! I thought Mrs. Hope so devoted to her husband.»

Mrs. Darrell-King: «So she is.»

Mrs. Powers: «Well, now, I will answer honestly. If it were any other man I would give him to the woman. But I really think *I* would give Alexander to the tiger.»

Miss Elizabeth Whiteford Blake: «Oh, *dear* Mrs. Powers! *No!*»

Mrs. Powers: «It 's so bad for a man to know he 's tremendously in demand.»

Miss Elizabeth Whiteford Blake: «Oh, surely, love alone is capable of self-effacement. I 'd give him to the other woman gladly, *gladly*, just because I loved him.»

Mrs. Powers: «Child, you are not married. *I* would give him to the tiger, ‹gladly, gladly,› for the selfsame reason.»

Mrs. Willie Denzell (looking at her chatelaine watch): «Luncheon!» (All move, and collect parasols, etc.)

Miss Del Terrett: «Mrs. King has n't expressed her opinion yet.

Miss Elizabeth Whiteford Blake: «Oh, we all know what dear Mrs. King will say.»

Miss Van Mack: «Yes, Mrs. King shall decide this hydra-headed question. She is just the one to do it.»

Mrs. Powers: «*Honestly*, you know, Mrs. King.»

Mrs. Darrell-King: «It is consistent to make the man the irresponsible being, and leave the woman to solve such a question; but I should do the other thing, and test the man. I should signal to open *both* cages.»

Mrs. Willie Denzell: «Just as I said! Then the tiger would eat them both, and *that* episode would be closed —which is always the more desirable way, anyhow.»

Mrs. Darrell-King: «Not at all. The man would have an instant of time in which to choose. He must either spring into the cage with the woman to save himself from the tiger, and in so doing renounce *me;* or he would give himself to the tiger rather than marry the other woman. But the question is, which—»

Butler (in the doorway): «Madam, luncheon is ready.»

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

What 's in a Name?

[Before the battle of Lexington, William Dawes and Paul Revere were both despatched to rouse the country, Dawes starting first.]

I AM a wandering, bitter shade;
Never of me was a hero made;
Poets have never sung my praise,
Nobody crowned my brow with bays;
And if you ask me the fatal cause,
I answer only, «My name was Dawes.»

'T is all very well for the children to hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere;
But why should my name be quite forgot,
Who rode as boldly and well, God wot?
Why should I ask? The reason is clear—
My name was Dawes and his Revere.

When the lights from the old North Church
flashed out,
Paul Revere was waiting about,
But I was already on my way.
The shadows of night fell cold and gray
As I rode, with never a break or pause;
But what was the use, when my name was
Dawes?

History rings with his silvery name;
Closed to me are the portals of fame.
Had he been Dawes and I Revere,
No one had heard of him, I fear.
No one has heard of me because
He was Revere and I was Dawes.

Helen F. More.

Ballade of Slips.

TO-DAY Art comes at Traffic's call,
A victim to commercial sway,
When poet, novelist, and all
Who give their budding genius play,
Must wait for magazines to say
If Fortune's scale shall rise or dip;
And, good or bad, they all convey
Their answer in a printed slip.

The singer, thinking to enthrall
The whole world with his measured lay,
Soon finds that many slips befall
The traveler on his lettered way;
That obstacles, in stern array,
Beset the road, his feet to trip,
And editors—fond hope to slay—
Send answer in a printed slip.

Refusal slips, both large and small,
Whispering an editorial nay,
Haunt me at night like specters tall,
Reminders of *returning* day.
Now as I write I hope and pray,
When to the mart these lines I ship,
Accepting them without delay,
They 'll answer in a printed slip.

ENVOI.

DEAR Princess, for proposals pay
No sweet reply, by word of lip,
But send, as promptly as you may,
Your answer in a printed slip.

John Albert Macy.

By the Way.

THERE is a fatality about a first acceptance—by a girl or an editor. They ought to be more careful.

DO not fret at being misunderstood; it is the privilege of the great—and the fool.

IF you have faith as mountains, you may perhaps remove a grain of mustard.

SOME people are kept so busy forgiving themselves that they have no time to spare for others' sins.

DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY.

THE FATAL DEFECT.

SHE: «It does seem as if that picture got further away from a likeness with every sitting.»
HE: «The trouble is, the more I look at you the less I think of the picture.»

SHE who cries for justice must get ready for the return of the boomerang.

IT is n't good for children to have too easy a time; even a healthy puppy must have a bone to worry.

NO wonder we dread pain; it is defeated spirit and triumphant sense.

To know keen compunction is better than to be wholly righteous.

OH, all this talk of realism! A bird gives one the sense of flight, not of feathers.

Dorothea Lummis.

A Spring Colloquy.

VIOLET, Violet, where did you capture
Your pure, unspeakable blue?
«Her eyes in the springtime I copied, with pencil
Of magic, and heaven, and dew.»

Apple-bloom, Apple-bloom, why are your petals
So blended of roses and snow?
«All my long bud-time I dreamed of her blushes,
And like them elected to grow.»

Buttercup, Buttercup, why are you golden?
«I looked on the light of her hair,
And loved it, till God, who is kind to his flowers,
Made me, too, shining and fair.»

Maple-bud, Maple-bud, how comes your scarlet
As warm as the heart of the South?
«She tasted my sap once, and every faint leaflet
Took fire at the touch of her mouth.»

Mayflower, Mayflower, why is your sweetness
So subtle, and cool, and divine?
«I think it 's because she once wore in her bosom
One fortunate blossom of mine.»

Charles G. D. Roberts.

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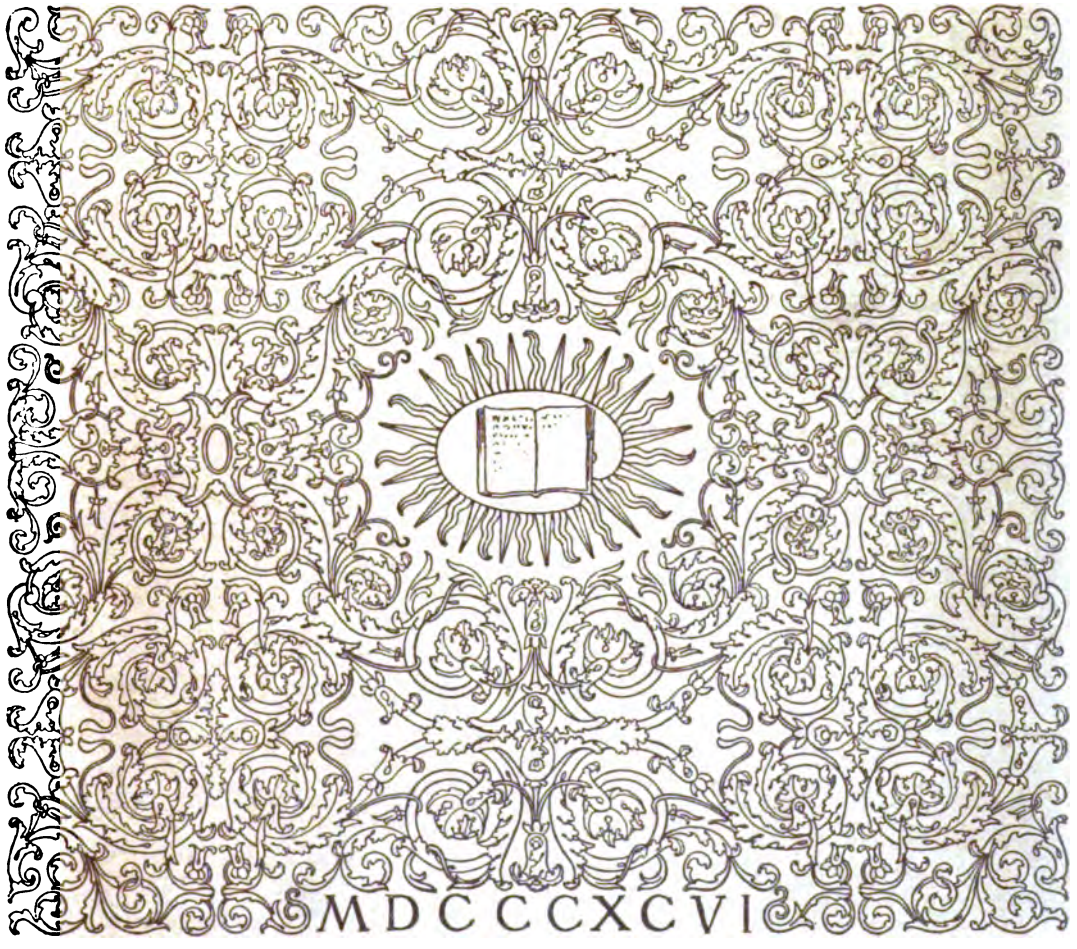

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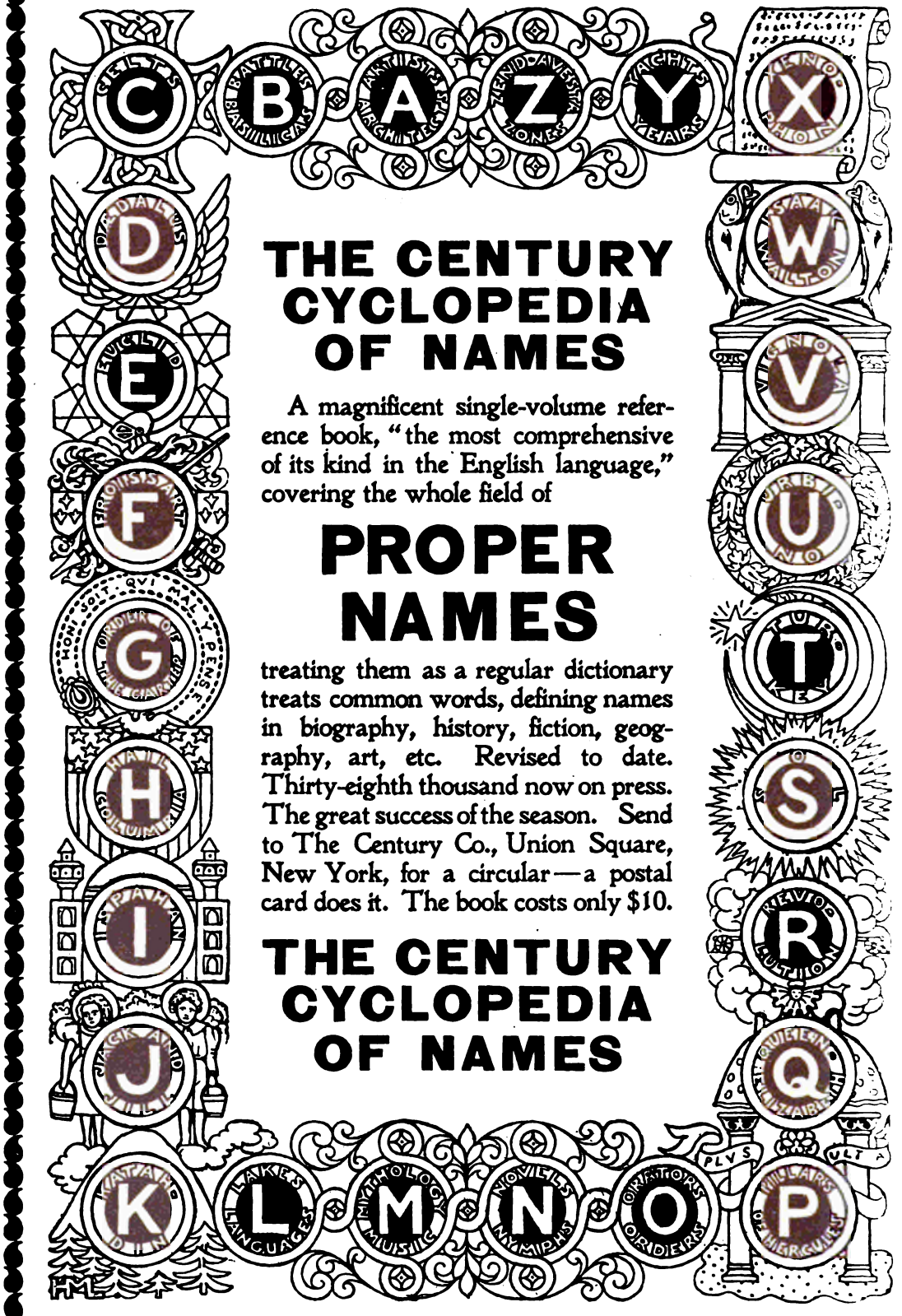

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JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE

AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-TWO, WHEN CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE OF WAYS AND MEANS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LI. MARCH, 1896. No. 5.

A PERSONALLY CONDUCTED ARREST IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

CASIMIR, lifting his hat from his glistening head, said, with a bow of apology, that I could not paint—in Constantinople, of course; that «one udder Engleesh wait one, two, four week, and t'en go 'way wit'out permit. One Russian have his machine take' away.

«No, Effendi,» he added; «I ver' sorry, but it eempossible to make t'e picture.»

«How about an American?» I asked.

«Ah! you not Engleesh? You Americain? T'at is anudder t'ing. I make pardon»—with another sweep of his hat. «I t'ink you Engleesh.» Then, behind his hand, in a whisper: «Engleesh all time make trouble.»

The lowered voice and furtive glance for possible Britishers in disguise revealed like a flash-light all the devious ways and manifold crookednesses of the tourist-dragoman of the East: your servant to-day, serving you servilely and vilely; serving somebody else to-morrow, still servile and vile.

The clerk of the hotel agreed with Casimir as to my painting—in the streets. So did the banker who cashed my first draft.

The banker, however, was more lucid. In the present condition of the Armenian question, he said, an order had been issued from the palace forbidding any one to reproduce a likeness of anything living or dead, from a camel to a mosque, with special terms of imprisonment for those bold enough even to outline such persons as bore a gun; five years for drawing a fort; the bowstring or a double-shotted bag and the Bosporus for a man-of-war or a torpedo-boat.

I had heard threats like these before, not only here, but in other parts of the world. I had been warned in Cuba, watched night and day in Bulgaria, and locked up in Spain; and yet, somehow, I had always kept successfully at work, buoyed by the hope that a quiet manner, a firm persistence, and inherent honesty would carry me through.

Therefore I opened my umbrella and paint-box the following morning in front of the Sultana Validè Mosque.

Casimir protested with hands aloft and with streaming face, a red silk handkerchief damming the flow near the chin-line. He begged me to go at once to the chief of police with him for a permit, insisting that if I were caught we should both be put under lock and key, and disporting himself generally after the manner of his guild, one moment with vehemence, the next with dove-like gentleness. However, under all his boasts and predictions I detected a genuine fear of

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the guardians of the peace, and a fixed determination, so far as he was concerned, to keep out of their clutches. This, together with his desire at all hazards to earn my five francs a day, made Casimir a very nervous and for the time being a very uncomfortable personage.

I selected the open plaza fronting the Sultana Validè because it was a blossoming field of enormous umbrellas, green, brown, and white, beneath which were sold stuffs and fruits of every hue in the rainbow, and because I thought that my own modest and diminutive sunshade might be so lost in the general scheme as to be undistinguishable.

The population of that part of Stamboul thought otherwise. Before I had half blocked in one corner of the mosque and indicated my high lights and shadows, a surging throng of Turks, Greeks, Jews, and Gentiles—perhaps Hottentots, for some were as black as coal—had wedged themselves in a solid mass about my easel.

Casimir shrugged his shoulders, throwing his eyes skyward, his mouth open like that of a choking chicken. He had consented, under protest, to carry my sketching outfit across the Galata Bridge, handling it as tenderly as if it had been a bomb; and now that it was about to explode he wished it distinctly understood by the bystanders that the affair was none of his doing. I endured this for a while, catching now and then a whispered word dropped in the ear of an eager looker-on, and then called out:

«Here, Casimir! Don't stand there paralyzed. Clear the crowd in front, so that I can see the steps of the mosque, and then go over to the fountain opposite and fill this water-bottle.»

He obeyed mechanically. There was an opening of the crowd for a moment as he passed, a tight closing up again, and the curious mob was thicker than ever.

When he returned he brought with him two full hands. One was his own, holding the bottle; the other was that of a gendarme holding Casimir.

The crowd in front melted away, and the pair stood before me.

He was a small policeman, topped with a fez, girded with a belt, armed with a sword, and incrusted with buttons. He wore also a sinister smile, like that of a terrier with his teeth in a rat. I concentrated in my face all the honesty of my race, reached out my hand for the water-bottle, and waved the officer aside. He really was in my way.

The gesture had its effect; a shade of doubt passed across his countenance. Could I be some foreign potentate in disguise? Casimir caught the look, and poured out instantly a history of my life at home and abroad, my distinguished position as court painter to the universe, my enormous wealth, my unlimited influence, etc. The master-stroke of dragoman policy of course would have been to pacify the officer and satisfy me.

There was a hurried conference, and the two disappeared. This time Casimir held the officer by the arm, in a wheedling, confiding way.

DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

AYUB MOSQUE.

DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

THE PIGEON MOSQUE.

DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

OLD CLOTHES' BAZAAR.

The crowd crystallized again, closer now than ever. I began on the umbrellas, and had dotted in a few of the figures, with dabs of vermilion for the omnipresent fez, when an Arab who was craning his head over my canvas was unceremoniously brushed aside, and three preservers of the peace stood before me—the red-fezzed rat-catcher and two others. Casimir's face was permeated with an expression of supreme contentment. I saw at a glance that, whatever had happened, his own innocence had been established. I saw, too, that he had cut away from under my feet every plank in my moral platform. An honest expression of face, dense ignorance of the customs of the country, and righteous indignation would no longer do.

The speaker wore fewer buttons than the terrier and had a pleasanter smile. «Effendi,» he said, «your dragoman informs me that you have already applied to the Minister of Police for a permit, and that it will be ready to-morrow»—this in Turkish, Casimir interpreting—«I am sorry to interrupt your work to-day, but my duty requires it. Bring your permit to my station in the morning, and I will give my men orders to protect you while you paint, and to keep the people from disturbing you.»

It was beautiful to see Casimir as he translated this fairy-tale, and to watch how with one side of his face he tried to express his deep interest in my behalf, and with the other his entire approval of the course the chief had taken.

The decision of the officer finished operations for the day in Stamboul and its vicinity, and cut off further discussion. The situation compelled absolute silence. Casimir's lie about his application for a permit and the chief's courtesy left me no other course. I bowed respectfully, thanked the officer for his offer, as kind as it was unexpected, lighted a cigarette, crossed the street, and ordered a cup of coffee. Casimir struck my colors—my white umbrella—and got my baggage-train in motion. I went out with my side-arms—my brushes and my private papers and my unfinished sketch—intact. The rout was complete.

«It was t'e only way, Effendi,» said Casimir, laying my umbrella at my feet. «But for Casimir it was great trouble for you. T'e chief was furious. We go to-morrow. I ask for permit. T'e dragoman of t'e minister is my long-time friend. He do anyt'ing for me. The permit come in one minute. Not to-day; it is too late.» His recent diplomatic success had evidently emboldened him.

«But there is still half a day left, Casimir. What time does the boat leave the Galata Bridge for Scutari?»

«Every hour. Does t'e Effendi wish to see t'e howling dervish?»

«No; the Effendi wishes to see the fountain at the mosque nearest the landing.»

«To wash himse'f?»—with a puzzled look.

«No; to paint.»

«But t'e police? What will Casimir do?»

«What you ought to do is to get me a per-

mit at once. What you will do is to concoct another yarn. Pick up that easel; I am not going to waste the afternoon, police or no police.»

So we went to Scutari. There certainly could be no crime in painting so beautiful a thing as the fountain of Scutari. If these fairy-like creations of the East were objects of worship I could easily turn Mohammedan.

This time Casimir laid aside the skin of the possum and wriggled into the scales of the serpent. Opposite the fountain was a low awning shading a dozen or more little square stools occupied by as many natives drinking coffee and smoking chibouks. On one of these stools Casimir, gliding noiselessly, placed my paint-box. The umbrella was not needed, as the awning hid the sun.

This master-stroke, costing the price of a cup of coffee,—half a piaster, or two cents,—deceived the crowd outside, as well as the police; and the sketch was finished in peace,

DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

OPEN-AIR CAFÉ, SCUTARI.

while Casimir drank his coffee and grew black in the face from exhausting his lungs on a chibouk. (Casimir is a Greek, not a Turk, and cigarettes, not chibouks, are his weakness.)

But my relief was not of long standing. In upper Stamboul, the next day, I was politely but firmly commanded to «move on»; and only the intervention of a grave and dignified old priest—a vision in soft, flowing silk robes, turquoise-blue, pale green, and lemon-yellow—prevented my being marched off to the nearest station for investigation.

I felt that the situation was beyond any former experience. I must either present myself at the office of the Minister of Police and plead for a permit, or close my outfit and give up work.

At the end of a flight of wooden steps crowded with soldiers, a long, wide hall, and a dingy room, I found the chief dragoman of the Minister of Police—not a dragoman after the order of Casimir, but a dragoman who spoke seven languages and had the manners of a diplomat.

In Constantinople there are of course dragomans and dragomans. Each embassy has one as an interpreter. Many of them are of high rank, the German dragoman being a count. These men, as translators, are intrusted, of course, with secrets of great moment. Every consulate has a dragoman, who translates the jargon of the East—Arabic, Turkish, modern Greek, Bulgarian *patois*, and the like—into intelligent English, French, or German; and so has every high native official with much or little to do with the various nationalities that make up the Ottoman empire and its neighbors. There are, too, the modern guides called dragomans, who interpret in many tongues, and who lie in all.

When appealed to, this high-caste dragoman of the minister said evasively that he believed he remembered Casimir—he was not sure. It was necessary, however, for

me, before approaching his Excellency, to be armed with a passport and a letter from my consul vouching for my standing and integrity. Something might then be done, although the prospect was not cheering; still, with a wave of his hand and a profound bow, he would do his utmost.

I instantly produced my passport,—I always wore it in my inside pocket, over my heart,—and at once called his attention to the cabalistic signature of the official who had viséd it on the day of my arrival—three wiggles and a dot, a sign manual bearing a strong resemblance to an angleworm writhing in great agony.

The next day—there is not the slightest hurry in the East—I handed in my second document, emblazoned on the seal with the arms of my country, and certifying to my peaceful and non-revolutionary character, my blameless life, and the harmless nature of my calling.

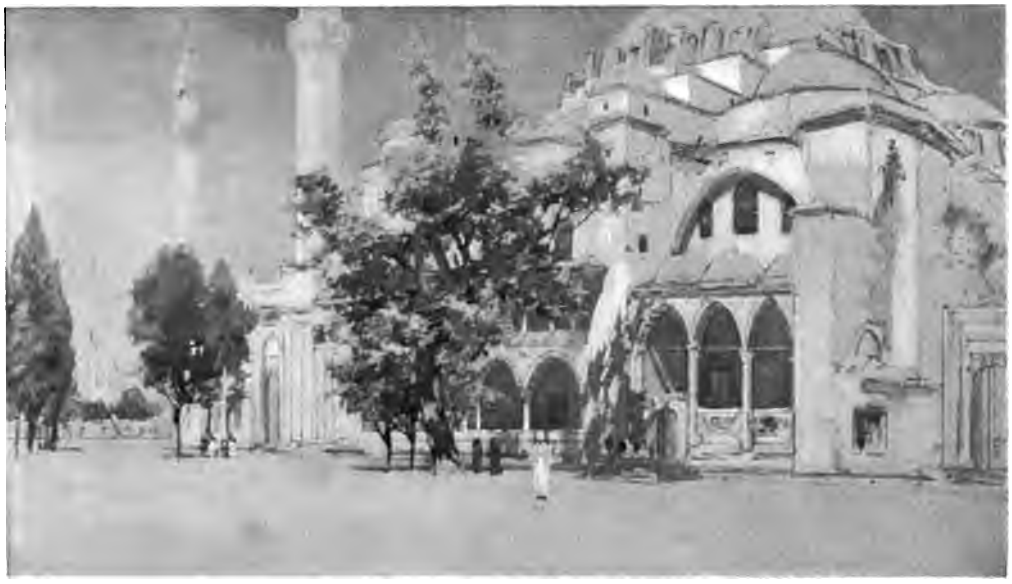
DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

AFTERNOON, MOSQUE OF SULTAN SULEIMAN.

The minister was in; I was asked to take a seat outside.

The outside was the same hall, bare of everything but officers, soldiers, and hangers-on. At one end stood two men with worn-out stubs of feather dusters, who pounced upon every pair of shoes that entered the sacred precinct, giving each two quick polishing strokes—one piaster for Casimir's and mine. At the other end hung a great red curtain, covering the door of the minister's office, patched and bound with leather, as stiff as a theater-drop, and guarded by an officer in full uniform. My passport open, my character endorsed, my shoes dusted and the dusting paid for, I was ready for his august presence. The curtain was drawn aside, and I stepped in.

Seated at a common folding-desk littered with papers, surrounded by secretaries and officers, sat a man perhaps fifty years of age, with calm, resolute, clear-cut face and an eye that could have drawn the secrets from a sphinx. He was neatly dressed in dark clothes, with plain black necktie. The only spots of color about him were a speck of red in his buttonhole and the vermilion fez that crowned his well-modeled head. In his hand he held the consul's letter and my passport and visiting-card. For an instant he bored me full of holes, and then with a satisfied glance motioned me to a seat. Casimir, who had preceded me, was bent double in profound obeisance, his head almost on the floor. I returned his Excellency's glance as fearlessly as I could, and sat down to look him over. At this instant a clerk entered with some papers and advanced rapidly toward his desk. The interruption evidently was inopportune, for the same eye that had comprehended my entirety shot an angry look at the intruder, who stopped, wavered, and then, shriveling up like a burned leaf, glided back out of the room. Not a word was spoken by either. The power of the eye had been enough. It was only a flash glance that I



DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

WEST FAÇADE, MOSQUE OF SULTAN SULEIMAN.

got, but it revealed to me one of the hidden springs of this man's dominating will. Here, then, was the throttle-valve of the Ottoman empire. When the Sultan moved the lever this man set the wheels in motion.

He listened patiently, scanned the papers keenly as I talked on, the sinuous, genuflecting Casimir putting it into proper shape, and then handed me a cigarette. I lighted it, and rambled on, explaining how, four years before, when my sketching outfit and baggage had been overhauled by two officers at the station, doubtless by his orders (he bowed slightly, but gave no other sign as to the truth of my surmise), I had personally called the attention of these officers to a sketch made above the navy-yard, with all the men-of-war and torpedo-boats left out, as I considered that I had no right to transfer them to my canvas; and how both had then been satisfied, and left me with apologies for the examination. He raised his head at this, and covered me with one sweep of his eye, from my dusted shoes to my bared head. Then he played with his cigarette for a moment and said slowly and thoughtfully:

«Come to-morrow at one o'clock.»

I spent the remainder of that day sketching about the old walls of Seraglio Point, making snap-shots with my sketch-book, dodging the police along the water-front of Stamboul, idling about the cafés and in and out of the narrow streets packed so full of people that I could with difficulty push myself through. I could easily believe the statement that there are more people to the square foot in Stamboul than anywhere else on the globe.

At noon the following day I again had my shoes dusted, and again cooled their heels for an hour outside the swinging mat. One o'clock was *my* hour, not that of his Excellency.

When I was at last admitted the minister came forward and extended his hand. Casimir braced up and got his head high enough to see over the desk.

«I cannot grant your consul's request to give you a permit,» he said in a calm voice. «In the present disturbed condition of affairs it would establish a precedent which would afterward cause us trouble.»

Casimir's face, when he translated this, looked as if it had been squeezed in a door. The threatened collapse of all his rosy plans seemed to take the stiffness out of his neck.

«I have decided, therefore, to detail an officer who will personally conduct you wherever you wish to go. I shall rely upon your good judgment to paint only such things as your experience teaches you are proper.»

Casimir's back now humped up like a camel's, and his face beamed as he interpreted. He did not, of course, put the minister's speech in these words—he mangled it with a dialect of his own; but I knew what the soft, musical cadence of the minister's voice meant. Then his Excellency went on:

«The officer selected is one of my personal staff. He will be at your hotel in the morning to receive your orders. *Au revoir.*»

DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

EARLY MORNING, MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED.

When I crossed the Galata Bridge the following morning I was attended by two men: one the ever-suppliant Casimir, carrying my outfit as triumphantly as if it contained the freedom of the city, and the other a thick-set, broad-shouldered man with a firm, determined face and quick, restless eyes, whom the gendarmes saluted with marked respect as we passed. This was Mahmoud, attached to the minister's personal staff, and now detailed for special duty in my service. He was responsible for my conduct, the character of my work, and my life, with full power to strike down any one who molested me, and with equal power to hurry me to the nearest lock-up if I departed a hair-line from the subjects which, by the graciousness of his chief, I was permitted to paint. The sketches on these pages would never have been possible except for his ceaseless care and constant watchfulness of me. A Mohammedan crowd is not always considerate of an infidel dog, especially when he is painting sacred mosques and tombs. Moreover, stones are convenient missiles when such giaours are about.

BUT there were days when Mahmoud was not with me—days at Therapia, a little nestling village strung around a curve in the shore line of the Bosporus, with abrupt green hills rising about it; with beautiful gardens, delightful groves, and flower-bordered walks; its banks lapped by water of marvelous clearness and purity, fresh with every tide from the Black Sea.

This Newport of the East was founded some centuries ago by the Greeks because of its invigorating climate,—Therapia signifying health,—and to-day is still the refuge in the summer heats not only of many of the pashas and other high Turkish dignitaries whose palaces line the water-front or crown the hills near by, but of scores of European wayfarers and strangers who want more air and less dog than can be found in Pera.

Here, too, are the houses of the several foreign embassies, English, German, French, and the others, their yachts and despatch-boats lying at anchor almost in front of their gardens, the brasses glistening in the sun.

And the charm of it all! The boats' crews of Jack Tars in their white suits rowing back and forth, answering calls from the shore; the blue water—as blue as indigo—dotted with caiques skimming about; the dog-carts and landaus crowding the shore road, with footmen in gorgeous Albanian costumes of white and gold, and with sash and simitar—all make a scene of surprising brilliancy and beauty, unequaled by any other similar spot in Europe. Diplomacy is never so picturesque as at Therapia.

There is, too, a superb hotel,—the Summer Palace, aptly called,—with shaded rooms, its overarching pines, tennis-courts, ball-rooms and bath-houses, besides all the delights of yacht and caique life.

DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

EXTERIOR COURT, MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED.

This Summer Palace, with its spacious drawing-rooms and broad terraces, is thronged nightly not only with members of the Diplomatic Corps, with their secretaries and attachés,—daily in touch with questions of vital importance, yet nearly unmindful of the seductions of gliding slippers and waving fans,—but also with officers of the imperial army and navy, members of the Sultan's cabinet, and other high officials immediately connected with his Majesty's government. The perfect repose of manner and the easy, unassumed dignity of these Turks, especially of the younger men, are to be expected, for Orientals are never hurried or nervous; but their graciousness and gentleness, and, more than all, their unconscious simplicity,—a simplicity that comes only to men trained to good manners from their infancy, just as they are trained to swim, to ride, and to shoot,—were, I confess, revelations to me.

At these gatherings in the Summer Palace there were, of course, no Turkish women; but there were plenty of others—Greeks, Armenians, and Europeans—crowding the rooms all day and filling the cotillions at night. If his Majesty passed sleepless nights at the palace ten miles away, worrying over the latest demands of the Powers, there was no sign of it at Therapia. The merry hours went on. The caiques were nightly filled with bevies of young and old, singing in the moonlight. There were tennis matches, afternoon teas, excursions by land and water, and all that goes to the making of the life of pretty women and gallant men having no stronger ties than those born of mutual enjoyment, and apparently weighted with no duties more arduous than the killing of time.

And there were other days without Mahmoud at Stenia, a few miles from Therapia, to which place I once took ship—the daintiest little ship, all cushions and rugs, manned by two boatmen in white balloon trousers, with yards and yards of stuff to each leg, and Greek jackets embroidered with gold. And from Stenia to the «Sweet Waters of Asia,» an Arabian Nights sort of place, with an exquisite Moorish fountain of marble, and great trees shading flocks and bunches of houris in white yashmaks and embroidered feredjès of mauve, yellow, and pink, out for an airing from their harems; all on mats and rugs spread on the grass, attended by black eunuchs—as black as terrapins' paws, and as wrinkled and leathery. They chattered and laughed and munched bonbons and partook of rose-leaf jelly, sitting with their tiny feet tucked under them, Turkish fashion, their cigarettes perfuming the still air, until their caiques gathered them in again, and they all floated away like so many colored swans. You must not wander too near. Even a faithful Turk turns his head away when he passes a woman: a Christian dog might lose his for forgetting the courtesy.

Neither was Mahmoud with me when I went to the Greek Fair, within a mile of the Sweet Waters, the beautiful fountain, and the more beautiful houris whose eyes shone large and luminous through their thin veils. This day the air was delicious, the sky like a delf plate, with puffs of white clouds in high relief. For hours I watched the merry-go-rounds, and the jugglers on their mats, until I grew hungry enough for even a Greek café —and it is a brave and reckless appetite that dares an Oriental kitchen.

This café was under a tree, with a few pine boards for a table, the galley being within handing distance, with a charcoal fire blazing. The abominations of stew and fry and toastings were intolerable; but I succeeded in getting a box of sardines and half a pint of native wine, a loaf of bread and some raw tomatos and salt, with a bit of onion, which I gathered up and spread out on the pine boards. When the combination of chef, head waiter, and proprietor, all covered by one fez, presented his bill, it amounted to a sum that would have supported an Oriental and his family for a month.

There are occasions when your individual pantomime is more effective than the closest translation of your spoken words. Mine to mine host ended in an abrupt turning on my heel, with hands tightly clenched. When the crowd began to take sides with the Greek and matters assumed an ugly look, I threw upon the ground a silver coin equal to one fourth of the charge. This turned the tide. The bystanders considered the sum too appallingly large even for a Greek fair!

Here, too, I had my fortune told by a Tzigane from the desert—a gypsy in baggy trousers of calico and little bare feet, with silver bangles around her ankles, and with a blue silk handkerchief wound loosely about her head. She had rings of turquoise in her ears and rings of silver on her fingers, and for aught I know, might have had tinkling bells on her stubby little dust-encrusted toes. She held my hand and passed her own over it softly, and looked at me with her large, deep eyes, and told of the fair-haired man and the letter that would come, and the dark-eyed woman who loved me, picking out from a bag, as she talked, now a nut, now a peb-

DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED.

ble or a bit of broken glass, and spreading them on her lap. Her incantation began with only one piaster as a talisman,—mine, of course,—but it required two francs in addition before the fair man of whom she had warned me was outwitted and the dark eyes were made happy. Casimir interpreted all this with an expression of contempt and

DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

WEST FRONT, MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED.

disgust on his face wholly out of proportion to the occasion, and entirely unjust, I thought, to the dust-soiled priestess who thus read my future. But then the francs did not go Casimir's way.

Although Mahmoud did not follow me to Therapia, where I spent the nights, he was waiting every morning for me in Stamboul at the Galata Bridge, the gang-plank that unloads Europe into Asia, and *vice versa*, every hour of the day and night. When I landed in this district I was his prisoner. One day he led me to the Plaza of the Hippodrome,—the Atmeidan,—with its twin needles of stone; another day to the west façade of the Mosque of Sultan Ahmed; again to the Court of the Pigeon Mosque, and to the Mosque Bajazet, the Mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent, and the others.

Casimir was of course within hand touch of Mahmoud when the morning boat from Therapia was made fast. It was his craning head which appeared first over the red sea of fezzes' climbing the wide landing-plank, one hand on my luggage, the other shading his eyes. Then I perceived Mahmoud, grave, dignified, attentive. We made our way through the throng, took a tram in Stamboul, and slowly mounted the hill to St. Sophia. By this time the police had come to know the posse of three. The priests, too, who at first were dubious about the honesty of my intentions, and who demurred at the sacrilege of my painting their mosques, now saluted me in passing. The people of the streets, though, were still as curious as ever, crowding about my easel with eyes staring in wonder. But if they pressed too close, a word in an undertone from Mahmoud melted the crowd away or awed it into respectful silence.

When the muezzin called from the minaret, and the faithful laid down their work and moved into the mosque to pray, Mahmoud went too. After the first day he discarded his uniform, all but his fez, for a suit of light gray, exchanging his short sword for a stout stick. This stick Casimir held as his badge of office while Mahmoud prayed.

I followed him once into the Mosque of Ahmed, and watched him as he knelt, barefoot, his face to the stone wall, his lips moving in prayer, his eyes on Mecca, his forehead touching the mats. This bloodthirsty savage! This barbaric Turk whom we would teach morals and manners! I can imagine how hoarse a muezzin's throat would

DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

PLAZA OF THE HIPPODROME.

become calling the Broadway squad to prayers, if his duty compelled him to continue calling until our police should fall upon their knees in the nearest church.

Now and then Mahmoud would buy a loaf of bread and feed the dogs—not his dogs, not anybody's dogs, only the dogs of the streets. It is a mistake to call these dogs scavengers; but for the kindness of the people they would starve. If some highly civilized Caucasian should lose his temper when one of these hungry, homeless curs looked up into his face, and use his boot or his cane in reply, it would have been Mahmoud's duty promptly to convey the highly civilized person to the nearest station, from which the chief would have instantly sent him to jail for a year. When a child stumbles and falls in the street the nearest man springs forward to save it. When a father enters a son's presence, though he be as ragged as Lazarus and as dirty as a scavenger, the son remains standing until he has permission to be seated. And yet in my own land we build ten-story buildings side by side —one to prevent cruelty to animals, another to children, and a third to provide against the neglect of the aged.

Mahmoud's watchfulness of me was not over until I packed my luggage for Venice and he was called upon to give an account of his stewardship to his chief, the Minister of Police.

I can see him now, standing that last day in the doorway of the station, waving his hand. His final courtesy was to return me my passport unopened by the guard at the station. The air with which he placed this much-be-inked document in my hands conveyed to me even more clearly than his translated words how fully he had appreciated my docility while a prisoner in his hands, how sorry he was to have me leave, and how entirely unnecessary and useless such vouchers were between men who knew each other so well. Strange to say, the chief inspector at the frontier thought so too, returning it with a bow and a look instantly intelligible to me, knowing Mahmoud as I did.

And besides that of Mahmoud there was one other face, or rather part of a face,—his back was toward me,—of which I caught sight as I whirled out of the station. It was Casimir's. He was biting one of the coins I had just given him to see if it was good.

F. Hopkinson Smith.

KENNST DU?

DO you know the blue of the Carib Sea
Far out where there 's nothing but sky to bound
The gaze to windward, the glance to lee,—
More deep than the bluest spaces be
Betwixt white clouds in heaven's round?
Have you seen the liquid lazuli spread
From edge to edge, so wondrous blue
That your footfall's trust it might also woo,
Were it smooth and low for one to tread?
So clear and warm, so bright, so dark,
That he who looks on it can but mark
'T is a different tide from the far-away
Perpetual waters, old and gray,
And can but wonder if Mother Earth
Has given a younger ocean birth.

Do you know how surely the trade-wind blows
To west-sou'west, through the whole round year?
How, after the hurricane comes and goes,
For nine fair moons there is naught to fear?
How the brave wind carries the tide before
Its breath, and on to the southwest shore?
How the Caribbean billows roll,
One after the other, and climb forever,—
The yearning waves of a shoreless river
That never, never can reach its goal?
They follow, follow, now and for aye,
One after the other, brother and brother,
And their hollow crests half hide the play
Of light where the sun's red sword thrusts home;
But still in a tangled shining chain
They quiver and fall and rise again,
And far before them the wind-borne spray
Is shaken on from their froth and foam,—
And for leagues beyond, in gray and rose,
The sundown shimmering distance glows!
—So bright, so swift, so glad, the sea
That girts the isles of Caribbee.

Do you know the green of those island shores
By the morning sea-breeze fanned?

(The tide on the reefs that guard them roars—
Then slips by stealth to the sand.)
Have you found the inlet, cut between
Like a rift across the crescent moon,
And anchored off the dull lagoon
Close by forest fringes green,—
Cool and green, save for the lines
Of yellow cocoa-trunks that lean,
Each in its own wind-nurtured way,
And bend their fronds to the wanton vines
Beneath them all astray?

Here is no mangrove warp-and-woof
From which a vapor lifts aloof,
But on the beaches smooth and dry
Red-lipped conch-shells lie—
Even at the edge of that green wall
Where the shore-grape's tendriled runners spread
And purple trumpet-creepers fall,
And the frangipani's clusters shed
Their starry sweets withal.
The silly cactuses writhe around,
Yet cannot choose but in grace to mingle,
This side the twittering waters sound,
On the other opens a low green dingle,
And between your ship and the shore and sky
The frigate-birds like fates appear,
The flapping pelican feeds about,
The tufted cardinals sing and fly.
So fair the shore, one has no fear;
And the sailors, gathered forward, shout
With strange glad voices each to each,—
Though well the harbor's depth they know
And the craven shark that lurks below,—
«Ho! let us over, and strike out
Until we stand upon the beach,
Until that wonderland we reach!»
—So green, so fair, the island lies,
As if 't were adrift from Paradise.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

IX.

«NOW, my dear George! I do think I may claim at least that you should remember that I am your mother.» The speaker raised a fan from her knee, and used it with some vehemence. «Of course I can't help seeing that you don't treat me as you ought to do. I don't want to complain of Letty,—I dare say she was taken by surprise,—but all I can say as to her reception of me last night is that it was n't pretty—that 's all; it was n't pretty. My room felt like an ice-house,—Justine tells me nobody has slept there for months,—and no fire until just the moment I arrived; and—and no flowers on the dressing-table—no little attentions, in fact. I can only say it was not what I am accustomed to. My feelings overcame me; Justine will tell you what a state she found me in. She cried herself to see me so upset.»

Lady Tressady was sitting upright on the straight-backed sofa of George's smoking-room. George, who was walking up and down the room, thought, with discomfort, as he glanced at her from time to time, that she looked curiously old and disheveled. She had thrown a piece of white lace round her head, in place of the more elaborate preparation for the world's gaze that she was wont to make. Her dress—a study in purples—had been a marvel, but was now old and even tattered; the ruffles at her wrist were tumbled; and the penciling under her still fine eyes had been neglected. George, between his wife's dumb anger and his mother's folly, had passed through disagreeable times already since Lady Tressady's arrival, and was now once more endeavoring to get to the bottom of her affairs.

«You forget, mother,» he said, in answer to Lady Tressady's complaint, «that the house is not mounted for visitors, and that you gave us very short notice.»

Nevertheless he winced inwardly as he spoke at the thought of Letty's behavior the night before.

Lady Tressady bridled.

«We will not discuss it, if you please,» she said, with an attempt at dignity. «I should have thought that you and Letty might have known I should not have broken in on your honeymoon without most pressing reasons. George!»—her voice trembled, she put her lace handkerchief to her eyes,—«I am an unfortunate and miserable woman, and if you don't come to my rescue, I—I don't know what I may be driven to do!»

George took the remark calmly, probably having heard it before. He went on walking up and down.

«It 's no good, mother, dealing in generalities, I am afraid. You promised me this morning to come to business. If you will kindly tell me at once what is the matter, and what is the figure, I shall be obliged to you.»

Lady Tressady hesitated, the lace on her breast fluttering. Then, in desperation, she confessed herself, first reluctantly, then in a torrent.

During the last two years, then, she said, she had been trying her luck for the first time in—well, in speculation!

«Speculation!» said George, looking at her in amazement. «In what?—on the Stock Exchange?»

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Lady Tressady tried to preserve her dignity. She had been speculating, she said, on the Stock Exchange. She had done it quite as much for George's sake as for her own, that she might improve her position a little, and be less of a burden upon him. Everybody did it. Several of her best women friends were as clever at it as any man, and often doubled their allowances for the year. She, of course, had done it under the best advice. George knew that she had friends in the city who would do anything—positively anything—for her. But somehow—

Then her tone dropped. Her foot in its French shoe began to fidget on the stool before her.

Somehow, she had got into the hands of a reptile—there! No other word described the creature in the least—a sort of financial agent, who had treated her in an unspeakably disgraceful manner. She had trusted him implicitly, and the result was that she now owed the reptile, who, on the strength of her name, her son, and her aristocratic connections, had advanced her money for these adventures, a sum—

«Well, the truth is I am afraid to say what it is,» said Lady Tressady, allowing herself for once a cry of nature, and again raising a shaky hand to her eyes.

«How much?» said George, standing over her, cigarette in hand.

«Well—four thousand pounds!» said Lady Tressady, her eyes blinking involuntarily as she looked up at him.

«*Four thousand pounds!*» exclaimed George. «Preposterous!»

And, raising his hand, he flung his cigarette violently into the fire and resumed his walk, his hands thrust into his pockets.

Lady Tressady looked tearfully at his long, slim figure as he walked away, conscious, however, even at this agitated moment, of the quick thought that he had inherited some of her elegance.

«George!»

«Yes—wait a moment. Mother,»—he faced round upon her decidedly,—«let me tell you at once that at the present moment it is quite impossible for me to find that sum of money.»

Lady Tressady flushed passionately like a thwarted child.

«Very well, then,» she said—«very well. Then it will be bankruptcy—and I hope you and Letty will like the scandal!»

«So he threatens bankruptcy?»

«Do you think I should have come down here except for something like that?» she cried. «Look at his letters!»

And she took a tumbled roll out of the bag on her arm and gave it to him. George threw himself into a chair, and tried to get some idea of the correspondence; while Lady Tressady kept up a stream of plaintive chatter which he could only endeavor not to hear.

As far as he could judge on a first inspection, the papers concerned a long series of risky transactions—financial gambling of the most pronounced sort—whereof the few gains had been long since buried deep in scandalous losses. The outrageous folly of some of the ventures, and the magnitude of the sums involved, made him curse inwardly. It was the first escapade of the kind he could remember in his mother's history, and, given her character, he could only regard it as adding a new and real danger to his life and Letty's.

Then another consideration struck him.

«How on earth did you come to know so much about the ins and outs of Stock Exchange business?» he asked her suddenly, with surprise, in the midst of his reading. «You never confided in me. I never supposed you took an interest in such things.»

In truth, he would have supposed her mentally incapable of the kind of gambling finance these papers bore witness of. She had never been known to do a sum or present an account correctly in her life; and he had often, in his own mind, accepted her density in these directions as a certain excuse for her debts. Yet this correspondence showed here and there a degree of financial legerdemain of which any City swindler might have been proud—so far, at least, as he could judge from his hasty survey.

Lady Tressady drew herself up sharply in answer to his remark, though not without a flutter of the eyelids which caught his attention.

«Of course, my dear George, I always knew you thought your mother a fool. As a matter of fact, all my friends tell me that I have a very clear head.»

George could not restrain himself from laughing aloud.

«In face of this?» he said, holding up the final batch of letters, which contained Mr. Shapetsky's last formidable account; various imperious missives from a «sharp-practice solicitor,» whose name happened to be disreputably known to George Tressady; together with repeated and most explicit assurances on the part both of agent and lawyer that if arrangements were not made at once by Lady Tressady for meeting at least half Mr. Shapetsky's bill,—which had now been

running some eighteen months,—and securing the other half, legal steps would be taken immediately.

Lady Tressady at first met her son's sarcasm in angry silence, then broke into shrill denunciation of Shapetsky's «villainies.» How could decent people, people in society, protect themselves against such creatures!

George walked to the window, and stood looking out into the April garden. Presently he turned, and interrupted his mother.

«I notice, mother, that these transactions have been going on for nearly two years. Do you remember, when I gave you that large sum at Christmas, you said it would (all but) clear you; and when I gave you another large sum last month, you professed to be entirely cleared. Yet all the time you were receiving these letters, and you owed this fellow almost as much as you do now. Do you think it was worth while to mislead me in that way?»

He stood leaning against the window, his fingers drumming on the sill. The contrast between the youth of the figure and the absence of youth in face and voice was curious. Perhaps Lady Tressady felt vaguely that he looked like a boy and spoke like a master, for her pride rose.

«You have no right to speak to me like that, George! I did everything for the best. I always do everything for the best. It is my misfortune to be so—so confiding, so hopeful. I must always believe in some one—that's what makes my friends so extremely fond of me. You and your father were never the least like me—» And she went off into a tearful comparison between her own character and the characters of her husband and son—in which, of course, it was not she that suffered.

George did not heed her. He was once more staring out of window, thinking hard. So far as he could see, the money, or the greater part of it, would have to be found. The man, of course, was a scoundrel, but of the sort that keeps within the law; and Lady Tressady's monstrous folly had given him an easy prey.

Tressady already foresaw that he would have to swallow his rage, and pay. And to pay would mean that his life and Letty's would be hampered, perhaps, for two or three years. When he thought of the many sacrifices he had made for his mother, of her ample allowance, her incorrigible vanity and greed, and then of the natural desires of his young wife, his heart burned within him.

So that, although he knew or guessed that capitulation was inevitable, he could not make up his mind—for the moment—to promise his mother anything.

«Well, I can only tell you,» he said at last, turning round upon her, «that I see no way out. How is that man's claim to be met? I don't know. Even if I could meet it—which I see no chance of doing—by crippling myself for some time, how should I be at liberty to do it? My wife and her needs have now the first claim upon me.»

«Very well,» said Lady Tressady, proudly, raising her handkerchief, however, to hide her trembling lips. Not that she despaired at all. She was shrewdly convinced in her own mind, for various and good reasons, that George would be forced to help her out. But the scene tried her nerves, and she had physical difficulty in restraining that dislike of her daughter-in-law which, since the incidents of the night before, threatened to become a passion.

«Let me remind you,» he continued ceremoniously, «that the whole of this place is in bad condition, except the few rooms we have just done up, and that money must be spent upon it. It is only fair to Letty that it should be spent. Let me remind you, also, that you are a good deal responsible for this state of things.»

Lady Tressady moved uneasily. George was now speaking in his usual half-nonchalant tone, and he had provided himself with another cigarette. But his eye held her.

«You will remember that you promised me while I was abroad to live here and look after the house. I arranged money affairs with you, and other affairs, upon that basis. But it appears that during the four years I was away you were here altogether, at different times, about three months. Yet you made me believe you were here; if I remember right, you dated your letters from here.»

«Who has been telling you such falsehoods?» cried Lady Tressady. «I was here a great deal more than that.»

But the scarlet color, do what she would, was dyeing her still delicate skin, and her eyes, alternately obstinate and shuffling, tried to take themselves out of the range of George's.

As for George, as he stood there coolly smoking, he was struck—or rather the critical mind in him was struck—by a sudden perception of the meanness of aspect which sordid cares of the kind his mother was now plunged in can give to the human face. He felt the rise of a familiar disgust. How many scenes of ugly battle over money matters could he not remember in his boyhood be-

tween his father and mother! And later—in India—what things he had known women to do for money or dress! He thought scornfully of a certain intriguing lady of his acquaintance at Madras who had borrowed money of him—to whom he had given ball-dresses; and of another whose selfish extravagance had ruined one of the best of men. Did all women tend to be of this make, however poetic might be their outward seeming?

Aloud, he said quietly, in answer to his mother's protest:

«I think you will find that is about accurate. We hear that a charwoman—not of particularly good character—and her niece of fourteen were here most of the time, and did what they pleased. In four years' time, of course, an old house that is totally neglected goes to the bad. I mention these things, not to reproach you, but to show you how it is that I find myself now plunged in so many expenses. And, after that, does n't it strike you as a little hard that I should be called upon to strip and cripple myself still further—not to give my wife the comforts and conveniences I long to give her, but to pay such debts as those?»

Involuntarily he struck his hand on the papers lying in the chair where he had been sitting.

Lady Tressady, too, rose from her seat.

«George, if you are going to be violent toward your mother, I had better go. Who, pray, has been telling you these tales about me?»

«You remember Ruth Matthews, who used to be at the farm? We have made her housekeeper. She seems to have seen all that went on.»

«Oh! if Letty has been gossiping with her servants about me, I know what to expect!» cried Lady Tressady, gathering up fan and handkerchief from the sofa with a hand that shook. «I always said from the beginning that she would set you against me. I don't believe I ever promised what you say I did. How could any one ever suppose that I—that a woman of my—of my personal attractions could bury herself down here the whole year through? I never promised. Anyway, my friends would not permit it; and I was weak—I yielded to them. That is my weakness—I must be cared for. I must be treated with tenderness—and you and your father never treated me so!»

«I would n't give way, mother, if I were you,» said George, quite unmoved by the arrival of the tearful stage, which, in his experience, was always sure to come sooner or later. «I think, if you will reflect upon it, that it is Letty and I who have the most cause to give way. If you will allow me, I will go and have a talk with her. I believe she is sitting in the garden.»

His mother turned sullenly away from him, and he left the room.

As he passed through the long oak-paneled hall that led to the garden he was seized with an odd sense of pity for himself. This odious scene behind him, and now this wrestle with Letty that must be gone through—were these the joys of the honeymoon?

Letty was not in the garden. But as he passed into the wood on the farther side of the hill he saw her sitting under a tree half way down the slope, with some embroidery in her hand. The April sun was shining into the wood. A larch beyond Letty was already green, and the twigs of the oak beneath which she sat made a reddish glow in the bright air. Patches of primroses and anemones starred the ground about her, and trails of periwinkle touched her dress. She was stooping, and her little hand went rapidly, impatiently, to and fro.

The contrast between this fresh youth amid the spring and that unlovely, reluctant age he had just left behind him in the smoking-room struck him sharply. His brow cleared.

As she heard his step she looked round eagerly. «Well?» she said, pushing aside her work.

He threw himself down beside her.

«Darling, I have had my talk. It is pretty bad—worse than we had even imagined.»

Then he told her his mother's story. She could hardly contain herself, while she listened, as he mentioned the total figure of the debts. It was evidently with difficulty that she prevented herself from interrupting him at every word. And when he had barely finished she broke out:

«And what did you say?»

George hesitated.

«I told her, of course, that it was monstrous and absurd to expect that we could pay such a sum.»

Letty's breath came fast. His voice and manner did not satisfy her at all.

«Monstrous! I should think it was! Do you know how she has run up this debt?»

George looked at her in surprise. Her little face was quivering under the suppressed energy of what she was going to say.

«No; do you?»

«Yes; I know all about it. I said to my maid last night—I hope, George, you won't mind, but you know Grier has been an age

with me, and knows all my secrets—I told her she must make friends with your mother's maid and see what she could find out. I felt we must, in self-defense. And of course Grier got it all out of Justine. I knew she would. Justine is a little fool; and she does n't mean to stay much longer with Lady Tressady, so she did n't mind speaking. It is exactly as I supposed. Lady Tressady did n't begin speculating for herself at all—but for—somebody—else! Do you remember that absurd-looking singer who gave a ‹musical sketch› one day that your mother gave a party in Eccleston Square—in February?»

George had suddenly moved away, and was sitting now some little distance from his wife, his eyes bent on the ground. However, at her question he made a sign of assent.

«You do remember? Well,» said Letty, triumphantly, «it is he who is at the bottom of it all. I knew there must be somebody. It appears that he has been getting money out of her for years—that he used to come and spend hours, when she had that little house in Bruton street, when you were away,—I don't believe you ever heard of it,—flattering her and toadying her, paying her compliments on her dress and her appearance, fetching and carrying for her—and, of course, living upon her! He used to arrange all her parties. Justine says that he used even to make her order all his favorite wines—such bills as there used to be for wine! He has a wife and children somewhere, and of course the whole family lived upon your mother. It was he made her begin speculating. Justine says he has lost all he ever had himself that way, and your mother could n't, in fact, ‹lend› him»—Letty laughed scornfully—«money fast enough. It was he brought her across that odious creature Shapetsky—is n't that his name? And that 's the whole story. If there have been any gains he has made off with them—leaving her, of course, to get out of the rest. Justine says that for months there was nothing but business, as she calls it, talked in the house—and she knew, for she used to help wait at dinner. And such a crew of people as used to be about the place!»

She looked at him, struck at last by his silence and his attitude, or pausing for some comment, some appreciation of her cleverness in ferreting it all out.

But he did not speak, and she was puzzled. The angry triumph in her eyes faltered. She put out her hand and touched him on the arm.

«What is it, George? I thought—it would be more satisfactory to us both to know the truth.»

He looked up quickly.

«And all this your maid got out of Justine? You asked her?»

She was struck, offended, by his expression. It was so cool and strange—even, she could have imagined, contemptuous.

«Yes, I did,» she said passionately. «I thought I was quite justified. We must protect ourselves.»

He was silent again, his soul revolting, do what he would, against her action; her tone, her managing temper, the lack of trust in himself, of womanly delicacy and reticence.

«I think,» he said at last drily, she watching him—«I think we had better keep out of servants' gossip, if we can; it always seems to me the last and lowest depth.»

She took her work and laid it down again, her mouth trembling.

«So you had rather be deceived?»

«I had rather be deceived than listen behind doors,» he said, beginning in a light tone, which, however, passed immediately to one of bitterness. «Besides, there is nothing new. For people like my mother there is always some adventurer or adventuress in the background—there always used to be in old days. She never meant any serious harm; she was first plundered, then we. My father used to be forever turning some impostor or other out of doors. Now, I suppose, it is my turn.»

This time it was Letty who kept silence. Her needle passed rapidly to and fro. George glanced at her queerly. Then he rose and came to stand near her, leaning against the tree.

«You know, Letty, we shall have to pay that money,» he said suddenly, pulling at his mustache.

Letty made an exclamation under her breath, but went on working faster than before.

He slipped down to the moss beside her, and caught her hand.

«Are you angry with me?»

«If you insult me by accusing me of listening behind doors you can't wonder,» said Letty, snatching her hand away, her breast heaving.

He felt a bitter inclination to laugh, but he restrained it, and did his best to make peace. In the midst of his propitiations Letty turned upon him.

«Of course I know you think I did it all for selfishness,» she said, half crying, «because I want new furniture and new dresses. I don't; I want to protect you from being—being—plundered like this. How can you do what you ought as a member of Parliament?

How can we ever keep ourselves out of debt, if—if—how *can* you pay this money?» she wound up, her eyes flaming.

«Well, you know,» he said, hesitating—«you know I suggested yesterday we should sell some land to do up the house. I am afraid we must sell the land and pay this scoundrel—a proportion, at all events. Of course, what I should like to do would be to put him—and the other—to instant death, with appropriate tortures. Short of that, I can only take the matter out of my mother's hands, get a sharp solicitor on my side to match *his* rascal, and make the best bargain I can.»

Letty rolled up her work with energy, two tears of anger on her cheeks. «She *ought* to suffer!» she cried, her voice trembling—«she *ought* to suffer!»

«You mean that we ought to let her be made a bankrupt?» he said coolly. «Well, no doubt it would be salutary. Only, I am afraid it would be rather more disagreeable to us than to her. Suppose we consider the situation. Two young married people—charming house—charming wife—husband just beginning in politics—people inclined to be friends. Then you go to dine with them in Brook Street—excellent little French dinner—bride bewitching. Next morning you see the bankruptcy of the host's mama in the 〈Times.〉 〈And he 's the only son, is n't he?—he must be well off. They say she 's been dreadfully extravagant. But, hang it, you know, a man's mother!—and a widow—no, I can't stand that. Sha'n't dine with them again.〉 There! do you see, darling? Do you really want to rub all the bloom off the peach?»

He had hardly finished his little speech before the odiousness of it struck him.

«Am I come to talking to her like *this*?» he asked himself in a kind of astonishment.

But Letty, apparently, was not astonished.

«Everybody would understand if you refused to ruin yourself by going on paying these frightful debts. I am sure *something* could be done,» she said, half choked.

George shook his head.

«But everybody would n't want to understand. The dear world loves a scandal—does n't really *like* being amiable to newcomers at all. You would make a bad start, dear—and all the world would pity mama.»

«Oh, if you are only thinking what people would say!» cried Letty.

«No,» said George, reflectively, but with a mild change of tone. «D—— people! I can pull myself to pieces so much better than they can. You see, darling, you 're such an optimist. Now, if you 'd only just believe, as I do, that the world is a radically bad place, you would n't be so surprised when things of this sort happen. Eh, little person, has it been a radically bad place this last fortnight?»

He laid his cheek against her shoulder, rubbing it gently up and down. But something hard and scornful lay behind his caress—something he did not mean to inquire into.

«Then you told your mother,» said Letty, after a pause, still looking straight before her, «that you would clear her?»

«Not at all. I said we could do nothing. I laid it on about the house. And all the time I knew perfectly well in my protesting soul that if this man's claim is sustainable we should *have* to pay up. And I imagine that mama knew it too. You can get out of anybody's debts but your mother's—that 's apparently what it comes to. Queer thing, civilization! Well, now,»—he sprang to his feet,—«let 's go and get it over.»

Letty also rose.

«I can't see her again,» she said quickly. «I sha'n't come down to lunch. Will she go by the three-o'clock train?»

«I will arrange it,» said George.

They walked through the wood together silently. As they came in sight of the house Letty's face quivered again with restrained passion—or tears. George, whose *sang-froid* was never disturbed outwardly for long, had by now resigned himself, and had, moreover, recovered that tolerance of woman's various weaknesses which was in him the fruit of a wide, and at bottom hostile, induction. He set himself to cheer her up. Perhaps, after all, if he could sell a particular piece of land which he owned near a neighboring large town, and sell it well,—he had had offers for it before,—he might be able to clear his mother, and still let Letty work her will on the house. She must n't take a gloomy view of things; he would do his best. So by the time they got into the drawing-room she had let her hand slip doubtfully into his again for a moment.

But nothing would induce her to appear at lunch. Lady Tressady, having handed over all Shapetsky's papers and all her responsibilities to George, graciously told him that she could understand Letty's annoyance, and did n't wish for a moment to intrude upon her. She then called on Justine to curl her hair, put on a blue shot silk with marvelous pink fronts just arrived from Paris, and came down to lunch with her son in her most smiling mood. She took no notice of his monosyllables, and in the hall, while the butler discreetly retired,

she kissed him with tears, saying that she had always known his generosity would come to the rescue of his poor mama.

«You will oblige me, mother, by not trying it again too soon,» was George's ironical reply as he put her into the carriage.

IN the afternoon Letty was languid and depressed. She would not talk on general topics, and George shrank in nervous disgust from reopening the subjects of the morning. Finally, she chose to be tucked up on the sofa with a novel, and gave George free leave to go out.

It surprised him to find, as he walked quickly down the hill, delighting in the April sun, that he was glad to be alone. But he did not in the least try to fling the thought away from him, as many a lover would have done. The events, the feelings, of the day had been alike jarring and hateful; he meant to escape from them.

But he could not escape from them all at once. A fresh and unexpected debt of somewhere about four thousand pounds does not sit lightly on a comparatively poor man. In spite of his philosophy for Letty's benefit, he must needs harass himself anew about his money affairs, planning and reckoning. How many more such surprises would his mother spring upon him, and how was he to control her? He realized now something of the life-long burden his dull old father had borne—a burden which the absences of school, college, and travel had hitherto spared himself. What was he to appeal to in her? There seemed to be nothing—neither will nor conscience. She was like the women without backs in the fairy-tale.

Then with one breath he said to himself that he must kick out that singer-fellow, and with the next that he would not touch any of his mother's crew with a barge-pole. Though he never pleaded ideals in public, he had been all his life something of a moral epicure, taking «moral» as relating rather to manners than to deeper things. He had done his best not to soil himself by contact with certain types—among men especially. Of women he was less critical and less observant.

As to this ugly feud opening between his mother and his wife, it had quite ceased to amuse him. Now that his marriage was a reality, the daily corrosion of such a thing was becoming plain. And who was there in the world to bear the brunt of it but he? He saw himself between the two—eternally trying to make peace—and his face lengthened.

And if Letty would only leave the thing to him—would only keep her little white self out of it! He wished he could get her to send away that woman Grier, a forward second-rate creature, much too ready to meddle in what did not concern her.

Then, with a shake of his thin shoulders, he passionately drove it all out of his thoughts.

Let him go to the village, sound the feeling there, if he could, and do his employer's business. His troubles as a pit-owner seemed likely to be bad enough, but they did not canker one like domestic miseries. They were a man's natural affairs; to think of them came as a relief to him.

HE had but a disappointing round, however.

In the first place, he went to look up some of the older «hewers,» men who had been for years in the employ of the Tressadys. Two or three of them had just come back from the early shift, and their wives, at any rate, were pleased and flattered by George's call. But the men sat like stocks and stones while he talked. Scarcely a word could be got out of them, and George felt himself in an atmosphere of storm, guessing at dangers, everywhere present, though not yet let loose—like the foul gases in the pits under his feet.

He behaved with a good deal of dignity, stifling his pride here and there sufficiently to talk simply and well of the general state of trade, the conditions of the coal industry in the West Mercian district, the position of the masters, the published accounts of one or two large companies in the district, and so on. But in the end he only felt his own anger rising in answer to the sullenness of the men. Their sallow faces and eyes weakened by long years of the pit expressed little, but what there was spelt war.

Nor did his visits to what might be called his own side give him much more satisfaction.

One man, a brawny «fireman,» whom George had been long taught to regard as one of the props of law and order in the district, was effusively and honestly glad to see his employer. His wife hurried the tea, and George drank and ate as heartily as his own luncheon would let him in company with Macgregor and his very neat and smiling family. Nothing could be more satisfactory than Macgregor's general denunciations of the Union and its agent. Burrows, in his opinion, was a «drunken, low-livin' scoundrel,» who got his bread by making mischief; the Union was entering upon a great mistake in resisting the masters' proposals; and if it were n't for the public-house and idleness,

there was n't a man in Ferth that could n't live *well*, ten per cent. reduction and all considered. Nevertheless, he did not conceal his belief that battle was approaching, and would break out, if not now, at any rate in the late summer or autumn. Times, too, were going to be specially bad for the non-society men. The membership of the Union had been running up fast; there had been a row that very morning at the pit where he worked, the Union men refusing to go down in the same cage with the blacklegs. He and his mates would have to put their backs into it. Never fear but they would! Bullying might be trusted only to make them the more « orkard.»

Nothing could have been more soothing than such talk to the average employer in search of congenial opinions. But George was not the average employer, and the fastidious element in him began soon to make him uncomfortable. Sobriety is, no doubt, admirable, but he had no sooner detected a teetotal cant in his companion than that particular axiom ceased to matter to him. And to think poorly of Burrows might be a salutary feature in a man's character, but it should be for some respectable reason. George fidgeted on his chair while Macgregor told the usual cock-and-bull stories of monstrous hotel bills seen sticking out of Burrows's tail-pockets, and there deciphered by a gaping populace; and his mental discomfort reached its climax when Macgregor wound up with the remark:

« And that, Sir George, is where the money goes to—not to the poor starving women and children, I can tell yer, whose husbands are keepin' him in luxury. I 've always said it. Where's the accounts? I 've niver seen no balance-sheet—niver!» he repeated solemnly. « They do say as there 's one to be seen at the ‹lodge› —»

« Why, of course there is, Macgregor,» said George, with a nervous laugh, as he got up to depart; « all the big Unions publish their accounts.»

The fireman's obstinate mouth and stubbly hair only expressed a more pronounced skepticism.

« Well, I should n't believe in 'em,» he said, « if they did. I 've niver seen a balance-sheet, and I don't suppose I ever shall. Well, good-by to you, Sir George, and thank you kindly. Yo' take my word, sir, if it were n't for the public-house the men could afford to lose a trifle now and again to let the masters make their fair profit.»

And he looked behind him complacently at his neat cottage and well-clothed children.

But George walked away, impatient.

« *His* wages won't go down, anyway,» he said to himself; for the wages of the « firemen,» whose work is of the nature of superintendence, hardly vary with the state of trade. « And what suspicious idiocy about the accounts!»

His last visit was the least fortunate of all. The fireman in question, Mark Dowse, Macgregor's chief rival in the village, was a keen Radical, and George found him chuckling over his newspaper, and the defeat of the Tory candidate in a recently decided County Council election. He received his visitor with a surprise which George thought not untinged with insolence. Some political talk followed, in which Dowse's Yorkshire wit scored more than once at his employer's expense. Dowse, indeed, let himself go. He was on the point of taking the examination for an under-manager's certificate, and leaving the valley. Hence there were no strong reasons for servility, and he might talk as he pleased to a young « swell » who had sold himself to reaction. George lost his temper somewhat, was furiously ashamed of himself, and could only think of getting out of the man's company with dignity.

He was by no means clear, however, as he walked away from the cottage, that he had succeeded in doing so. What was the good of trying to make friends with these fellows? Neither in agreement nor in opposition had he any common ground with them. Other people might have the gifts for managing them; it seemed to him that it would be better for him to take up the line at once that he had none. Fontenoy was right. Nothing but a state of enmity was possible—veiled enmity at some times, open at others.

What were those voices on the slope above him?

He was walking along a road which skirted his own group of pits. To his left rose a long slope of refuse, partly grown over, ending in the « bank » whereon stood the engine-house and winding-apparatus. A pathway climbed the slope, and made the natural ascent to the pit for people dwelling in the scattered cottages on the farther side of it.

Two men, he saw, were standing high up on the pathway, violently disputing. One was Madan, his own manager, an excellent man of business and a bitter Tory; the other was Valentine Burrows.

As Tressady neared the road-entrance to the pathway the two men parted. Madan climbed on toward the pit. Burrows ran down the path.

As he approached the gate, and saw Tressady passing on the road, the agent called:

«Sir George Tressady!»

George stopped.

Burrows came quickly up to him, his face crimson.

«Is it by your orders, Sir George, that Mr. Madan insults and browbeats me when he meets me on a perfectly harmless errand to one of the men in your engine-house?»

«Perhaps Mr. Madan was not so sure as you were, Mr. Burrows, that the errand was a harmless one,» said George, with a cool smile.

By this time, however, Burrows was biting his lip, aware that he had made an impulsive mistake.

«Don't imagine for a moment,» he said hotly, «that Madan's opinion of anything I may be doing matters one brass farthing to me! Only I give you and him fair warning that if he blackguards me again in the way he has done several times lately, I shall have him bound over.»

«He might survive it,» said George. «But how will you manage it? You have had ill luck, rather, with the magistrates—have n't you?»

He stood drawn up to his full height, thin, venomous, alert, rather enjoying the encounter, which «let off the steam» of his previous irritations.

Burrows threw him a furious look.

«You think that a damaging thing to say, do you, Sir George? Perhaps the day will come—not so far off, neither—when the magistrates will be no longer your creatures, but ours. Then we shall see.»

«Well, prophecy is cheap,» said George. «Console yourself with it, by all means.»

The two men measured each other eye to eye.

Then, unexpectedly, after the relief of his outburst, the philosopher's instincts which were so oddly interwoven with the rest of Tressady's nature reasserted themselves.

«Look here,» he said in another manner, advancing a step. «I think this is all great nonsense. If Madan has exceeded his duty I will see to it. And, meanwhile, don't you think it would be more worthy of us, as a couple of rational beings, if, now we have met, we had a few serious words on the state of things in this valley? You and I fought a square fight at Malford—you at least said as much. Why can't we fight a square fight here?»

Burrows eyed him doubtfully. He was leaning on his stick, recovering breath and composure. George noticed that since the Malford election even he had lost youth and looks. He had the drunkard's skin and the drunkard's eyes. Yet there were still the make and proportions of the handsome athlete. He was now a man of about thirty-two: but in his first youth he had carried the miner's pick for some four or five years, and during the same period had been one of the most famous foot-ball players of the county. As George knew, he was still the idol of the local clubs, and capable in his sober spells of amazing feats both of strength and endurance.

«Well, I have no objection to some conversation with you,» said Burrows at last, slowly.

«Let 's walk on, then,» said George.

And they walked past the gate of Ferth, toward the railway-station, which was some two miles off.

About an hour later the two men returned along the same road. Both had an air of tension; both were rather pale.

«Well, it comes to this,» said George, as he stopped beside his own gate: «you believe our case,—the badness of trade, the disappearance of profits, pressure of contracts, and all the rest of it,—and you still refuse on your part to bear the smallest fraction of the burden? You will claim all you can get in good times; you will give back nothing in bad?»

«That is so,» said Burrows, deliberately; «that is so, precisely. We will take no risks: we give our labor, and in return the workman must live. Make the consumer pay, or pay yourselves out of your good years.» He turned imperceptibly toward the barrack-like house on the hill. «We don't care a ha'porth which it is—only don't you come on the man who risks his life and works like a galley-slave five days a week for a pittance of five-and-twenty shillings, or thereabouts, to pay—for he won't. He 's tired of it. Not till you starve him into it, at any rate.»

George laughed.

«One of the best men in the village has been giving me his opinion this afternoon that there is n't a man in that place»—he pointed to it—«that could n't live, and live well,—aye, and take the masters' terms tomorrow,—but for the drink!»

His keen look ran over Burrows from head to foot.

«And I know who that is,» said Burrows, with a sneer. «Well, I can tell you what the rest of the men in that place think, and it 's this: that the man in that village who does n't drink is a mean skunk who 's betraying his own flesh and blood to the capitalists. Oh, you may preach at us till you 're black in the face, but drink we shall till we get the control

of our own labor. For, look here! Directly we cease to drink—directly we become good boys on your precious terms—the standard of life falls, down come wages, and you sweep off our beer-money to spend on your champagne. Thank you, Sir George; but we 're not such fools as we look—and that don't suit us! Good-day to you!»

And he haughtily touched his hat in response to George's movement, and walked quickly away.

GEORGE slowly mounted his own hill. The checkered April day was declining, and the dipping sun was flooding the western plain with quiet light. Rooks were circling round the hill, filling the air with long-drawn sound. A cuckoo was calling on a tree near at hand, and the evening was charged with spring scents—scents of leaf and grass, of earth and rain. Below, in an oak-copse across the road, a stream rushed; and from a distance came the familiar rattle and thud of the pits.

George stood still a moment under a ragged group of Scotch firs—one of the few things at Ferth that he loved—and gazed across the Cheshire border to the distant lines of Welsh hills. The excitement of his talk with Burrows was subsiding, leaving behind it the obstinate resolve of the natural man. He should tell his uncles there was nothing for it but to fight it out. Some blood must be let; somebody must be master.

What poor limited fools, after all, were the best of the workingmen—how incapable of working out any serious problem, of looking beyond their own noses and the next meal! Was he to spend his life in chronic battle with them—a set of semi-civilized barbarians, his countrymen in nothing but the name? And for what cause, to what cry? That he might defend against the toilers of this wide valley a certain elegant house in Brook street, and find the means to go on paying his mother's debts?—such debts as he carried the evidence of, at that moment, in his pocket.

Suddenly there swept over his mind with pricking force the thought of Mary Batchelor at her door, blind with weeping and pain—of the poor boy, dead in his prime. Did those two figures stand for the *realities* at the base of things—the common labors, affections, agonies, which uphold the world?

His own life looked somehow poor and mean to him as he turned back to it. The Socialist, of course,—Burrows,—would say that he and Letty and his mother were merely living and dressing and enjoying themselves, paying butlers and starting carriages, out of the labor and pain of others; that Jamie Batchelor and his like risked and brutalized their strong young lives that Lady Tressady and her like might «jig and amble» through theirs.

Pure ignorant fanaticism, no doubt; but he was not so ready as usual to shelter himself under the big words of controversy. Fontenoy's favorite arguments had momentarily no savor for a kind of moral nausea.

«I begin to see it was a ‹cursed spite› that drove me into the business at all,» he said to himself as he stood under the trees.

What he was really suffering from was an impatience of new conditions—perhaps surprise that he was not more equal to them. Till his return home—till now, almost—he had been an employer and a coal-owner by proxy. Other people had worked for him, had solved his problems for him. Then a transient impulse had driven him home, made him accept Fontenoy's offer—worse luck!—at least, Letty apart. The hopefulness and elation about himself, his new activities, and his Parliamentary prospects, that had been his predominant mood in London, seemed to him at this moment of depression mere folly. What he really felt, he declared to himself, was a sort of cowardly shrinking from life and its tests—the recognition that at bottom he was a weakling, without faiths, without true identity.

Then the quick thought-process, as it flowed on, told him that there are two things that protect men of his stamp from their own lack of moral stamina: perpetual change of scene, that turns the world into a spectacle—and love. He thought with hunger of his travel-years, holding away from him, as it were, for a moment the thought of his marriage.

But only for a moment. It was but a few weeks since a woman's life had given itself wholly into his hands. He was still thrilling under the emotion and astonishment of it. Tender, melting thoughts flowed upon him. His little Letty! Had he ever thought her perfect, free from natural covetousness and weaknesses? What folly! *He* to ask for the grand style in character!

He looked at his watch. How long he had left her! Let him hurry and make his peace.

However, just as he was turning, his attention was caught by something that was passing on the opposite hillside. The light from the west was shining full on a white cottage with a sloping garden. The cottage belonged to the Wesleyan minister of the place, and had been rented by Burrows for the last six months. And just as George was

turning away he saw Burrows come out of the door with a burden—a child, or a woman little larger than a child—in his arms. He carried her to an arm-chair which had been placed on the little grass-plat. The figure was almost lost in the chair, and sat motionless while Burrows brought cushions and a stool. Then a baby came to play on the grass, and Burrows hung over the back of the chair, bending so as to talk to the person in it.

«Dying?» said George to himself. «Poor devil! he must hate something.»

HE sped up the hill, and found Letty still on the sofa and in the last pages of her novel. She did not resent his absence, apparently; a freedom, so far, from small exaction for which he inwardly thanked her. Still, from the moment that she raised her eyes as he came in, he saw that if she was not angry with him for leaving her alone, her mind was still as sore as ever against him and fortune on other accounts; and his revived ardor drooped. He gave her an account of his adventures, but she was neither inquiring nor sympathetic; and her manner all the evening had a nervous dryness that took away the pleasure of their tête-à-tête. Any old friend of Letty's, indeed, could hardly have failed to ask what had become of that small tinkling charm of manner, that girlish flippancy and repartee, that had counted for so much in George's first impressions of her. They were no sooner engaged than it had begun to wane. Was it like the bird or the flower that adorns itself only for the wooing-time, and sinks into relative dinginess when the mating effort is over?

On this particular evening, indeed, she was really absorbed half the time in gloomy thoughts of Lady Tressady's behavior and the poorness of her own prospects. She lay on the sofa again after dinner,—her white slimness and bright hair showing delicately against the cushions,—playing still with her novel, while George read the newspapers. Sometimes she glanced at him unsteadily, with a pinching of the lips; but it was not her way to invite a scene.

Late at night he went up to his dressing-room.

As he entered it, Letty was talking to her maid. He stopped involuntarily in the darkness of his own room, and listened. What a contrast between this Letty and the Letty of the drawing-room! They were chattering fast, discussing Lady Tressady, and Lady Tressady's gowns, and Lady Tressady's affairs. What eagerness, what malice, what feminine subtlety and acuteness! After listening for a few seconds it seemed to him as though a score of new and ugly lights had been thrown alike upon his mother and on human nature. He stole away again without revealing himself.

When he returned the room was nearly dark, and Letty was lying high against her pillows, waiting for him. Suddenly, after she had sent her maid away, she had felt depressed and miserable, and had begun to cry; and for some reason hardly clear to herself she had lain pining for George's footstep. When he came in she looked at him with eyes still wet, reproaching him gently for being late.

In the dim light, surrounded with lace and whiteness, she was a pretty vision; and George stood beside her, responding and caressing.

But that black depth in his nature, of which he had spoken to her,—which he had married to forget,—was, none the less, all ruffled and vocal. For the first time since Letty had consented to marry him he did not think or say to himself, as he looked at her, that he was a lucky man, and had done everything for the best.

(To be continued.)

Mary A. Ward.

DESOLATE.

O MORNING, hasten with your goad
Of ceaseless care and tedious task;
Give me no respite from your load—
'T is all I ask.

O strife and tumult of the day,
O toils and trials manifold,
Close in as thickly as ye may—
Loose not your hold!

To memory leave no briefest space
From earliest ray of dawning light,
For all too soon comes on apace—
Ah, God!—the night!

Minnie Leona Upton.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

NAPOLEON THE FOUNTAIN OF HONOR AND POWER.

THE NEW FEUDALISM—LIFE AT NAPOLEON'S COURT—THE WARFARE OF LAND AND OCEAN—NAPOLEON'S VISIONS OF WORLD EMPIRE—CHECK TO RUSSIA AND OCCUPATION OF PORTUGAL—HUMILIATION OF THE SPANISH CROWN.

THE NEW FEUDALISM.

IT was not long before the people of Paris and of all France were in the best possible humor; they were busy, they were clothed, they were fed, they were making and saving money. With every hour grew the feeling that their unity and strength were embodied in the Emperor. Mme. de Rémusat was tired of his ill breeding: it shocked her to observe his coarse familiarity, to see him sit on a favorite's knee, or twist an ear till it was afire; to hear him sow dissension among families by coarse innuendo, and to see him crush society that he might rule it. But if we may believe our Balzac, such things would not have shocked the masses at all. When that querulous court lady opened her troubles to the sympathetic Talleyrand, and bemoaned the sad fate which kept her at the imperial court to gain a living, the reply was not consoling. As time had passed, the gulf between the Emperor and his venal but soft-spoken minister had been widening, and the Prince of Benevento had oftentimes to hear taunts and reproaches in scenes of such violence as were unsuspected even by the complaining lady in waiting. But nevertheless Talleyrand replied that Napoleon still stood for the unity of France, and it was both his and her duty to endure and support him.

No doubt the Emperor was perfectly aware of the fact. But he felt that what was a new aristocracy in truth, though not yet so in name, must be appeased as well as the people. He was furious at times with the venality of his associates. Talleyrand once admitted that he had taken sixty millions from various German princes. Masséna, Augereau, Brune, and Junot were not so colossal in their greed, but they were equally ill disposed, and very successful in lining their coffers. With Talleyrand Napoleon never joked; but when he wished to give the others warning he drew a bill for some enormous sum on one or other of them, and deposited it with a banker. There is no evidence that such a draft was ever dishonored. On one occasion Masséna disgorged two millions of francs in this way. Of the ancient nobility the Emperor once said, with a sneer: «I offered them rank in my army: they declined the service. I opened my antechambers to them: they rushed in and filled them.» To this sweeping statement there were many noteworthy exceptions, but on the whole Napoleon never classed the estate of the French nobles lower than they deserved. Still they had a power which he recognized, and it was with a sort of grim humor that he began to distribute honors and the sops of patronage among both the old and the new aristocracy—a process which only made the latter independent and failed to win the affections of the former.

It was in the hope of securing the good will of the ancient nobility that he took two steps radical in their direct negation of Revolutionary principles: the destruction of the tribunate and the restoration of the right of entail. The connection between the two lies in the tendency of both: merging tribunate and legislature made it easy to substitute for an elective senate a hereditary house of lords. Feeling himself sufficiently strong, Napoleon clearly intended to gratify in others the weak human pride which, as Montesquieu says, desires the eternity of a name, and thereby to erect a four-square foundation for the perpetuity of his own dynasty. The brothers Joseph, Louis, and Jerome were now no longer Bonapartes, but Napoleons, ruling as Joseph Napoleon, Louis Napoleon, Jerome Napoleon, over their respective fiefs. Murat, the brother-in-law, was already provided for in the same way, and there were three reigning princes among the satellites of the imperial throne. All these could transmit

their name and dominions in the line of hereditary succession. It may be read in the «Moniteur» of July, 1810, that in whatever position they were placed by Napoleon's politics and the interest of his empire, their first duty was to him, their second to France. «All your other duties, even those to the people I may intrust to you, are only secondary.»

Ten years earlier General Bonaparte had declared that the French wanted glory and the gratification of their vanity; of liberty, he said, they knew nothing. The Emperor Napoleon, in one of his spoken musings, applied the same conception to all Continental Europeans, saying that there were everywhere a few men who knew what freedom was and yearned to enjoy it; but that the masses needed paternal guidance, and enjoyed it as long as they were comfortable. Now the asylum of this minority in France was for a time the tribunate; to many it seemed that if free government be government by discussion, there alone was any semblance of freedom left; its name had consequently retained a halo of nobility, and its mere existence was a comfort to the few who still recalled the ideals of the Revolution. But, in truth, the body itself had ceased to have any dignity whatsoever. The system of legislation was briefly this: from the throne came a message exposing the situation of the country, the council of state then formulated the measures set forth as necessary, the tribunate approved them in one or other of its sections, and the legislature gave the enacting vote. The suppression of the tribunate, therefore, appeared to the general public the removal of a useless formality. Some of the members went into the legislature, some into official administrative positions, and the right of discussion in committee behind closed doors was transferred to certain sections of the legislature. By way of compensation it was «decreed by the senate,» as the formality was called, that no man could thenceforth sit in the legislature until he had reached the age of forty. Perhaps Napoleon remembered that his own fiery ambition had made him Emperor before he was thirty-eight.

The measure was announced to the tribunes as a mere matter of course, and created no stir at the time. In later years it was recalled that the English Parliament under the Plantagenets had never entirely perished, and so was ready for powerful deeds in more propitious days. But in France's later crisis the French tribunate could not be revived; with it disappeared forever the last rallying-point for the scattered remnant still true to the Revolution. The complement of this negative measure was the creation of the right to transmit together, and for an indefinite time, a title and the realty on which its dignity reposed. Though the restoration of this institution was slightly anterior in time to the other as to its beginnings, yet the final decree was not published until 1808, and logically it is complementary and subsequent to it.

To this day men of ancient and honorable name in France have not ceased to bemoan the destruction of primogeniture by the Revolution and the Code Napoléon. They are proud to transmit their title untarnished to their descendants, are ready to make serious sacrifices in its behalf, to exercise the rigid self-denials of family control for its sake, and to engrave the motto of «noblesse oblige» on their hearts in order to sustain it; but they bitterly complain that without the majorat, and the transmission of outward visible supports in land and houses to strengthen it, the empty sound carries little weight. The compulsory subdivision of estates at the death of the owner enables every scion to live, if not to thrive, on the home stock. The failure of France in colonization is largely due to the absence of men from good families among the colonizers, while England sends her younger sons to the ends of the earth, there to found new houses and perpetuate the old line under favorable conditions. Hence, too, the petty dimensions of French life: little fortunes, little ambitions, little establishments, little families, among that very class in society which by cultivating the sentiment of honor should leaven the practical, materialistic temper of the masses. At the present time, when the burghers amass in trade far greater fortunes than the aristocracy possess, and the learned secure greater power by intellectual vigor, while the demagogues grow mightier by the command of votes, titles alone carry little weight, and the virtues of honor, of chivalry, of elegance, can with difficulty display their example.

No argument can ever restore general confidence in the institution of primogeniture, but it dies hard even in England. In the United States the absolute liberty of testamentary disposition enables a wealthy father to found a family almost as perfectly as if the right of entail existed, and the bulk of large fortunes is constantly left by will to the most capable son, in order that he may keep up the family name, the family estates, and the family pride. But under the provisions of the Code Napoléon such a course is impossible. As its maker did not hesitate to con-

travene his own legislation in the case of the Jews, so he again disregarded it in order to consolidate that aristocracy of which he hoped to make another strong prop to his throne; for he already had the church and the people. «The code,» he said, «was made for the welfare of the people; and if that welfare demands other measures, we must take them.» This was not difficult, because the imperial power had gradually shaped two instruments wherewith to act: one was the laws sanctioned by the legislature and pertaining ordinarily to abstract questions of jurisprudence; the other was the Emperor's personal decrees, which, though discussed by the council of state, were the expression of the Emperor's will, and covered in their scope the whole field of authority.

It was by the latter course that the new nobility was to be created. Ostensibly it was to be the last blow of the ax at the root of feudalism. The new dignities carried no privileges with them; they were a sort of civic crown to which any one might aspire, and their creation was therefore in no way derogatory to the principle of equality. The holders might become too independent and self-reliant; they might even display a class spirit: but the Emperor felt himself to be striving upward; these creatures would have to run fast before they could outstrip their master. At St. Helena the prisoner, recalling with bitterness the ingratitude of his beneficiaries, declared that he took the unfortunate step in order to reconcile France with the rest of Europe. He was by that time aware that though the Legion of Honor was, and would continue to be, an institution dear to the French heart, this one was not so, and needed an apology; for his imperial nobility had never been taken seriously or kindly by the people, who could not draw the nice distinction between a feudal and an imperial aristocracy. Even in the first steps of his enterprise he was made to feel the need of caution, and it was by statute, after all, not by decree, that the whole matter was finally regulated. So curious is popular fickleness that an Emperor who could boldly tyrannize in almost any other direction felt that he dared not take the risk of constituting himself a fountain of honor, such as legitimate monarchs were.

The system was for the world outside like some fairy wonder completed overnight, since the duchies had been ready the year before. The Italian titles were the most honorable and the most highly endowed. They were given as follows: Soult, Duke of Dalmatia; Mortier, Duke of Treviso; Savary, Duke of Rovigo; Bessières, Duke of Istria; Duroc, Duke of Friuli; Victor, Duke of Belluno; Moncey, Duke of Conegliano; Clarke, Duke of Feltre; Masséna, Duke of Rivoli; Lannes, Duke of Montebello; Marmont, Duke of Ragusa; Oudinot, Duke of Reggio; Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum; Augereau, Duke of Castiglione; Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte Corvo. In Germany there were created three similar duchies—Auerstädt for Davout, Elchingen for Ney, and Dantzic for Lefebvre. Berthier was made Prince of Neufchâtel. So much for the marshals. In civil life there were corresponding distinctions: Cambacérès, Duke of Parma; Maret, Duke of Bassano; Lebrun, Duke of Piacenza; Fouché, Duke of Otranto; Champagny, Duke of Cadore. The members of the senate, the councilors of state, the presiding officers of the legislature, and the archbishops, were all created counts. Each one of these, like the other titles, was richly endowed with land from the public domains in Poland, Germany, and Italy. But the distinction bestowed on the soldiers was marked in the difference between the accompanying gifts to them and those to civilians. The only portion of the great force which had returned to France was the Guard, who were instructed to keep to themselves. A most lavish pension system, as it was considered even in that age of military splendor, drew from the army chest 500 francs a year for soldiers who had lost a limb; officers received as high as 10,000 francs, according to the nature of their disabilities. But the marshals were showered with gold. Berthier had 1,000,000; Ney, Davout, Soult, and Bessières, 600,000 each; Masséna, Augereau, Bernadotte, Mortier, and Victor, 400,000 apiece; and the rest 200,000. But even this was nothing to what some of them secured later by holding several offices at once. At one time Berthier had a yearly income of 1,355,000 francs; Davout, of 910,000; Ney, of 728,000; Masséna, of 683,000. The ministers were able to secure salaries averaging about 200,000 francs, and ambassadors had incomes corresponding to their dignity. Caulaincourt, the ablest of them all, had 800,000 francs at St. Petersburg wherewith to support the imperial state of France. It is interesting to note from Napoleon's letters that he had occasionally to admonish some of these gentlemen to make use of their titles.

The Revolution had chosen to find its artistic expression in the correct and strict severity of classical forms. Napoleon had from the beginning of his career been under the spell of Greek and Roman examples. Thus

it happened that the art of the First Empire was what it is—heavy, conventional, and reminiscent. With the ever-growing rigidity of censorship, literature sometimes took refuge in abstractions, or, what is much the same thing, in the contemplation of events so remote that their discussion could give no offense. Sometimes authors accepted the curious task of defending the external forms and results of the Revolution as expressed in the Empire, while combating every principle from which the movement had sprung. Able men like Chénier published some of their writings, and locked others in their desks against a brighter day. In religion the Emperor's principle was that his subjects should hate the English because they were heretics, and the Pope because he was a fanatic. The «idealogues» and «metaphysicians» were anarchists, for the public order was endangered by their teachings. The newspapers were not only gagged, but metamorphosed—the «French Citizen» into the «French Courier,» the «Journal of Debates» into the «Journal of the Empire.» Their columns were filled with laudations of the Emperor; their political articles were virtually composed in the Foreign Office; and there was not a symptom of anything like the existence of party feeling. A luckless journalist having been allowed to make statements concerning the luxury at court, the offending paper was given to understand that the Emperor would tolerate nothing contrary to his interests.

But the crowning work of this period was the final realization of the plan for organizing public instruction in what was designated by the head of the state as the Imperial University. Under the name of the University of France it exists to-day virtually as it came from the maker's hand. Like the institution of the prefecture, it is a faultless machine of equalization and centralization, molding the mass of educated Frenchmen into one form, rendering them responsive and receptive to authoritative ideas from their youth upward, and passive in their attitude toward instruction. Joseph de Maistre used to preach that, all social order depending on the authority of beliefs as well as on the authority of behavior, no man who denied the supremacy of the Pope would permanently admit the sovereignty of the state. The Emperor furnished a standard refutation of this thesis. The whole system of public instruction in France has not merely been secularized, but made positively infidel for a quarter of a century. Twenty-five academic generations of living French citizens, reckoning each year's output as a generation, have come out from its laboratory with a minimum of faith; but state supremacy and state socialism are, in a moderate form, more prevalent among them than among any similar body of men elsewhere.

The University of France means literally the totality of all instruction in the country, organized by successive stages into a single system, and rigidly controlled from above. The outlines sketched in the law passed five years before, in 1802,[1] and supplemented in 1806, were carefully followed, and neither the theory nor the method need be again discussed. It is thoroughly significant that it was an imperial decree, and not a legislative statute, which on March 17, 1808, created the organism. There was an endowment of 400,000,000 francs, and a separate budget, «in order that instruction might not suffer by passing disturbances in imperial finances.» In order, also, that its doctrine might not feel the influence of every passing philosophical fashion, the corporation was subordinate to, but separate from, the ministry, with a grand master, chancellor, and treasurer of its own, and thirty members, of whom ten were appointed for life by the Emperor, the rest being annually designated by the grand master. They made rules for the discipline, revised the text-books, and chose the instructors of all the institutions of learning in all France, except some of the great ecclesiastical seminaries and a few of the technical schools. At the outset all the masters, censors, and teachers in the great intermediate schools or lyceums must be celibates! The professors might marry, but in that case they could not live in the precincts of what was virtually a military barrack.

Liberal culture, so far as given, was provided in these great schools, and they really form the heart of the University. Under the empire their instruction was largely in mathematics, with a sprinkling of Latin. It is now greatly broadened and elevated. The pupils of the primary schools felt a quasi-dependence on the Emperor; those of the lyceums were the very children of patronage, for the cheapness of their education, combined with their semi-military uniforms and habits, impressed on them and their families the immanence of the empire at every turn. They entered by government examinations; all their letters passed through the head master's hands; they were put under a threefold system of espionage culminating in the grand master; the one hundred and fifty scholarships and bourses in each were paid by the

[1] See THE CENTURY for September, 1895, p. 655.

DRAWN BY E. GRIVAZ.

THE FAVORITE OCCUPATION OF THE EMPRESS.

state; the punishments were, like those of soldiers, arrest and imprisonment. With the acquisition of military habits the young *lycéen* could look forward to military promotion, for two hundred and fifty of the most select were sent every year to the military schools, where they lived at the Emperor's expense, expecting professional advancement by the Emperor's patronage. Others of less merit were detached for the civil service, and in that also their careers were at the imperial mercy. They were daily and hourly reminded of Napoleon's greatness, for 2400 foreigners from the vassal states of the empire were scattered among these institutions, where they were turned into Frenchmen and docile subjects at the Emperor's expense, while being virtually held as hostages for the good behavior of their parents.

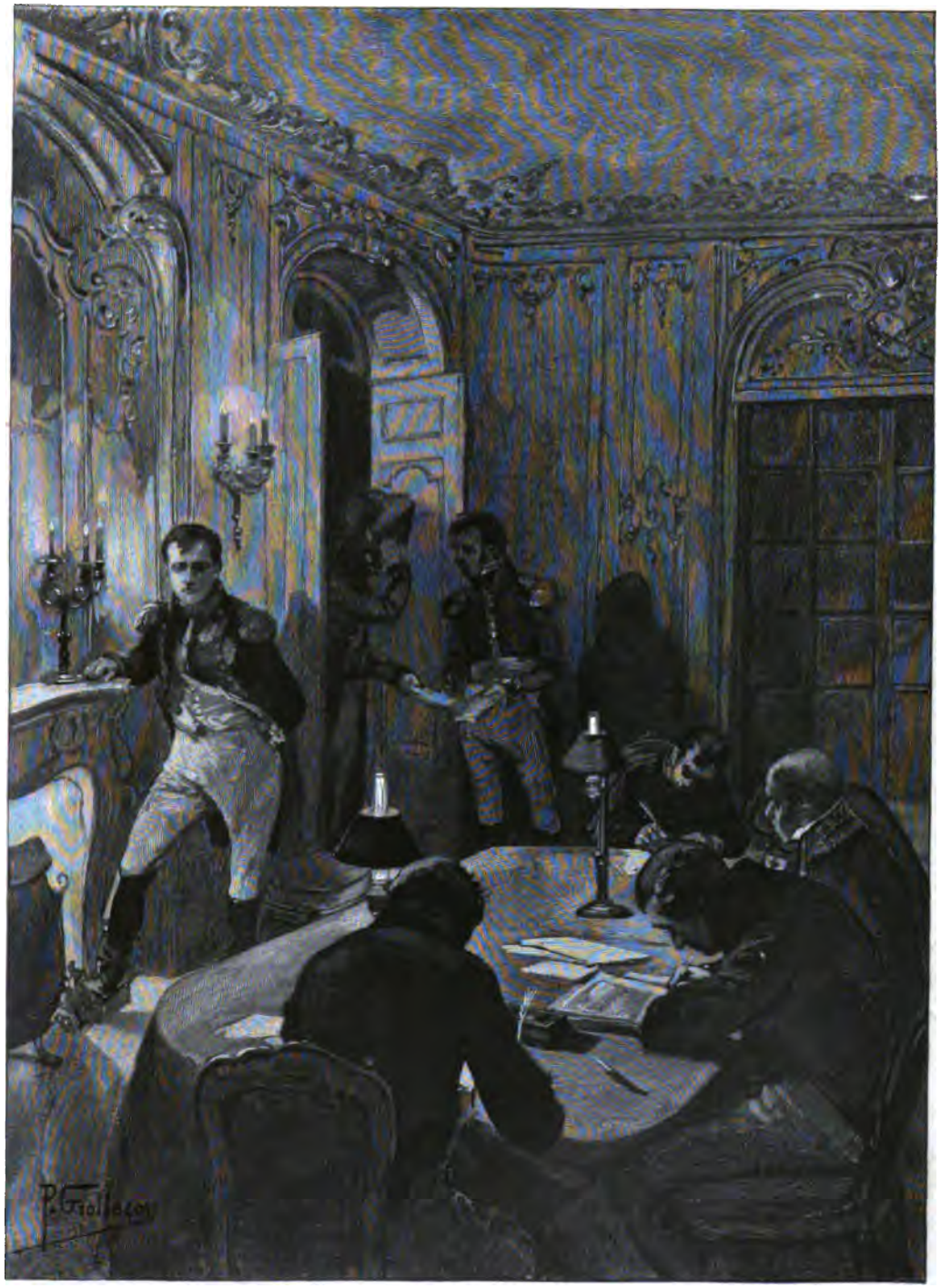
These powerful engines did not work in vain. During the comparatively short existence of the empire their product assumed enormous proportions, and largely modified the temper of society throughout France. The youth educated by priests or tutors were found unable to keep pace with their favored contemporaries from the government schools, and from the first no prophet was needed to foretell their destiny. Little by little the private institutions and ecclesiastical seminaries made way for or became annexed to the lyceums which one after another were founded wherever needed. Their charges were, and are, very low; and thrifty fathers appreciate the fact. The state is at enormous cost to support them; but public sentiment, preferring indirect to direct taxation, approves of the expenditure, while crafty statesmen, whether royalist, imperialist, or republican, employ them to create citizens of the kind in power at the time.

LIFE AT NAPOLEON'S COURT.

THROUGHOUT the late summer and autumn of 1807 the imperial court was more stately than ever before. The old nobility became assiduous in their attendance, and, as one of the Empress's ladies in waiting is said to have remarked, the court «received good company.» On his return Napoleon had found Josephine's extravagance to be as unbounded as ever; but he could not well complain, because, although for the most part frugal himself, he had this time encouraged lavishness in his family. Still, it was not agreeable to have dressmakers' bills flung into his carriage when driving in state with his consort, and on one occasion he sent an unprincipled but clever milliner to the prison of Bicêtre for having disobeyed his orders in furnishing her wares to the Empress at exorbitant prices. The person was so indispensable to the court ladies, however, that they crowded her cell, and she was soon released. At St. Cloud, Malmaison, the Tuileries, and Fontainebleau the social vices of courts began to appear; but they were sternly repressed, especially high play. By way of contrast, the city of Paris was at that very moment debauched by a profusion of gambling-hells and houses of prostitution licensed at an enormous figure by Fouché, and producing great revenues for the secret police. The gorgeous state uniforms of the marshals, the rich and elegant costumes of the ladies, the bespangled and begilt coats of the household, dancing, theatricals, concerts, and excursions—all these elements should have combined to create brilliancy and gaiety in the imperial circle, but they did not.

There was something seriously amiss with the central figure. He was often sullen and morose, often violent and even hysterical. To calm his nervous agitation the court physician ordered warm baths, which he spent hours in taking. Then again he was irregular in his habits, being often somnolent during the daytime, but as frequently breaking his rest at midnight to set the pens of his secretaries scampering to keep pace with the flow of his speech. With old friends he was coarse and severe: even the brutal Vandamme confessed that he trembled before that «devil of a man,» while Lannes was the only human being who still dared to use the familiar «thou» in addressing his old comrade. To the face of his generals the Emperor was merely cold: behind their backs he sneered, saying, for instance, of Davout that he might give him never so much renown, he would not be able to carry it; of Ney that he was disposed to ingratitude and turbulence; of Bessières, Oudinot, and Victor that they were mere mediocrities. Among all these dazzling stars he himself moved in simple uniform and in a cocked hat ornamented with his favorite cheap little cockade. It was a well-calculated vanity, for with increasing corpulence severity of dress called less attention to his waddling gait and growing awkwardness of gesture.

The summer of 1807 saw the social triumph of the Bonaparte family, the sometime Jacobins, but now emperor and kings. Jerome Napoleon was married on August 22 to the Princess Catherine of Würtemberg. The Emperor had already spoken at Tilsit with



DRAWN BY P. GROLLERON.

NAPOLEON DICTATING TO HIS SECRETARIES.

DRAWN BY AUGUST WILL.

KEY TO REGNAULT'S PICTURE «THE MARRIAGE OF JEROME.»

1, Louis Bonaparte; 2, Princess Amelia; 3, Eugène Beauharnais; 4, Queen Hortense; 5, Joseph Bonaparte; 6, Princess Elisa; 7, Madame Joseph Bonaparte; 8, Empress Josephine; 9, Emperor Napoleon; 10, Madame Mère; 11, Jerome Bonaparte; 12, Frederica Catherine of Würtemberg; 13, Stéphanie Beauharnais; 14, Princess Pauline; 15, Senator Beauharnais; 16, Madame Murat; 17, Prince Borghese; 18, Marshal Murat; 19, Prince of Baden; 20, Cardinal Fesch.

the Czar about unions for himself and family suitable to their rank, but the hint of an alliance with the Romanoffs was coldly received. In the Emperor's opinion this, however, was a really splendid match. The Rhine princes and subsidiary monarchs hastened to Paris, and one of them showed his want of perspicacity by marked attentions to Josephine, which he hoped would secure her husband's favor. When men of such lofty and undisputed lineage were joining the irresistible movement, the recusant nobility of France itself could not well stand aloof any longer. It amused and interested the Emperor to see them obey Fouché's hint, and throng to be introduced in the correct way to the new and undisputed sovereign not merely of France, but of western Europe.

Moreover, they were no longer impertinent. They remembered the fate meted out to Mme. de Staël for her solemn innuendos, and did not forget that the last item in the indictment on which Mme. de Chevreuse had been banished was a snippish remark to Napoleon's face. Astonished at the splendor of her diamonds, he had in his own court clumsily asked if they were all real. «*Parbleu*, sire, I do not know,» she replied; «but they are good enough to wear here.» In consequence, therefore, of this new and now well-intentioned element the court swelled in numbers and gained in grace, but not in joyousness. The Empress was already foreboding her fate; there was the stiffness of inaptitude about everything, even the amusement, and the languid weariness of the ladies was an unforgiven imperial sin. The quick wit of the Emperor remarked this annoying fact, and demanded counsel of Talleyrand. The Prince of Benevento had by this time resigned his position as minister, and the relations between himself and the Emperor were strained, but he was not rebuked when he ventured on the old license of speech. «It is because pleasure will not move at the drum-tap,» was his answer, «and you look as if you would command every one just as you do the army: ‹Ladies and gentlemen, forward, march!›»

Talleyrand's numberless intrigues, his venality and self-seeking, his cynicism and contemptuous airs, had finally destroyed his preponderance with Napoleon, although he still retained much influence. No one was better aware of the fact than he was. Thus far he had reckoned himself an indispensable factor in the administration of the empire: now he saw that he was so no longer, that his time had come. He had a sterile mind, and was destitute of principle. Constructive politics were beyond his powers, and he was hopelessly ignorant of social movements. The real Europe of his time was to him a closed book; and while Napoleon was well served in every other function of state, because he himself could assist and supervise, he was wretchedly betrayed in the matter of permanent gains by diplomacy, in which he was personally a blunderer and a tyro. Talleyrand was a distinguished and typical aristocrat of the old French school, elegant, adroit, smooth-spoken, and sharp. He was an unequaled courtier, influential by his moderation of words, gesture, and expression, but a feeble adviser, and utterly incapable of broad views. His character, being unequal to his skill, was not strong enough either to curb or guide his headstrong master, for his mind was neither productive, solid, nor loyal. No treaty ever made by him was lasting, and he must have known that even the peace of Tilsit would begin to crumble almost before the papers were signed. The balance of Europe was disturbed but temporarily by that agreement, not permanently, as had been intended; the attempted seclusion of Prussia by Napoleon destroyed her old antagonism to other German powers, and marked the beginning of amalgamation with all her sister states for the reconstruction of an avenging German nationality.

Something may be forgiven to an adventurer in the storms of revolution, but this

FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN-BAPTISTE REGNAULT, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

ENGRAVED BY M. RAUCH.

MARRIAGE OF PRINCE JEROME BONAPARTE AND PRINCESS FREDERICA CATHERINE OF WÜRTEMBERG, AUGUST 22, 1807.

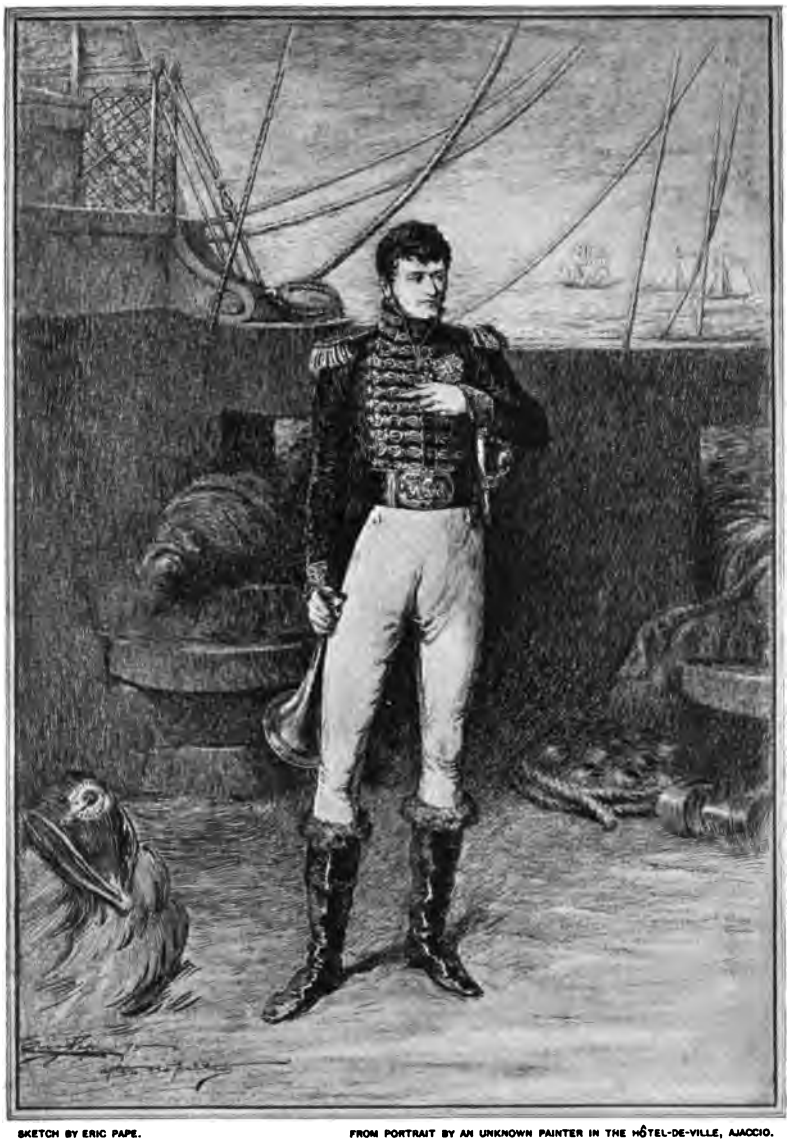
one trimmed his sails to every wind, outrode every storm, and made gains in every port. He was a trusted official of the republic, the consulate, the empire, and the restored monarchy. Wise in his day and generation, he had long before made ready to withdraw, if necessary, from active life, by the accumulation of an enormous fortune, heaped up by means which scandalized even imperial France. He had been embittered at the close of the consulate by Napoleon's determination that his ministers should not be his highest dignitaries, his arch-officers. The title of «prince,» with 200,000 francs a year, was a poor consolation when men like Lebrun and Cambacérès had the precedence as arch-treasurer and arch-chancellor, while—most unendurable of all—they drew salaries of 350,000 francs. Berthier, the Prince of Neufchâtel, had recently been made vice-constable to represent Louis Bonaparte, who, though still constable, had left Paris to become Louis Napoleon, King of Holland. This was Talleyrand's opportunity to resign from the ministry on his own initiative. He demanded a dignity for himself similar to that accorded to Berthier. The Emperor told him that, accustomed to power as he had become, he would be unhappy in a station which precluded his remaining in the cabinet. But the minister knew his rôle in the little comedy, and, persisting, was on August 9 made vice-grand elector, while Champagny, an excellent and laborious official, took his seat at the council-board as minister of external relations. Talleyrand's withdrawal had not the slightest influence on the Emperor's foreign policy; in fact, the quidnuncs at Fontainebleau declared that he was seen limping into Napoleon's office almost every evening. But he was so well known in every court, his circle of personal acquaintances was so large, so timorous, and so reverential, that superstitious men believed his retirement augured the turn of Napoleon's fortunes.

THE WARFARE OF LAND AND OCEAN.

THE energy displayed by the English ministry in seizing the Danish fleet was a surprise to Napoleon. It was clear that after such a bold deed Russia's mediation for peace would be useless; and so it proved. The diplomatic intrigues at St. Petersburg had been intensely amusing since the peace of Tilsit. Alexander coquetted with the English agents, and concealed his plans from the conservative Russians. His lips were sealed about the occurrences at the meeting with Napoleon; the charge has been disproved that some of his suite blabbed enough to the British diplomats to enable them to divine the rest. Canning's acuteness and his conviction that Napoleon and Alexander had reached an understanding hostile to England sufficiently account for the bombardment of Copenhagen, and place the responsibility for it on his shoulders. But in the interval before that event the Czar cajoled the English embassy until they felt assured of a triumph, while in almost the same moment he assured Lesseps, the French consul-general, how precious Napoleon's society had been to him, and that if England did not yield the two allies would compel her.

To the formal introductory communications of Russia concerning peace Canning replied by a demand for the secret articles of Tilsit, and despatched the fleet to the Baltic. The successful stroke at Copenhagen filled the Czar with solicitude; for, like his ally, he had hoped to gain time, and such promptness in imitating Napoleon's contempt for neutral rights dismayed him. It looked as though this were the first event in a maritime war which would destroy the shipyards at Cronstadt, or perhaps even St. Petersburg itself. But instead of further aggression came a new mission from the London cabinet asking for Alexander's good offices in appeasing Denmark, and offering every indemnity to that power except the restoration of the fleet. Great Britain, commanding the Baltic, could be magnanimous.

This conjunction of affairs destroyed Alexander's self-control. He had played the friend of England to no advantage, and England asked for new and impossible proofs of his friendship. He could neither disclose the secret articles nor mediate in her behalf with a country which had already joined his own system. On the other hand, Savary, the French ambassador, and Lesseps, the French consul-general, were daily reminding him of his engagements to Napoleon. There was little need, for they meant to him the attainment of his most cherished ambition, the acquisition of Finland to the westward, with the great Danube principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia to the south. Behind him were the wealthy Russian proprietors, whose prosperity demanded the easy export of their enormous produce in timber and grain by the same British ships which supplied them with essential articles that were not manufactured in Russia. To them the Continental blockade was a horror, and many in the army declared it would not shed



SKETCH BY ERIC PAPE. FROM PORTRAIT BY AN UNKNOWN PAINTER IN THE HÔTEL-DE-VILLE, AJACCIO.

JEROME BONAPARTE, KING OF WESTPHALIA, IN NAVAL COSTUME.

its blood to undermine the national prosperity.

This tension could not last. The English introduced and secretly circulated a pamphlet charging that the peace of Tilsit had separated the Czar from both his people and his troops. Savary, mindful of his old detective arts, discovered its origin and adroitly laid it before Alexander, who burst into angry abuse of the «libel,» and bemoaned the absence of able men in Russia to support him in a wise foreign policy and in internal reforms like the abolition of serfdom, which he was determined to accomplish. Moreover, Napoleon's conduct was likely to produce serious uneasiness. So far from evacuating Prussia, French troops were now not only in every harbor town, but they menaced the Russian frontier as if their commander were still an enemy. The agreement made with Kalkreuth for the gradual withdrawal of the French army from Prussia he held to be null, for the Prussians could not raise the indemnity of 150,000,000 francs computed as the direct cost of the war. To this was added the fact that no move was made toward the dismemberment of Turkey. The Emperor of the French had seized and fortified Corfu, and in a preliminary armistice between Russia and Turkey, due to his intermediation, not a word

was said about the Danubian principalities; although the Russian troops were still in Wallachia, it was clear that French influence was already much stronger than that of Russia, and might grow strong enough to thwart the Czar's plans entirely.

Such were the disquieting considerations which finally brought to a climax the relations of Russia with England. On October 26, Lord Leveson-Gower, the English ambassador, received a note from Count Rumianzoff to the effect that twice Russia had taken up arms for England's advantage, and had in vain solicited even such coöperation as would seem to have been in Great Britain's own interest. She had not even asked, said the writer, for reinforcements, but merely for a diversion, and had been chagrined to see that her ally, so far from maintaining the Czar's cause, had instead, like a cold observer of the bloody theater where war had been kindled at her behest, despatched expeditions on her own behalf to seize Egypt and attack Buenos Ayres. After all this the Czar had still offered his mediation, but in vain: Great Britain had replied by an act of unheard-of violence, despoiling an ancient and dignified monarchy. Could the Czar apologize for such a deed? It was insulting to expect it. After reciting these grievances and asserting the principles of the armed neutrality, the paper announced a rupture of all diplomatic relations until reparation should be made to Denmark.

War was formally declared by Russia on November 7, and England retorted by orders in council issued on the 18th and 26th of the same month, which declared that every Continental port closed to her flag was thereafter in a state of blockade. Every neutral state, friend or foe, was notified that she would exercise the right of search to the fullest extent; that all neutral ships must put into English harbors before proceeding to their destination, and pay a duty in case of reëxportation of their cargoes. An exception was made in the case of the United States, they being graciously permitted to have direct commercial intercourse with Sweden, but with Sweden only. This, of course, meant that neutral states must either carry on England's trade under their own flags or disappear from the sea.

This measure was in utter contempt of international law, even as then understood, and was a high-handed outrage against neutral powers, in particular against the United States. It was treating the ocean exactly as Napoleon had treated the lands of Europe. But it was a powerful weapon, for if successfully enforced it would destroy Napoleon's Continental system entirely. Accordingly, in pursuance of his policy that fire must be fought with fire, the Emperor fulminated in return the terrible Milan decree of December 17, 1807. It declared that any vessel which obeyed the orders of the English admiralty or suffered itself to be searched was and would be regarded as an English ship. It was essential, therefore, that any nation desiring exemption from the enactments of the Berlin and Milan decrees on the one hand and of the English orders in council on the other must make itself respected by force of arms. The Americans must either accept the humiliating terms of England or enter the French system and seek in a maritime war to capture the Continental markets for themselves.

Napoleon intended to force them into the latter course, but he was ignorant of American affairs. Jefferson was at that time in his second term as President of the United States. The Democratic party, of which he was the leader, was vastly more concerned with agricultural than with commercial interests. They were afraid to increase the public debt, cared little for the prosperity of New England commerce, and, seeking to avoid the dilemma arranged for them by England and France, passed the notorious embargo forbidding all foreign commerce whatsoever. American ships must avoid foreign waters, which, like the land, had become the arena of a bloody duel in which the United States were not interested, as the Democrats fondly believed. Exports to England fell in a single year from forty-nine to nine millions of dollars. In other words, the embargo, though causing great distress, could not be perfectly enforced, since the Eastern merchants continued their humiliating submission to England for the sake of their lucrative speculations.

At the same time the farmers were suddenly awakened to the fact that in the end they suffered as much under the prohibition as the traders. In the resulting agitations Jefferson closed his public career without éclat. Madison wisely secured a modification of the embargo by the Non-intervention Act, which opened all foreign commerce except that with England and France. But the merchants of New England were rebellious and dissatisfied even with this. The Federalists wanted a navy and a place in the European system; in other words, a fair share of the world's carrying-trade for the seafarers of the Atlantic coast. Matters drifted on in

SKETCH BY ERIC PAPE. FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS GÉRARD, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

FREDERICA CATHERINE SOPHIA DOROTHEA, PRINCESS ROYAL OF WÜRTEMBERG, QUEEN OF WESTPHALIA.

general discontent and mutual recrimination until 1810. Napoleon in that year shrewdly announced that he had abandoned his policy, but for all that he actually continued to enforce it. This empty pretense of friendship embroiled the United States still further with England, and in the end led to the second war for independence.

The Czar had no sooner taken the decisive step of finally declaring war on England than the Napoleonic policy began further to unfold. Prussia was at once compelled to follow her protector's example, and before the ensuing season all her harbors were fortified and closed. The national reform movement had begun immediately and in spite of the French occupation. In Königsberg was formed the League of Virtue, which focused the new morality and patriotism of the masses. The pens of Fichte, Schleiermacher, and other great writers continued to build up public spirit. Stein accepted office, stipulating that the privy council should be abolished, and then freed the serfs. Among other important reforms he destroyed the old distinction between land tenures, and made transfers simple. Self-government was granted to the cities. The schools were entirely reconstructed under the direction of William von Humboldt, and the University of Berlin was founded as a nursery for the new national spirit.

Under these influences the monarchy of Frederick the Great ceased to exist, the authority of the «yunker» class which supported it and had rashly brought on the war with France was temporarily eclipsed by a wholesome expression of national vigor, and the enlightened liberalism of Prussia became the stimulus for a similar movement in all Germany. As to the army, Gneisenau and Scharnhorst entered with zeal upon the task of reorganization, and the latter was a very genius of reform. Napoleon at length showed his true colors, forbade his victim to maintain more than 42,000 troops, and declared to the face of Frederick William's brother in Paris that the occupation of the fortresses had passed from the narrow domain of particular politics into the great field of general policy. He meant, of course, that he was thereby virtually holding in check not merely Prussia, but Russia and Austria as well. The limitation set by him to the active military force of the captive state was easily evaded by the subterfuge of substituting new recruits for those who had completed their training in the ranks; but the French occupation seemed to be virtually permanent.

The military reorganization of Austria was already complete, and Metternich wrote on July 26, 1807, to Stadion, the minister of state, that as the peace of Tilsit had sown broadcast the germs of its own destruction, the wisdom of his correspondent's administration would one day bring Austria to the point where 300,000 men united under one will and directed to one goal would play the first rôle in Europe, «in a moment of universal anarchy, at one of those epochs which always follow great usurpations, and wipe out the traces of the conquerors; an epoch of which no one can foretell the date, but which nothing postpones except the life of a single man, and which all the genius of that man can so much the less postpone as he has not yet taken the first step to preclude its certain results.» This reference to Napoleon's childlessness and the dependence of his system on his single life is clear enough. The Emperor of the French was himself thoroughly aware of the influence exerted by such a consideration upon the course of affairs, and in consequence his dealing with Francis was somewhat less peremptory than that with Frederick William. Nevertheless, the results were exceedingly humiliating to Austria's pride. In a treaty concluded at Fontainebleau on October 10, 1807, with reference to the Italian frontier, her dominions were shorn to the quick. On Napoleon's mere suggestion, her ambassador in London intimated that England, in the interest of peace, ought to restore the Danish fleet and make terms with France. On the prompt refusal of Great Britain to listen, the envoy, Count Starhemberg, withdrew from London; but he did not leave the English cabinet in doubt as to the cause. He knew and broadly hinted that though his master dared not trifle with a Franco-Russian alliance, his heart was with the English cause. To all outward appearance, therefore, Austria was as subordinate as Prussia in her subserviency to the coalition of France and Russia.

Almost immediately after his rupture with England the Czar had the mortification of seeing his worst fears realized. Napoleon had opened to him at Tilsit a dazzling vista of territorial aggrandizement. The poison had been slow, but it worked. Aware of all the dangers he ran, he nevertheless sacrificed every other consideration, even that of his people's material comfort, in order to demonstrate his good faith. By declaring war he likewise paid in advance. But at the earliest possible moment, on November 7, his ambassador to France, sent for the purpose,

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY FRANÇOIS GÉRARD, IN THE POSSESSION OF THE DUC DE VICENCE. ENGRAVED BY G. KRUELL.

ARMAND-AUGUSTIN-LOUIS DE CAULAINCOURT, DUC DE VICENCE.

demanded the return—to wit, the two principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia. At the same time he significantly announced his own position. Immediately after the meeting at Tilsit, Guilleminot, a French general, had been sent as mediator between Russia and Turkey to the seat of war on the Danube. An armistice was concluded under his direction at Slobozia, in which were two or three compensatory clauses promising that Russia would make restitution to Turkey of certain vessels and munitions of war which had been captured. The Czar professed to take great umbrage at these stipulations. Shortly afterward he rejected the whole paper, and the Russian troops remained in Wallachia. This conduct was intended to indicate his obstinate determination to have the vague promises of Napoleon defined, and then to secure their realization.

The Emperor of the French had been kept well informed by Savary, and knew that the Tilsit alliance, being distasteful to the Russian people, hung on the personal good will of their sovereign. He would have been glad to put Alexander off with some slight rectification of his border-line with Turkey and some more indefinite promises, but he dared not. Accordingly he devised the plea that the aggrandizement of the Eastern and Western empires must keep equal pace, not in the West, for that was his by right, but in those debatable lands wherewith Russia hoped to secure a permanent seat in the councils of Europe. He was confirmed in his desire to postpone the dissection of Turkey by finding that Mustapha, the Sultan who had overthrown Selim in defiance of France, was now ready in turn to make friends and perform his behests. The hope of getting Egypt was

again awakened in his breast, but the times were not ripe and delay must be secured.

In addition to these considerations there was that of immediate safety. The last two campaigns had seen him a victor, once over Austria and Russia combined, again over Prussia and Russia combined; but in each there had been moments when the coalition of the three would have overwhelmed him. For this reason he would gladly have declared at Tilsit that the house of Brandenburg had ceased to reign, in order thereby to preclude any future danger from a triple alliance. This idea he had abandoned for the time in order to gratify Alexander. His ally secure, he now returned or pretended to return to it. Prussia was regaining her strength too rapidly; her embittered hostility was an ever-increasing menace. On the plea that she could never pay the promised indemnity, and was therefore to be treated as a bankrupt, Napoleon declared at last that Russia could have the Danube provinces if France could take Silesia for the grand duchy of Warsaw. «Prussia,» ran Napoleon's despatch on this subject—«Prussia would have but two millions of inhabitants; but would not that be enough for the welfare of the royal family, and is it not in their interest to place her without delay and with perfect resignation among the inferior powers, since all their efforts to restore the position she has lost merely serve to distress their subjects and cherish idle regrets?» «What the Emperor would prefer,» said this same memorandum, «is that the Turks should remain in peaceable possession of Wallachia and Moldavia; still he would hand over these provinces to the Czar in return for a just compensation from Prussian lands; and finally, though far from wishing a complete partition of Turkey, he desires you not utterly to condemn the plan, but rather to dwell on the motives for postponing it. This ancient project of Russian ambition is a tie which can bind Russia to France.»

NAPOLEON'S VISIONS OF WORLD EMPIRE.

For the purposes of this difficult negotiation Napoleon chose Caulaincourt, his devoted servant and most adroit diplomat. Having been concerned in the expeditions to Strasburg and Ettenheim which captured Enghien, the duke had been deeply, though unwittingly, involved in the disrepute of the execution, and that fact was a tie which bound him to his master. The two seemed thoroughly to understand each other. Alexander had chosen an envoy who was the very antipodes of the adroit and elegant Caulaincourt. Count Tolstoi was a bluff soldier, selected in the belief that he would be uninfluenced by the intrigues of Paris society, and could secure the utmost return for the agreement of Tilsit by direct negotiation with the Emperor himself, as one old soldier talking with another. This officer had been instructed to lay great stress on the liberation of Prussia, but to remember that the object of his mission was to cement harmony and confidence. On the journey to Paris he paused at Memel to pay his respects to Frederick William and his Queen. He found them, considering their station, actually in want, dependent on the Czar's gifts of clothes and other necessaries for the little personal comfort they enjoyed. This made a deep impression on Tolstoi's heart, and though received at Paris with such distinction as had never been accorded to any other ambassador, he was cold and distant with both the Emperor and the court. At last there was positive disagreement between him and the great personages of the capital; there was even a rumor that Ney and he would fight a duel. The offensive remarks which led to such tension were a statement of Tolstoi's that Russia had been beaten by accident, that Russian soldiers were invincible, and might one day take their revenge.

Moreover, the ambassador could not get on with Napoleon. Both he and his staff avoided the splendors of Fontainebleau, preferring to frequent the drawing-rooms of a notorious actress whose name had often been linked with that of the Emperor. Under such circumstances diplomacy gathered but little fruit. Napoleon offered both the Danubian provinces for Silesia, or else the evacuation of Prussia proper for that of Wallachia; he even mentioned the magic word «Constantinople» as part of Russia's share in an eventual partition of the whole Turkish empire. Tolstoi wrote to St. Petersburg that France was postponing the evacuation of Prussia for selfish purposes, meaning to dismember her; and from that starting-point depicted the horrors of a Napoleonic Europe. Such opinions dismayed Alexander, and although he received Caulaincourt with distinction equal to that which had been accorded to Tolstoi, he firmly refused the bargain offered by him. He would not consent to a further dismemberment of Prussia, partly for sentimental reasons, chiefly because he could not endure the strengthening of the grand duchy of Warsaw, the new political organism which suggested the restoration of Poland. As to

DRAWN BY E. BOUTIGNY.

MEETING OF NAPOLEON AND TOLSTOI IN PARIS, 1807.

the principalities, these he would have. Russian society had for the moment repressed its hostility to the Czar and his treaty of Tilsit, and was quietly waiting to see what would be the substantial results. No gain less than the acquisition of Wallachia and Moldavia would reinstate Alexander in their good will or make the French alliance endurable. This was of course a serious crisis; but Caulaincourt, nothing dismayed, set himself, by the exercise of all those social arts of which he had such a mastery, to win the aristocratic circles of St. Petersburg.

In the month of December, 1807, Napoleon was on a royal progress through his kingdom of Italy, and the news of the diplomatic crisis in Russia reached him at Venice, which had become his as a result of Austerlitz and by the treaty of Presburg. Although he had gone thither for a serious consultation with Joseph, its fascinations were already weaving curious plans in the Emperor's mind. His rapid journey through Lombardy and a short visit to Milan, whence he fulminated his reply to the English admiralty, had convinced him of the firm sovereignty he exercised throughout these splendid realms. In the few days of his presence he had further strengthened his powers by many generous and beneficent decrees. It was with a sense of security that he came to Venice; at once he yielded to her spell, realizing that at last his control of the Adriatic was complete, inasmuch as now he held both shores and commanded the entrance by the possession of Corfu. Just beyond was the brilliant East, ripe for conquest. Could he or should he lose the opportunity to use such a superb base of operations, win the gratitude of all Venetia by restoring the ancient glories of her capital, and thereby lay his hand at last on the bauble which had once before so dazzled him? Besides, his hated rival, scorning the terms he had offered, disdaining the Continental blockade, anchored in her strength by the control of Western seas, was vulnerable in India, and there alone. These considerations returned with overpowering allurement to his imagination, and four millions of francs were appropriated to improve the harbor and restore somewhat the splendors of Venice.

New Year's day found the Emperor again at the Tuileries, in time to receive a new courier from Russia with still more vigorous representations of Alexander's desires. The idea of a general partition of Turkish lands grew stronger, and in an interview with Metternich, Napoleon hinted that Austria should have a share. Instructions were sent to Caulaincourt that he should hold out hopes in order to gain time and to learn whether it was definitely impossible that matters should remain as the treaty of Tilsit, taken literally, had arranged them. This procrastinating attitude of mind had a twofold cause. One appears to have been a gradual realization in Napoleon's consciousness that dreams and schemes must materialize, that in the mystery of a life like his one step inevitably leads to another, that his career must encircle the vast globe, while he himself was but mortal, finite, and already verging to the utmost limit of his powers. A year before he had written to Josephine that he was of all men the most enslaved; «my master has no bowels, and that master is the nature of things.» The other cause was the fearless and warlike attitude taken in Great Britain by both crown and Parliament and announced with threats of eternal war at the opening of the legislative session of 1807. It appears probable, likewise, that whatever answer should be given by Alexander to his pregnant question, he felt his only safety now to be in the alliance with the Czar.

Time, time, time—that was the prime necessity; there were only twenty-four hours in the day, and only a certain quantity of nerve force in his own system. Before the partition of Turkey, if Alexander's reply should make it inevitable, two weighty matters must be settled: first, the road to an Oriental empire must be secured; and second, the already existing Western empire of Europe must be rounded out by the «regulation» of Spanish affairs—the appropriation, if it should seem best, of the whole Iberian peninsula. Any tyro in geography could see by a glance at the map that as navigation was in those days—that is, by the propulsion of fickle winds amid the partly known currents of ocean and sea—the command of Gibraltar and Malta meant a partial if not absolute control of the Levant, and the British had both. With Spain in French hands, Gibraltar eventually might be taken, but the case of Malta was far different. In the possession of a seafaring nation like the English the island was impregnable. But was this in reality the only outlet for the French empire to the East? From France proper, yes; but from Italy, by the Adriatic, there was an admirable alternative, if not, indeed, the only true line of trade.

Since the first aspirations of his ambition, Napoleon had dreamed of supremacy in the Mediterranean, and every successive treaty made with Northern powers had looked to some strengthening of French influence on

that sea. Now at last he had Corfu, and the English, straitened for troops, were withdrawing the forces which occupied Sicily to send them into Portugal. The squadrons from Brest, Lorient, and Rochefort were at once ordered to unite in the Mediterranean. This was the moment to seize Sicily, and with that island added to Corfu he would control the best road into Egypt. At that instant the hostile fate which seemed to attend all Napoleon's undertakings by sea again checkmated him. English cruisers were found hovering about Corfu, cutting off all supplies, and thus threatening the garrison with starvation. The landing in Sicily was temporarily abandoned in order to sweep the English from the waters of the Ionian Isles; then, and only then, might the risk be taken. In the event of success, the invasion of Turkey, the seizure of Egypt, and the gratification of Alexander would be easy. More remotely, the deadly blow at England could be struck in Asia.

What a conception! What a debauch of the imagination! What reveling in day-dreams of ambition! But there was one specter which, though laid for intervals, would not entirely down, and returned with stolid persistency. What was won was not yet secure; the existence of the Western empire itself hung on the thread of a single life; moreover, the very crowns of France and Italy had no heir. The situation was much discussed in court circles, sometimes even among the people, and was becoming acute. In order to solve the problem peace was essential, and not a remote, but an immediate one, if possible. The Russian ambassador, returning from London, had reported on his journey through France that the English were not so envenomed as they seemed. It was only a straw, yet it was talked of. At once Napoleon seized it, and announced that his one aim, his most ardently desired goal, was—peace.

It was now the close of January; Tolstoi was invited to join a hunting-party, and in the heart of the forest Napoleon found means to be alone with him. After a long, vague, contradictory, but dramatic conversation setting forth the same three alternatives,—peace between Russia and Turkey without the principalities, or the principalities in exchange for Silesia, or the ultimate but not immediate partition of Turkey,—the great actor suddenly paused as if in an ecstasy of sincerity, and snatching his hat off his head with both hands, flung it on the ground as he said: «Hark you, M. Tolstoi; it is not the Emperor of the French, but an old general of division that is now talking to another. May I be thought the vilest of men if I do not scrupulously fulfil the contract I made at Tilsit, and if I do not evacuate both Prussia and the duchy of Warsaw as soon as you have withdrawn your troops from Moldavia and Wallachia! I am neither a fool nor a child, not to know what I stipulate, and what I stipulate I always fulfil.»

Leaving this objurgation time to work its effect, the Emperor of the French a few days later—on February 2—wrote with his own hand to the Emperor of all the Russias. It was an innocent and kindly epistle, advising his friend to strengthen his army, and promising all aid possible in case he should feel that the border-line of Sweden was too near St. Petersburg. An army of 50,000 men, Russian, French, perhaps a «little Austrian,» marching into Asia by way of Constantinople, would not reach the Euphrates before England would begin to tremble. «I am strong in Dalmatia, you on the Danube. One month after an agreement we could be on the Bosporus. But our mutual interests require to be combined and equalized in a personal conference. Tolstoi is not built on the proportions of Tilsit. We could have everything ready, you and I, or perhaps Caulaincourt and Rumianzoff, before March 15, and by May 1 our troops could be in Asia at the moment when those of your Majesty were in Stockholm. We would have preferred peace, you and I, but we must do what is predestined, and follow whither the irresistible march of events conducts us.»

This letter was a masterpiece. It meant, first, a little European war, short and sharp, whereby Russia would get Finland as a sop and have her attention drawn off from Prussia and Spain; secondly, a menace which would bring England to terms and produce a peace; thirdly, the neutralization of Austrian hostility by an invitation to sit down at the feast; lastly, the consolidation of his dynasty for the ultimate completion of his designs in the Orient either with or without Russia's aid. The alternative combination in case England should not be terrified would be a war of hitherto unknown dimensions, including not only all Europe, but Asia Minor and northern Africa, from the resultant chaos of which he might evoke a permanent peace and an order the foundation and copestone of which would be French supremacy. England would of course rush to the assistance of Sweden, the only land now left in Europe that had never fallen into the orbit of the French system. At that moment Spain and Portugal, abandoned to their fate, must drop into his hands. If England should still prove resolute, then an

expedition to Egypt would sail from Corfu, while simultaneously the united armies of Russia, France, and Austria would march to the conquest of Turkey and the seizure of India. It was a scheme so vast, so logical, so imperial, that it left far behind the dreams of a Corsican patriot or the visions of an ardent Frenchman. The successful soldier was carried by each successive victory into widening circles of enterprise which could have no relation to narrow national limits.

CHECK TO RUSSIA AND OCCUPATION OF PORTUGAL.

THE instructions issued by Napoleon to Caulaincourt in this crisis were long unknown, for they were lacking in the Emperor's papers. But copies of them were found eighty-seven years after they were dated, the originals, which reveal the writer's entire political system during the turning-point of his career, having undoubtedly been destroyed by his orders, as so many other telltale documents were, in the hope that their contents would disappear with them from the sum of human knowledge. These copies, which are undoubtedly authentic, reveal the Emperor at the height of his powers, promising, cajoling, suggesting, procrastinating; all this to gain time and opportunity, representing his own actions in the best light without regard to truth, using Russia as long as she could serve him, and abandoning her within a few days when she became recalcitrant.

The Czar had been from the outset instigated by Caulaincourt to seize Finland, but feeling that success in that quarter would weaken his claims on the principalities, he hesitated. Court intrigue began to thicken about him once more. With every day the miseries and uncertainties of his position made him more wretched. At last he behaved with the inconsistency of distraction and hesitation. Almost while soothing words were being uttered to the Swedish ambassador, Russian columns suddenly burst into the Swedish province, and were not withdrawn. Alexander renewed his demand for the Danube provinces. Napoleon sent him exquisite presents of Sèvres porcelain or some specimen of choice armor. At last came the letter of February 2. The first impression made on the Czar by its reading was one of exaggerated joy and enthusiasm: «Ha! the style of Tilsit! What a great man! What large ideas!» Such were his exclamations as he read. But calm deliberation awakened suspicions, and before long a defiant spirit led to a categorical request that any ultimate design on Silesia should be formally renounced, whereupon Caulaincourt replied: «The Emperor Napoleon demands that your Majesty should not be more urgent with him than he is with you.»

The two ministers Caulaincourt and Rumianzoff finally began to discuss the terms of a partition of Turkey, preliminary to a second personal interview between the two monarchs, as had been suggested at Tilsit, and for which proposals were now renewed from Paris. The two diplomatic gladiators were well matched; between offer and substitute, demand and excuse, feint and counter-feint, the days passed in a most entertaining manner, until suddenly the Czar became aware that time was flying and that he was not making headway. Somewhat petulantly the interview was postponed, for it was clear that the ministers would not agree by the time suggested, and without an agreement Alexander refused to attend. Meanwhile his troops in Finland had met with bitter and obstinate resistance. The army had been driven from eastern Bothnia, and the fleet lay blockaded by that of the English under Admiral Saumarez. St. Petersburg was terrified by the presence of an English fleet in the Baltic. The Czar could not weaken his force on the Danube, lest he should lose the coveted provinces, and he dared not withdraw troops from Poland, for the French were still in Silesia.

It had been with the understanding that Bernadotte should be an active auxiliary of the Czar that the Russian forces had rashly crossed the Swedish border in inadequate numbers; and in reality Bernadotte did set out, but half way on his march, for some unexplained reason, he paused. Caulaincourt said it was because of the difficulties encountered in crossing the Belt; but the halt was, of course, one move in Napoleon's game. He wrote on April 25 to Talleyrand: «Was I to send my soldiers so lightly into Sweden? There was nothing for me there.» Simultaneously the French forces in both Poland and Prussia were compacted and strengthened, while at the confluence of the Bug and the Vistula, in the grand duchy of Warsaw, over against the Russian frontier, were steadily rising the walls of a powerful fort above which waved the tricolor. What a plight was this for the White Czar, the grandson of Catherine II., educated by Laharpe, the philosophic monarch, the ideal, beneficent despot! Behind him a disgusted nation, before him illimitable warfare, bound by the

DRAWN BY MAURICE ORANGE.

THE FRENCH ARMY, UNDER JUNOT, IN THE MOUNTAINS OF PORTUGAL.

letter of an ambiguous treaty, occupied in a doubtful conquest, thwarted in his ambitions; in short, if not checkmated, put into a position very much like that known in the noble game as stalemate!

Napoleon's treatment of the Czar makes the whole situation in northern Europe and Austria easily comprehensible; it is necessary to examine from the same standpoint, also, what occurred in the southern states of Europe, remote as they were; otherwise the course of affairs at the opposite extremities of Europe seems utterly mysterious. If the path followed at St. Petersburg was tortuous, what shall be said of the policy pursued in the Papal States, in Tuscany, in Portugal and Spain? During the diplomatic reconnaissance led by Caulaincourt, the statesmen of these countries had been busy at Fontainebleau. What Cardinal Bayanne seemed anxious to obtain for Pius VII.—namely, the inviolability of his territories—had been lost even before the concessions demanded from the Pope were made. The trembling prelate had consented to join the federation against England, to drive out the monks, to accept an increased French representation in the College of Cardinals, and to admit Venetia to the Concordat. But, to use Napoleon's own expression in a decree issued from Vienna on May 17, 1809, the Western Emperor had already «resumed the grant» of Charles the Great which had been used against his successor. There was no longer a hostile strip of land, stretching from sea to sea, which separated the kingdoms of Naples and Italy, for the three legations were occupied in December, 1807.

With this fulcrum Bayanne had been moved to negotiate a formal treaty containing all Napoleon's stipulations. The Pope was exasperated by the occupation of his lands, and refused his assent to the paper; he would not even enter the French federative system. This attitude appears to have been quite as agreeable to the Emperor of the French as one of submission would have been. Appealing to public opinion on the ground of necessity, he sent his troops on February 2 into the city of Rome; in March, Ancona, Macerata, Fermo, and Urbino were consolidated with the kingdom of Italy, and before the end of April, 1808, the foreign priests were banished, the Pope's battalions enrolled under the tricolor, and the guard of nobles disbanded; the entire administration was in French hands. For a year the successor of St. Peter remained a fainéant king shut up in the Quirinal. To a demand for the resignation of his temporal power he replied by a bull, dated June 10, 1809, excommunicating the invaders of his states, and was thereupon seized and sent a prisoner to Grenoble. Napoleon, looking backward in the days of his humiliation, said that his quarrel with the Pope was one of the most wearing episodes in all his career. It undid much of the web knitted in the Concordat, by alienating the Roman Catholics both in France itself and in his conquered or allied lands.

During the same autumn months of 1807 another treaty was negotiated at Fontainebleau; namely, a secret compact with Spain for the partition of Portugal. The house of Braganza, like the other so-called legitimate monarchies of Europe, had fallen into a moral and physical decline. The Queen was a lunatic, and her son, Don John, who was regent, though a mild and honorable man, lacked every element of such greatness as would have enabled him to swim in the troubled waters of his time. Unlike Spain, the land, moreover, was saturated with democratic principles. There had been a tacit understanding that on account of the enormous tribute paid to France for the acknowledgment of neutrality one eye would be closed to the traffic with England, which was essential to the prosperity, if not to the very existence, of the country. But the Berlin and Milan decrees were intended to be measures of serious war, and the Emperor now insisted that they should be enforced. Although the regent was the son-in-law of Charles IV. of Spain, yet after the peace of Tilsit the court of Madrid united with that of Fontainebleau in an effort to compel the closing of all Portuguese harbors and the fulfilment of the decrees to the letter by the dismissal of the English minister, the arrest of all British subjects, and the confiscation of all English goods. The reply of John was a consent to everything except the arrest of innocent traders.

This partial refusal was a sufficient pretext; at once the French envoy at Lisbon was recalled, Junot was ordered to enter Spain and to march on Portugal, while the terms of partition were settled at Fontainebleau with Charles's minister, Izquierdo, in a compact which Napoleon must have looked upon as the great practical joke of his life. For fear he should be too quickly found out, he positively inhibited Charles from communicating it to his ministers. The French ambassador at Madrid was also kept in ignorance of its terms. Under it the King of Spain was to be styled Emperor of the Two Americas; and in return for Etruria, which was at last to be formally in-

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY JACQUES-LOUIS DAVID, IN THE POSSESSION OF M. EUDOXE MARCILLE. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

JEAN-ANDOCHE JUNOT, DUC D'ABRANTÈS.

corporated with the kingdom of Italy, he was to have what he had so long desired, the virtual sovereignty of Portugal. Over one portion the young King of Etruria was to reign as a vassal; over another, the generalissimo and high admiral of Spain, the Prince of the Peace, the Queen's paramour, the King's trusted servant, Manuel Godoy; the other third was to remain unappropriated for Charles's disposal.

At the close was the seemingly innocent stipulation that a new French army of 40,000 men should be formed at Bayonne, to be in readiness for resistance in case the English should land troops in Portugal. It should not enter Spain, however, without the consent of the contracting parties. Meantime Junot, by his Emperor's command, was sending home maps, plans, topographical sketches, and itineraries of Spain. Although 25,000 Spaniards were marching with him, he received orders, dated October 31, three days after the treaty was signed at Fontainebleau, to seize all the strong places of Portugal, occupy them with French troops, and not to permit the Spaniards to garrison a single one. His first object, he had been already told, should be to capture the fleet lying in the Tagus and to seize the person of the regent.

The clever and greedy Junot marched swiftly, and on November 27 reached Abrantes, a town about eighty miles from Lisbon, with his exhausted troops. The news of his arrival was unexpected in the capital; what was worse, as it appeared to the dismayed court, were the evidences that he would receive an enthusiastic reception from many influential elements of the population, who

still considered the word «French» a synonym for «democratic.» Sir Sidney Smith, who commanded the English ships in the Tagus, addressed a letter to Don John promising that England would never recognize a rule in Portugal hostile to the house of Braganza, and strongly urging him to embark the royal family for the Portuguese dominions in South America. The unnerved prince had probably read in the «Moniteur» of November 13: «The regent of Portugal loses the throne. The fall of the house of Braganza is a new proof of the inevitable destruction attending those who unite with England.» He issued a jerky and feeble proclamation, declaring that he would never submit to the tyranny of Napoleon, announcing his flight, naming a council of regency, and requesting those who were so disposed to accompany him. A very few faithful subjects joined themselves to the royal family, and with the mad Queen the little band embarked.

The fleet had hardly worked its way out of the river when Junot reached Lisbon with a small corps of panting, exhausted men. His prey had escaped, but so had the mad Queen, and from that moment he began to wonder why a crown would not sit comfortably on his own head. He had been Bonaparte's faithful confidant from the outset of his career, and could furnish a queen who boasted an ancestry no less distinguished than that of the Greek emperors of the Comnenian family. The people were most friendly, deputations from the powerful secret society of freemasons presented addresses, the regency made no resistance, the commander-in-chief and his army gave in their submission. But the French general gave no sign of establishing the liberal government which they so earnestly desired and fully expected. On the contrary, he established military provinces, seized all the public moneys, and sought to conciliate his master's debtors at his master's expense; for, instead of the forty millions indemnity demanded by Napoleon, he took his pen, like the unjust steward, and wrote twenty. In return the Portuguese radicals were to ask the Emperor that he should be made their king.

Owing in part to the general's insatiable greed and his appropriation of enormous private treasure,—an example which his army was quick to follow,—in part to the subsequent disenchantment and a general revulsion of feeling, the plan came to naught. Before long the Spanish general Bellesca seized the French governor of Oporto and began a rebellion in favor of Don John. Junot, called from Lisbon to suppress the insurgents, left the city under a committee at the head of which was the Bishop of Oporto. The prelate at once applied to England for help, and in a short time the whole country had organized secret juntas in order to throw off the French yoke. England responded with alertness, sending troops from Sicily and from Ireland; but the strongest reinforcement of all was the general appointed to command them, Sir Arthur Wellesley. Before the middle of August, 1808, the Peninsular war was raging and the laurels were England's.

HUMILIATION OF THE SPANISH CROWN.

MEANTIME the contemplated upheaval had occurred in Spain. It is impossible to conceive deeper degradation than that into which the Bourbon monarchy of that country had fallen, and the government had carried the country with it in its debasement. The population had fallen to 10,000,000, and of a nominal army of 120,000 men not 50,000 were really effective. The host of office-holders and privileged nobility which battened like leeches on an exhausted treasury was equaled in number only by the clergy, secular and regular, with nuns, novices, and servants, who lived on the revenues of the ecclesiastical estates, and on what could be extorted from an impoverished people. By a terrible form of primogeniture the lands which did not belong to the Church had gradually fallen into the hands of a few owners who lived in state at Madrid and never laid eyes on their farms, forests, or pastures. The peasantry had no interest to improve what might be taken from them at the death of the proprietor, or by caprice be appraised at a higher value on account of their very efforts toward the amelioration of their lot. The grandees kept gloomy state in vast palaces filled with hordes of idle servants. The remnants from their lavish but poorly served tables supported the crowds of beggars that thronged their gates. In their stables stood herds of mules and hung stores of gaudy trappings, both used a few times in the year to convey the owner in proper dignity to the great public functions. Of social life they had little; they were gloomy, lonely, and sullenly indifferent.

On such a foundation stood the court: the King, generous-minded but deceived, and jealously attached to the crown servants, impatient of any annoyance, and always declaring a willingness to resign from his throne; the Queen, clear-headed and ambi-

DRAWN BY LUCIUS ROSSI.

THE ARREST OF FERDINAND.

tious, but self-indulgent, extravagant, and vicious; Godoy, the Prince of the Peace,—so called from the treaty which he had negotiated at Basel to conclude the French and Spanish revolutionary wars,—the real ruler, soothing the King's sensibilities and gratifying the Queen's passions. To preserve his ascendancy this trimmer had thrown in his lot with Napoleon; but faithless and perfidious, he would gladly have rejected that or any other protection to fly to one he believed stronger. In any centralized monarchy the administrative law is the backbone; in Spain the administration was feeble and corrupt, for every member of it was engaged in humbly imitating the example of its head, whose house was a depot of plunder, whence toward the close of his career the spoils were transferred on pack-mules by night, no one knew whither. It was said, and many sober men believed it, that Godoy had all the wealth of Spain!

Ferdinand, Prince of Asturias and heir apparent to the throne, was a young widower of good impulses but feeble character. His deceased wife, married in 1803, was the daughter of Queen Caroline of Naples; she quarreled with her mother-in-law, Louisa, and died prematurely, probably poisoned. He knew the scandals of his father's household and the abuses of Godoy's administration, but thought the bonds of degradation too strong to be stricken off by a weak hand like his own. His followers, however, headed by the Duke del Infantado and the ambitious Canon Escoiquiz, his former tutor, were numerous and enlightened. They understood how hollow was the protection vouchsafed by Napoleon to Godoy, and how faithless was the pretended friendship of the latter for France. Their plan was that Ferdinand should refuse the proffered hand of Godoy's sister-in-law, demand that of a Beauharnais princess, and thus secure the real interest and aid of the French emperor. With such support they might hope to overthrow the minister and reform the administration. No doubt they also dreamed of power and place for themselves.

As time passed, the sympathies of the nation rallied more and more to Ferdinand, until at last he became the leader and representative of all the solid elements in society. Between the waning power of Godoy and the rising popularity of the crown prince, something like an equilibrium was at last established, and in 1807 the two embittered factions stood like gladiators looking for a chance to strike. This situation was made to Napoleon's hand; but as it gave rise to more and more serious intrigues, a decision had to be taken promptly. Should he accede to Ferdinand's desire, formally communicated in a letter sent by Escoiquiz on October 12? Talleyrand and Fouché both urged the adoption of the policy. What prompted Talleyrand cannot be surmised. After Austerlitz he had urged moderation, but it was because he was bribed by the vanquished. His judgment and interest may, however, have kept equal pace in that conclusion. He was probably influenced in this one by the Empress Josephine, whose position was becoming desperate, for the Bonaparte family were now persistently and openly urging a divorce. All Josephine's arts seemed unavailing against her obdurate enemies, and her last hope was to obtain royal alliances for her own relatives, thus securing new support against those of the Emperor. She had a charming niece, Mlle. Tascher de la Pagerie, to whom she was ardently devoted; and to set her on the throne of Spain would both gratify natural affection and fortify her own position.

There is no indication, however, that Talleyrand's hand was crossed this time, though again his judgment coincided with his interest in sound advice. The country was utterly disorganized and a change must occur; the people were too haughty to endure their humiliation longer; it would be better to support Ferdinand as a reformer, and thereby secure for the French system not merely the kingdom proper, but all her colonial dominions. As Fouché put it, the King had so far been one of the best of French prefects, and if he were no longer efficient his legitimate heir had better be continued in the office. But the idea of securing the Spanish colonies for his empire dazzled and allured the Emperor more than the assured support of Spain. For that purpose he disregarded both the clamorous calls for aid from the King on one side and the approaches of Ferdinand on the other, having determined to put one of his brothers on the Spanish throne. All remonstrance from his own family was vain, and he proceeded with his scheme. A new conscription secured the 40,000 men for Bayonne, and General Clarke was ordered to fortify the frontier.

Exactly in the nick of time the intrigues at Madrid had come to a head. On October 28 an armed Spanish force seized the person and papers of Ferdinand. Godoy feigned illness and kept his rooms, while the Queen examined what was found. It was said that there was a cipher code for correspondir

DRAWN BY MAURICE ORANGE.

THE BURNING OF A PALACE OF GODOY BY THE POPULACE AT MADRID.

DRAWN BY MAURICE ORANGE.

GODOY TAKEN INTO CUSTODY BY THE SPANISH TROOPS.

with his friends; a memorial from Ferdinand to Napoleon charging Godoy with a design to seize the throne, and mentioning his mother's shame in covert terms; a memorial from Escoiquiz asking from the Emperor the hand of a French princess; and an order under the seal of Ferdinand VII., with blank date, to the Duke del Infantado, appointing him to the command of New Castile on the King's death. Two days later Godoy's connection with the seizure was proved; for, ill as he feigned to be, he was observed entering the Escorial after nightfall. Next day the King announced the discovery of this «conspiracy» in a proclamation to his people, and wrote a letter of similar wording to Napoleon, complaining that Beauharnais, the French ambassador, had been the center of the intrigue. This was strictly true, for this brother of the Empress's first husband, though a bluff, honest man, was blindly self-confident, and had fallen into the trap set for him in Paris. He was not unwilling to gratify Josephine, he despised Godoy, and his evident friendship for the crown prince had been largely instrumental in creating the popular confidence that France would regenerate Spain by means of the legitimate heir.

Charles also announced his intention to cut Ferdinand off from the succession, and humbly requested Napoleon's advice. A commission of Castilian grandees was appointed to try the culprit, while simultaneously strenuous efforts were made to force a confession of conspiracy from him. The latter failed, but he obeyed with alacrity the summons to appear. Exactly what occurred is unknown, but it can be imagined; some of the facts leaked out, and the result was a wretched compromise both at court and among the people. The prince declared that he had written the suspicious order during his father's recent illness, basely denounced his accomplices, and by declaring that it was Beauharnais who had suggested his asking a wife from the Emperor strengthened the general belief that Napoleon had instigated his entire course. This was enough to cow the King and Queen. The prince was at once released, and wrote a formal request for pardon. The King issued a proclamation granting the boon. The friends of Ferdinand were formally tried, but Godoy dared not ask questions compromising the French ambassador, and they were acquitted.

During the trial the «secret hand» was indicated as being still unknown; some said it was that of the Queen, a few thought the grand inquisitor had been meddling. Napoleon sent a wily and misleading epistle declaring that he had never received a letter from the Prince of Asturias,—which literally was true, though he had been informed of its existence and of its contents,—and that he had heard nothing but the vague gossip of palace talk. This letter of Napoleon's was confided on November 13 to one of his shrewdest counselors, the Chamberlain de Tournon, who was carefully instructed to bring home the most accurate information he could secure regarding the state of public feeling, and secretly to observe the condition in which he found the frontier fortresses of Pamplona and Fuenterrabia. Taking advantage of the general excitement incident to the recent events, Dupont was ordered on the same day to cross the frontier with his division and advance to Vitoria, whence he should reconnoiter the surrounding country. As if to emphasize his own indifference, in reality to avoid unpleasant questions and with the most serious objects in view, the Emperor had set out for Italy; and the day of his arrival in Milan was the date on which Dupont invaded Spain.

It was during this visit to Venice, which has already been referred to as the time in which Russia was brought to a standstill and the ultimate method of procedure in the Orient outlined, that he also met the Queen Regent of Etruria. She declared, as was expected of her, that she could not continue to reign where she did not rule, her dominions being occupied on the ground of large policy by French troops; accordingly she was despatched to Madrid with a royal train. Her sometime kingdom was incorporated with that of Italy, and the unsuspecting Beauharnais was instructed to have her new Portuguese realm ready against her arrival. But the real object of that winter journey to Italy seems to have been the two interviews which the Emperor had with his brothers Joseph and Lucien, the former being beckoned from Naples to Venice, the latter from Rome to Mantua. The younger brother had, after the first juvenile heats of radicalism, become a moderate republican, holding his convictions resolutely. Having opposed the hereditary consulate for Napoleon, he withdrew, unmindful of any reward he might have claimed for his services of Brumaire, to lead a life of study and cultivate his inborn literary tastes. On the death of his first wife, by whom he had two daughters, he married, in direct opposition to Napoleon's wishes, the beautiful and accomplished Mme. de Jauberthon. This was in 1803; he had been importuned to put her

away and lend himself to the project of buttressing the empire by himself accepting a crown and contracting a royal marriage. He was by far the ablest and most courageous of the Bonaparte brothers, but his heart was true, his principles were fixed, and he was utterly indifferent to the rise of Napoleonic empire.

It was with reluctance that he came to Mantua. There are two accounts of what happened there—that which has long been accepted of Napoleon offering and Lucien hotly refusing the crown of Portugal, with the hand of Prince Ferdinand for his daughter Charlotte; and that which makes the first offer to have been Etruria. Both accounts agree, however, that the bid was raised to the promise of Italy—all on condition that he should divorce his wife and rule in the interest of his brother's imperial power. Lucien disdained even this bribe, declaring that he would accept the crown, but that he would rule in the interests of his subjects, and that he would in no case consider a divorce. Angry words were spoken. Napoleon crushed in his hand a watch with which he had been toying, hissing out that thus he would crush wills which opposed his. «I defy you to commit a crime,» retorted Lucien. Before parting there was a half-reconciliation, and Napoleon requested that at least his brother's eldest daughter might be sent to Paris for use in his scheme of royal alliances. Lucien assented, and the child, a clever girl of about fourteen, was sent to live with Madame Mère. She was thoroughly discontented, and wrote bright, sarcastic letters to her stepmother, whom she loved, depicting the avarice of her grandmother and the foibles of her other relatives. These, like all other suspected letters of the time, were intercepted and read in the «cabinet noir»; their contents being made known to Napoleon, he sent the petulant, witty writer back to her father. Despairing of any support from Lucien or his family, Napoleon formally adopted his stepson Eugène, the viceroy, with a view to consolidating and confirming the Italian feeling of dependence on France.

Joseph's character also had ripened by this time. Experience had destroyed the adventurous spirit in which he entered on his career; he had become a gentle, philosophic, industrious monarch, careful of the best interests of his people, and he was accordingly beloved by them. Roederer had introduced order into the Neapolitan finances, his own administrative reforms worked smoothly, and the only discontented element of his people was composed of the nobles, who chafed at the repression of their power and the curtailing of their privileges. There is positive evidence that Joseph was summoned and came to Venice, but there is no record of the interview, except a penciled note written by Joseph himself on the margin of Miot de Mélito's memoirs, to the effect that Napoleon spoke of the troubles among the members of the royal family of Spain as likely to produce results which he dreaded. The last word is underscored. «I have enough anxiety prepared,» he said; «troubles in Spain can only benefit the English, who do not desire peace, by destroying the resources which I find in that ally to carry on the war against them.» Over and above this information there is, however, a high probability that Joseph was then informed that since Lucien proved refractory, he himself was now destined for Spain; that he expressed at first a decided unwillingness to accept the unwelcome task; and that, like Lucien, he departed under Napoleon's disfavor. This offer had already been discussed at Tilsit by Napoleon and Alexander as a contingency. Joseph was so accustomed to obey that a sober second thought led him to repent of his creditable hesitation; within a week, and before leaving Venice, he had followed Napoleon's advice and had despatched a confidential messenger to secure Alexander's formal compliance with his transfer to Spain. He was under the spell of the magician, for it was probably Napoleon who prompted his thoughts. After that of Charles the Great, the empire of Charles V. had been the most splendid in Europe, and Joseph dreamed that if not first he might be second, eclipsed only by his brother.

Godoy was an adroit diplomat. In reply to Napoleon's letter he personally asked and urged the bestowal on Ferdinand of a French princess in marriage, but at the same time he also urged the publication of what had been stipulated at Fontainebleau. The answer was most dilatory, and when it was written there was a new tone: Napoleon would gladly draw the bonds of alliance tighter by such a match as had been so often suggested, but could such a mark of confidence be shown to a dishonored son without some proof of his repentance? He added that it would be premature to publish the articles of Fontainebleau. In open contempt of that document, a decree was issued on December 23, 1807, from Milan, appointing Junot governor of all Portugal. On February 2, 1808, this paper was communicated to the King of Spain by Beauharnais, with the intimation that the treaty must temporarily remain suspended.

The scales now fell from Godoy's eyes. His agent in Paris informed him that he had been coldly received by Champagny, the minister of external relations; and soon afterward Mlle. Tascher de la Pagerie was married to an unimportant member of the Rhenish Confederation, the Duke of Aremberg. It was thought at Madrid that the Emperor had abandoned both the court factions; public opinion, whether favorable to one or the other, was soon united in a common irritation against France, and before long it was current talk that Napoleon contemplated the dismemberment of Spain by the connivance of Godoy.

Meantime the new conscription had been carried through, and ever larger numbers of French striplings, dignified by the name of troops, appeared at Bayonne, and crossed the border. The sturdy Spaniards regarded them with amazement and contempt. There was no appearance as yet of any English invasion, and the army in Portugal was in no need of assistance; but Moncey followed Dupont with 30,000 so-called men; Duhesme led an army corps to Barcelona at one end of the Pyrenees, while Darmagnac passed the gorge of Roncesvalles into Navarre with his division, and seized Pamplona; Bessières hurried on behind with the Guard; and Jerome was ordered to levy 40,000 men in Westphalia. Figueras, San Sebastian, and Valladolid were soon in French hands. The «Moniteur» of January 24 explained that these acts were necessitated by plans of the English to land at Cadiz. Six days afterward the Emperor estimated that he had 800,000 men under arms, and that he would soon have 80,000 more.

In the presence of such facts the Prince of the Peace was prostrated, while terror overpowered the feeble King and his wicked consort. Nor was their panic diminished when a second letter arrived from Napoleon, dated February 25, which plainly showed a determination to quarrel. «Your Majesty asked the hand of a French princess for the Prince of Asturias; I replied on January 10 that I consented. Your Majesty speaks no more of this marriage. All this leaves in the dark many objects important for the welfare of my peoples.» In a few weeks Izquierdo arrived from Paris and reluctantly explained the appalling truth: that the gossamer bonds of the treaty he had negotiated at Fontainebleau were blown away, and that Portugal was to be given entire to one of the Bonapartes. This was the solution of the appalling armaments in northern Spain, beyond the Ebro. Godoy returned an answer refusing all proposals tending to such a conclusion. Izquierdo carried this reply to Paris, and toward the close of March Talleyrand was appointed to negotiate with him under the pretense of finding some compromise.

Talleyrand was heartily sick of his inactivity, and eagerly seized the opportunity to reassert his importance. Abandoning utterly the position of semi-resistance to Napoleon which he had held for some time past, he now used his adroit and clever gift to further the Emperor's schemes. The document which was finally drawn up by him gave the French equal rights in the Spanish colonies with Spanish subjects, and proposed an exchange for Portugal of the great march north of the Ebro, which had once been held by Charles the Great and was now held by Napoleon. When Izquierdo heard the hard stipulations he exclaimed in dismay, but to every remonstrance it was coldly replied that such was the Emperor's will. Early in March Bessières entered Spain with 35,000 men. This raised the total number in the scattered divisions of the French troops now south of the Pyrenees to about 100,000. The Spaniards were at last thoroughly awake to the fact of their humiliation. Excitement became more and more intense, until an eruption of popular violence was imminent.

At this crisis Napoleon took a step of great significance. Murat, Grand Duke of Berg, arrived at Burgos on March 13, with full powers as commander-in-chief, and at once assumed command. Ordering a concentration of all the divisions, he slowly marched on Madrid. The Prince of the Peace and the King heard their hour striking. Godoy's first thought was to imitate the example set by the house of Braganza, and, flying beyond the seas, to establish the Spanish Bourbons in Mexico or Peru. The Queen was from the first ardent for a project which would prolong the semblance of power for herself and the favorite, but it was days before Charles could bring himself to such a conclusion. At last, on March 15, the council was summoned to hear his determination, and orders were given to keep open the route to Cadiz. The populace felt that disgrace could go no further, and, denouncing Godoy, besought the King to remain.

They could get no satisfactory answer from Aranjuez, where the vacillating, terrified, and disunited court now was. One day followed another, and the streets of Aranjuez swarmed with angry men whose pride and scorn found expression in calls for Godoy's death. On the evening of the 17th they be-

gan to riot, and the wretched prince saw his house surrounded. Half clad and half starved, he tried first one door and then another; all were beset, and he was compelled to take refuge in the loft, where he remained hidden under a rubbish heap while the mob worked their will in the handsome rooms below. Next morning Charles yielded to the popular clamor and deposed him from his high offices. For thirty-eight hours he lay concealed. At last he could no longer endure the tortures of hunger and thirst; evading the attention of his own household, he reached the street, and on the 19th was taken in charge by the guards who held it. The rumor of his capture spread fast, and it required great courage on the part of the soldiers to protect Godoy from violence. Their efforts were only partly successful; they had a bloody and fainting burden when they reached their barracks and withdrew behind the doors. In that moment, when it seemed as if the mob would finally break down even the strong entrance and seize its prey, Charles despatched his son to calm the storm.

The people adored the Prince of Asturias, and without difficulty he quieted the rioters and offered life to his enemy. The haughty grandee, broken by pain, fell on his knees and implored protection; but he retained enough of interest in the situation to murmur through his gory lips, «Are you already king?» «Not yet, but I shall be soon,» was the reply. On a promise that the traitorous betrayer of his country's honor should be delivered to the courts and tried by the rigor of the law, the excited populace withdrew. At once Charles began preparations to carry Godoy beyond their reach; but the fact could not be kept secret, and once more rioting began. The populace of Madrid burned all the palaces belonging to the prince, except one, which they spared because they thought it was the property of their sovereign. The King submitted to what was inevitable, but determined to lay down the burden of his royal dignity. On the same day (the 19th) he signed the necessary papers and abdicated in favor of his son. Next morning, in the presence of a great council summoned to Aranjuez, he explained that he was bowed by misfortune and the weight of government, and that for his health's sake he must seek the ease of private life in a milder clime.

(To be continued.)

William M. Sloane.

STAMPING OUT THE LONDON SLUMS.

BY THE SECRETARY OF THE NEW YORK TENEMENT-HOUSE COMMISSION.

LONDON is spending nearly two million and a half dollars in cleansing and rebuilding one slum. American cities are just beginning to learn how serious is the cumulative evil of slum construction. They may with profit also learn how costly is the necessity of slum destruction. The object-lesson offered by London may be studied with interest in all our large cities, and especially in New York, where, through the efforts of the State Tenement-house Commission, legislation has with much difficulty been secured which, if enforced, perpetuated, and added to, will tend to prevent the growth of such conditions as London is now compelled to combat.

Whitechapel, Bethnal Green, and Shoreditch are the three London parishes which have offered the most difficult problems to the city's medical officers of health and department of police. Whitechapel has become celebrated because it was the scene of a series of extraordinary crimes, made possible by its narrow and ill-lighted courts and alleys. Bethnal Green and Shoreditch adjoin Whitechapel, and have many of the gruesome peculiarities of that district, besides some of their own. Shoreditch, for instance, has given appropriate birth and breeding to more prize-fighters than has any other part of England. Bethnal Green furnishes a larger proportion of drunkenness than does any other part of London of equal size. These two parishes form a region of dense ignorance which has as yet been scarcely thinned by the operation of London's enlightened School-Board laws. Their poverty is pitiful. Their morals are rarely visible to the onlooker; details of their habitual immoralities would fill a volume. Their population is still largely English—the English of the London slum. Some outsiders have crept in. There are Irish and Germans, and a comparatively small number of Jews (who swarm in Whitechapel) have penetrated into the twisted streets and narrow alleys, but they are not regarded with

favor. Frequently, if they be orthodox, their beards are pulled; and if the spirit of religious reform has robbed their faces of convenient hair, the insular toughs, juvenile and adult, sometimes resort to missiles. One Jew was murdered in Shoreditch, most impersonally, almost merrily. A brick was the weapon, and the man who threw it proclaimed in court that he had never seen his victim before the day on which he killed him. He hurled death at him merely because he was a Jew. He had not intended to kill him: he had wanted pleasantly to break his head.

Neither Bethnal Green nor Shoreditch is commercially important. They contain few notably large factories. They have one great railroad center. Much of their industry is carried on in small workrooms, often connected with dwelling-places. Their stores or shops off the main thoroughfare are seldom large enough to require the attendance of more than one assistant to the proprietor or proprietress; and those on the great streets are, after the London fashion, mainly impressive because of their windows; they are really small and individually unimportant.

Most of the men in this part of London are unskilled laborers—cartmen, omnibus-drivers, porters, and the like. A few are busied in the little cabinet-making and carpentering shops which sometimes front the street, but are oftener at the rear of houses or concealed in narrow alleys. Occasionally there is a petty employer who, in busy times, hires one or two assistants. A not unimportant part of Shoreditch's buying is done at the street stalls and carts which fill Brick Lane and other narrow byways with screaming, jostling crowds in the evenings and especially on Sundays. At these picturesque sales-places almost everything is displayed, from food products to the most intimate articles of wearing-apparel. There are hundreds of mere loafers among the population, parts of London's crowd of street parasites. Among them are strong young fellows who, when driven by hunger or thirst, use their strength in the opening and closing of cab doors, in carrying an occasional trunk or valise between cab and house, in running casual errands—in doing all sorts of odd jobs; beggars of all sorts and both sexes; girls who sell wilted flowers and spend the money for ale. Scores of crossing-sweepers and such industrious semi-mendicants, most of them infirm, sleep down there. Besides, the region has its quota of the «army of the unemployed»—the legitimate unemployed. Of course there are also resident in this strange region many professional criminals of the less expert class. Thus a considerable portion of the inhabitants depends for sustenance upon what more prosperous Londoners generously throw to it, or what it can take from them unasked.

The women there are almost invariably slatternly. Some pretty faces may be seen among the girls, and occasionally a clean, neatly fitting dress sets one of them off agreeably; but the environment and influences of the place make these girls grow old almost as rapidly as Italian girls, frequently bringing age without maturity. All the women there seem weary. A girl has a baby in her arms as soon as she is able to make any shift at all toward carrying one. Until the burden-bearer reaches the age of, say, seventeen, the baby is a brother or a sister. Afterward the relationship is apt to be closer. There are comparatively few neat homes in that part of London. Housewives are too busy with their children or their gossip or their beer to keep their rooms clean. Besides, no one has taught them the advantage of it.

The two parishes have a few churches and ten times as many public-houses. The public-houses explain a great many of the miseries of this miserable locality. There may be some teetotalers there, but there are not many; and there are almost as few drinkers who are always moderate in their libations. The curse of bitter beer, raw Scotch whisky, and «tuppeny» gin rests heavy on the place. Public opinion is no weapon against it, for public opinion openly favors drinking whenever one has the necessary money, and does not regard actual drunkenness as a disgrace worth mentioning. Women drink at the bars as unconcernedly as men do, and barmaids serve them. The bar-room is the gossip place, and babes and small children are carried to it and kept in it by careful mothers who gather there for the day's necessary talk. Infants sometimes cry, and at such times are permitted a sip from the maternal glass, quite as other children are bribed with chocolate drops. Thus blear eyes and drink-reddened faces often have early beginnings. The children on the streets are dirty, ragged, and vociferously happy over small things. Adults are not genuinely happy. There is no reason why they should be. They derive much spasmodic merriment from the public-houses. Drunkenness and fighting are common everywhere, especially on the streets. During one noon recess I saw three fights develop among the two dozen employees of a box-factory. Nor are the combatants always men or boys.

The region is often infected with contagious disease. Nearly every year it has as many cases of smallpox as would be counted an epidemic in an American city. On one day during the summer thirty-nine cases of scarlet fever were received in London hospitals, almost all of them from this region. Water is supplied by a private company, and in the spring of 1895 warm weather added a water-famine to the vicissitudes of the East End of London, of which these parishes are part. The cold weather of the preceding winter had done the same thing, besides freezing all sewer and drain pipes.

The tenements which house the people are small and old. Though mostly of only two stories, the opportunity to secure light and air is neglected. The covered area is very great, frequently approaching and even exceeding ninety per cent. Roofs are of tile, and ground floors are laid directly on the earth. The brick walls are badly built, and tottering from decay. The small, dark rooms are primitive in plan and finish, but whole families frequently inhabit one. Sometimes two families find place in a single room, thus at once eliminating decency and fresh air from their indoor life. Health laws forbid overcrowding, but health laws are by these folk regarded as things to be violated, if possible. It is a part of the region's ignorance. The appearance of the streets is better than that of the slums in most American cities; for while they are not clean, and rarely fail to contribute to the district's unpleasant smells, they are free from such encumbrances as idle trucks and rubbish piles.

Such is the region—an area whose streets and buildings, health reports and police records, attest the danger of municipal ignorance and neglect.

In the midst of this region existed until 1891 a smaller area of fifteen acres wherein all the evils of East London seemed to concentrate and fester. There were 730 tiny rookeries in this small area, and their dilapidation was unique. Many of them, from long standing on soft earth without firm foundations, had sunk until in one instance the ground floor was eighteen inches below the level of the street. This helped to save the area from fire: the houses were reported as being «too damp to burn.» The area between the streets was almost entirely covered by the wretched buildings, and the twenty streets themselves dwindled from a width of twenty-eight feet to mere passages between unstable walls.

The 5719 residents of this plague-spot were even worse off than were their fellows in other parts of Bethnal Green and Shoreditch. In these fifteen acres the mortality for two years averaged 40 per 1000. The same years showed for Bethnal Green entire a death-rate of 22.8 per 1000, while that of London as a whole was only 18.8 per 1000. Zymotic diseases furnished in the whole of Bethnal Green 3.7 deaths per 1000, and tubercular diseases 3.9 deaths per 1000. In this selected area, however, zymotic diseases caused 7.9 deaths per 1000, while consumption and allied complaints killed 8.5 per 1000. Infant mortality was 159 in Bethnal Green; in these fifteen acres it was 252. In a general way, twice as many people in proportion to the population died in this area as in Bethnal Green taken as a whole. It is not surprising that the medical officer reported «a low standard of vitality» throughout the district. Two thousand one hundred and eighteen persons lived in single-room tenements, 2265 lived in two-room tenements, and 1183 were able to afford the luxury of three-room homes. The remaining 153 were residents of lodging-houses. One hundred and seven rooms had five or more tenants each. All this was the growth of a century in London. It was worse than New York's worst slum in only one item—the overcrowding of single rooms. In some respects there are parts of New York which do not compare favorably with it. The density of population in this London area was 373 persons to the acre, against 168 persons to the acre in the whole of Bethnal Green. There are three wards in New York city more densely populated. Of them the Tenth Ward shows a density of more than 621. This is in a large measure due to the greater height of the New York buildings; but covering as they do in some especially bad blocks, almost, if not quite, as large a proportion of the ground area as those destroyed in London, it is not likely that their upper stories get more light and air than the two stories which made up the London rookeries, and it is likely that their lower stories get a great deal less.

London neglected action for too many years. Few of its recent works of demolition and construction, in the tenements or out of them, have been undertaken until the danger of one kind or another became imminent. This area was filled with buildings old, dilapidated, damp, devoid of good sewer or water service, wholly bad; it was peopled with crowded thousands largely born of it, bred of it, «low in vitality» of mind and body, glad of the opportunity to herd together, in

dread alike of the police and the health officers; it was a breeding-place of disease, and the conditions which produced its own high death-rate were capable of spreading death throughout the city.

But when London moved, it acted effectually. The work of construction and reconstruction is now more than half finished; it will probably be completed in 1897.

First by act of Parliament the County Council was empowered to acquire the land. The right of condemnation is absolute, and the value of the land and condemned buildings is carefully fixed at what they would be worth if used properly for proper purposes. Thus the owner is not allowed a premium because he has unduly increased the rentals of his property by permitting overcrowding. The estimated value of the area in question was $1,855,000. Until recently it has been the practice for lands so cleared to be offered for sale or lease to private builders agreeing to erect structures of a nature approved by the authorities. The losses by this plan were, however, heavy, and the results unsatisfactory. The increased cost of building stopped the operations of the big private companies, and the fact that the Council could borrow money at three per cent. gave it a vast advantage over unofficial borrowers, who had to pay from four to five per cent. So with this area, as with others, the Council bought the land in itself at its estimated value of about $530,000, after clearance, and is erecting its own buildings, at a cost of about $900,000, making a total cost here of about $1,430,000. On this the buildings must yield an annual profit of three per cent., and must, besides, repay the original cost into the treasury within fifty-four years, when London will own the land and buildings, free from encumbrance. Financially this sum may therefore be considered profitably invested. But the difference between what the Council paid for domain and destruction ($1,855,000) and the price at which it bought the land in again ($530,000) is loss, and when to this amount is added $175,000 for the cost of paving, this loss is brought to $1,500,000. This, then, may be looked upon as what London has actually had to pay for permitting this particular slum to reach the stage of vileness which necessitated its destruction. Of course that is only its direct money cost. There is another money cost which is so distributed among the police department, the health department, and the department maintaining the almshouses, that it cannot be estimated. It is still more impossible to guess the moral cost.

But if London sustained this great loss through the short-sightedness of the past, she has set about remedying it in a way so thorough and so admirable that the future will have no cause to complain of neglect. American cities cannot study the methods too carefully. First, London kept a watchful eye over the people she unhoused. Only enough of the old buildings were at first demolished to permit the new work to be intelligently begun. Those remaining were repaired until they were in habitable condition, and retained as long as possible, so that only a small proportion of the old tenants should be forced out at once, the idea being to get some of the new buildings ready for occupancy before all the old ones were torn down. In addition to that, care was taken to see that such of the residents of the old district as were forced to remove found desirable and sanitary dwelling-places. A complete list of all the vacant rooms within half a mile of the condemned territory was prepared and kept on view at the Council's office on the ground; and moreover, with every notice to quit was issued a statement that the Council would withhold from tenants their compensation for the cost of moving until the proper official had visited their proposed new home and was satisfied that they were going to premises which were healthful and in every way suitable for their occupancy. Thus, while it was of course impossible to improve the condemned area with great rapidity, yet within a few months from the time operations began the Council knew that every person who had hitherto been subject to the evil influences of the slum had found comparatively good surroundings.

As soon as complete arrangements for the destruction of the old had been completed, the labor of first planning and then building the new was begun. It was decided that the narrow old streets and dark, blind alleys should be replaced by fine tree-lined avenues, from fifty to sixty feet wide, radiating from an elevated public garden two hundred and seventy feet in diameter, terraced, and offering at once a breathing-spot and a point of vantage for a band of music; and that in the place of the noisome rookeries of yore should rise great dwellings, as handsome and as perfect in plan and equipment as the skill of Mr. Thomas Blashill, who is at the head of the County Council's architectural department, could make them.

The persons who so earnestly opposed the comparatively mild recommendations of the New York Tenement-house Commission cannot do better than to study the requirements

which all the residents of the district will have free access to the latest and best facilities.

Thus has been wiped out one of the worst slums in London. If those American cities which are now suffering from the influences of their slums,—the fruits of past neglect,—and paying for them in the cost of their expensive health-board and police machinery, could do likewise, there would be great reason for rejoicing. But during the existence of the present unstable and ofttimes corrupt system of American municipal government it would probably be unwise to advocate the city construction or city management of dwellings for the poor. Much is possible, however, without the trial of any dangerous experiments. Under the amendments secured by the Tenement-house Commission the Health Board of New York has the right to condemn and order the destruction of persistently unsanitary tenement-houses. And while it may be for a time impossible for the spaces thus cleared to be utilized officially by the construction of such improved dwellings as London is building, there should be no lack of private individuals and companies who will step in to supply the need. The report of the New York State Commission showed that model tenements can be profitably constructed and maintained in New York city, and the experiences of these London companies is strong corroboration; for while the cost of land, material, and labor is less in London than it is in New York, the rents obtained are enough smaller also practically to reduce the London investment to the same basis of profit possibility as that on which a similar enterprise in New York would stand. Thus there is interest in the information, gleaned from official reports, that the five most important companies which have constructed and now maintain artisans' dwellings in London have paid dividends respectively of five per cent., four and three quarters per cent., four per cent., three per cent., four per cent. It should be explained that the three-per-cent. dividend and one of the four-per-cent. dividends would have been larger had not the profits of these two companies been constitutionally limited. In each instance a considerable overplus, to be used in improvements or in the construction of new buildings, remained in the treasury after the year's distribution of profits. As nearly as can be ascertained, the total capital invested by these companies is £4,904,345, or about $24,500,000. A scarcely less astonishing fact is that more than 60,000 persons are housed in the improved dwellings which this capital represents. More than 3000 persons live in model houses already built by the County Council, and 4700 will be provided for in the new Bethnal Green and Shoreditch buildings. Thus, in all, over 67,000 people of the poorest class will have been furnished with sanitary and comfortable homes and surrounded by many attendant good influences in London before two years have passed. What effect the dwellings already erected have had on the life and death of their inhabitants is but imperfectly recorded. One company, however, reports that the death-rate last year was 13.4 per 1000 in its buildings, against 21.5 for the city; and that the birth-rate of its buildings was 33.8 per 1000, against 30 for the city. Another reports 129 births and 73 deaths in a population of 3245. Another reports a death-rate 3.7 below the city's, and a birth-rate 4.1 above the city's. The population which yielded these last statistics is made up almost exclusively of common laborers. Unfortunately, no figures at all which definitely show the effect of these improvements upon the criminal rate of neighborhoods are in existence. Police, owners, and other interested citizens unite, however, in declaring that, as a logical sequence, a great diminution in crime has invariably followed the construction of improved dwellings in a bad locality.

THE PUBLIC GARDEN TO BE BUILT IN THE CENTER OF THE CLEARED AREA.

Edward Marshall.

ON THE TRACK OF «THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER.»

SOMETIME about the year 1850 the American musical myth known as «The Arkansas Traveler» came into vogue among fiddlers. It is a quick reel tune, with a backwoods story talked to it while played, that caught the ear at «side shows» and circuses, and sounded over the trodden turf of fair grounds. Bands and foreign-bred musicians were above noticing it, but the people loved it and kept time to it, while tramps and sailors carried it across seas to vie merrily in Irish cabins with «The Wind that Shakes the Barley» and «The Soldier's Joy.» With or without the dialogue, the music was good for the humor, and it would have shown to the musical antiquary, if he had noticed it, the boundary line between the notes of nature and the notes of art as clearly as «Strasburg» or «Prince Eugene» or «The Boyne Water» or «Dixie.»

It lost nothing where showmen caught it from Western adventurers in the days before the Union Pacific Railroad, and gained vogue in the hands of negro minstrels, who, if they touched up the dialogue, never gave the flavor of cities and theaters to the outdoor tune. When the itinerant doctor made a stage of his wagon-top of a Saturday night, it helped the sale of quack medicines on the village square, and there was a tapping of feet in the crowd under the torches when a blackened orchestra set the tune going from fiddle to fiddle.

I learned of the myth nearly thirty years ago from Major G. D. Mercer, who had brought it from the Southwest in the pioneer days and played the tune on the violin as it should be played to the dialogue.

First there comes a slow, monotonous sawing of the notes, which prepares one, as the curtain rises, for a scene in the backwoods of Arkansas.

The sun is setting over the plains. A belated horseman in coonskin cap, and well belted with pistol and bowie-knife, rides up to a squatter cabin to ask a night's lodging. By the door of a rotting shanty sits a ragged man astride of a barrel, slowly scraping out the notes you hear. There are children in the background, and a slatternly woman stands on the threshold. The man on the barrel plays away, paying no attention to the visitor, and the dialogue begins.

«Hello, stranger!» says the horseman.

«Hello yourself!»

«Can you give me a night's lodging?»

«No room, stranger.»

The playing goes on.

«Can't you make room?»

«No, sir; it might rain.»

«What if it does rain?»

«There 's only one dry spot in this house, and me and Sal sleeps on that.»

The playing continues for some time. Then the horseman asks:

«Which is the way to the Red River Crossing?»

The fiddler gives no answer, and the question is repeated.

«I 've lived hyar twenty years, and never knowed it to have a crossin'.»

The stranger then begins to tease, the tune still playing.

«Why don't you put a roof on the house?»

«What?»

«Why don't you put a roof on the house?»

«When it 's dry I don't want a roof; when it 's wet I can't.»

The tune goes on.

«What are you playing that tune over so often for?»

«Only heard it yisterday. 'Fraid I 'll forget it.»

«Why don't you play the second part of it?»

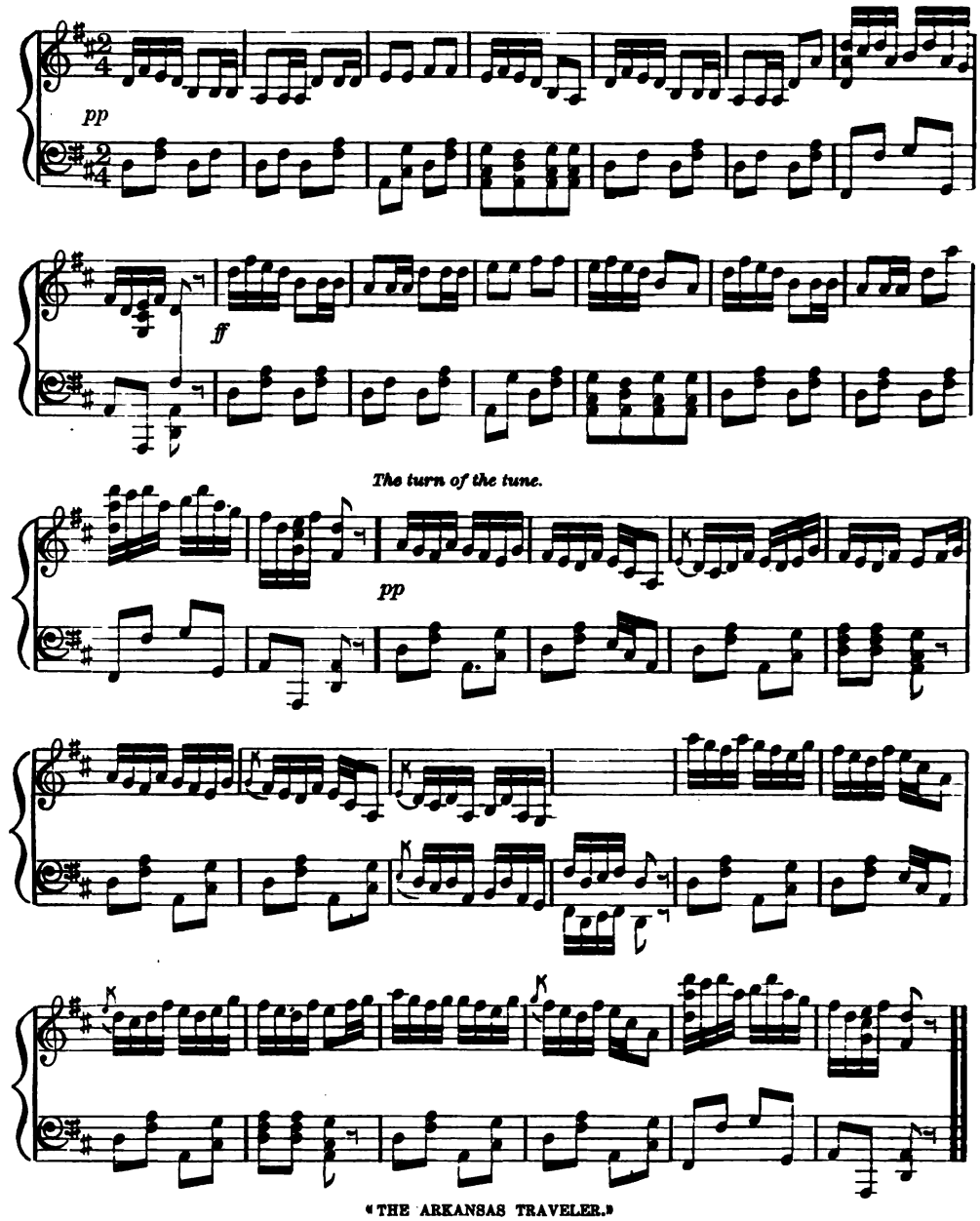
«I 've knowed that tune ten years, and it ain't got no second part.»

The crisis of the story has come.

«Give me the fiddle,» says the stranger.

The man hands it to him, and a few moments of tuning are needed as a prelude to what follows, which has been immortalized in the popular print here shown, known as «The Turn of the Tune.»

When the stranger strikes up, turning away into the unknown second part with the heel-tingling skill of a true jig-player, the whole scene is set in motion. The squatter leaps up, throws out his arms, and begins a dance; the dog wags his tail; the children cut capers; and the «old woman» comes out, twisting her hard face into a smile.

«Walk in, stranger,» rings the squatter's voice. «Tie up your horse 'side of ol' Ball. Give him ten ears of corn. Pull out the demi-

«THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER.»

A version arranged for the piano by Mr. P. D. Benham, editor of «The Arkansas Traveler» of Chicago.

john and drink it all. Stay as long as you please. If it rains, sleep on the dry spot.»

The legend, like all myths, has many variants. Mr. Benham, editor of the Chicago «Arkansas Traveler,» and Mr. T. R. Cole of Charleston, West Virginia, have given me versions with more varied dialogues; but the colloquy as to night's lodging, roof, and tune remains about the same, and the student of folk-lore is left to trace its threads of fancy in whatever directions they lead.

I found, to my surprise, the episode of the roof among the memorabilia of York Harbor, Maine,[1] where the legend exists that about 1832 Betty Potter and Esther Booker lived on the dividing line between York and Kittery, in a cabin with a large hole in the roof. One

[1] «Gorgeana and York,» by Alexander Emery, 1874, p. 207.

rainy day some ramblers, finding the women boring holes in the floor to let through the drip, asked the following questions and got the following answers:

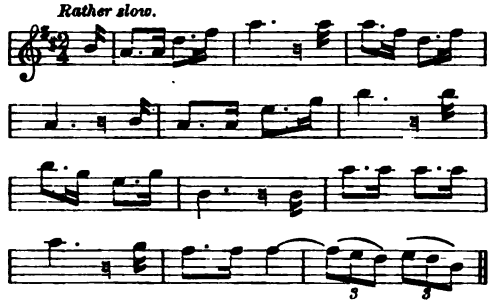
«Why don't you mend the hole in the roof, Miss Potter?»

«Can't do it; it rains so.»

«Why don't you do it when it don't rain?»

«No need of it then.»

«The Arkansas Traveler» is not mentioned among the border anecdotes in «Beyond the Mississippi,» by A. D. Richardson,[1] nor in Burton's «Cyclopedia of Wit and Humor,»[2] and Professor Child of Harvard told me, when I wrote to him about it in 1884, that he had made no study of the ballad-like myth. But it must have traveled to Ireland somewhere in the fifties, as Daniel Sullivan, a famous fiddler who played it for me at 815 Albany street, Boston, in 1885, had probably learned it when a young man at Limerick.

There may be many other stories and fiddle tunes with which it might be compared, though I have heard only one, called «The Lock Boat after the Scow» (with the music as follows), played on the violin, and told me by Mr. George Long of Doylestown, Pennsylvania, before 1880.

As a canal-boat approaches a lock after dark, the boatman's tune, played slowly on the fiddle, sounds above the noise of the sluice and the tinkle of mule-bells. When the mules have passed, the boat comes into place as the barefooted lock-boy skips over the gliding rope. Then the tune stops for the following dialogue between boatman and boy.

«Got the gate shut behind there?»

«Yes.»

«How many laps did you take?»

«Three.»

«Are the mules on the tow-path?»

«Yes.»

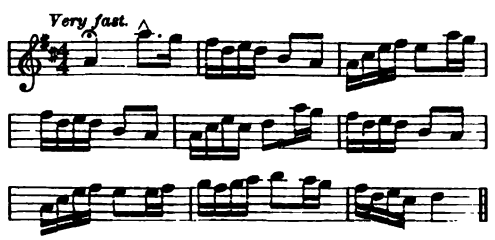
«Are you ready?»

«All ready.»

«Let her come.»

[1] Bliss & Co., New York, 1867.

[2] D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1858.

Then comes the quick turn of the tune to the rush of the water, while the boat settles

quickly down into the lock. When she rests on the low level the notes cease for more questions and answers.

«Is the gate open ahead?»

«Yes.»

«Is the rope clear of the bridge?»

«All clear.»

«Mules on the tow-path?»

«Yes.»

«Out of the way, then. Gee-e-ed up!»

And the boat glides away, as she came, to the swinging music.

The farther we travel north the more apt are we to hear the «Arkansas» of the «Traveler» made to rhyme with the word «Matanzas»; but he who feels the true inspiration of the tune sympathizes with the action of the State legislature at Little Rock, which put an end to the «Kansas-ing» of the name in 1881 by making the last syllable rhyme with *raw* and setting the accent on *Ark;* or with Professor William Everett, who stood up and publicly thanked a gentleman for saying «Arkansaw» at a dinner in Washington. There the wish to rhyme it with «Kansas» had been so strong about 1860 that two congressmen from the State had to be addressed by the Speaker of the House as «the gentleman from Arkansas» and «the gentleman from Arkansaw» respectively.

When we seek to trace back the legend to its own country, a surprise is in store for us. To learn from certain authorities in Arkansas that the myth is discountenanced there by a strong State feeling argues ill for our enterprise; and it throws an unexpected seriousness over the situation to be told that the dialogue at the cabin is «a misrepresentation and a slur,» and that the hero of the story, pursuing «a strange errand of misconception,» has «checked immigration» and «done incalculable injury to the State.» To get at the bottom of the matter in a friendly way involves a discussion as to what induces settlers to settle, what people generally do with their ballads and myths, and what the Californian meant who recently declared that the

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THE ARKANSAW TRAVELER.

SCENE IN THE BACKWOODS OF ARKANSAS

Traveler.- to Squatter: can you give me some refreshments and a nights lodging? Squatter, no sir haven't got any room, nothing to eat Fiddles away Traveler: where does this road go to? Squatter: it don't go anywhere, it stays here Still fiddling Traveler: why don't you play the rest of that tune? Squatter: don't know it Traveler, here give me the Fiddle, plays

demise of Bret Harte would be an event of the highest possible advantage to California. All of this produces an atmosphere of solemnity, which, taking possession of our spirits, might threaten to become serious, were we not inclined, after mature consideration, to take advantage of the best remedy at hand, simple but sure. This consists in asking in one of our old friends to tell the story and to play the tune.

In the face of these difficulties it is no easy matter to learn more than that Colonel Sanford C. Faulkner (born in Scott County, Kentucky, March 3, 1803; died in Little Rock, August 4, 1874) was the originator of the story, its hero, and in fact the Arkansas Traveler himself.

Mr. Benham tells me that in the State campaign of 1840, Colonel Faulkner, Hon. A. H. Sevier, Governor Fulton, Chester Ashley, and Governor Yell, traveling through the Boston Mountains (Mr. S. H. Newlin, of «The Arkansas Farmer,» Little Rock, says it was Colonel «Sandy» Faulkner and Captain Albert Pike in Yell County), halted at a squatter's cabin for information. Colonel «Sandy,» who was the spokesman, and no mean fiddler himself, had some sort of bantering talk with the squatter, who was sawing at a tune on a violin, and finally played the second part of it for him. Out of this, say my informants, grew the «good story» which the colonel, on his return, was called upon to tell at a dinner given in the once famous bar-room near the Anthony House in Little Rock. Years afterward he told it again at a State banquet in New Orleans, when the Governor of Louisiana handed him a violin and asked him to regale the company with the then celebrated narrative.

In New Orleans his fame abode with him, for Mr. Benham adds the curious bit of information that at the old St. Charles Hotel a special room was devoted to his use, bearing over the door in gilt letters the words «The Arkansas Traveler.» Mr. N. L. Prentiss, editor of the Topeka (Kansas) «Commonwealth,» says that Colonel Faulkner's violin was offered for sale in Little Rock in 1876 for one hundred dollars.

Mr. George E. Dodge of Little Rock wrote me in 1892, in contradiction of most of the above, that the story of Colonel Faulkner and the squatter was a pure fiction without a happening-place, «either invented by Faulkner or by some of his friends, who delighted in hearing him tell it and play the tune, and made him the central figure of it more for a joke than anything else.»

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THE TURN OF THE TUNE.

TRAVELER PLAYING THE "ARKANSAW TRAVELER."

Squatter · Why stranger I've been trying four years to git the turn of that tune, come right in ' Johnny take the horse and feed him ! Wife git up the best corn cake; you can make ' Sally make up the best bed ' He kin play the turn of that tune; come right in and play it all through stranger. You kin lodge with us a month free of charge.

But however that might have been, a local artist, Edward Washburn by name, once living at Dardanelle, Arkansas, was so much impressed with the story that he took it into his head, about 1845–50, to paint the originals of the prints here copied. As he then lived with the family of Mr. Dodge in Little Rock, he made the children pose for his sketches. Mr. G. E. Dodge was the boy in the ash-hopper, «and we had great times,» says he, now fifty years after, «posing for his figures of the squatter's children. I was constantly with him in his studio, and in fact felt that I was helping to paint the picture. The picture representing ‹The Turn of the Tune› was an afterthought. The boy in the ash-hopper gets down from his perch and takes the stranger's horse. The children assume different attitudes. But we never celebrated the completion of the second painting as we had that of the first. Poor Washburn sickened and died, and the unfinished work stood upon the easel until it was stowed away. His executor afterward had it finished by some one else, and then the two began to make their appearance in the form of cheap prints.»

Another picture, by another painter, which hung in the Arkansas Building at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, had been worked up from photographs of Mr. Dodge, his brothers and sisters, lent to the painter by the boy in the ash-hopper.

The tune has a strong flavor of the cotton-field «hoe-down,» but I have obtained no satisfactory information as to its origin. Mr. Benham is sure that it was not composed by Colonel Faulkner, and has heard, perhaps to the surprise of musical antiquaries, that it was either written by José Tasso, a famous viqlin-player who died in Kentucky some years ago, or produced by him from an old Italian melody. When we come to investigate this relation of Tasso to «The Arkansas Traveler» the whole question becomes confused by repeated assertions that Tasso not only composed the music, but was himself the original of the myth, leaving Faulkner out of the question altogether.

In fact, common opinion on the Ohio River awards the authorship to Tasso hardly less positively than on the lower Mississippi the authorship is given exclusively to Faulkner; and it would not be a popular task to try to convince the «old-timers» of Maysville, Point Pleasant, and Gallipolis that Faulkner, of whom they never heard, or any one else except their oft-quoted favorite, had anything to do

with the origin of the myth. Their recollections make it certain that Tasso was well known along the river as a concert and dance player when the tune came into vogue. Robert Clarke, the publisher, heard him play it at John Walker's brew-house in Cincinnati in 1841 or 1842, and he told Richard R. Reynolds and Albert Crell, who played with him at a ball at the Burnet House on New Year's night in 1849, that he himself was the author of music and story. Mr. Curry, who used to play the flute to him when he was ill, heard him repeat the statement about 1850; but Tasso's grandson, Mr. F. G. Spinning, does not think that his grandfather ever traveled in Arkansas, and it may be doubted whether the jocose performer, who from dramatic necessity was led to make himself the hero of the story, ever claimed the authorship without winking one eye.

Whether he could equal Faulkner at the dialogue or not, he seems to have brought down the house with the tune in a way to outdo all competitors; and one anecdote after another connects him with it in the days of the glory of Mississippi steamboats and when Colt's revolvers first came down the river. One after another, these tales vouch for a fame so attractive that the listener is half willing to give up Faulkner and let Tasso walk off with the honors.

Yet the latter, who spoke broken English until the day of his death in Covington, Kentucky in 1887, was born in the city of Mexico, of Italian parents, was educated in France, and was, it is said, a pupil of Berlioz; so that it may be questioned whether, even if, as alleged, he came to Ohio in the thirties, he could have so steeped himself in the spirit of the American West as to produce the story. The investigation might lead us much further, but it is doubtful if more facts gathered about the fable would add to its interest.

It really matters little where the «Traveler» was born, whether in Yell County or in the Boston Mountains; whether, as Mr. Dodge asserts, it originated with Faulkner and his friends, or came from the humor of Tasso. Like all true creations of fancy, it eludes definite description and defies criticism, while the notes of the tune sound a gay disregard of boards of immigration and State statistics.

H. C. Mercer.

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

RECOLLECTIONS AND UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF «HOME REMINISCENCES OF JOHN RANDOLPH.»

IN the year 1817 Mr. Francis W. Gilmer of Albemarle, one of the most accomplished scholars that Virginia has produced, published a small volume in which he gave sketches of several of the great orators of the day, among them John Randolph of Roanoke. A copy of this book was presented by the author to Mr. Randolph, who acknowledged the receipt of it in a long letter, which is now presented to the public for the first time; but in order that the reader may properly appreciate it, it is necessary to give first an extract from the book concerning Mr. Randolph's style of oratory. Mr. Gilmer wrote:

The first time that I ever felt the spell of eloquence was when a boy standing in the gallery of the Capitol in the year 1808. It was on the floor of that House I saw rise a gentleman who in every quality of his person, his voice, his mind, his character, is a phenomenon among men. . . . He has so long spoken in parables that he now thinks in them. Antitheses, jests, beautiful conceits, with a striking turn and point of expression, flow from his lips with the same natural ease, and often with singular felicity of expression, as regular series of arguments follow each other in the deduction of logical thinkers. His invective, which is always piquant, is frequently adorned with the beautiful metaphors of Burke, and animated by bursts of passion worthy of Chatham. Popular opinion has ordained Mr. Randolph the most eloquent speaker now in America.

It has been objected to this gentleman that his speeches are desultory and unconnected. It is true; but how far that may be a fault is another question. We are accustomed in America to look upon the bar as furnishing the best and nearly the only models of good speaking. In legal discussions a logical method, accurate arrangement, and close concatenation of arguments are essential, because the mode of reasoning is altogether artificial and the principles on which we rely positive and conventional. Not so in parliamentary debate. There questions are considered on principles of general policy and justice; and the topics

are capable of illustration by facts and truths familiar to all, and in fact pre-existing in every mind. It were idle to prove that of which all are convinced, and Mr. Randolph's brief touches, his strong and homely adages, are better arguments to a deliberative body on matters of policy and state than a discourse divided into seventeen parts and each part subdivided into as many more, and expanding itself like a polypus into a whole essay. This infinite divisibility of argument, like that of matter, may amuse schoolmen, but would put a statesman to sleep. In a parliamentary debate this endless prolixity and prosing would be insufferable. Withal, I grant that questions often occur in Congress in which more method, precision, and fulness than Mr. Randolph possesses would be desirable.

An opinion prevails, too, that Mr. Randolph is successful only in the ludicrous. He is doubtless eminently gifted in his qualifications for the comic and satirical. I would mention his attack upon the answer to "War in Disguise" as an instance. "Against six hundred ships in commission," said he, "we enter the lists with a three-shilling pamphlet."

The copious and splendid imagination of Burke could not have placed the unequal contest in a stronger light. Though he possesses an exquisite fancy for repartee and wit, it is far from being his only, or his brightest, endowment. Like a genuine orator, he can touch all the strings of the mysterious harp into which we are so "fearfully and wonderfully wrought." Occasions of pathetic eloquence do not often occur, and even when they do the very attempt has been brought into some discredit by the pompous and puerile sentiments of Counselor Phillips and the yet more childish weakness of some of our *multum lacrymans* orators, who, like Lord Eldon, cannot acknowledge two and two to make four without shedding tears. Whenever Mr. Randolph has attempted the tender strains of eloquence, he has had the same success as in the lighter and more comic parts he chooses to play. When he deplores the death of a friend, his grief, like that of Achilles for Patroclus, is violent and insatiable; his expression of it deep and tragical. When he invokes the national sorrow for the fall of the brightest star in the constellation of our naval glory,[1] he must be cold indeed who is insensible to the thrilling tones of that persuasive tongue which, like the sad notes of the Orphean lyre, might draw iron tears down Pluto's cheek.

His style of eloquence generally, it must be admitted, is not favorable to the excitement of any deep passion; such effects can only be produced by successive impulses. It is not the momentary violence, but the continued impetus, of the tempest which lifts the billows in aspiration to the heavens. We must, too, be persuaded and not commanded to sympathize; whereas everything in the manner, the mind, the voice, of Mr. Randolph is imperious. His genius, too, is fickle, and continues but a short time under the influence of any one emotion. The epithets applicable to his style of speaking are "striking and brilliant." His deliberate, graceful, and commanding delivery cannot be too much praised; his total want of method cannot be too much condemned.

Gifted with a fine fancy, a prompt and spirited elocution, and stamped with a character ardent and impetuous, obeying only the impulse of the moment, speaking without premeditation and acting without concert, he was more successful in early life than of late years. The effusions of his youth possess a freshness and glow which his more recent efforts want. I am sorry there should be any one who can view with pleasure the fading splendor of such an intellect. I have seen and heard it, a volcano terrible for its flames, and whose thunders were awful, instead of that exhausted crater covered with scoriæ and smoke, to which a listener in the gallery lately compared it.

Following is Mr. Randolph's letter:

RICHMOND, March 15, 1817.

DEAR SIR: Your very polite and friendly letter, with its acceptable accompaniment, reached me yesterday.

I read your "Bagatelle," as you are pleased to name it, with considerable interest and much gratification. I should indeed be more vain than Cicero, or even the other great orator whom you say you have offended, if I were not satisfied with the ample share of applause which, in a liberal distribution, falls to my lot. Of the justice of the censure, if any has been passed, I am at least as sensible as of any claim that may be put in for me to the praise by which it is preceded. To the partiality of some of my friends it has proved very offensive; but whether it be the effect of disease, of premature age, or the utter extinction of desire for public life,—whatever may be the cause,—I feel disposed to abate much from the arrogance that has been so lavishly imputed to me by the enemies whom it has been my misfortune to make in the course of my unprosperous life. I was struck with the sagacity with which you had hit off the other characters, one alone excepted; and could I express myself as well, I should use your very words in describing Mr. Pinckney's eloquence.

Your enquiry is very flattering. Nothing is farther from my purpose than to turn editor to my own works. It is a rickety offspring, reared in the foundling hospital of the reporters, and so changed by hard usage that the very mother that bore it, and possibly looked with a mother's partiality at the moment on this misbegotten babe, can no longer recognize a feature.

I never prepared myself to speak but on two questions—the Connecticut Reserve and the first discussion of the Yazoo Claims. Neither speech was reported. Indolent, or indifferent to the business before the House, for a long time past I have relied for matter upon the case-hunters and acted upon the impulse of the

[1] Commodore Decatur.

occasion. Of the failure of my powers, such as they were, no one "in the gallery" or out of it can be more sensible than I am. At the same time, I flatter myself that my judgment may have been improved at the expense of my power of declamation; that although a much worse speaker, I may be a safer legislator. I am vain enough to believe that I know myself, in some respects at least, more thoroughly than any other person can know me; and this knowledge, I am persuaded, is in the power of any man to acquire who meditates often and deeply on himself. This habit was one of the advantages—I believe the only one—that I derived from an early taste, nay, passion, for metaphysical studies.

I have always been as sensible of my innumerable abortions as any of my auditors, and felt when I have succeeded, and to what degree, as accurately as any one of them. Had I been blessed with the powers of Milton to have composed the first of epic poems, I should never have ranked the "Paradise Regained" before it.

The causes of my failure have, for the most part, been known only to myself. A mind harassed with cares, a heart lacerated by unkindness and ingratitude, spirit broken by treachery, senses jaded by excess—these are not the circumstances under which a man should rise without preparation to address a public assembly; nor will any man so expose himself who fears or who courts public opinion. After all, although I never made a verse in my life, not even a jingle, I have sometimes thought that my temperament was that of the poet rather than of the public speaker; fitter for the pulpit than the floor of parliament; although Hopkinson insists that I ought to have been bred to the bar, and that my mind is of the cast best suited to that profession.

With great deference to your better judgment, I cannot agree that the H. of R. should be addressed in the style that is proper for intelligent, rational beings who think deeply and reason consequentially. There is one style for Mr. Chief Justice and another to convince, persuade, or deter "the groundlings."

A very defective education (*i.e.*, no education at all except what I picked up by chance), and circumstances more romantic and improbable than can be found in any fictitious narrative, have marred my prospects, and I am content to give way to younger and abler performers; but I will cheer my retirement with the flattering unction that I know how the thing should be done, although unable to execute it.

You hardly do justice to Tazewell.

> Micat inter omnes
> . velut inter ignes
> Luna minores.

Are you not mistaken when you say "that bright meteor [Henry] shot from its mid-heaven sphere too early for Mr. Wirt?" Surely he must be at best as old as I am, and I remember Patrick Henry very well. I heard his last speech, in March, 1799, to the freeholders of Charlotte. I will not affect to conceal from you that it is Mr. Wirt's character which I think you have mistaken, since the error is honorable to your heart. Had you been impartial in this case, I should perhaps have thought you a better critic, but not so good a man.

I do not pretend to judge of his forensic powers. Better judges than I could ever have been, with the best opportunity, have pronounced him to be an able advocate, and the public have affirmed the decree. Some who ought to know say that argument is his *forte*. Of his manner and delivery "I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment," although in the "nice quibbles of the law" I am a jackdaw, or a jack anything else you please. His voice is very far from sweetness or melody; to my ear it is almost as harsh as Mr. P.'s. His pathos, so far from being natural or impressive, revolts me as artificial. It is to the "theatrical trick," but by no means well played off. The grating on the soul of such things when seen through (as they must be where the emotion is not spontaneous) is among the most irksome of the disagreeable feelings that we are exposed to at public exhibitions. When I hear the voice of Mr. W. or Mr. Speaker Clay, I think of the compass and richness of Patrick Henry's tones, of the fine tenor and bass of Col. Innes,[1] and the enchanting recitatives of Richard Henry Lee, of which you have a broad caricature in the nasal twang of his imitators, the late Dick Brent,[2] for instance.

You have given our Fourth of July boys very good advice. Blair ought to be banished from our schools. Horace's "Art of Poetry," Quintilian, Cicero, Longinus, among the ancients; Boileau and Martinus Scriblerus among the moderns—these should be our text-books. But whilst you caution our smatterers and dabblers against the meretricious ornaments of Curran (himself an imitator of Grattan, a dangerous model), they are imitating a wretched caricature of the Irish advocate in the person of Counselor Phillips, who, in the lowest deep, has had the "art of sinking" into "a lower still."

Pray read Mr. Wilde's speech on the Compensation Law, composed for the occasion. I can vouch that the exordium is verbatim as delivered; I cannot, however, say as much for the rest.

You have brought this avalanche of egotism upon your own head. I was on the point of overwhelming you with a smaller one before I left Georgetown, where I lay painfully and dangerously ill from the time of your departure until the adjournment of Congress. I sent for you, but my note was returned with a message that you had left town, in what direction I knew not. The Abbe was very kind to me, and you will not be sorry to learn that I have taken to him "hugely."

After I crossed the Rappahannock I began

[1] James Innes, member of the convention of 1788 which ratified the Federal Constitution: an eloquent and able lawyer and attorney-general of the State.

[2] Richard Brent, member of Congress.

to mend, for I threw physick to the dogs and followed the instincts of nature. Cold water and ice first gave me relief, contrary to the prohibitions of the doctors. Apropos of these slayers and maimers of mankind, H. T., when I last heard from him, was in Philadelphia, unable to bear the motion of a carriage. Adieu!

Your Friend,
JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

As everybody is not bound to know that F. stands for Francis, let me advise you to write your first Christian name at full length.

As for my biography, it may be told in a few lines as well as in five quartos. Certain it is that I cannot play Dr. Mitchell and furnish material for notoriety, much less work it up myself.

Pray let me know when the Bagatelle was composed.

I am still weak and low, emaciated to a skeleton, but I hope convalescent. I had no idea of what it was to be sick until this last attack.

To FRANCIS W. GILMER, Esq.

There is a remark made by Mr. Gilmer which Mr. Randolph does not notice, but which must have made a deep impression on him. It is this: «It has been objected to this gentleman that his speeches are desultory and unconnected.» Mr. Randolph was no doubt thinking of this objection when he invented the fable of the fox-hunter and the caterpillar, which is found in a note to a speech he delivered in 1828 in Congress, and afterward published in pamphlet form, dedicating it to his constituents. He said:

A caterpillar comes to a fence; he crawls to the bottom of the ditch and over the fence, some of his hundred feet always in contact with the subject upon which he moves. A gallant horseman at a flying leap clears both ditch and fence. "Stop!" says the caterpillar; "you are too flighty, you want connection and continuity; it took me an hour to get over; you can't be as sure as I am, who have never quitted the subject, that you have overcome the difficulty and are fairly over the fence." "Thou miserable reptile!" replies our fox-hunter; "if, like you, I crawled over the earth slowly and painfully, should I ever catch a fox, or be anything more than a wretched caterpillar?"

When Mr. Randolph spoke of circumstances more romantic and improbable than can be found in any fictitious narrative, he evidently referred to his love-affairs. The world knows of his attachment for Miss Maria Ward, a beautiful and accomplished woman, who, it is said, was courted by nearly every distinguished unmarried man in the State who became acquainted with her. Mr. Randolph was engaged to be married to her, and visited her very often; but on one occasion he was seen to leave her house in very great haste. When he reached the front gate, where his horse was tied, he did not wait to untie the bridle-reins, but cut them loose with his knife and rode off, uttering words which plainly showed that the distinguished lover was enraged. The engagement was broken off, the reason being known only to a few of the lady's intimate friends. They seldom met afterward, and for some time they did not speak to each other. Randolph never recovered from his disappointment, which helped to make him the unhappy man that he was. These facts the world knows; but it will never know all. No doubt the statement of Mr. Randolph is true: there *were* things connected with his love-affairs which were as improbable and romantic as he says they were.

The following is from another letter written by Mr. Randolph to his friend Gilmer. It is short, but very characteristic:

WASHINGTON, December 13, 1820.

DEAR SIR: . . . The evil of the times we live in is not want of information or intellect, but that the hearts of men will not give their understanding fair play. It is to the heart and not to the intellectual faculty that Divine wisdom and goodness has addressed itself in order to enable us to "see the things that belong to our salvation." With regard to the present times, I am as unbiassed a judge as a man who stands aloof from the actors in the theatre of life can be. At forty-five[1] my race is run, and I look on those who are now fretting and struggling in the public eye "more in sorrow than in anger."

To grant one favor very often subjects us to the request of another, more especially where the first has been unsolicited and unexpected. May I then ask you, at your leisure, to let me know what is doing, or rather suffering, in and around Richmond? I can promise you no adequate return for such a favor. Like "the high-mettled racer," I am "grown old and used up," and I wait with what patience I may the close of a life which is almost without enjoyment and altogether without hope, at least so far as it regards this world. . . .

Accept the sincere assurance of my respect and regard.

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

TO FRANCIS W. GILMER, Esq.

The following letter to Mr. Peachy R. Gilmer, condoling with him on the death of his brother, was written by Mr. Randolph when he was in the United States Senate; Mr. Tazewell, who is mentioned in the letter, being his colleague:

[1] Randolph was born in 1773, and died in 1833.

WASHINGTON, March 8, 1826.

MY DEAR SIR: Your letter, enclosing mine to my late most excellent friend your lamented brother, finds me in a situation that leaves me only the power to acknowledge it, overcome by his loss, inevitable and speedy as I had foreseen it to be, [and] by the daily expectation of that of my earliest living friend, Mr. Tazewell; or, what is worse even than death, his surviving in total darkness like "blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides." Overworked by his absence, I am hard put to it to write at all, and should be quite incapable of doing so but for the cheering intelligence which I received along with your letter from Norfolk.

What shall I say? What can I say, my good sir, to you under the circumstances of our unhappy privation—mine, of the truest and staunchest of friends; yours, of a brother also? Can words that never yet cured a finger-ache minister to a mind diseased? to the sick heart? No; there is but One that can pour balm into such wounds. He is God! May he shed the influence of his Holy Spirit upon our hearts and understandings. May he temper the wind to us, shorn to the quick, until he shall see fit, in his own good time, to gather us also into his fold, where we may rejoin our brother that is lost and shall be found, and where the grim wolf shall never enter to tear us one from another as in this vale of tears.

In sending the letter with the seal unbroken, I as well as yourself am ignorant how far you have obeyed the laws of etiquette; for, thank heaven! I know nothing of etiquette in any case. But this I do know, that if you shall have transcended the fashionable code, you have adhered to that established by delicacy and honor in every well-principled mind, in every heart that is not hardened and polluted by the defilements of the world, as it is pleased to call itself.

I had it in contemplation to write to you upon the subject of poor Frank's request before I knew that he had made such a one, not indeed to compose merely an epitaph, but (for my own perusal, for the indulgence of my own deep and strong affection and respect for his name and memory) something like a sketch of his character and history. Can you supply me with dates and facts that I am ignorant of? But the other day I spoke of him in conclave in association with Tazewell, whom above all men he admired. It was the highest honor that I could pay him, and each reflected honor upon the other. I spoke of them as the only two men that Virginia had bred since the Revolution that deserved to be called men of learning, to be ranked as scholars, and ripe and good ones. Of these two, one was removed from us forever; the other I never expected to see again, at least in that House. To both might be applied, with some variation, the language of Ovid in describing the Palace of the Sun—"*Materies superabat opus.*" The gem surpassed the workmanship in value, exquisite as that was admitted to be; the soil was superior to the cultivation, deep and finished as it had been.

My highest consolation under the affliction of his loss is to know that his last letter was written to me. I enclose it under the cover, with the answer to it, which you transmitted to me unopened. I have broken the seal with my own hands, and when you shall have read them both, pray return them to me. I shall be glad also to receive any other letters of mine that may be among his papers, through the same channel, or that of our friend Wm. Leigh. After once more reading them, I shall seal up his letters to me, at my death to be delivered up by my executor (W. L.) to yourself, or to be disposed of in any other manner that you shall see fit to prescribe. . . .

Most faithfully yours (not altogether, but almost) for dear Frank's sake,

J. R. OF ROANOKE.

To PEACHY R. GILMER, Esq.

I will now record some recollections of Randolph which I obtained from the late Hon. Thomas S. Flournoy, a lawyer of wide reputation, of Prince Edward County, and from the late Rev. John T. Clark, a minister of the gospel, of high standing, in the county of Halifax. Both were personally acquainted with Mr. Randolph, and were indelibly impressed with his genius and eccentricities. I have not before availed myself of permission then obtained to make public use of their reminiscences.

Shortly after Mr. Randolph's return from Europe he delivered one of his characteristic discursive and abusive speeches. Mr. Flournoy was present and heard it. Mr. Randolph drove up to Prince Edward Court-house in his coach drawn by four horses; the crowd which had gathered to hear him was immense. He refused to get out until the people had dispersed. After he had reached his room he sent for such gentlemen as he desired to see.

On this occasion he made a most unjustifiable attack on the Hon. Thomas T. Bouldin, who had been his firm political friend. It appears that Mr. Randolph had written a letter from London to Judge William Leigh, saying that he would again be a candidate for Congress. Mr. Bouldin was then in the field, a candidate for reëlection. Mr. Randolph had not written to him on the subject, nor had he known that Mr. Randolph desired to run, and his refusal to give way highly incensed Mr. Randolph, who in this speech made several bitter remarks about him, saying among other things that he had «a nose of wax,» and that in his refusal to withdraw he was «influenced by his sons and sons-in-law.» «But,» he added, «it is not every plow-boy that becomes a Tom Bouldin.»

The gentleman mentioned had spent his

youth on a farm; he afterward adopted the profession of the law, and reached a high judicial position. He was at one time a member of Congress, and died suddenly on the floor of the House while making a speech, February 11, 1834. It is scarcely necessary to add that Mr. Randolph's charge had no foundation.

On the same occasion the violence of his temper and the uncertainty of his friendship were displayed in his treatment of Dr. Crump of Cumberland. In Mr. Randolph's absence, Mr. McDowell Moore of Rockbridge had made a violent attack upon him, charging him with deserting his post when minister to Russia, and receiving pay for services which he had not rendered. Dr. Crump, as a friend of Randolph, had resented this, and when he had met Moore on the street in Richmond a personal encounter had ensued. Dr. Crump had now ridden thirty miles to hear the speech of his distinguished friend. Randolph, who had seen him ride up, asked in the midst of his speech, «Is Dr. Crump here?» Whereupon Dr. Crump rushed forward, making his way through the crowd, not even taking time to pull off his spurs or his leggings, and offered his hand. Mr. Randolph not only refused to take it, but began to berate him violently, and referring to the difficulty with Moore, said: «If you had only thrown your horsewhip at him I could forgive you; but you did n't even do *that*.»

While Dr. Crump was speaking in reply, Randolph, who was sitting by the side of Mr. Bouldin, whispered loud enough for the speaker to hear him: «Did you ever hear a man speak so? You and I can't speak in that manner.» Dr. Crump was, indeed, a good speaker; but Mr. Randolph's only object was to embarrass him. Presently he remarked: «This has gone far enough. I can't bandy epithets with you; I 'll fight you.» At this Dr. Crump left the stand, and said no more.

Randolph was an old man, weak and feeble, in fact looking like a mere shadow, and a personal encounter was out of the question.

During this memorable speech, which Mr. Flournoy said occupied about four hours in its delivery, Randolph, addressing himself to the crowd before him, said:

> While I was in Russia many of you, like my negroes, thinking that I would never return, took advantage of my absence and made remarks about me which you would not dare to make before my face. If you had made the remarks you did in hearing of my old double-jointed friend Womack, he would have resented it; but you were afraid to let him hear you.

Mr. Womack was a leading man in his part of the county.

When Mr. Randolph was opposed by Mr. Eppes, who was Mr. Jefferson's son-in-law, the whole power of the administration was brought to bear against him. He had been exceedingly severe upon his opponent at the Buckingham court; some of his friends counseled moderation; the excitement was great, and serious consequences were apprehended. Mr. Randolph told the sheriff to make a proclamation that he would address the people. An immense throng gathered about the stand. He stood for several moments surveying the crowd, not a feature of his face changing. After a painful suspense he began with the following remark, which has frequently been in print:

«When I was a boy my mother taught me that the fear of God was the beginning of wisdom; since I became a man I have found out that the fear of man was the consummation of folly.»

He then made a fiery onslaught upon his opponent; instead of moderating, he was more severe than he had been before.

That morning he witnessed a scene which his fertile mind immediately turned to account. A man named —— had just been released from the penitentiary. All his relatives being supporters of Mr. Eppes, he presumed to approach him and speak to him; and Mr. Eppes gave him his hand. In his speech Mr. Randolph thus alluded to this: «Why did you import a man to run against me—a man whom I have seen this very morning cheek by jowl with a penitentiary convict?»

Mr. Flournoy thought Mr. Randolph's capacity for business wonderful. He remembered distinctly hearing him state, in a public speech he made at Prince Edward Courthouse, that the estate which he inherited was mortgaged for «nineteen shillings and sixpence in the pound of its value.» «Now,» said he, «I hold in my pocket a receipt for the last payment, and I would not give it for a diploma from Hampden Sidney College and the Union Theological Seminary to boot.»

Judge William Leigh and Mr. William Banks, a talented lawyer of Halifax, were once on a visit to Mr. Randolph. They used to make Roanoke their regular stopping-place on their way to the Charlotte court. It was during the time that Mr. Randolph was very much exercised on the subject of religion. Mr. Banks told Mr. Flournoy that one morning when they were at prayers, Mr. Randolph having read in his inimitable style a chapter from the Bible, and being in the midst of a

prayer, two little boys came stealthily downstairs on their way into the room. He stopped praying and, pointing to the boys, told them to go back. Since they did not get in in time, they should not come then, disturbing the congregation. The congregation was composed of Leigh and Banks!

Mr. Flournoy relates a little incident which happened during the election of members to the convention of 1829, showing that Mr. Randolph knew almost everybody in his congressional district. All day long the voters had been arriving at Prince Edward Courthouse, crying in a loud voice, as their names were entered, «Randolph, Leigh, Venable.» At length a man came forward and voted for Banks, Bruce, and Carrington.

«Who is that?» inquired Mr. Randolph.

«Mr. Beasley,» responded some one in the crowd.

«Ah, yes,» said Mr. Randolph; «the old one-eyed sleigh-maker who lives on Sandy Creek!»

This remark was made to deter others from casting their votes against him.

The Rev. John T. Clark said in the notes furnished to the writer:

My intercourse with Mr. Randolph, during the last two years of his life, exerted a permanent influence over me, and gave me great encouragement to persevere in my purpose to devote myself to the Christian ministry. Mr. Randolph and my father differed as widely as possible in their political opinions; and although for a short time the former sympathized with the Federalists in their opposition to the War of 1812, yet he never identified himself with their party. At the conclusion of the war he returned to his old political associates, while my father continued to the end of life a zealous and consistent Federalist. After his death Mr. Randolph was very considerate of my mother's situation and feelings, often sending her in the most delicate way some little rarity, like fish or fruit or preserves, and asking in return some little favor; and from his knowledge of her character and habits, he always asked something which he knew she would be glad to send, and which, from her reputation as an elegant housewife, he knew also would come to him with the nicest and most tempting preparation. In this way he made the interchange light and pleasant to both. But these attentions as well as his visits had become gradually less frequent, so that when I came home from school, although kind feelings existed, there was but little intercourse between the families. It was therefore with some surprise that one morning I received a small package of religious books from Mr. Randolph, with a cordial invitation to come to see him. This I did immediately, and when I reached his house I met with the most hearty reception, and found that the reason he had sent for me was that he had heard of my purpose to "take orders," as he always spoke of my entering the ministry; and to encourage me in doing so, and to give me his advice as to my studies and course of reading. . . . He took me to his library and pointed out his favorite authors, at the same time making remarks and criticisms on them; occasionally reading, particularly from Milton, or quoting from South and Burke.

After going through his library in this way, he then offered me the use of any book he had, and urged upon me the acceptance as a present of several valuable theological works, saying that he was now old, and that they would be of no more use to him, and telling me how valuable they would be to me. Before my visit was over he became so much interested, and his religious feelings were so much aroused, that he took down a prayer-book, and both of us taking seats, he read the litany. At many of the petitions he would pause, and remarking on them, he directed me how to read them. On one petition in particular—"By thy agony and bloody sweat, by thy cross and passion, by thy precious death and burial, by thy glorious resurrection and ascension, and by the coming of the Holy Ghost, Good Lord, deliver us"—he commented at much length, telling in his own emphatic language—the *ardentia verba*, which he said himself was eloquence—how this wonderful petition always affected him; while it lifted his thoughts and heart to heaven, yet with what solemn and almost terrific feelings it filled his mind when he thus called over in prayer to God the account of our Saviour's sufferings for us. In this way he spent nearly the entire day, and before parting he reminded me that the "old church" needed propping, and he said I could do it.

The reader can easily understand how a young man would feel at such encouragement and advice from one so capable of giving them. From that time, for the two short years that he lived, whenever he was at Roanoke his house was always open to me, his library at my command, and he ever ready to talk with me and encourage and advise me. Never did he say an unkind word to me; but on the contrary, everything he said to me was kind and oftentimes complimentary. So that, whatever others may say of him, or whatever may have been his faults to others, I have no feelings towards him but of kindness and reverence.

These fragments of his life reinforce the vast amount of matter which has heretofore been published about Mr. Randolph, in showing that he was indeed «a phenomenon among men.»

Powhatan Bouldin.

THE SCHISM.

IN the large parlor of a rich monastery, hung with old tapestries, in front of the monumental mantelpiece in carved granite, a repast is spread on a cloth of heavy guipure. On each side, facing each other, are two guests comfortably seated in large arm-chairs.

The one, very tall, heavily built, high-colored, with bald head and bushy eyebrows, is of a jovial character and sanguine temperament. He wears the costume of the Trinitarian order, and the five-pointed black satin bonnet. The other, entirely different from the first, small, scant, with a yellow skin, long gray hair, and sinewy, nervous hands, has every appearance of a bilious hypochondriac. He is dressed in the scarlet cassock of a cardinal, with the four-winged biretta.

The *déjeuner* is about over. All that remains on the table is a half-demolished pie giving forth a strong odor of spices, and a few half-empty bottles. These old bottles, on which time has laid robes of dust,—preserved intact by the respectful hand of the Brother Cellarman,—denote a repast of high taste, copiously and fastidiously washed down.

The cardinal, raising his glass, says, «I drink to my host, to my old friend of boyhood days, to Barnaby, the king of abbots.»

«And I,» replies the monk, «drink to the friend of my youth, to his Eminence Ignatius of Petrucci, to the future camerlingo!» And setting down his glass, which he has emptied at a draught, he continues with effusion: «My dear Ignatius, how kind of you to come over thus and spend a few days with me in my poor convent!»

«Poor convent! The deuce! One of the richest abbeys that exist—over a million of revenue! I do not pity you. The purple is not worth that much—far from it.»

«Yes, but then you have the honors; you can aspire to the tiara.»

«Oh! oh! aspire to the tiara! Dream of it, perhaps.»

«You deserve it, Ignatius. Your eminent science, your diplomatic tact, your wide views, the austerity of your life, all point you out as the choice of the Conclave; while I, a petty, obscure abbot—»

«A petty abbot who by special authorization of St. Peter has the miter and the crozier. You rank as a bishop, with the title of ‹Highness›; you are held in high esteem at the Vatican, where your merits are appreciated equally with mine, if not more so; and you add to all that the rarest of all virtues—modesty. Barnaby, if you are not satisfied you are hard to please. When we were ordained, both on the same day, we had the same ambitions. Starting from the same point, we have sought the same end,—by different paths, it is true, but without distancing each other,—and I do not see why we should not still have to-day the same dream.»

«Ah, my dear Ignatius, always large-hearted! Could I complain to God of the share he has given me when he bestows a friend such as you? To think that when we were youngsters we used to fight over a bird's nest, about an apple! You used to call me a big coward!»

«It was because you had a free hand and sometimes abused your strength.»

«That is true. But you knew how to revenge yourself on the sly. And at the seminary, with our theological discussions! How overbearing you were!»

«And you as stubborn as a mule.»

«You admitted of no contradiction.»

«You would not have yielded for an empire.»

«And with all that, both convinced that our dignity was at stake! Dear me, how stupid youngsters are!—and there is no denying we were youngsters then. Do you remember our last quarrel, which caused so much scandal that we came very near being expelled?»

«Do I remember it! As if it were yesterday.»

«'T is true, you never forget anything.»

«It seems to me that you do not either.»

«Oh, I—that is different. I have leisure to think of the past; and then I cannot help telling you that I was humiliated, being in the right, at our Superior's declaring that I was wrong.»

«You maintained an absurdity.»

«An absurdity! That is to say, I had not

sufficient arguments. But since then I have gathered together proofs with which I could dumfound you.»

«Ah! ah! I should like to see them.»

«It is not difficult; just wait a minute.»

While the monk passes into the library contiguous to the parlor, the cardinal, already very excited, spreading himself in his arm-chair as he would for a play, pushes away bottles and plates on the table so as to make room for the armful of volumes which Barnaby brings back and sets down in front of his adversary. Then, placing his seat opposite his friend, the monk begins to pass him the books, opened at the proper places. While the cardinal reads them Barnaby prepares others in advance, which he piles on the corner of the table, marking the pages with anything that comes nearest his hand—knives, forks, or spoons, which remain fixed in the edges of the folios.

At the same time the discussion begins, calmly enough; then it grows bitter, and becomes more and more vehement.

«Error! Heresy!» cries the cardinal, interrupting his reading every minute, while clasping his fingers as if to clutch the demon, and lifting up his arms with great gestures of exorcism.

The abbot, all the while piling up the books in confusion, and already very hot, retorts, «Incredulity! Bad faith! Despotism!» and, finally turning round his arm-chair, he jumps up, taking great strides, his face crimson, his calotte awry.

«So you deny the evidence, as usual?»

«Where is your evidence? You bring me a lot of rhapsodies gathered together by infamous falsifiers, or else suggested to imbeciles by Satan himself, and you believe it all to be gospel truth.»

«I believe the fathers of the church.»

«The fathers of the church—of the church which was only conceived after them! They could not, therefore, know anything about it, or else their writings are apocryphal.»

«Apocryphal—the letter of my patron saint, Barnaby! Would you dare say so?»

«Yes, sir, apocryphal—or at least contested.»

«Contested—the Epistle of Barnabas, the companion of St. Paul!»

«Yes, sir, and justly so, because it is in contradiction to the doctrine of St. Paul.»

«Well, sir, St. Paul is not God himself.»

«Nor your patron Barnabas either.»

«He is nearer to him than your Ignatius Loyola, an intriguer.»

«An intri—» The cardinal, becoming suddenly pale, and pushing back the table, draws himself up to the full height of his small person, and in a voice trembling with rage cries out: «Sir Abbot, mitered and croziered though you be, do not touch this giant! It is truly pitiable to see this bishop by indulgence attack one of the lights of the church, who, like a beacon enlightening the world for three centuries past, points out to the wayward the way to salvation.»

«A light of the church? Ah! yes, like that one there, hanging on the wall, a blind lantern, fit only to guide conspirators in dark caverns.»

«Quite the contrary. It is he who has fought against conspirators. Decidedly your Highness's ignorance has no bounds.»

«Say the word, say it—I own it. I prefer to bray rather than to lie.»

«But, unfortunate being, it is a falsehood you are maintaining; you are steeped in heresy; your Highness, if we listened to it, it would lead us straight into a new schism.»

«A schism? So be it! At least your Eminence will find therein the joys of separation.»

And the two adversaries, with one impulse, falling furiously into their arm-chairs, remain seated back to back without speaking another word.

Oh, gentlemen! Two venerated prelates—two friends! If an artist, lifting up the corner of a curtain, should see this scene, and then think of reproducing it, what a sad example you would set!

THE REPRIMAND.

THERE is not in all Andalusia anything so picturesque as the smart little town of—but why name it?

In this happy city lives a venerable abbé, learned, charitable, and as good a fellow as any of his compatriots. He nurses the sick, consoles the afflicted, settles all disputes, cures the vines, tastes the vintages; in fact, he is expert in all things, and, what is unusual, is an expert consulted and listened to by all. And if you only knew where to go, you could no doubt find the good abbé still installed on his terrace, in a large tapestry chair, taking his chocolate, under the shade of a secular lilac-tree.

Hither come to him every day, each in

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THE SCHISM.

turn, the pleaders, the vine-dressers, and the pretty penitents appearing before their judges. (Judges is here written in the plural because, independently of the abbé, his cat Minos is present at all the hearings.) It should be owned that he sleeps nearly all the time; but that does not prevent him from rendering decisions worthy of Solomon. It happens thus. When the pleadings last long without any light being thrown on the debates, when the vines are attacked by an unknown disease, when the sins of penitents become too disquieting—in fact, every time the judge does not wish to compromise himself by pronouncing judgment, he turns toward the animal and says, «Well, what do you think of it, Minos?» Minos never replies. Then the abbé continues in solemn tones, «I am of the same opinion as Minos.» It is invariable, final, unanswerable. Every one knows that it is a dismissal, and accepts it under a form which is not mortifying as coming from an unthinking animal which is, moreover, asleep.

Thus Doña Pilar, being in turn on the bench with her daughter, was gesticulating, clasping her hands, vociferating, reproaching, and making the terrace and the surrounding roofs resound with her bursts of anger—so much so that Minos opened his eyes for an instant.

«Yes, Monsieur l'Abbé,» she was saying, out of breath; «this is what she has done! And withal she appears so modest that one would absolve her without confession. Oh, before you she casts down her eyes, the sly one! She is too much afraid that you would read her sins in them, the bad girl! And she is my daughter—mine—Doña Pilar, whose piety is an example to the town! Monsieur l'Abbé, that child will drive me mad! Punish her; lock her up; she is wicked. Monsieur l'Abbé, I give her to you."

During this violent diatribe the kind judge was trying to assume a severe countenance. He kept opening and shutting his snuff-box and taking pinch after pinch, which always denoted with him a state of great perplexity. Several times during the long story of the pranks of Miss Maria he pursed up his lips and opened his eyes wide, uttering an «Oh! oh!» which he tried to express indignantly. Once, even, he had said, «It is serious—very serious.» But when Doña Pilar stopped at last he was compelled to speak out in a less laconic way, and that was even more serious.

He hesitated, taking a pinch of snuff. Then he said: «A penance? A penance? I must have one; I am trying to think of a chastisement in keeping with the sin—a punishment coming from God himself. Exactly! I just recall that a long time ago,—about twenty years, I believe,—a young culprit came and sat before me on that very bench, there, where you are. She was pretty, elegant, coquettish, as you were at sixteen, Doña Pilar.»

Doña Pilar, already a little puzzled by this opening speech, not knowing whether to smile or not, murmured, «Monsieur l'Abbé!»

«Besides, it is while looking at Maria that this recollection comes back to me; for she is so like my little sinner of old that I might almost think I was looking at her now. The same figure, the same modest and contrite air, the same little pout, and, what is strange, the same failing!»

Doña Pilar no longer wore a smile, but murmured with an imploring look, «Monsieur l'Abbé!»

He made a sign, as much as to say, «Fear not; I shall not name her,» and continued with severity: «It is sufficient that you know of whom I speak. I said to her at the time: 'My child, if you continue you will drive your parents to despair. Fear, then, that heaven in its wrath may give you one day a daughter like yourself.' By threatening Maria to-day with a similar misfortune, do you not think it would be a sufficient penance, Doña Pilar? And you—what do you think, Minos?»

THE ROLL-CALL AFTER THE PILLAGE.

THEY had come from over the hills, like an irruption of barbarians, massacring and ravaging everything in their path.

An army composed of mercenary troops and militia raised in cities tried to stem the invasion, but, being overthrown in the first encounter, the broken battalions were soon routed after a semblance of combat, and a few soldiers alone, taking advantage of the confusion, were able to seek safety in flight. As for the unfortunate militiamen, who had both honor and courage because they were fighting for the sake of their wives, their children, and their homes, they would not give way, and were soon outflanked, surrounded, crushed by numbers.

Then began the horrible butchery. The time-hardened soldiers, clad in armor, assassins by profession, fell upon this flock of almost defenseless citizens, like butchers in a

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THE REPRIMAND.

slaughter-house, hacking and hewing, cleaving, slashing, running them through. Pikes, halberds, cutlasses, partizans, extinguished in blood the gleam of steel.

After this memorable battle the conquering brigands invaded the rural districts freely; their greedy bands descended into fertile valleys, spreading terror everywhere, and the entire region, having no defenders left, was given up to all the horrors of war.

As in the middle ages, when the famous bands of highwaymen, freebooters, cutthroats, and banditti infested the country, the roads were full of marauders with sinister faces,—footpads, tramps, pickpockets, thieves, plunderers,—all laden with spoils.

In the burned cities, leaguers, bullies, tilters, black with smoke, covered with ashes and dust still clotted with blood, carrying steel and fire, wandered amid the rubbish, bounding like ferocious tigers, unsatiated demons, ever seeking fresh victories.

All the scum are in a merry mood; jovial fellows, gay old dotards, drunkards, topers, debauchees, roasting flesh and fowl, knocking in wine-casks, feasting among the smoking ruins, and at nightfall as drunk as pigs, noisy, boasting, brawling. Already big black crows and vultures circle in clouds in the darkened sky, and in the furrows soaked with filth there springs up slowly the germ of the great scourge which will make this a wilderness—Pestilence!

Nevertheless, on all sides loud trumpet-blasts have sounded, and the officers are gathering their scattered troops to seek fresh exploits.

Here, in front of his assembled company, Captain Jean Truand, surnamed the Bloodthirsty, still tipsy, but straight in his saddle, astride a superb Spanish jennet, proceeds to muster his men, while over there the advance-guard is already on the march, carrying away the baggage and spoils.

The lieutenant, with muster-roll in hand, calls out, «Don Alvarez of Alcantara!»

«Present!» answers the head of the file, a tall fellow of proud and manly bearing. He carries on his shoulder a heavy harquebus, and at the waist, among the folds of a brilliant scarf, together with pistol, bullet-bag, and priming-horn, there is a duck hanging by the neck.

«Bravo!» says Jean Truand in a voice of thunder, husky through excesses. «The trophy is worthy of a grand seigneur. It is on the water, it appears, that you seek your foes? One can see that you have served on the galleys of his Majesty.»

The soldier accepts the insult, unmoved in appearance; for an instant his wicked eye gleams, then dies out in the shadow of a frown. Answering back to the captain means death. They all know it, yet nobody dares to laugh. The lieutenant passes on to the next name.

«Fra Angelo!»

«Present!» says a thin and high-pitched voice from beneath the brim of a big felt hat, placed like a black extinguisher on a long, black body.

«Odsbud!» continued the same croaking voice: «frater tenebrus, are you so dazed by drink as to forget all prudence? When the devil turns hermit he takes care that the end of his tail does not hang below his robe, and your cloak shows up the muzzle of a blunderbuss which is not calculated to encourage a timid pilgrim.»

Fra Angelo, ordinarily, is not partial to jokes, but he does not flinch, and the roll-call continues: «Zamacoïs, the Biscayan!»

«Present!»

«Van Clootens!»

«Present!»

«Tourpendille! Tourpendille!»

A hand goes up in the rank, and there is heard, «Vacancy to the left,» while a few paces away a voice shouts out, «Tourpendille—dead drunk on the field of honor!»

Where do all these wandering adventurers, this assemblage of swaggerers dressed in cast-off clothing and incongruous armor, come from? No one knows. The type may reveal the race, the accent indicate the language, the name determine the country, the sword, like the Spanish broadsword, the Scotch claymore, the Swiss double-handed sword, the Italian rapier, may also fix the place of origin; but types are blended, accents are acquired or lost with time, names are borrowed, swords are stolen, and out of all these bandits there are few who know or would tell where they were born.

Yet all these outcasts, hired bravos, eager to serve their master, are in the pay of a powerful monarch. They march unfolding the royal standard in their front, and Clio, the muse of history, has just inscribed a fresh victory where the king's troops have covered themselves with glory!

J. G. Vibert.

PAINTED BY J. G. VIBERT.

THE ROLL-CALL AFTER THE PILLAGE.

THE ELDER DUMAS.

DUMAS the elder had not a few points of resemblance to Oliver Goldsmith. He could not help running into debt, giving alms largely to every one who demanded them without stopping to inquire whether the mendicant were an impostor or an honest man, being a prey to sharp dealers and parasites, and living from hand to mouth. He was also boastful, from a fear of being forgotten or underrated, though without a grain of envy in his genial soul; was fond of the excitement and adventures of the old-fashioned modes of traveling; and had an undying love for the place in which he spent his youth. Throughout his long and varied literary career he nursed the hope of ending his days in the forest-girdled town of Villers-Cotterets, in the ancient province of Valois, where he was born and reared. If ever the thought of saving any of his earnings traversed his brain, the father to it was his lifelong desire «to there return, and die at home at last.» He often talked of buying, when he had the means, the house in the Rue de Lormier in which he was born as day dawned on a July morning, in the second year of this century. Villers-Cotterets was written on his heart, and reacted on most of his after-life impressions. When he revisited the town he was lionized by great and small, and found that boyish escapades and venial sins of adolescence were still held in kindly remembrance by the old folks. Dumas was a man of warm and ready sympathies, jovial of temperament, and sparkling with ready wit. His impressions were vivacious, the fountains were near his eyes, and after laughing and crying, or rather blubbering, for sheer joy at the welcome he received, he lent himself to convivial demonstrations, and delighted all who sat down with him at table by his high spirits and the brilliancy of his conversation.

The works of Dumas the elder teem with his early reminiscences. Some of them glow often with the local color of the sylvan neighborhood in which he was brought up. It was also his persistent wish to be buried in the pretty cemetery, more rustic than urban, of Villers-Cotterets. There he now lies beside his father and mother, and near his daughter Mme. Petel, his grandfather the innkeeper Labouret, and a number of other relatives on the maternal side.

The genius of the race inhabiting the Valois is humane and gentle and temperate in its highest manifestations. La Ferté-Milon, where Racine was born, and Château-Thierry, the place of La Fontaine's nativity, are in the same region as Villers-Cotterets. The sobriety of intellect which is a Valoisian quality greatly toned down the African exuberance of Dumas. He had tropical prolificness, but the savor of his literary works was delicate and essentially French. He was always natural, animated, sparkling, and original, and took as much pleasure in narrating as his readers took in following his narratives. When we think of the historical period which opened just after his father, Comte Davy de la Pailleterie, son of the marquis of that title and Louise Dumas, a colored woman of Santo Domingo, enlisted under his mother's name, and the epic events in which he was an actor, we can understand why his son related the prodigious adventures of «Les Trois Mousquetaires» as if they were ordinary events. General Dumas was born in 1762, near Cape Rose, in Santo Domingo. Whether his mother was negro or mulatto is not known; but as the marquis was so greatly attached to her that the island became unendurable when he lost her, she had probably that gift of beauty which often distinguishes colored women. Their child grew up to be a remarkably handsome man, with straight features, eyes as soft as velvet, a brown skin, laughing mouth, white, even teeth, a strong neck, powerful chest and shoulders, and hands and feet of such aristocratic smallness that he could wear the gloves and slippers of a woman. He had French sensibility and bravery, which, with his herculean strength and address in using arms, made him redoubtable on the field of battle and as a duelist.

The disposition of General Dumas had many African sides. His heart was impetuous and warm, his will inconstant, and he seldom troubled himself about the future. Brought up without religion, all those devotional instincts which he inherited from the Dark Continent ran in the direction of

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ALEXANDRE DUMAS THE ELDER.

the Republic when it was proclaimed, and placed him in opposition to Bonaparte in Egypt. The childish guilelessness of his character placed him at the mercy of intriguers, and disabled him from reaping the fruits of his military prowess, quickness, and divination. After being the Horatius Cocles of Napoleon's first two Italian campaigns, and foremost in the path of valor in Egypt, where he dared fanaticism by entering a mosque on horseback to put down a Mameluke revolt, he died a half-pay general at the age of forty-two, leaving an unpensioned widow, whose heritage was very slender, and two children, one of whom was a girl of ten and the other a boy of five, who never forgot his father, and kept his name from being forgotten. The African improvidence of the general was shown in his motto, « Dieu a donné; Dieu donnera,» and which the prodigal son indorsed. « God, having given, will go on giving,» was a conclusion dictated by a fine heart. God has continued giving even to the third and fourth generations of the mulatto soldier's posterity.

There was nothing that had such a cordial action on the elder Dumas as to trace the interventions of a good Providence in his career, and particularly in the trifling circumstances on which the great events of his life hinged. His mother had the Valoisian character. She was simple, amiable, just, affectionate, and of a tender heart and soul. In foul weather as in fine, for the eighteen years which she spent at Villers-Cotterets after the general's death, she daily visited his grave. The son, when he was little, accompanied her, and became so attached to the cemetery that in the most brilliant time of his manhood he looked forward with satisfaction to the prospect of lying there himself. Mme. Dumas *mère* worshiped her son, and he returned her love with his whole heart, but was

too heedless and unforeseeing not to cause her often deep affliction. The worst heart-aches that he occasioned were involuntary. When he was eleven years old all the mothers in France were hostile to Bonaparte; but when most of them expressed their hatred in execrations, the general's widow only wept and sighed. Shortly after the retreat from Moscow she clasped Alexandre to her breast in a paroxysm of grief. «What ails you, mother?» he asked. «My poor dear child,» she cried, «I am thinking that in five years that man who has taken so much from us and given us nothing will seize you and send you to be killed on a field of battle.» «But,» as the novelist in telling of this incident said, «God, in the fulfilment of his designs, needed the fall of Napoleon, and so forsaking him, the generation born at the beginning of the century was not delivered over to the cannon's maw.»

Dumas's statue by Carrier-Belleuse stands in the Place de la Fontaine. This image rests on a granite pedestal. It represents Dumas standing, and clad in a loose overcoat such as he often wore in lieu of a dressing-gown. The collar of his shirt is open. When that garment was fastened at the neck his brain was not at ease, if he were working. The first thing he did, therefore, in sitting down to write was to throw aside his cravat and to unbutton his shirt. A quill pen, with which he always wrote with copperplate regularity, but with few marks of punctuation, is in his right hand, and his left hand is placed on a pile of volumes, on the backs of which are inscribed the titles of his best works. The statue is just as Dumas looked when, more than twenty years ago, he stood up at the table of Gudin, the marine-painter, to return thanks for the justice which had been

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ALEXANDRE DUMAS THE YOUNGER.

done to a supper which he cooked. He said: «I am no orator [which was not the truth], because my pen has left my tongue so little to do. But if I could kiss you all for leaving nothing but empty dishes, I should gladly do so. However, as you are too numerous to be embraced, pray elect my gifted neighbor the Comtesse de Pepoli [Alboni] to be your proxy. If you do, I shall ask her to sing out my thanks in return for the fine appreciation you have shown of my culinary talents. . . .» Alboni received the kiss and sang the song.

The statue in the Place de la Fontaine was unveiled early in the summer of 1885 by Dumas the younger, of the success of whose cold, sharp analysis the author of «Les Trois Mousquetaires» was at first a little jealous. Perhaps jealousy is not the term to express his feeling. He rather felt like a person who, having given a brilliantly painted and gilded drum to a child, sees him break it up to ascertain whence the sound comes. Since Scheherazade entertained the Sultan during a thousand and one nights with her tales there had never been such a story-teller, in the best literary sense, as the elder Dumas. He had amused not only France, but the rest of the novel-reading world, for nearly a quarter of a century. The favor shown for his son's scalpel in 1852, when «La Dame aux Camélias» was a novelty, showed him that his intellectual play-toys were beginning to satiate the public palate, and that until a new class of readers sprung up they would be flung aside. When he got used to this painful idea he became inordinately proud of the vogue which the younger Dumas enjoyed.

When the son grew up, father and son hardly stood in a paternal and filial relation to each other. They were not wanting in affection, but the father was too much a man of instinct to compel respect, and the son was not prone to venerate anybody or anything except his mother, with whose hard, self-reliant character he was in sympathy. She was a Rouennaise, was married to a man who ill-used her, left him, came to Paris to support herself with her needle, and fell in with Dumas the elder when he was a clerk employed to address letters in the household of the Duc d'Orléans (afterward Louis Philippe). He had a salary of fifteen hundred francs a year from the future Citizen King, whose revenues from landed estates amounted to five million francs a year. The young woman earned a fairly good livelihood by contracting to sew for a ladies' outfitting shop. She was alone, and her good-natured neighbor inspired her with sympathy. Being probably descended from some Gold Coast ancestor, he was polygamous, and did not seem alive to the social requirements of western Europe on the score of matrimony. He liked the fair sex, was inconstant in love, and jealous when he loved. The Rouennaise grass widow was intelligent, and seriously, indeed, heroically, discharged her duties to their son, who was born in 1824. When she discovered that her lover had a rich vein of literary genius she incited him to work with his pen as an author, and to form a style and complete his education by study.

The schooling of the elder Dumas had been given to him by an honest and antiquated priest, the Abbé Grégoire, who taught a score of boys history, Latin, and some Greek and arithmetic. The Sister Amée gave him writing-lessons, and he read whatever came in his way. A good-natured next-door neighbor, Mme. Darcourt, whose daughter Éléonore took compassion on the orphan boy and became his second mother, used, when they were both sewing in the long evenings, to let him amuse himself with an illustrated edition of Buffon. The pictures of beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles awoke curiosity, and while most other children of his age were in the primer he had got through the natural history. Notions of geography were derived from «Robinson Crusoe,» and ideas of sacred history and theology from a magnificent pictorial Bible at the château of M. Collard, an old friend of General Dumas. Demoustier's «Lettres à Émilie» on the Greek mythology, «La Mythologie de la Jeunesse,» odd volumes of «The Arabian Nights,» of Fénelon's works, and of Rollin's history, completed his store of erudition. His great teachers were nature and the hard conditions of life in which he was placed. They acted on a brain of singular vigor and assimilative capacity. Like Shakspere, a part of his education was obtained as a clerk in a provincial attorney's office, from which he was turned out when not quite eighteen for making, without leave, an excursion to Paris and staying there three days.

Dumas felt that he had stuff in him which in the great city would bring him to the top, and was enchanted at his dismissal, although he did not know what to do for the barest livelihood. General Foy, an old friend of his father and the head of the advanced liberals in the Chamber, with whom the Duc d'Orléans (Louis Philippe) was intriguing against Charles X., was appealed to by the scapegrace. He asked that prince to do him the favor of giving employment to Dumas, who

was given the function of expeditionary clerk; that is to say, clerk to address letters which other secretaries wrote. Here he found his opening. The Palais Royal, where the Duc d'Orléans lived, was close to the Théâtre Français, and in the dull season tickets to see the plays there were often sent to the underlings of the ducal household. Dumas profited by them, and also by the theatrical relations of a young friend, De Leuven, who had had some success as a dramatic author, and whose example stimulated Dumas to try his hand at authorship. In this he was encouraged by his chum, who years later was manager of the Opéra Comique, and subsequently bequeathed a large fortune to Dumas the younger. There was also another factor in the shaping of Dumas's career. One of his fellow-clerks had been a good deal with the Duc d'Orléans in England, and was well versed in English literature, which he thought had then more vitality than French. He advised the undeveloped genius to study Scott and Shakspere, but in the original language. By prodigious industry this was soon done. Those works opened a new world to the student, and set his mind in a state of violent fermentation. In his garret in the Place des Italiens his greatest expenditure was for the lamp-oil that he burned in familiarizing himself with the giants of English fiction, in whom he thought he had found models. In this he did himself injustice, for he never was a copyist. He and they had one common faculty: to every mummy that they found in history and chose to revive in a tale or drama they gave life. There is nothing more living than the male characters of Dumas. His women are more conventional; but they all give, nevertheless, the illusion of life. Their personality is stronger in his dramas than in his novels, and the most firmly portrayed are those who stood well out in history, such as Margaret of Valois, Anne of Austria, the Duchess of Guise, Queen Christina, Marie Antoinette, or simple, outspoken, kind-hearted village girls. Of his rustic types there are charming specimens in «La Tulipe Noire,» and Catherine, the farmer's daughter, in «Ange Pitou.» It was under the fresh impulsion of Scott and Shakspere that he began to write for the stage. «La Reine Christine,» his maiden drama, was brought out at the Odéon, and «Henri III. et sa Cour» at the Français. They were produced before he was twenty-two. Thus Dumas was earlier afield than Victor Hugo as an author of historical and romantic plays. But though a poet in feeling and a writer of clear, graceful, and animated prose, he had not the accomplishment of verse. He was so rich in lovable qualities that he disarmed envy; but he could never command respect, and did not, therefore, take position as the initiator of a school. It may be said also that although he amused with an unflagging spirit, he did not unloose stormy passions or dive into the hidden recesses of the heart. With less driving force and staying power he would have had only a pretty talent; but with his sustained gaiety, invention, and unaffected literary graces he was unique. He was greatly afraid when he was dying that his fame would die with him; but as long as the French tongue lives and mankind wants easily digested and amusing books to read his works will be republished.

I did not meet the elder Dumas until he was on the wane, but was acquainted with him before he fell under the influence of Adah Isaacs Menken. When young, his hair was fair, then dark, but when I saw him it was gray, and in texture less woolly than the negro's. His lips were thick, and extended from ear to ear when he laughed, and his teeth were uneven and set apart from each other. He flattered himself that his nose was straight. It was, however, lumpy, with wide, strongly marked, and quivering nostrils. To the pride of life he was insensible. But he was a slave of the flesh, though in a fitful way; and the never-ending pressure of creditors obliged him to react against his conviviality. One saw that he was a force of nature and a child of nature. His small hands and feet, and his singularly acute though good-natured blue eyes, alone indicated blood derived from a long line of civilized Northern ancestors. There were traces of Africa in his speech. His laugh was a guffaw, but its hilarity was contagious. When a case of suffering was made known to him his face at once fell, and if he knew the sufferer the broad face contracted, and he howled until he had spent his grief. Mme. Dorval, whom he and Victor Hugo thought the greatest actress of her time, for emotional parts, used to call him her «bon chien» and her «gros chien.» In the hour of death she did not lay aside this term of endearment, which any one else would have resented. He was doggish in many respects, but of the generous, impulsive Newfoundland type.

The revolution of February, by transferring the drama from the stage to the streets, ruined the theaters of Paris, and among them Dumas's «Théâtre Historique.» Mme. Dorval, who was engaged in his troupe, had to seek provincial engagements. After a while she

went back to Paris to die. She was in poverty, and was tormented by the fear of being buried in the paupers' trench and separated from her grandchildren. She thought of her old friend, bankrupt Dumas, and a messenger from her found him at the Français directing the rehearsal of the «Testament of Cæsar.» He threw down his manuscript and went with all speed to the other side of the town, where she lodged. She told him she should die of despair if she could not have a private grave. It would cost seven hundred francs for five years. Dumas promised her that it should be as she wished, and when she expired went to seek the money for the grave. There were two hundred francs in his desk. Where in the world was he to get the rest? He ordered the coachman to drive to the Minister of Public Instruction, M. de Falloux, whom he did not know personally, and who was clerical and monarchical, while he was republican. «Excuse me, M. le Ministre,» he said when he was announced, «if an instinctive sympathy prompts me to request a service of you.» M. de Falloux bowed. «Mme. Dorval is dead, but in such poverty that her friends and admirers must give her a grave and pay for her funeral. I am both a friend and admirer and debtor, but am now in difficulties, so that I can pay only a third.» The minister handed his visitor a hundred-franc note. Hugo was next tried, and subscribed two hundred francs. Dumas overcame his repugnance to the Prince President, and went to call at the Élysée. Napoleon was as impecunious as the novelist, and made all sorts of promises and apologies. «What a fool I am!» thought Dumas. «Have I not the grand diamond star of the Order of Nischam, which the Sultan gave me when I was in Constantinople?» This token of the Grand Turk's favor was taken to the mont-de-piété to be pawned. Two thousand francs were advanced on it, out of which the owner took five hundred francs for immediate expenses and to stop the mouth of a dun. M. Camille Doucet represented the Ministry of the Fine Arts at the grave, and made a farewell speech. Dumas went in his turn to address the mourners, but his sobs prevented him. He could only pick a flower from a crown on the coffin, kiss it, and throw it into the open grave.

Dumas never found anybody to whom he could attach himself and whom he could revere as a master until he fell in with Garibaldi in Sicily. But the jealousy of the Neapolitan lazzaroni because the dictator gave him the unsalaried post of director of museums and a *palazzino* for a residence disgusted him with Italy and the Italians, and prompted him to go back to Paris to resume neglected tasks. He was a poor courtier and a very sincere republican; but when he suddenly became a lion, and was raised by the Duc d'Orléans to the post of his librarian, he contracted a friendship for the Duc de Chartres. After 1830, when the son took his father's title and became prince royal, he and Dumas remained on terms of charming familiarity. The author's lodging was then in the Rue de Rivoli, facing the end of the Tuileries, in which the heir apparent and his wife resided. The two men used to signal to each other from their windows. No friend expressed such deep and consoling sympathy as the eldest son of Louis Philippe when Dumas's mother was struck down with paralysis and carried off. The blow was a severe one. It came in the midst of a theatrical rehearsal which presaged a triumph. For three days he was inert and morally prostrate. The day after the funeral he was busy preparing to make a journey.

Dumas does not seem at any time to have thought seriously of matrimony. Perhaps, had the Rouennaise seamstress been free to marry him, his relations with her would have been legalized and the current of his life would have run in a less zigzag channel. She was a person of rare constancy of purpose and dignity of character, living always by her work, and carefully watching over her son. When she and Dumas quarreled, the filiation of the younger Alexandre was «recognized» by the elder, a legal formality which gave him paternal rights and enabled the father to take him from his mother and place him as a boarder in the Collège Chaptal. But as the father's anger was evanescent and his heart soft and righteous, the maternal claims were not long denied. The woman urging them sought and obtained, to be near her child, the direction of the linen and the shirt-mending department in the college, and not only lived on her salary, but made provision to help her son forward when he grew up, and for her own old age. The son cherished her in her life and revered her memory. As he married a Russian lady of high rank, his mother would not live with him when he was rich and renowned until she felt she was dying. This was in 1868. The prodigal father, who hardly deserved the name of Dumas *père*, was then broken in health and falling into the state of permanent somnolency which took hold of him before his death. His daughter, Mme. Petel, with impulsive generosity, asked him to make her half-brother legitimate by marrying his mother *in extremis*, and this he did.

Dumas the younger saw through the flatterers and false friends who preyed on Dumas the elder, and the latter often hid them when he received a call from his son. When he was on the wane one of the parasites got fifty thousand francs out of him. This is how he did it. He called on the novelist, and in a melancholy tone related how, through undeserved misfortunes, he had lost his patrimony, and, indeed, all in the world except the clothes on his back and the watch in his pocket. He would be obliged to sell the chronometer at once. As it was a family relic, he thought of asking a glorious writer to buy it, for it would be painful to him to dispose of it to a grasping jeweler. «How much do you want?» asked Dumas, who was in no need of a watch. «Three hundred francs,» replied the caller. «That's nothing for it, but I shall be proud to think you own it.» On searching in his desk and pockets, the author found he had only five francs, which he handed to the distressed visitor, whom he told to call again in a few days and he would pay the rest. This was done, but the house was nearly bare of money. «Would a bill payable in a month do for you?» asked Dumas. «Certainly,» cried the young man, who was of Oriental race; «and I know a usurer who will discount it at a loss of only fifty francs.» The visitor was retiring when he was called back. «Since you know a money-lender who would discount my signature, could you get him to let me have one thousand francs for three months?» «Certainly.» «I see you are an intelligent fellow, and as I want a confidential secretary, perhaps you would like the place. You will have board and lodging, and not much to do beyond answering creditors and settling money affairs.» The vender of the watch accepted the offer. Interest and compound interest went on accumulating on the three hundred francs. Finally, on the day on which Dumas sold the copyright of all his works to Michel Lévy for twenty years, he gave the vender of the chronometer an order on that publisher for 300 francs plus 49,700 francs for accumulated compound interest. It is needless to add that the obliging person who took such high rates of usance was the secretary himself.

When he was for a summer at the Villa Catinat at Enghien, working morning, noon, and night for newspapers, publishers, and theaters, his house was an inn for amateur musicians. When one starved musician had appeased his hunger he told another of his luck, and that other passed on the tidings to another. Dumas did not enjoy the companionship of this mob. When credit was low and the cook had resigned, Dumas had often to prepare repasts himself. A great dish of his was rice with tomatoes, which he once improvised when the larder was nearly empty and about twenty musical parasites were waiting for *déjeuner* in the grounds of his villa. He had made a search for provisions, in the course of which he came upon a basket of tomatoes freshly culled in the garden, a bag of rice, and some ham. The tomatoes were quickly transformed into a scarlet gravy, in which the rice was then boiled. When it was dished it was garnished with rashers of the ham and hard-boiled eggs. There was excellent wine in the cellar, and the lake yielded some eels. In culinary matters Dumas's invention was as great as in writing novels. When he shot game or bought it, his cook always asked if he or she was to dress it. Dumas had often to break up his establishment and go traveling abroad to get rid of parasites who quartered themselves on him, and to keep out of a debtors' prison—an institution suppressed in France only toward the end of the Second Empire. But as soon as he was out of Paris he forgot all about his embarrassments. At his architectural folly of Monte Cristo, near St.-Germain-en-Laye, which he built at a cost of upward of 700,000 francs, and sold for 36,000 francs in 1848, Dumas had uninclosed grounds and gardens, which, with the house, afforded lodgings and entertainment not only to a host of Bohemian «sponges,» but to all the dogs, cats, and donkeys that chose to quarter themselves in the place. It was called by the neighbors «la maison de Bon Dieu.» There was a menagerie in the park, peopled by three apes; Jugurtha, the vulture, whose transport from Africa, whence Dumas fetched him, cost 40,000 francs (it would be too long to tell why); a big parrot called Duval; a macaw named Papa and another christened Everard; Lucullus, the golden pheasant; Cæsar, the game-cock; a pea-fowl and a guinea-fowl; Mysouf II., the Angora cat; and the Scotch pointer Pritchard. This dog was a character. He was fond of canine society, and used to sit in the road looking out for other dogs to invite them to keep him company at Monte Cristo. He was taken by his master to Ham to visit Louis Napoleon when a prisoner there. The latter wished to keep Pritchard, but counted without the intelligence of the animal in asking Dumas before his face to leave him behind. The pointer set up a howl so piteous that the governor of the prison withdrew the authorization he had given his captive to retain him.

Some of the dogs that Pritchard invited in stayed altogether; others remained only for a meal. One day Michel, the gardener, said to his employer, «Does monsieur know how many dogs there are in his property?» «No, Michel; I don't.» «Well, there are thirteen.» «An unlucky number. Take care that they don't all eat together, for if they did one would be sure to die in the year.» «Oh, it 's not that that troubles me,» pursued Michel. «What is it, then?» «I 'm thinking that all these brutes are able to devour in one day a whole ox, horns and all.» «You don't mean to say that they 'd eat the horns?» «Oh, if monsieur takes the matter as a joke, I have nothing more to say.» «But I don't see any joke in it.» «Well, then, just let me lay the whip on twelve of them, and the house will be rid of them right away.» «Wait a bit, Michel. You see that all these dogs, in quartering themselves here, pay a compliment to the house. Give them a grand dinner to-morrow, and at the end of the dessert tell them to clear out. If they don't go, show severity.» Michel was withdrawing when Dumas relented. «Hold!» he cried. «You see, when the *bon Dieu* gives us riches, a fine house, and position, he also imposes charges upon us. Since the dogs—which, after all, are his creatures too—are in the house, I prefer that they stay. I don't believe that any one was yet ruined by what poor brutes ate. However, see that the number of thirteen is changed.» «Will monsieur let me turn one away, and then there will be only twelve?» «No; encourage Pritchard to invite another, which will bring them up to fourteen.» «But it will then be a pack.» «With all my heart, provided the dogs don't quarrel and go mad.» They never did bark and bite, but lived in fraternal kindness until Monte Cristo was sold. Dumas, before he left it, got thirteen friends to take as many dogs, and kept Pritchard, who died with him of old age.

Dumas could be pathetic only for a moment, and while describing an impression that wrung his own heart. If his facility of authorship had been less phenomenal he might have pondered more, dived deeper into the secret springs of human action, and become one of the greatest masters of fiction that ever lived. As it is, he is only a master entertainer. A convalescent whose brain is unequal to an effort of any kind, an idler on a wet day, a jaded man of business, will find in most of Dumas's novels entertainment from beginning to end. His heroes were hereditary survivals of his father's military adventures and impressions subjectively produced. They are gay, venturesome, bereft of moral perceptions, yet in the main capital fellows and for the most part soldiers of the Revolution in the picturesque dress of the seventeenth-century cavaliers.

Dumas believed in apparitions, spirits, and unseen influences, but he respected otherworldliness too much to make them agents in his novels. He always believed that his father's spirit came, just after it had quitted the body, to say farewell to him in the house of a neighbor to which he was sent to pass the night. He felt warm breath on his face, and heard a voice say: «Alexandre, I have come to bid you adieu. Be a good boy and love your mother.» When his strength was sinking he told Mme. Petel that he felt the presence of both his parents, and that they were anxious for him to be done with life, he having exhausted everything that was worth living for. After the death of Adah Isaacs Menken in 1868, Dumas fell into a state of torpor, which went on increasing until he became chronically inert. The last year of his life was a continual sleep. One of his last remarks, on seeing a twenty-franc piece which had been taken out of his waistcoat pocket by his son, was: «How can they say I am a prodigal? I came to Paris with a napoleon in my pocket, and there it has been kept for nearly forty years.»

Dumas the elder had a mental nature that brought forth spontaneously and abundantly. He had the genius of strong dramatic situations, and there was a fine efflorescence of life in his characters. But it was not real life: it was something entirely evolved from the author's brain. He received his mental impetus from Scott, toyed with history, saw its pageantry, and penetrated into none of its philosophy. His works did not outlive him; that is to say,—except on the stage,—they do not interest this analytical generation. In literature nothing can bear the test of time that is not deeply thought as well as deeply felt and closely observed. Dumas did none of these three things. The man was much greater than his works, and he was a most interesting type of semi-tropical humanity and good-natured, genial savagery.

Emily Crawford.

A WINTER HOUSE-PARTY.

T was pleasant tidings to all concerned that a woman of fashion and consequence, yclept by her friends Mrs. «Algy» Bliss, had taken it into her good-natured head to open a big house she owned in the hill-country some hours out of town, warm it to summer heat, stock it with cates and comforts, servants and recent magazines, and ask twenty people to come there for a midwinter house-party.

The season of gaieties in town had just reached the happy point when the healthy boys and girls of this athletic generation, who are its chief supporters, felt themselves overdone with artificial pleasures. To most of them the real entertainment of life consists not in dancing,—that fade resource of outworn society,—but in golf, bicycling, riding, tobogganing, and the like, so that the prospect of a «Friday-to-Monday» out-of-doors was almost a requital for what they had undergone in the way of dinners, the opera, and balls. As for the semi-occasional chaperon included in Mrs. Algy's invitations, she could look forward to an oasis of good food and good company, with leave to go to bed early in the soothing silence of a wide amphitheater of hills, and to wake up late with no sound of vehicles rattling upon a stony street to distress her nerves.

Mrs. Algy's hospitality was therefore rewarded by unanimous acceptance, and prompt appearance at the tryst. Twenty-four hours of fun and frolic with Dame Nature in winter livery had put the party in the very best of spirits. They had come down for a skating contest upon a pretty sheet of crystal, girdled with tall woods and cheered by two mighty bonfires on the shore, which sent billowing smoke-wreaths high toward the heavens already streaked with the crimson of the sunset.

The point of meeting and departure for the skaters was a rustic tea-house near the edge of the lake, fitted inside with a picturesque jumble of Eastern draperies and screens and studio «effects» in general.

In a massive fireplace constructed of rocks, to which still clung the moss and lichens of the woods, a fire of logs of hickory was burning. Before it was spread a Turkish rug, and on this little island of gay color appeared a tea-table, presided over by Mrs. Algy herself, well wrapped in becoming furs. Upon the good lady's handsome face was seen no mark of care surpassing her anxiety that everybody should have the right number of lumps of sugar in his tea. A pair of admirable footmen, moving about with cups, seemed to have been expressly provided by Providence to forestall Mrs. Algy's needs.

Standing by her hostess, one slender foot on the low wrought-iron fender, was a tall, distinguished-looking girl, with rather weary large blue eyes. One could see at a glance that she had been «out» for several seasons, and had not yet done with theories.

In a wicker chair drawn up to get the best part of the blaze sat a lady, also unmarried, no longer young, not pretty, but possessed of a certain decorative quality in attire. Miss Brenton was desirable to hostesses in that she was passed along their line burdened with the most recent budget of infinite nothings concerning the only people really worth hearing about—the members of their own set. At the present moment, while apparently stirring her tea, she was actually engaged in watching the effect upon her former schoolmate, Gwendolyn Talcott, of a speech she had thought well enough of to reiterate.

«Yes, I had it—if not exactly in so many words—from the girl's own mother to-day. Pray how does it strike you, Gwendolyn?»

«How does any announcement of a new engagement strike any one? A little wonder, a little babble, and the thing glides down the stream,» said Miss Talcott, taking her foot from the fender, and beginning to pull on her jacket to go out.

«Let me help you with your sleeves, dear,» exclaimed Miss Brenton, jumping up to face Gwendolyn, as she effusively performed the proferred service.

«Is n't she rather young for him?» asked Mrs. Algy, who was never too much surprised by anything.

«Young!» exclaimed Miss Brenton, her eyes fixed upon Gwendolyn's face, while hovering officiously about her. «Bless me! dear Mrs. Bliss, do you forget that for a man time stands still between thirty and forty, and Brook is n't more than thirty-two? It 's a dreadfully unfair distribution of things; for here Gwendolyn and I, at twenty-six, are already 'old girls.' All the younger set call

us ‹Miss,› and get up and offer us seats when we come into the room. Besides, a man like Brook, who has seen everything, needs, when he marries, to be refreshed, amused, looked up to as an oracle. He does n't want a mature being with a mission behind his coffee-urn, but a little pink-and-white Dresden shepherdess like Gracie. Lucky Brook! He can be choosing still, while Gwen and I must wait to be picked up, and thank the picker—eh, Gwendolyn?»

Miss Talcott made no reply, but Mrs. Algy supplied the deficiency. She was conscious of a trifling mental discomfort that neither of the admirable footmen could remove.

«Then that accounts for it. My husband wired me this morning that Brook would probably come up with him this afternoon to stay over Sunday. And here I was wondering why he was so sociable all at once, when he has never before accepted one of my invitations. I think Mrs. Wotherspoon might have given a hint of this first to me instead of to you, Josephine. She said it was neuralgia that kept her at the house this afternoon.»

«Don't be severe on her, dear,» said Josephine Brenton, nimbly. «Think what a rise for the Wotherspoons to intermarry with the Brooks!»

«Gracie is my Clara's age,» pursued the matron; «and I should never have thought of Clara and Mr. Brook together. The child is pretty, of course, for any one who admires excessively fair hair and pink cheeks,»—the Misses Bliss were as brown as hot-cross buns,—«but I 've often felt like telling poor Mrs. Wotherspoon that her daughter was overdressed, especially when I saw her come out just now in white cloth lined with rose-color. So theatrical, I think; don't you?»

«I heard Brook himself say last summer at Newport that the girl looked like a fashion-plate on rollers,» remarked Josephine. «But perhaps she will get over that second-rate taste when she marries Brook. Any rate, Mrs. Brook can dress as she pleases.»

«Should you think a white skating costume would be becoming to Clara?» asked Mrs. Bliss, a little anxiously.

«Clara's brown and crimson is so perfect,» answered Miss Brenton, loyally, while helping herself to another *pâté* sandwich; and Mrs. Bliss allowed herself to be convinced.

As the door on the lake side of the house opened at this moment to let in, on a burst of frosty air as stirring as the blare of a trumpet, a group of merry, chattering young people,—conspicuous among whom was the white-vestured maiden under recent discussion,—Gwendolyn Talcott, her fur collar pulled up well about her cheeks, a little black veil drawn down over her eyes, started to pass out along the way by which they came.

«Oh! I wanted so much to talk to you about being secretary to our new Society for Inducing Citizens not to Strew Paper in the Streets,» interposed her hostess, with a sort of parenthetical breathlessness that was common to her.

«Another time,» said Gwendolyn. She longed to be out of the atmosphere in which she was beginning to believe the best part of her had been wrecked. Passing through the incoming crowd, she found a boy to put on her skates, and was soon alone with her thoughts, speeding swiftly over the farthest confines of the lake.

At eighteen she had been as lovely and blooming and impetuous a young creature as one would wish to see. Her father, well-born, indulgent, and of ample means, had placed her in uncontrolled possession of the reins of his establishment. All of his friends, and a new crop of her own, had speedily arisen to do her homage.

Had she been of a less masterful disposition, no doubt Miss Talcott would have married early, and at the present moment would have been filling a place in the ranks of young matrons elate with hackneyed joys. But at first she was intoxicated by her opportunity for power. Her scope to rule, to adjust, to dictate other people's affairs had proved too tempting. Gwendolyn had verily believed that her fine intuitions were intrusted to her for the use of humanity at large. No sacrifice of self, no exertion, was too great, so long as she could be informing her fellow-beings of what was best for them. By these efforts she dreamed of molding her own life into some new titanic form, at which women condemned to mediocrity might gaze, on its pedestal in the chilly corridors of the temple of Fame.

To such an exalted frame of mind suitors, naturally, were a jarring interruption. Those who presented themselves were refused by her with the gentle severity of one misunderstood. She told her father once, with heavenly magnanimity, that she was not angry with a man who had asked her to be his wife, but disappointed, because she had thought him possessed of a higher intelligence than the rest. This lover was Louis Brook; and three years later he had repeated his offer, with the same success.

In the interval Gwendolyn's boundless energy of character and her splendid health

had sent her upon a steeplechase after charity and philanthropy, which resulted, on the whole, in wasting a great deal of her time, and in confirming in wrong-doing many dependents upon society. She had many disappointments, and of disillusions not a few.

After that, Miss Talcott's intellect assumed sovereign control of her. In crowded gatherings for social interchange she pleased herself by fancying her own a lonely spirit, and as a consequence was often left alone in body. Every-day people soon tire of superiority, and forsake it as cheerfully as congregations do the clergyman after he has shut up his sermon-case for another week.

Still, Miss Talcott was not without her vogue, and as a figurehead of originality was put forward by her friends whenever a demand for that variety of womankind was made. People looked to her to arise if there was a visiting author or foreign *bel esprit* before whom it was deemed necessary to illustrate American culture.

The two people whom, during her years of experiments, Gwendolyn had most nearly admitted to her intimacy, were her father and Louis Brook. The first, because he was always cheerful, long-suffering, and brave enough to kiss her in the middle of one of her dissertations, and to go off down-town. The second, since nothing that had passed between them had robbed her of his friendship, or of his evident preference for her society. For six long years, in season and out, Brook had been in the habit of visiting her, walking with her, dropping in to dinner on Sunday evenings, writing her nice notes, and sending her new books and flowers. Except during the brief periods when he had lost his head and proposed, he had always preserved toward her the attitude of quiet receptivity of her ideal man. Two or three weeks before the present date he had gone across the continent on a matter of business, and until Mrs. Bliss had announced the fact Gwendolyn did not even know of his return eastward. As to his sentimental alliance with the prettiest débutante of the year, she had not dreamed of the like of that.

She recollected now that the pretty child had been making timid overtures to her since they had been thrown together here yesterday. She had several times caught Gracie's eyes fixed upon her face with a reverential expression, to which, however, Gwendolyn was rather too accustomed from young admirers to have made special note of it in this case. But, flying now over the glassy plain, as the evening shadows gathered upon the valley, and in the opal of the sky shone a crescent moon, she felt a resentful rush of blood to her cheeks.

Brook's wife—this callow intelligence, this mere piece of prettiness! And her people his—worse and worse! It was inconceivable that he should allow himself to be dragged out of his element and landed upon that distinctly foreign shore. Brook, a calm, clear-sighted, refined, intellectual man, who could not, any more than herself, abide the veneered side of society; who had always shrunk from contact with the types of the Wotherspoon species; who was noted for his exclusion of «show» people from his intimacy—as well expect him to put on cap and bells and dance a fandango in the middle of a cotillon. The story was evidently one of Josephine's ingenuities of annoyance. Who as well as Gwendolyn could know the absurdity of it? Who as well understand that in reality Brook had been for years entirely content with the rôle she had apportioned him?

From the incredulous mood she passed into one of retrospect. For the first time in her life, perhaps, she thought more of Brook than of herself. Their experiences together, unrolled in memory, showed him wise, patient, forbearing with her, because his strength of character enabled him to be so. There had never, in her acquaintance, been a man so noble, so truly fit to share and guide an ambitious woman's life. If he had a fault, it was an indolence of manner that encouraged her own impetuosity; yet who would want to go through life with a man exactly like one's self? Oh, no; there was nobody like Brook!

Tossing her head, Gwendolyn laughed aloud. In her absorption she had not noticed that the lake was now free of skaters. One of the two men who were about to rake out the bonfires came to her, speaking civilly.

«I beg pardon, miss, but there 's been some mistake, I think. The boy that was told to tell you when the last carriage was ready to start ran home to his supper, and they 've all gone and left you. If you 'll step inside the tea-house, of course Mrs. Bliss will be sending back for you presently. It would n't be more than half an hour to wait.»

«Oh, it 's no matter; I 'll walk,» she answered, with more suavity than the countryman had expected from this handsome, haughty young lady.

«No doubt you 'll meet the trap, miss,» he said, while unbuckling her skates. «If you like, I 'll go with you.»

But Gwendolyn would not hear of this. She reveled in the prospect of a solitary

tramp under the new moon and the sparkling planets that gemmed the steely sky. As she set off through the woods, her nostrils were greeted by faint, delicious scents of forest spicery, and the dead leaves underfoot gave forth a sound as pleasant to her ear as the tinkle of the streamlet that, in spots, escaped from its glittering prison and prattled of spring to come.

It was cold as the night drew on apace, but the air was dazzling clear. Was it rapid exercise or a new joy bounding in her bosom that exhilarated her so gloriously? Was the world really renewed in beauty, or had she just been born again into it? Her cares, her doubts, her fears, had fallen away; she felt gay and lightsome, and ready for any frolic enterprise. Catching a silvery thread of swift-running water from a spring on the hill above was a trough by the roadside; she bent over to taste of it, and could feel that her lips and her cheeks were glowing, but not with cold.

Through the dusk of the highroad she presently sighted approaching her the bright tip of a cigar. Something told her that Brook was coming, and for the first time in their intercourse she felt her heart leap up within her at his approach. As he greeted her in the old, familiar, quiet way, she became aware, as by a lightning flash, that for years he had been indispensable to the healthy happiness of her life.

«Of course, when I found out that you were left behind,» he said, «I asked to be put out of the wagonette to walk back, on the probability that you would prefer setting out on foot to waiting. You see, I got to the tea-house just in time to return with the last party, and as soon as it was discovered you should have been with us, I quitted them. The carriage, however, will soon be upon us.»

And, in effect, the carriage lamps were perceived in a moment, gleaming on the descent of a steep bit of hill ahead.

«How tiresome, when I had far rather walk!» she exclaimed, with almost the wilful intonation of a child.

She had let her hand rest in his, and Brook was struck by this unusual action, and by a joyous thrill in her voice. It somehow carried him back to the day when she had stood in a high white frock before a screen of the bouquets sent by her father's friends, and courtesied to half New York.

«There is really no good reason why we should take the carriage,» he said, laughing. So the coachman was ordered to turn around, and the horses started briskly homeward.

Thus the two pedestrians had to themselves the silent, starlit world, the fields about them guarded by couchant hills, with here and there farm-house or cottage lights trembling out upon the slopes.

For a time Gwendolyn, her hands clasped in her muff, kept quietly in step with her companion in the road bordered by banks showing dim *chevaux-de-frise* of bare thorns and alder-bushes and dead mullein spears. She did not want to spoil the hour by trite questions about trains and time-tables and telegrams. On Brook, also, the spell of reticence had descended.

«How beautiful this is!» he said at length, in a voice that did not seem to her quite natural.

«And we are to have it for a whole day and evening yet, and part of another day still,» she answered, almost exultingly.

«I always told you you should have lived in the country,» he returned. «But, then, what would have become of your mission to help your fellow-beings? Though I suppose one fellow-being, if he were all you could get hold of, would be as big a jewel in your crown as a lot of them that came to you easily. Still, you could never have borne monotony.»

«Oh, don't remind me of my mistakes!» she cried. «That is the way you have often ended by condemning me seriously when you began to say something quite light and airy.»

«I have never intentionally condemned you —or judged you, as to that. You have been the one person of my acquaintance privileged to confuse my sense of—»

«I hope you are not going to add, right and wrong,» she said, as he paused.

«Hardly that. But I think I might have saved you from some of the annoyances I let you run upon simply because you went at them with such splendid dash—such belief in your own infallibility—a sort of archangel's swoop through the ether, it seemed to me.»

«What a vain, bruised mortal it generally was that you ran to help after her fall, and set to work preening her borrowed pinions! Ah, well, I have learned wisdom. Those days are over forever. Hereafter I am going to creep instead of swooping.»

«This is not creeping, certainly. Your tread is so light and almost martial. It is delightful to me to think of you as vigorous and hopeful at a time in a young woman's experience when so many of them look pulled down and disheartened and uncertain.»

Surprised by his tone, she turned quickly toward him. «That sounds like a valedictory.

Or are you making late amends for previous hard judgment?»

«No; but I, who have borne with you the strain of the fray, feel privileged to congratulate you upon approaching victory. I believe you are going to be happier hereafter. Something tells me you are to find your long-sought clue to life; and, believe me, I—even I—can rejoice in it.»

«Even you? Why, what do you mean? If it were not you, I should say there is a tinge of bitterness in your voice. That is what I don't look for from you, who have spoiled me —perhaps.»

«Perhaps; though I don't know that I would recall it if I could.»

«At any rate, you have nothing with which to reproach yourself, and it is I who have suffered all,» she said, with an attempt at lightness, half alarmed at the unwonted gravity of his manner.

«Suffered!» he burst forth, as if irresistibly. «Great heavens! I believe you don't know the meaning of the word! Suppose you had been condemned to serve one purpose with all your might for years, until long waiting for reward had rusted your heart's core. A hundred times I have said to myself, ‹She is a woman who has cultivated herself to catch every echo of human woe and solace it, and yet she plays with mine.› And now you say, ‹It is I who have suffered all›!»

Gwendolyn, although greatly perturbed, did not answer. She was gathering up her forces for the belated avowal she had determined presently to yield him—the avowal so richly deserved, that would make their past a blank and flood their future with delight. In the interval it was almost a luxury to hear herself thus denounced by him.

«Yes, a hundred times,» he went on, «and oftener, I have left you, wounded to the quick. If there had been another Richmond in the field I 'd have dropped out long ago; but I knew—I knew that I gave you the companionship no other man could offer, so I stifled my passion and resumed my patient attitude. Your dependence on me was my only requital. It was a poor part to play, I grant you; but for your sake I played it, and still you gave no sign. That you did feel my love and divine my hope I could not for a moment insult your intuition by doubting. I even believe you liked to feel it, and to know that, when you chose, at the lifting of a finger you could secure the pleasant emotion it would cause you.»

«Oh! But that *is* cruel!» she exclaimed, between quick breaths.

«Cruel, perhaps. If it is unjust, God forgive me, for I have suffered much. Consider, Gwendolyn, it is six years of a man's life you have appropriated, and given him nothing in return. There has not been a crank from any other country, that brought a fad over to our shores, whose lot you would not have set yourself to ameliorate in preference to mine. I should n't have felt this to be a wrong, mark you, had I not believed that, deep down in the bottom of that veiled heart of yours, there was all along an intention to put me, some day, out of my misery by making me your husband. But even that illusion went at last, and the result—»

He stopped. She was trembling so violently that he extended his arm to steady her; then abruptly withdrew it, and instead laid her hand within his arm. When Gwendolyn felt she could control her voice, her words came out with a passionate flow and emphasis that astonished beyond measure the man who had thought he knew her better than any one.

«I see it all now. Oh, go on! Say more—say anything, if it is a relief to you. I suppose mine was one of those crimes the law does not reach; but God is my witness I did not mean to go so far. I think a girl can't always understand what a man may feel for her, even if she—I was vain, presumptuous, overbearing, if you please, but I was innocent of real harm—harm—to *you*—»

Could that, indeed, be Gwendolyn, so arch, so sad, so proud, so humble, so tender, so enchanting? She would not heed his movement as if to hold her back.

«It is true—all true—what you said just now. You saw right, you read my real self. Since I 've known you there was never really a moment—»

«In pity, Gwendolyn!» he exclaimed hoarsely.

They had reached the crest of a hill, and, over on the slope beyond, saw the great dark mass of the house facing them, light shining from every window. As she paused bewildered, he started away from her, making a gesture in its direction. Her arm, freed from his, dropped by her side, and they walked, speechless, to the gateway of the lodge, where a lamp revealed their faces to each other.

They exchanged one wretched glance, and in that moment something went out of his life, and out of hers, that was to come back no more.

Constance Cary Harrison.

THE PERILS OF SMALL TALK.

HE term «small talk» covers not merely the conversation of those who are supposed to lead the way in the regulation of what may be called polite speech—the flood of smart things and brilliant repartee, sprinkled with *bons mots*, and punctuated by the toe of a slipper or the end of a fan, as in other days by the tap on a jeweled snuff-box: it has a wider significance, and must be used to define the vapid and lazy speech of the world at large. If it were possible to report exactly the verbal intercourse of a small community, say for a day, and afterward to tabulate the different words and calculate their number, the result would probably be most curious, in showing not only the paucity of forms of expression, but the general intellectual atony which exists, except in a very limited direction. This scarcity of ideas and limitation of expression is of course most to be remarked in isolated localities where the happenings are of an ordinary kind. In such circles habitual salutations; unthinking inquiries as to health, which are repeated in the same form at nearly every meeting; inconsequential comments upon the weather, which are not always pertinent and are often grossly inappropriate; and other wordy exercises into which thought does not fully enter, form the basis of daily communication. One who is obliged to listen to the conversation of people in public conveyances, in places of entertainment, and in elevators, cannot fail to be impressed with this extremely limited use of words and the adoption of catch-phrases and slang, as well as with the vast amount of thought-saving expression, word repetition, and inapplicable phrasing employed.

While it is true that slang at times, as Buckle has said, becomes incorporated and eventually forms a part of the «active strength» of our language, it cannot be gainsaid that much evil is done during the preliminary stages of its introduction, and in its epidemic adoption it consists largely of what South calls «rabble-charming words,» which make only an acoustic impression. The foreign words, too, that garnish the small talk of a certain class of people are so common and so much in demand as to require in most English dictionaries many pages for their listing; and it is not unusual for persons who aspire to be what are known as «elegant conversationalists» to memorize, as a part of their social equipment, the phrases that have been so carefully selected for them by the lexicographer. There are, moreover, always one or two cant phrases that from time to time become fashionable and for the moment crowd out equally expressive and honester words of the native tongue. Some ear-pleasing expression is thus continually tossed about in the glib stream of chatter. The talker enjoys his new possession, and with the spirit that causes some people to repeat and coddle their own jokes, like a music-box playing the same tune over and over, the word or series of words eventually becomes so automatically and indiscriminately used that the speech-centers of the brain apparently act without inhibition or regulation, and undergo a species of local paroxysm, so that speech even becomes at times unconscious. In the ordinary talk of this sort figure largely habitual expressions betokening satisfaction, detestation, or some emotional condition, and these are the result of intellectual idleness or disease. Careless words of exclamation often give rise to absurd mistakes, as in the instance of the speaker who, in addressing a meeting of enthusiasts, exclaimed, «Thank God! I am an atheist.» Much of this laxity of speech is due to a condition of affairs which denotes that conversation has drifted into channels where the chatterer meets with the least resistance; a part is explained by the desire to say something, no matter what, because the maintenance of silence implies stupidity or a failure to rise to the requirements of the occasion.

Dr. William James, in his admirable «Psychology,» has called attention to the mental condition of the person who uses words which have no adequate connection with ideas, the sole purpose being to group them together in certain conventional ways, the form of expression alone being kept in mind; and he instances the exhorter who uses cant phrases for the purpose of producing desired oratorical effects. To this class belong the politician whose peroration is filled with florid and random figures of speech; the maid-servant who invariably «takes her pen in hand»; the stupid letter-writer who is well and expresses a dull hope as to the equal standing of health

of his correspondent; the gallant who has at the tip of his tongue a stock of repeated compliments; and persons whose intelligence or line of thought is limited—in short, all those whose speech is not silver, but leaden.

Speech is of course always the most important method of communication, embodying as it does the expression of ideas which are clothed in symbols and are the product primarily of visual, auditory, and other sensory perceptions and conceptions, and through the means of articulation and phonation are conveyed in a more or less impressive form and with greater or less facility. Eventually the extended vocabulary of the individual enters into conversation in a more or less automatic way, and it is only when it becomes hyper-automatic that a loss of control, with consequent disorder, ensues. There can be no doubt that the variety and number of word-images are proportionate to the intricacy and fullness of thought, although such thought may be at times disorderly. Moreover, the facility of expression and word selection is connected with certain anatomical variations of development of a demonstrable kind. According to Lombroso and others, in the brains of Gambetta, Wülfurt, and Huber the speech-centers (which are situated in the left third frontal convolution) were greatly developed; and this, in fact, is the case in men of genius generally, especially in those whose oratorical gifts and powers of expression are remarkable. In idiots and degenerates whose speech is limited the converse is true, and the emotional speech or unintelligent use of words is found. What has been known as «emotional speech» enters largely into small talk; it is only to a slight degree intellectual, and is apt to be reflex or automatic, and largely connected with gesticulation. A low grade is that used by animals to express their feelings, and which consists in certain noises adopted to give vent to feelings of pleasure, pain, or disappointment, and is characterized by a certain uniformity. Kussmaul has pointed out the fact that certain human exclamations, accompanied by appropriate motions of the mouth, are of this nature, indicating feeling without any very great intellectual participation. «Oh, my!» «Dear!» «Pooh!» «Ah!» «Tush!» and words of this kind, enter largely into the intercourse of many people. He whose pastime is small talk is prone to apply to his expressive needs the help of gesture, which usually lacks the coherency of the signs of the deaf-mute, or the elaborate movements of the clever mime, who actually learns a written part and expresses it by appropriate gestures, the word-symbols being ever before the mind's eye. The speech of such a one is trivial, and he gradually grows to express his emotional exuberance in gestures which cloak the real paucity of thought-speech.

The indiscriminate use of adjectives and interjections which supply the place of words of delicate comparison is a vice which betokens the abolition or impairment of healthy thought-speech function, and in the disease known as aphasia is very marked. The activity of the acoustic reflex explains the fondness for loud-sounding words of ignorant people, who imitate others and adopt such words or phrases without any apparent knowledge of what they mean.

How much actual cerebral deterioration is the result of effortless speech must be a matter of speculation; of course mere loquacity is unattended by proper cerebral exercise or intellectual effort, and even if a variety of words be used, such are not the product of healthy cerebration. Those who see much of the insane recognize under certain conditions the significance of such volubility, for it is often the precursor of mania or other mental disturbances. It is rather the province of the writer to show the actual involution that accompanies an improper or careless use of the speech-centers in the apparently healthy person, than as an expression of brain-disease. A number of polysyllabic words are used to express the disturbances of speech that follow the misuse of the mental and mechanical apparatus concerned in its production. These include the transposition of words or syllables, the grammatical vices, or the exaggeration of emotional speech. Under some circumstances the resulting disorders may closely resemble those due to actual structural disease of the brain, attended by disorganization of the speech-centers; but usually the perversion is functional, though obstinate, and bears the same relation to organic speech-defects that hysteria or other functional nervous conditions do to real disease. Some of this morbid derangement, when there is hyper-automatism, resembles certain well-known forms of «cramp» due to the repetition of such acts as writing, or those of a limited kind among artisans or musicians, where a small group of muscles is the seat of spasm; and these forms are designated as writers' cramp, telegraphers' cramp, violinists' cramp, etc. Under such circumstances there is usually little participation of thought in the oft-repeated act,

which becomes habitual, and the directing power is of an unconscious kind. The so-called « baby-talk » of silly people, the form of trivial conversation which consists in the use of diminutives and is employed especially by young lovers or by those who for the first time stray into the devious and flowery paths of matrimony, are examples of this defect which supplants the vigorous and wholesome expression of genuine feeling. This condition of affairs may sometimes amount to more than a mere eccentricity, and indicates a real failure upon the part of the individual to keep his word-symbols well in mind and in order.

« Thematic paraphasia » is the term applied to express the sudden digression by those whose minds are dominated by hobbies, and whose storehouse of ideas is almost empty except for one assertive train of thought which makes itself felt in a way to surprise the listener. These defects and others which are unmentioned do not prove an advance beyond the limits of ordinary mental health, but may simply indicate the formation of careless and often incurable habits; in other words, they need not be pathological, yet to those who witness the influence of bad habits of other kinds in the production of local disease they are alarming: possibility often becomes probability, and an actual mental involution may be detected. The continued disuse of a limb by a hysterical person results in a real paralysis or contraction, or something worse; the persistence of an improper muscular habit may end in actual abolition of function; so, too, the misuse of the speech-organs may engender grave disorders. If the effort be not made to clothe thought in proper language, it will be at the expense of the former; for words not only form « the link between the object and the memory of it,» but thoughts unassociated with words very soon die away from the memory.

What, then, is the remedy? The cultivation of deliberation and originality, and the *encouragement of occasional silence.* To do this is sometimes difficult, for it implies the mending of long-existing habits, and in some measure the very loss of individuality; for many of us are apt to take refuge in conversation behind phrases and tricks of speech that have served us well in the past. Good listening is conducive to expressive speech, and the words that are formed from violent impressions are not those betokening the exercise of clear thought.

When bad habits of speech do not mirror thought or more or less deliberate cerebration, there may be a distinct intellectual weakness approaching the dignity of disease; so, too, the conjugation of strong verbs with a weak inflection may constitute a depraved condition. The attempt to speak without sufficient attention to the subject-matter results in paraphasia where the sentence is transposed. In other words, this is often the result of an attempt of the person to keep his mind upon more than one thing at the same time; as, for instance, the embarrassed speech resulting from a piano-player's efforts to answer questions while he is playing, or the delightful scene in the first act of the « Professor's Love Story,» which is so well acted by Mr. Willard. The perfunctory consolation of the tired clergyman, the careless repetition of the question by the bored doctor, and the curious blunders of all those whose speech is that of the lips and not of the heart or brain, may be, and often are, examples of paraphasia, and from time immemorial have furnished material for Joseph Miller and others, whose witticisms have been recalled at the expense of worthy professional men.

The exercise of understanding and reason in restraining the feelings does more than anything else to form intelligent speech. The selection of good and simple English words of the most pregnant expressiveness will do much to keep the thought-speech centers in order. How far the use of slang is defensible is a matter of speculation. There is a constant injection into our language of terse expressions, many of which take their origin in the gutters and jails. So-called « Americanisms » not only find a place in the most serious utterances of statesmen and jurists and clergymen, but they are embalmed in kinds of literature where they would least be expected. Often they are utterly devoid of philological character, and at best they are adopted because they are phonetic or associated with some contemporaneous occurrence. It is to be deplored that in this country, as well as elsewhere, there is such a difference of character between the written thought and the conversation. The technical exactness of expression which is found in some of the best things we read shows that the supposed culture has not always molded the inner man. An instance of this is the disappointment we often feel in listening to the small talk of one who perhaps has hitherto been our literary idol.

Allan McLane Hamilton.

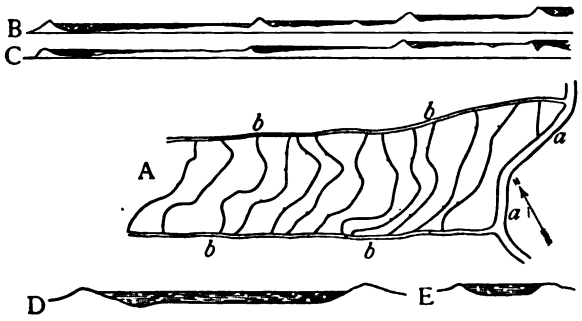
A NEW HOME IN THE ARID BELT.

WAYS AND MEANS IN ARID AMERICA.

THE best crop ever grown on the trans-Mississippi plains sprung from wheat which perished ungathered in the parching winds of a rainless summer; and the most valuable grist ever ground in that locality came from a mill projected, but never built. To explain this paradox is to record the most dramatic incident of an evolutionary process which revealed the extraordinary possibilities of an apparently worthless region, and established industrial forms, unique in Anglo-Saxon experience, as the foundation of economic life in half a continent.

The summer of 1878 was a phenomenal season throughout the strip of prairie country lying between the region of assured rainfall and the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains. The rains were abundant and well distributed, justifying the hopes of interested prophets who had long predicted that the rain-belt would move westward with population. The tide of settlement still pressed eagerly upon the open lands of Kansas and her sister States in the broad Mississippi basin. Nothing but the alluring promise of regular crops in the hitherto debatable ground of the western counties was needed to induce the rapid division of the old stock range into thousands of quarter-section farms, each with its home and its mortgage. This promise was supplied by the rainy season of 1878, and settlers came in swarms. It was the halcyon day of the town promoter and the builder of paper railroads. Under the strange spell of the «boom,» born of the fleet of prairie-schooners which glided in from the East, and magnified by the exhilarating influence of Western air and sunshine, impossible undertakings were inaugurated in every direction. Agriculture was to be the foundation of a new civilization which had driven first the buffalo, and later the steer, before its irresistible advance. The spirit of the people was well illustrated by the earnest appeal of an impecunious enthusiast who declared, at a meeting of his townsmen called to consider the urgent necessity of providing a new outlet for the anticipated fruits of the soil: «I will guarantee to build that railroad myself—if I can only raise money enough to file the articles of incorporation!»

In Finney County, near the western border of Kansas, thousands of acres were planted to wheat, and it seemed the sanest of projects to build a grist-mill to grind the crop. This was undertaken near the Arkansas River by enterprising merchants in the neighboring community of Garden City; but the new institution began and ended with a mill-race. Before the building and machinery were required, the wheat crop had surrendered to dry air and hot winds. The semi-arid character of the great plains west of the hundredth meridian, long known to stockmen and Indians, but denied by greedy land agents and discredited by eager and hopeful settlers, had again asserted itself with unmistakable emphasis. Not an acre of the crop was harvested. The prairie-schooners set sail and steered for other parts. Towns dwindled to mere hamlets. All the nebulous industrial, educational, and railroad projects suddenly descended



DRAWN BY D. B. KEELER. FROM REPORT OF THE SENATE COMMITTEE ON THE IRRIGATION AND RECLAMATION OF ARID LANDS.

METHOD OF IRRIGATION BY FLOODING.

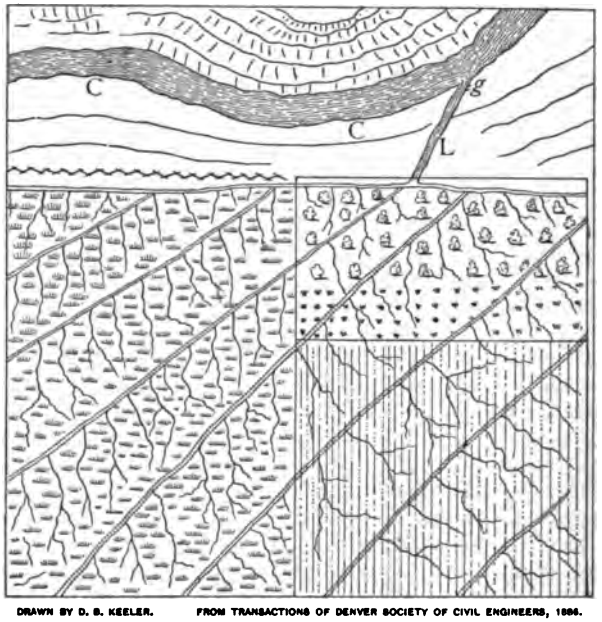
A, plan showing the marking off of lands into plots or "checks" by ridges thrown up along the contour lines; *a*, main canal; *b*, distributing ditches; B, section of two-foot contour checks; C, section of one-foot contour checks; D, cross-section of canal; E, cross-section of ditch.

from the sublime to the ridiculous. And yet the blighted seed was destined to bear another and far more fateful crop, and the forgotten mill-race on the banks of the Arkansas to grind a grist that would prove historic.

RISE OF IRRIGATION ON THE PLAINS.

A FEW settlers remained to rake amid the ashes of their ruined hopes. Among them was a man who had learned the methods of irrigation while living in California and Colorado. It happened that his land adjoined the abandoned mill-race, and he readily obtained the right to turn the water upon a part of his farm. The result, though not surprising to the practised irrigator, was a revelation to his thoroughly disheartened neighbors.

The soil which had produced nothing in the previous summer responded to the new method of cultivation with enormous crops of all varieties of products. In quality they surpassed anything previously grown in that region. As these facts became known a new hope arose, like a star in the night, against the dark background of past discouragements. The Garden City « experiment » became the Mecca of students of irrigation throughout the wide region devastated by the drought. The ruined crop of the previous year, and the useless mill-race, gave birth to an influence which in fifteen years has assumed far-reaching proportions. This influence, by revealing the need of irrigation in a territory which had hitherto depended entirely upon the rainfall, extended the known limits of arid America hundreds of miles to the eastward and more than one thousand miles north and south, thus adding to the empire of irrigation all the western portions of the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas, together with eastern Colorado. In this vast district it has begun to revolutionize both the industrial and social life of the people. It has compelled the attention of legislatures, created new laws and administrative systems in several States, wrung a few meager appropriations from Congress, and set on foot various industrial and educational undertakings. The problems of the semi-arid region are peculiarly its own, differing materially from those of the desert States west of the Continental Divide. The movement which has wrought these momentous changes alike in public sentiment and in methods of industry has found its warmest championship in Kansas, where it has been reduced to perfect organization through the instrumentality of press and platform. Throughout the semi-arid region, but particularly in Kansas, there are effective State, county, and township associations urging the adoption of irrigation as the price of prosperity, and extending, by means of conventions and popular literature, the common knowledge of its practical aspects.



DRAWN BY D. B. KEELER. FROM TRANSACTIONS OF DENVER SOCIETY OF CIVIL ENGINEERS, 1886.

METHOD OF IRRIGATION BY DIAGONAL FURROWS.
C, C, main canal; L, lateral canal; g, gate; = plow furrows.

HARNESSING THE WIND.

THE original mill-race was quickly extended and enlarged to the proportions of an irrigation canal. Foreign capital was enlisted, and other irrigation works were constructed along the Arkansas. But this river takes its rise in Colorado, and in that State enterprise was busy with the diversion of its waters. In the absence of any regulation of interstate streams by national authority, the Colorado irrigators absorbed all the water flowing during the irrigation season, leaving the canals of western Kansas as dry as her prairies. The investment of an English company in extensive works costing upward of a million dollars was practically destroyed by this unexpected turn of affairs. There were several similar losses

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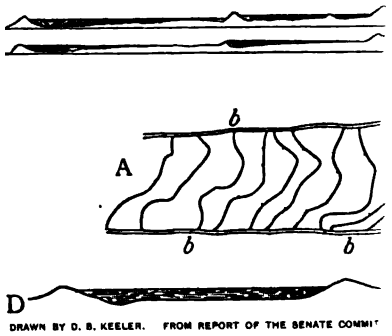

DRAWN BY O. B. KEELER. FROM REPORT OF THE SENATE COMMI
RECLAMATION OF ARID LANDS.

METHOD OF IRRIGATION BY FL

plan showing the marking off of lands into plots or "c
ng the contour lines; a, main canal; b, distributing dit
ntour checks; C, section of one-foot contour checks, I
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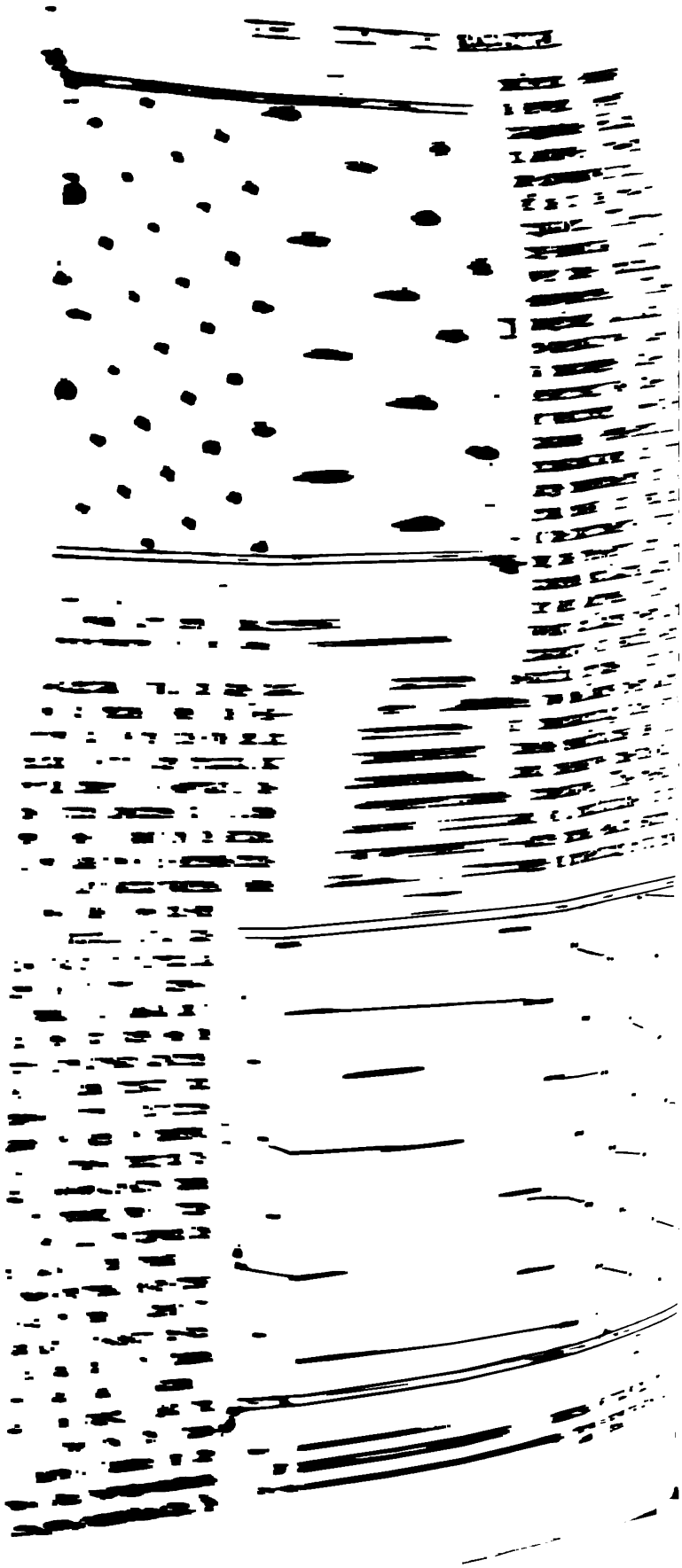

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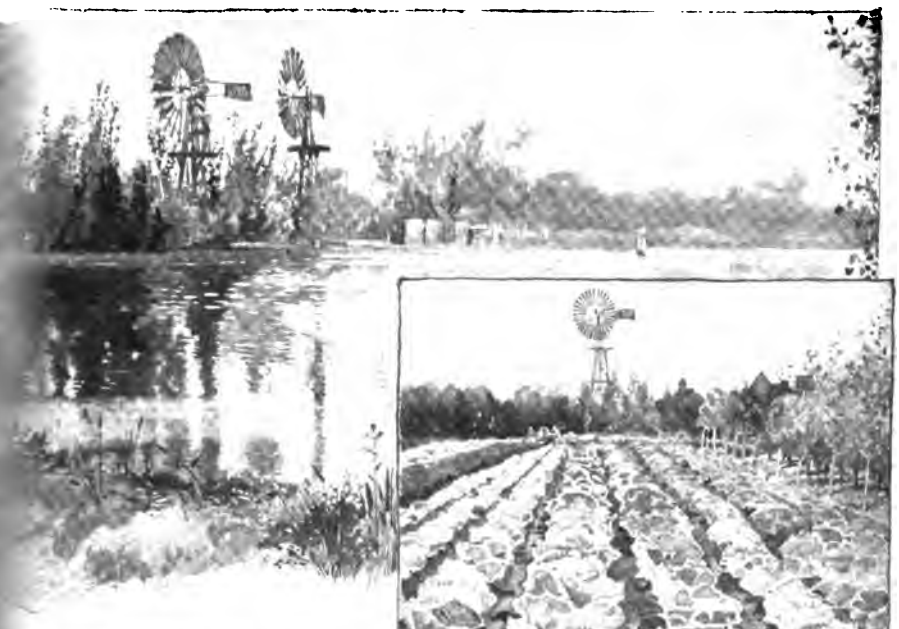


D RESERVOIR, GARDEN CITY, KANSAS.

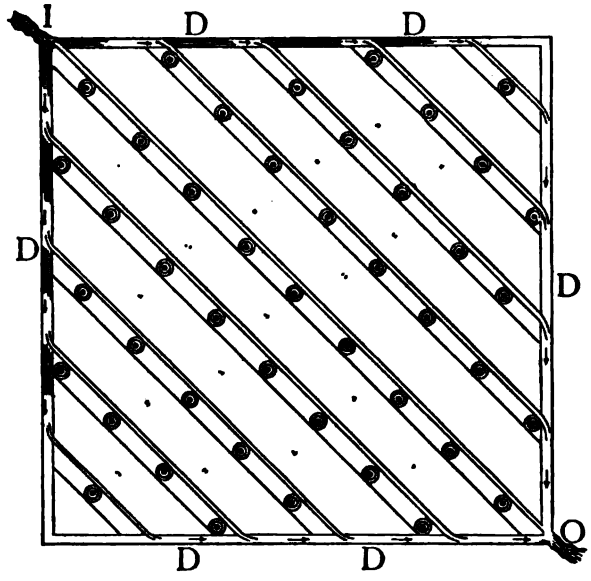
DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

CABBAGE FIELD, GARDEN CITY, KANSAS.

...nds variously planted to orchard, ...arden. These methods present a ...llel to European agriculture than ...lse found in this country, while the windmills suggest comparison with ... Nowhere are there sharper con... that which is presented by these fruitful farms gleaming like islands ... upon the brown bosom of the far... plains which have been seared by the ... of rainless winds. The uses of the ...reservoirs are not limited to irriga... are usually stocked with fish, which ...with surprising rapidity and enable ...er to include this item of home pro... his bill of fare every day in the ...ese fish are very tame, and in some ... actually trained to respond to the ...f the dinner-bell, coming in scurrying ... fight for crumbs of bread thrown ... water. The reservoirs also yield a ...le crop of ice in winter.

...indmill irrigation plant is mostly con... Kansas, from whose necessities it ...t is impossible at present to define ...ations. Its most enthusiastic friends ...hat it is applicable to the broad up... as well as to the river-bottoms, and ... has recently provided a State com... and an appropriation to make a thor...st of this possibility. The measure of ...ter-supply is the measure of valuable ...ttural land in the semi-arid region. In Dakota water is obtained from wide artesian basins, while Nebraska is reasonably supplied with surface streams; but everywhere throughout this region the underground waters will be brought up by pumping-plants when this can be economically done. Thousands of settlers who have faced starvation in many a dry year await with deep interest the full development of these possibilities. Their interest is shared by thousands of investors in Eastern States and foreign countries, who own mortgage debentures issued upon these dry farms. The aggregate sum of these mortgages is tens of millions of dollars. In 1890 only fifteen hundred farms were irrigated in this district, but the results of the movement have been chiefly developed during the last five years. The next national census will reveal an enormous increase of the industry on the plains.

The development of this source of supply,



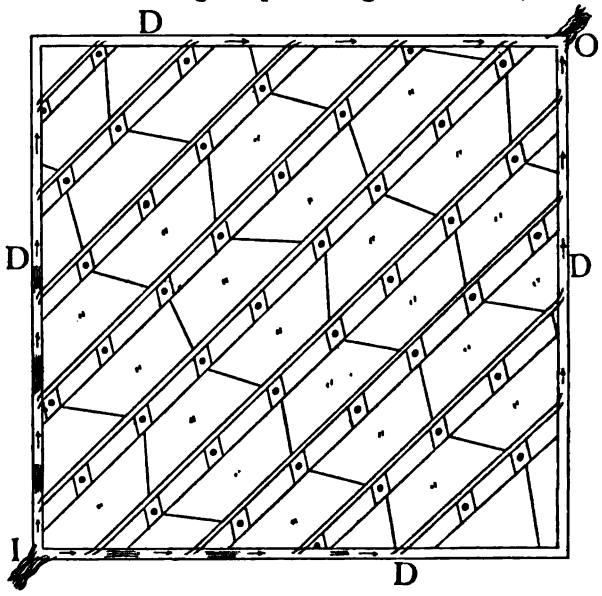
DRAWN BY D. B. KEELER.

PROFESSOR BLOUNT'S METHOD OF IRRIGATION.

● tree with encircling furrows; I, inlet; O, outlet; D, ditches; = furrows.

of less magnitude. It was at this stage that a noted wag remarked of some of the Western rivers that «they are a mile wide and an inch thick—they have a large circulation, but very little influence.» The observation is justified by surface appearances, but it is a case where all does not appear upon the surface. The great plains receive the enormous drainage of the Rocky Mountain watershed. Some of it goes to waste in floods and some is lost in evaporation, but vast quantities of water go into the ground and largely follow the gravelly courses of the streams. In the Dakotas and in Texas these earth waters seek the surface in great artesian outpourings. When the Kansas irrigators found themselves deprived of their surface supplies they sought the underflow, and in the process of finding and utilizing it developed an entirely unique and very promising mode of irrigation. Here at last they approach the final solution of their problem.

The new experiment, like the former one, was first made at Garden City, within sight of the historic mill-race. It was found that in the Arkansas valley water could be obtained by shallow wells ranging in depth from eight to twenty feet. This is raised by hundreds of windmills into hundreds of small reservoirs constructed at the highest point of each farm. The uniform eastward slope of the plains is seven feet to the mile. The indefatigable Kansas wind keeps the mills in active operation, and the reservoirs are always full of water, which is drawn off as it is required for purposes of irrigation. These small individual pumping-plants have certain advantages over the canal systems which prevail elsewhere. The irrigator has no entangling alliances with companies or coöperative associations, and is able to manage the water-supply without deferring to the convenience of others or yielding obedience to rules and regulations essential to the orderly administration of systems which supply large numbers of consumers. The original cost of such a plant, exclusive of the farmer's own labor in constructing his reservoirs and ditches, is two hundred dollars, and the plant suffices for ten acres. The farmer thus pays twenty dollars per acre for a perpetual guaranty of sufficient «rain» to produce bountiful crops; but to this cost must be added two dollars per acre as the annual price of maintaining the system. Farming under these conditions is limited to small areas, and intensive methods of cultivation become imperative. The result has been the evolution of a multitude of five-, ten-, and twenty-acre farms, each surrounded by its tall fringe of protecting cottonwoods, which



DRAWN BY D. B. KEELER.

NEW MEXICO METHOD OF FURROW IRRIGATION.

◇ tree with surrounding furrows; = furrows from ditches; I, inlet; O, outlet; D, ditches.

PUMPS AND RESERVOIR, GARDEN CITY, KANSAS.

inclose grounds variously planted to orchard, field, and garden. These methods present a closer parallel to European agriculture than anything else found in this country, while the numerous windmills suggest comparison with Holland. Nowhere are there sharper contrasts than that which is presented by these green and fruitful farms gleaming like islands of verdure upon the brown bosom of the far-stretching plains which have been seared by the hot breath of rainless winds. The uses of the artificial reservoirs are not limited to irrigation; they are usually stocked with fish, which multiply with surprising rapidity and enable the farmer to include this item of home produce in his bill of fare every day in the year. These fish are very tame, and in some cases are actually trained to respond to the ringing of the dinner-bell, coming in scurrying shoals to fight for crumbs of bread thrown upon the water. The reservoirs also yield a profitable crop of ice in winter.

The windmill irrigation plant is mostly confined to Kansas, from whose necessities it grew. It is impossible at present to define its limitations. Its most enthusiastic friends assert that it is applicable to the broad uplands as well as to the river-bottoms, and Kansas has recently provided a State commission and an appropriation to make a thorough test of this possibility. The measure of the water-supply is the measure of valuable agricultural land in the semi-arid region. In

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

CABBAGE FIELD, GARDEN CITY, KANSAS.

Dakota water is obtained from wide artesian basins, while Nebraska is reasonably supplied with surface streams; but everywhere throughout this region the underground waters will be brought up by pumping-plants when this can be economically done. Thousands of settlers who have faced starvation in many a dry year await with deep interest the full development of these possibilities. Their interest is shared by thousands of investors in Eastern States and foreign countries, who own mortgage debentures issued upon these dry farms. The aggregate sum of these mortgages is tens of millions of dollars. In 1890 only fifteen hundred farms were irrigated in this district, but the results of the movement have been chiefly developed during the last five years. The next national census will reveal an enormous increase of the industry on the plains.

The development of this source of supply,

however, important and interesting as it is, does not in the least abate the demand for national action looking to the wise regulation of interstate streams. The salvation of great investments, and the extension of the irrigable area to the rich upland prairies, which cannot be economically irrigated by wells, demand that the flood-waters of such rivers shall be conserved and equitably divided between States to which they naturally belong. This matter will involve one of the larger problems of the near future. But while irrigation in the semi-arid region possesses strong elements of

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

A SMALL FARM IN THE SEMI-ARID REGION.

dramatic interest, it is not there that the real industrial life of arid America can best be studied.

THE ART OF MANAGING «THE RAIN.»

IRRIGATION as a practicable art is generally misunderstood in localities where it is never applied. Even in parts of the West where it is sorely needed the prejudice against it was formerly so strong that its advocacy was repressed as scarcely better than a traitorous «libel» on the country. Irrigation, at first thought, seems like a somewhat sorry expedient to remedy the shortcomings of the weather clerk, and is quite generally regarded as a crude Western device of merely local interest. These impressions completely reverse the facts of the matter. Irrigation is a perfectly natural and familiar process. The man who waters his plat of grass, and the woman who waters her dooryard pansies, are irrigators in a rude and humble way. The citizen who grumbles at the sight of withered lawns in a public park during a dry summer yearns for irrigation without knowing it. The Western farmer who has learned to irrigate thinks it would be quite as illogical for him to leave the watering of his potato-patch to the caprice of the clouds as for the housewife to defer her wash-day until she could catch rain-water in her tubs. A generation which has harnessed the lightning should see nothing incongruous in the ancient process of storing the rain and distributing it to meet

DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

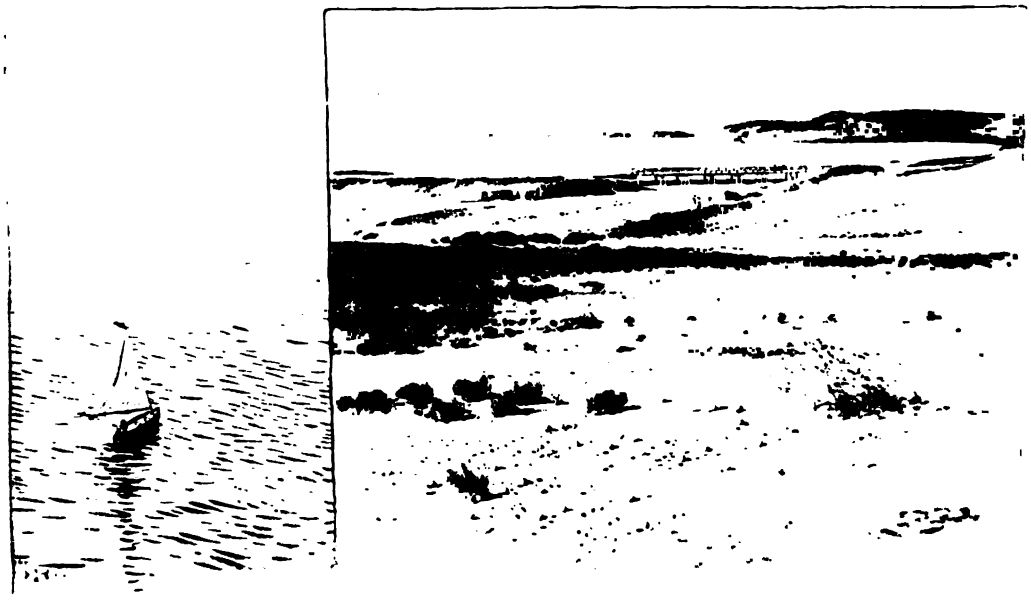
ALFALFA, A WONDERFUL FORAGE-PLANT.

the varying needs of plants which nourish human life.

But although irrigation is both ancient and universal, the Anglo-Saxon never dealt with it in a large way until the last half-century, when he found it to be the indispensable condition of settlement in large portions of western America, Australia, and South Africa. Through all the centuries of the past the art has been the exclusive possession of Indian, Latin, and Mongolian races. Its earliest modern traces in this country are found in the small gardens of the mission fathers of southern California. They brought the method from Mexico and taught it to the Indians. But the real cradle of American irrigation as a practicable industry is Utah. A treasured historical painting in Salt Lake City shows the pioneers of 1847 in the act of turning the waters of the mountain stream now known as City Creek upon the alkaline desert. This picture commemorates the opening scene in the new industrial drama of arid America.

In the hands of the Indians and Mexicans of the Southwest irrigation was a stagnant art, but the white population has studied it with the same enthusiasm which it bestows upon electricity and new mining processes. The lower races merely knew that if crops were expected to grow on dry land they must be artificially watered. They proceeded to pour on the water by the rudest method. The Anglo-Saxon demanded to know why crops required water, and how and when it could best be supplied to meet their diverse needs. He has sought this knowledge through the medium of agricultural colleges, experimental farms, and neighborhood associations. He has thus approached by gradual steps true scientific methods, which are producing results unknown before in any part of the world.

The earliest method of irrigation is known as «flooding,» and is generally applied by means of shallow basins. A plot of ground near the river or ditch from which water is to be drawn is inclosed by low embankments called checks. These checks are multiplied until the whole field is covered. The water is then drawn into the highest basin, permitted to stand until the ground is thoroughly soaked, and then drawn off by a small gate into the next basin. This process is repeated until the entire field is irrigated. This is the system practised on the Nile, where the basins sometimes cover several square miles each, while in the West they are often no more than four hundred feet square. There is both a crude and a skilful way to accomplish the operation of flooding, and there is a wide difference in the results obtained by the two



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

LAKE McMILLAN. LAKE McMILLAN, SHOWING THE PECOS VALLEY DAM.

methods. The Indian and Mexican irrigators, in their ignorance and laziness, seldom attempt to grade the surface of the ground. They permit water to remain in stagnant pools where there are depressions, while high places stand out as dusty islands for generations. All except very sandy soils bake in the hot sunshine after being flooded, and the crude way to remedy the matter is to turn on more water. Water in excess is an injury, and both the soil and the crops resent this method of treatment. The skilful irrigator grades the soil to an even slope of about one inch to every hundred inches, filling depressions and leveling high places. He «rushes» the water over the plot as rapidly as possible, and when the ground has dried sufficiently cultivates the soil thoroughly, thus allowing the air to penetrate it. The best irrigators have abandoned the check system altogether, and have invented better methods of flooding the crops. Cereals and grasses must always be irrigated by flooding, but the check system seems likely to remain only in the land of Spanish speech and tradition where it was born. In Colorado wheat and grass are generally irrigated by a system of shallow plow-furrows run diagonally across a field. The water is turned from these upon the ground, and permitted to spread out into a hundred small rills, following the contour of the land. Some farmers bestow great pains upon this method, and succeed in wetting the ground very thoroughly. Another method of flooding fields is now much used in connection with alfalfa, a wonderful forage-plant extensively cultivated throughout the arid region. This produces three crops a year in the North and six crops in the South, and is not only eaten by stock, but by poultry and swine. To find

the best method of watering this valuable crop has been the object of careful study and experiment in the West. It is now accomplished by means of shallow indentations or creases which are not as large as furrows, but accomplish the same purpose. These are made by a simple implement at intervals of about twelve inches. They effect a very thorough and even wetting of the ground.

THE HIGHEST TYPE OF IRRIGATION.

THE scientific side of irrigation is to be studied rather in connection with the culture of fruit and vegetables than with field crops. It is here that the English-speaking irrigators of the West have produced their best results. California has accomplished more than any other locality, but nothing was learned even there until the man from the North had superfrequently to the injury rather than the benefit of crops. But in southern California water is gold, and is sought for in mountain tunnels and in the beds of streams. A thing so dearly obtained is not to be carelessly wasted before it reaches the place of use. Hence steep and narrow ditches, cemented on the bottom, or steel pipes and wooden flumes are employed.

This precious water is applied to the soil by means of small furrows run between the trees or rows of vegetables. The ground has first been evenly graded on the face of each slope. The aim of the skilful irrigator is to allow the water to saturate the ground evenly in each direction, so as to reach the roots of the tree or plant. The stream is small, and creeps slowly down the furrow to the end of the orchard, where any surplus is absorbed by a strip of alfalfa, which acts like a sponge. The land is kept thoroughly cultivated, and

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

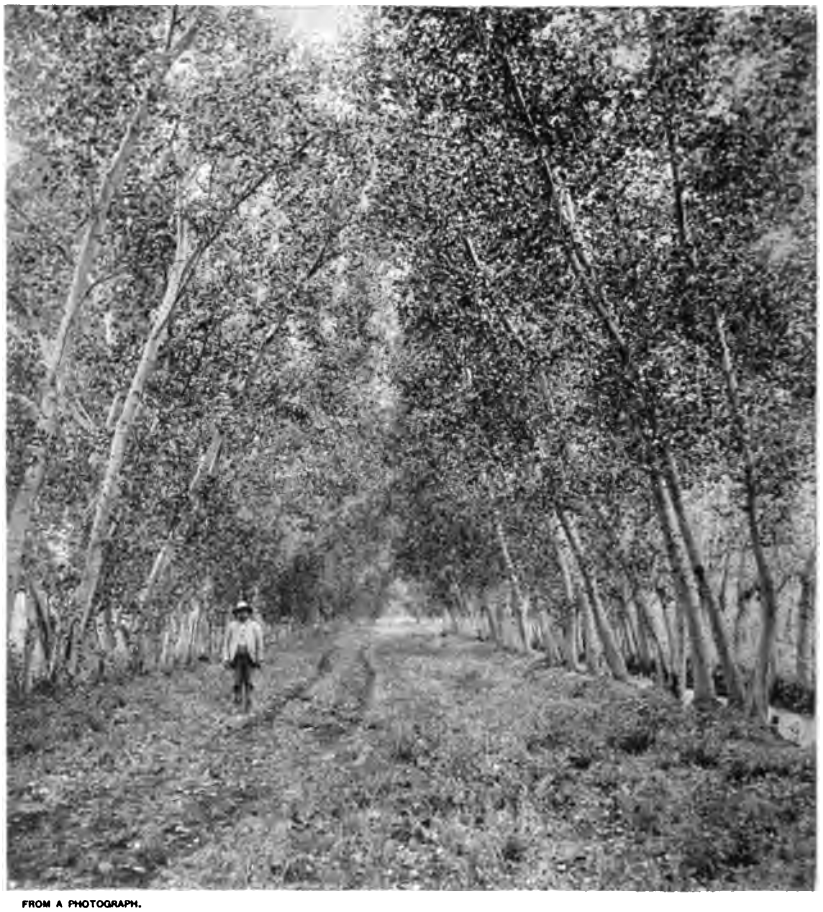
HOME-BUILDING IN THE PECOS VALLEY: THREE NEW SETTLERS ALONG THE CANAL.

planted the Spanish irrigator. The ideal climatic conditions of southern California attracted both wealth and intelligence into its irrigation industry. Scarcity of water and high land values operated to promote the study of ideal methods. Where water is abundant it is carried in open ditches, and little thought is given to the items of seepage through the soil and loss by evaporation. Under such conditions water is lavishly used, in the best orchards no weed or spear of grass is ever seen; the water is too costly to waste in the nourishment of weeds. Moreover, it is desired to leave the soil open to the action of air and sunshine. Nowhere in the world is so much care given to the aëration of the soil as in the irrigated orchards and gardens of the West. Too much water reduces the temperature of the soil, sometimes develops hard-pan, and more frequently brings alkali to the sur-

face. For these reasons modern science has enforced the economical use of water, reversing the crude Mexican custom of prodigal wastefulness. The success of the furrow method depends somewhat upon the texture of the soil, and there are places where it cannot be used at all. Such localities are not considered favorable for fruit-culture.

Of late years in California the application of water by furrows has been brought to a marvelous degree of perfection. What is known as the « Redlands system » is the best type of irrigation methods known in the world. Under this system a small wooden flume or box is placed at the head of the orchard. An opening is made opposite each furrow, and through this the water flows in the desired quantity, being operated by a small gate or slide. The aperture regulates the flow of water accurately, and the system is so simple that, after it is once adjusted, a child can operate it. The farmer who grows his crops on a fertile soil, under almost cloudless skies, with a system of controlling the moisture as effective as this, may be said to have mastered the forces of nature. The quality of the fruit has improved immensely since the California methods were perfected. Every fruit-grower realizes that the profit in his business comes mostly from the first grade of fruit. Scientific irrigation makes it possible for him largely to increase the percentage of the best fruit, and the difference which this makes in the earning capacity of his acres is surprising.

Other methods of furrow irrigation have been devised which are scarcely less perfect than those used in the California orange districts. One of the best of these is the result of the labors and experiments of Professor A. E. Blount of the Agricultural College at Las Cruces, New Mexico, and is illustrated in an accompanying diagram. In this case the water is carried in small open ditches, and the furrows are extended in circles around each tree, but the water is never allowed to touch



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

A SHADY ROAD, NEAR ROSWELL, PECOS VALLEY.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

FAT CATTLE IN AN ALFALFA FIELD, PECOS VALLEY.

the bark. This method is perhaps better adapted to the general needs of the arid region than the more expensive plan of the Californians. It is interesting to note that the modern New Mexico method was developed in the midst of Indian and Spanish settlements, which still pursue the methods of antiquity without the slightest abatement of any of their evils.

The full significance of the industrial customs of arid America can be seen only upon comparison with the familiar agricultural methods of Eastern States. Under the old conditions no attempt is made even to study the relation of moisture to plant life. Such study would be wasted, since the watering of trees is left entirely to nature. Rains come or do not come, according as the season is wet or dry. There are years of drought and years of flood. Of the many differences between the agriculture of the irrigated and the rain-belt regions, two of the most important may be noted. Of these the most conspicuous is the difference which results in the size of the farm unit. Even in regions where the rainfall is most reliable and abundant the farmer knows he must reckon with an element of uncertainty. The result is that he operates a large farm in order to reduce the chances of complete failure. Statistics show a tendency in the Middle States to the enlargement of the farm unit. On the other hand, experience is constantly diminishing the average size of the farm in the arid region. The crops are not only absolutely sure, but from two to four times as large per acre as where the dependence is on the rainfall. The second important difference is seen in the quality of products. Interesting comparisons were made at the World's Fair in 1893 between certain kinds of apples raised during the same year in the Hudson River valley of New York and the Snake River valley of Idaho. The published conclusions of eminent pomologists, notably of Professor Bailey of Cornell University, showed that the same apple grew twice as large on irrigated Western lands as it did in the East. In the matter of flavor and appearance the irrigated apple also excelled. It is very likely that the difference was not entirely due to the artificial application of water, but that considerable credit should be given to the intensive methods of cultivation inseparably associated with irrigation and with the very small farm unit which it induces.

It is undeniably true that it costs more labor and money to prepare a given amount of land for cultivation by irrigation than it costs elsewhere. There is also the cost of water right and a perpetual charge for maintenance. But the advantages far outweigh the added expense and labor.

THE LABORER'S REWARD.

THE first object of industry is to get a living, which is represented by food, shelter, and clothing. Beyond the living lies the hope of a competence. The millions engaged in the industries of Eastern cities and towns, from which the life of the new West has been largely recruited, are mostly employed under the wage system, and between seventy and eighty per cent. of them live in rented houses. In a measure their means of livelihood is beyond their control, since it may be affected by economic, financial, and political disturbances with which they have nothing to do. Fully seventy per cent. of the wage received by the average working man and woman is expended for actual living necessities. It is in comparison with the industrial life of urban communities in the East that the men who labor with their hands in the irrigated fields of the West should be studied.

The Western laborer is his own employer. He is also his own landlord. These two facts constitute ideal independence; but there is also a practical side in his case. From his ten or twenty acres, insured against failure by flood or drought, first by aridity and then by irrigation, he can systematically produce almost every item of food which his family consumes. The laborer who works for another expends the greater portion of his wage for these essentials. The laborer who works for himself is surer to have his table supplied; and, moreover, he may enjoy far more variety, and of a better quality. Consider an actual bill of fare which is neither very simple nor very elaborate:

Black Bean Soup.

Salmon with Egg Sauce.

Roast Turkey with Dressing, Giblet Sauce.
Onions, Squash, Celery, and Baked Potatoes.
Currant Jelly.

Cucumber and Tomato Salad. Cheese.

Biscuit Glacé. Sponge Cake.

Watermelon. Coffee.

Western rivers and lakes abound in fish which can be had without cost; salmon are abundant in the streams of the Pacific coast. This list could be almost indefinitely extended and varied, and yet it would be found that nothing which is required for the most generous table, except tea, coffee, and spices, need be sought outside of the small republic ruled by the sovereign irrigator. The Mormon farmers of Utah owe their prosperity to this system of individual independence. Their present leader, President Wilfred Woodruff, has lived for forty-eight years upon a twenty-acre farm conducted on just these lines. His acre and a quarter of wheat goes to the toll mill and comes back in the shape of flour. His five acres of alfalfa supports the horses and Jersey cows, and contributes to the support of poultry and swine. The vegetable gardens and orchards complete the list of productions necessary to good family living. And there is no year when prices are so low that the surplus of the farm cannot be exchanged at the store for such articles of clothing as are required, while in average years there is a comfortable surplus, with something to be credited to the savings account. It may be said that the same results are yielded by the agricultural industry elsewhere, and there is a measure of truth in the statement; but it cannot be done with equal certainty nor upon an equal area without irrigation.

ASSOCIATIVE INDUSTRIES.

IN the industrial life of arid America there is abundant evidence of a strong tendency to seek progress along associative lines. This tendency is first observed in the manner of building and managing canals. The most important works in Colorado, Utah, and Arizona were built by the common labor of settlers, and managed as coöperative institutions. This statement is measurably true of all other localities, since the «farmers' ditch» is everywhere in evidence. But more important than this is the trend of irrigation legislation in the same direction. The California District Law was designed to bring all works, old as well as new, into this class. The actual operation of the law has been attended by failures and disappointments, but nevertheless the legislation has been practically duplicated in several other States. Where public lands were opened to settlement under the congressional grant of 1894, giving each of the States one million acres upon condition that they be reclaimed, the same condition of public ownership of works was imposed.

The next important development of the associative tendency is seen in the recent wide extension of fruit exchanges. These grew out of the abuses of the commission system in California. There were times when producers not only received no return from a consignment of fruit, but were also invited to pay the freight. As the consumer on the other side of the continent had apparently failed to re-

DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

A PIAZZA SCENE IN ARID AMERICA.

ceive the benefit of this handsome reduction in the first cost of the product, the producers formed associations and took the business into their own hands. These exchanges provide funds for necessary advances upon the crops; gather, cure, and store the fruit; and send out their agents to deal with jobbers. In a word, they have created a machinery of their own to take the place of the commission system. The new plan seems destined, in time, to have the field to itself. Creameries are operated in the same way, and one community of Nevada farmers has gone to the length of maintaining its own store in San Francisco and selling its product direct to consumers at retail.

One of the most interesting associative colonies was that of Anaheim, known as the «mother colony,» in southern California. This was founded by a party of German mechanics in San Francisco. They united their small savings, sent out a committee to select a location, and, when they had found it, despatched the first group of colonists to build the canal. When this was accomplished the land was laid out in small farms, with a village in the center, and variously planted to garden, orchard, and field crops. While the original party developed the colony, their associates continued to work at their trades in San Francisco, applying their savings to the colony fund. At the end of two years the village lots and farms were distributed by lot, each colonist then becoming an individual proprietor. The plan was entirely successful, and demonstrated the possibility of uniting the

DRAWN BY ORSON LOWELL. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

FRESNO RAISIN INDUSTRY.

capital of a considerable number of individuals in an undertaking to which no one of them was equal alone. The famous colony of Riverside developed its water-supply in much the same way.

A still more striking evidence of the dominance of the associative idea among the settlers of irrigated lands is seen in the plan of a colony which settled in southern Idaho as recently as 1894. These colonists had observed that the mining-camps of that region were littered with tin cans, the labels of which bore evidence of the prosperity of distant industries. They also learned that the condensed milk used in that locality came from New Jersey, the creamery butter from Minnesota, the starch from Maine, and the bacon principally from Chicago. As the raw materials of these products are all easily grown in Idaho, the colonists determined to provide the simple industrial plants required to manufacture the raw material into marketable form. They added to the price of their land ten dollars per acre, and thereby raised a capital of $50,000, which was somewhat increased by the sale of business property in the village. This capital provided a creamery, cannery, fruit-evaporator, starch-factory, pork-packing establishment, and cold-storage plant. Taken in connection with their diversified farms, these little industries constituted, in an industrial sense, a symmetrical community.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF IRRIGATION.

To state the number of millions of acres now under water in the West conveys but the vaguest idea of the real significance of irrigation achievement. It suggests, rather, the incident of an Eastern visitor who, upon being told that a certain valuable tract of land was «all under water» (by which «under irrigation» was meant), anxiously inquired whether there was no means by which the water could be drawn off. In 1890, according to the census figures, not far from a quarter of a million people were getting their living directly from irrigated land, while the total population of the region was between four and five millions. A brief sketch of what has been

done in several widely separated localities will furnish a good idea of the nature of the achievements of the past few years.

One of the most forbidding deserts in the United States was that which formerly flanked the course of the Rio Pecos on the border of the Staked Plains, in the extreme southeastern quarter of New Mexico. Six years ago this region was a good type of the wildest barbarism of the frontier. Its brown herbage furnished scanty pasturage for lean range stock, and its remoteness from civilization invited the presence of the most reckless class of outlaws. But into this forsaken valley, a few years since, went daring enterprise, with its faith and its millions. The flood waters of the Pecos were impounded in great reservoirs and led by a thousand miles of distributers over the parched soil. A railroad was extended up the valley from the Texas Pacific line, first ninety miles, then two hundred miles, then a long distance farther northward, until it met other valuable connections. In the heart of the valley towns were founded, and churches, school-houses, and business blocks erected, while upon the heights above the river handsome private residences sprung up like magic. After the canals and the railroad came settlers, and gradually the desert gave place to the deep green of alfalfa fields, to orchards, and to gardens. Perhaps there is no other instance in the world where so great a transformation was ever effected in so brief a space of time. Irrigation is the explanation, but irrigation was backed by the most generous and daring investment. Five million dollars were expended in five years, and the potentiality of irrigation when applied to arid soil was relied upon to return it with increase. In this instance the savagery of the desert did not yield to the gentle influences of civilization without a struggle. Unexpected problems were encountered, but the people of the valley are now able to make marvelous exhibits of the various products of the soil at their annual fairs. The irrigated Pecos valley already presents a wonderful contrast to the barren wilderness which it succeeded.

Nevada has the least population of all the States in the Union, and is the only one west of the Alleghanies which has ever shown a record of decreasing population. It is appropriately called the «Sage-brush State,» but few who have crossed it in summer have forgotten three green and beautiful pictures which they beheld from the car window. The train comes out of a whirl of alkaline dust to pause for a few minutes at Humboldt. Here are gushing fountains, green fields where cattle stand knee-deep in grass, tall trees which whisper in the summer breeze, and the fragrance of blooming flowers. Humboldt is nothing but a railroad station set in the midst of a few acres of cultivated ground and watered from a convenient spring, but it is none the less an effective example of the success of irrigation. The picture is repeated

DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

A CHANGE OF BASE.

on a larger scale at Lovelock, where several hundred acres are in cultivation; and when the Truckee meadows in western Nevada are reached, the industry is seen to assume important proportions. But one must leave the main line of the Central Pacific to see the most striking results of irrigation in this State, which is at once so small and so great. The Carson River flows through a long valley nestling between the shoulders of the Sierra. The work of reclamation began there with the influx to California in 1849, and the industry then established has long outlived the stirring times which gave it birth. The old trail through the mountains is grass-grown, and the melancholy taverns by the roadside are gray and decrepit, but the Carson valley still smiles with its crops of grass and grain. Even the passing of Virginia City's glory and the decline of silver-mining have not visibly affected the fortunes of these thrifty German farmers, who now find their chief profit in cattle and dairy products. There are few more beautiful agricultural valleys than this.

On the other side of the Sierra lies the great central valley of California—the valley of the San Joaquin. This is not the California of the tourist and health-seeker, nor of the ideal irrigation methods which have been described. Nevertheless it was the scene of a most dramatic industrial evolution under the influence of irrigation. Until comparatively recent years this great valley was considered fit only for cattle and the production of light crops of wheat in certain favored localities. It was a woman who discovered that the soil and climate were suited to the production of raisins equal to those of Spain. Then, with incredible swiftness, the rivers were turned upon the land, the range divided into thousands of small farms, and the lowing of cattle gave place to the voices of men. Fresno County was the scene of the greatest activity, and its population increased with phenomenal rapidity. An interesting phase of this evolution in the San Joaquin valley was the division of great private estates, one of which contained 400,000 acres, into multitudes of small farms. California awoke to the real significance of the new movement when the census of 1890 revealed the fact that the entire gain in its agricultural population stood to the credit of irrigating counties. The water-supply of this greatest of Western valleys has been made forever secure by the wise forest reservations accomplished under the administration of President Harrison (a policy elsewhere continued by President Cleveland); for it is in the forests of the Sierra that the winter snowfall is stored against the needs of scorching summers. The influence of these beneficent reservations, when fully developed by an effective administrative policy (of which there is now most pressing need), will extend to the remotest generation.

The evidences of the triumph of irrigation might be multiplied by reference to the history of a hundred valleys of arid America. There is a wide difference between the agriculture, and especially the horticulture, of the Salt River valley of Arizona and of the Yellowstone valley of Montana. The one produces oranges, figs, and pomegranates, and the other only the hardiest fruits. The same conditions influence the size of the farm and the methods of applying water, but the fact remains that without irrigation neither Arizona nor Montana would have any agriculture worthy of the name, while with irrigation both support prosperous farming populations which may be vastly multiplied. Striking differences of conditions are sometimes observed within the limits of a single State. Such is the case in Colorado. The eastern slope partakes of the nature of the great plains. Farms are comparatively large and principally devoted to the production of hay and grain, hogs and cattle. The western slope has a different soil and climate, and has developed in recent years a remarkable fruit industry on ten-acre farms. At the town of Grand Junction, where the Grand River meets the Gunnison in the heart of a mighty desert, ten thousand people gather upon a festival day in each September and celebrate the triumph of their industry. This festival is called «Peach Day.» In like manner Rocky Ford and Greeley, on the eastern side of the mountains, celebrate respectively «Melon Day» and «Potato Day.» On these occasions the representative product of the neighborhood is freely distributed to the multitude. Idaho and Washington have also gained largely by irrigation in the last few years, and are in the full tide of interesting colonial developments. There the small farm rules, and prunes, peaches, apples, and hops are the favorite crops; but the greatest of these is the prune.

In Wyoming irrigation struggled for some years with an obstacle more formidable than aridity. This was the organized stock interest which flourished on the public lands, wastefully using the public streams to produce crops of natural hay and to water great herds of cattle. While many of the leaders of this industry were of liberal and progressive mind, and freely conceded that they had neither a

DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

«PEACH DAY.»

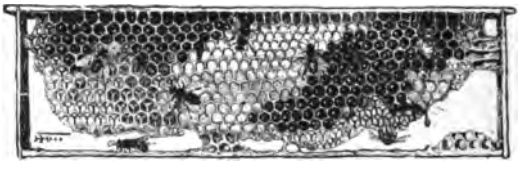
moral nor a legal right to stand in the way of progress, an aggressive and troublesome minority insisted that cattle were worth more than men to Wyoming. The final conflict came in the «Rustlers' War» of 1892, with its ignominious and crushing defeat of the cattle-men and their hired outlaws from Texas. With that fiasco the barriers of opposition fell once and for all, and the irrigation sentiment has since dominated the State. Reclamation and settlement in Wyoming and similar localities elsewhere have never really menaced the stock industry, but have rather indicated the necessity of its reorganization upon a more democratic basis. There will be more cattle in the aggregate, but distributed among a multitude of small owners living in the irrigated valleys. There they will raise the diversified products essential to their support, and great crops of winter fodder for cattle, while the adjacent uplands will serve for summer pasture. This process has begun, and it results in the elevation of the character of the men and of their industry alike.

THE REPUBLIC OF IRRIGATION.

THE essence of the industrial life of arid America is its democracy. It is founded upon the economic independence of the family unit. It reverses the percentages of landownership and tenantry which prevail among the industrial workers of great cities and factory towns. Within its own territory, at least, it tends largely to abolish the wage-earning system and to develop a great class of people who work directly for themselves. This body of self-employers receive all the fruit of their labor. They take it from the soil and consume it upon their tables, or receive it in payment for their surplus products, or it is deposited to their credit in the enhanced values accruing to their property—a bank that never breaks.

As this class rises in numerical importance with the inevitable expansion of the national population, it will project new and potent influences into American politics, industry, and society. The tendency of these influences is already clearly apparent. They contend for a higher standard of living for average people. They seek it in a more general landownership, in the industrial independence of communities, in commercial association, in social brotherhood. These aspirations, though born of the new environment of arid America, closely conform to the growing spirit of the age.

William E. Smythe.



VANDERDECKEN.

THERE, beyond the Cape of Storms,
Where the breaker's voice of thunder
Roars when ships are rent asunder,
Through a fog of ghostly forms,—

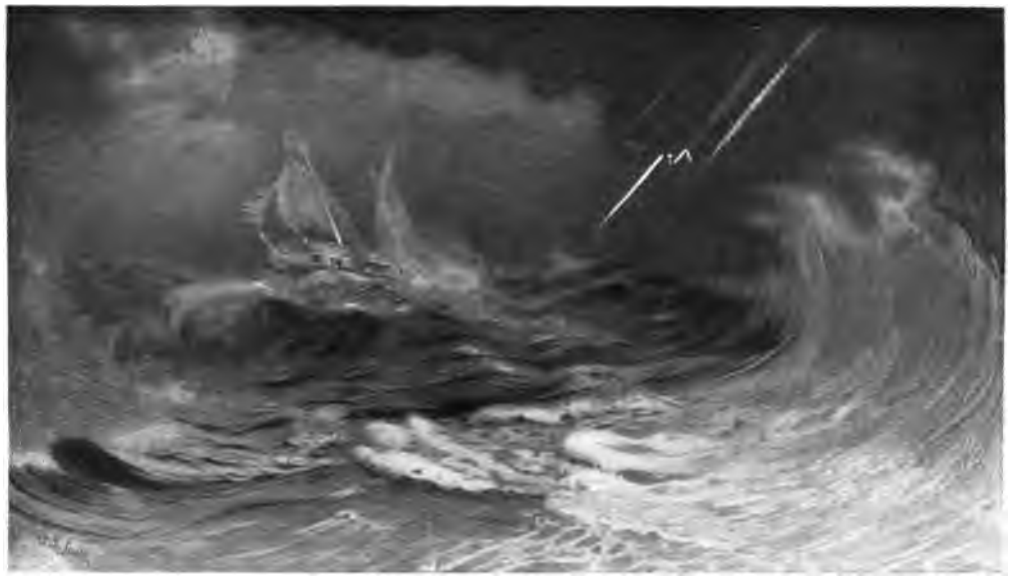
Writhing furies, flying far,
Tempest-tossed and tempest-driven,
Mist of sea and light of heaven
Mingled in eternal war,—

Sailing always without gain,
Leagues on leagues, as sailors reckon,
Flies the undying Vanderdecken,
Toiling, powerless to attain.

When the austral tempests rave,
And the sea-god's mighty sledges
Pound the ragged rocks and ledges,
Safe he rides the crested wave.

Vainly waits the hidden reef:
Borne by Odin, the undaunted,
Over boiling seas enchanted,
Ever sails this man of grief.

Swifter than the swallow's flight
Down the arching seas he plunges,
Where th' antarctic fog expunges
All things from the chart of sight.



DRAWN BY HENRY S. SNELL.

« TEMPEST-TOSSED AND TEMPEST-DRIVEN.»

There the winds his course reverse—
  Vain is sea-craft to befriend him;
  Heaven has not a breath to lend him
To escape its haunting curse.

Back he speeds o'er India's brine,
  Till, on lazy sampans lying,
  Asians laugh to see him flying
On their far horizon's line.

When on deck and frozen shroud
  Loud the driven hailstones rattle
  Like quick musketry in battle,—
Cloud that vanishes in cloud,—

Men catch glimpses of the sail,
  Ages old, and rent and hoary,
  Of that quaint old ship of story,
And cry, « Vanderdecken, hail! »

Oft the shipwrecked sailor hears,
  Through dense fogs, the old blasphemer,
  Like some weird, delirious dreamer,
Thundering orders down the years;

Or discerns a ship go by,
  From his failing vision speeding,
  Whence this answer greets his pleading:
« Help thou need'st not; thou canst die! »

Mocking Vanderdecken's rage,
  Maelstroms yawn and seas roar after—
  Tempests, with discordant laughter,
Hurl him on from age to age.

Heaven has ta'en him at his word,
  And his hope and his ambition,
  Failing always of fruition,
Make the curse his curse incurred.

. . . . . .

THUS this legend, quaint and old,
  Sailor-wrought and bard-repeated,
  Of the deathless, the defeated,
In defeat still over-bold,

Teaches how the sick soul flies,
  By its errors spurred and jaded,
  Even when lust and greed have faded
With ambition's painted lies.

Benjamin S. Parker.

DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

«ABOVE THEIR HEADS THE BRANCHES TWINED.» (SEE PAGE 764.)

[*BEGUN IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.*]

TOM GROGAN.

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH,

Author of «Colonel Carter of Cartersville,» «A Gentleman Vagabond,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES S. REINHART.

DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

XIII.

MR. QUIGG DRAWS A PLAN.

THE burning of Tom's stable had hardly become an old story when another sensation followed. This was caused by the following item, printed in the local paper, the «News»:

«Mr. William McGaw, eldest son of Mr. Daniel McGaw, our worthy fellow-townsman, was brought before Justice Rowan yesterday, charged with arson upon affidavits sworn to by James Finnegan and Carl Nilsson.»

Nothing for months had produced so fierce a heat as this simple announcement—not even the little pile of shavings saturated with the contents of the mysterious can. Nor was the joy in the Grogan household over the rescued stables half as great as was the satisfaction of McGaw and his faction when Billy proved an alibi—an unquestioned alibi, Justice Rowan decided, upon hearing his father's testimony, corroborated by that of Crimmins, which proved beyond doubt that he was sound asleep in his father's house when the alarm of fire was given.

As to Cully's testimony, the justice said it had no weight whatever. «Anybody could get kerosene on his clothes;» and young McGaw's explanation of his being out with a can of oil at one o'clock in the morning, «just for fun,» fully accounted for the odor. Cully was indignant, but he said nothing until he reached home. There, for pop's benefit, he summed up this miscarriage of justice as follows:

«De fire-bug got off de sticky paper—see?—'cause de snoozer on de bench guv him a pull. It wuz a put-up job, pop—dat 's what 't wuz. Wait 'll I find de can what he t'rew away—den I 'll hev him stone dead, jedge or no jedge.»

Tom was not surprised at Rowan's decision. She could have foretold the result before the trial began. Had Judge Bowker tried the boy, Billy might now have been behind bars. Nothing «pulled» Bowker except the law and the right. She cared little, however. She was glad the boy was free. She always believed in giving every one another chance, and she felt that Billy was not alone to blame; she knew who had been behind him.

Billy's acquittal sent a comforting thrill through another resident of Rockville. This was no other than Mr. Dennis Quigg, Walking Delegate, and confidential adviser of McGaw, who realized that while the fire was only one point in the game against Tom, the acquittal of Billy was positive evidence of the strength of the Union's influence with the bench. This was of much more importance.

Upon learning the decision of the court in full, Mr. Quigg held a private consultation with himself. Now that Crimmins had covered his tracks so successfully, and all traces of the fire-bug had been lost, he concluded that it would be entirely safe for him to make a reconnaissance in the vicinity of the enemy's camp, ascertain how badly Tom had been crippled, and whether her loss would prevent her signing the contract the following night. Mr. Quigg was accordingly detailed by the committee for this work. He accepted the mission, the more willingly because he wanted to settle certain affairs of his own. Jennie had avoided him lately,—why he could not tell,—and he determined, before delivering to his employers any scraps of information he might gather about Tom, to know exactly what his own chances were with the girl.

He could slip over to the house while Tom was in the city, and leave before she returned.

On his way, the next day, he robbed a fence of a mass of lilacs, breaking off the leaves as he walked. When he reached the door of the big stable he stopped for a moment, glanced cautiously in, and then, making a mental note of the surroundings, followed the path to the porch.

Pop opened the door. He knew Quigg only by sight—an unpleasant sight, he thought, as he looked into his hesitating, wavering eyes.

«It 's a bad fire ye had, Mr. Mullins,» said Quigg, seating himself in the rocker, the blossoms half strangled in his grasp.

«Yis, purty bad, but small loss, thank God!» said pop, quietly. He did not intend to give Mr. Quigg any information that might comfort him.

«Were ye insured?» asked Quigg, in a cautious tone.

«Oh, yis, ivery pinny, so Mary tells me.»

Quigg caught his breath. The rumor in the village was the other way. Here he became aware of the mangled flowers and of his own purpose.

«I brought some flowers over for Miss Jennie,» said Quigg, looking out of the window as he spoke. «Is she in?»

«Yis; I 'll call her.» Gentle and apparently harmless as gran'pop was, men like Quigg somehow never looked him steadily in the eye.

«I was tellin' Mr. Mullins I brought ye over some flowers,» said Quigg, turning to Jennie as she entered, and handing her the bunch as if they had been a pair of shoes.

«You 're very kind, Mr. Quigg,» said the girl, laying them on the table, and still standing.

«I heared your brother Patsy was near smothered till Dutchy got him out. Was ye there?»

Jennie bit her lip and her heart quickened. Carl's sobriquet in the village, coming from such lips, sent the hot blood to her cheeks.

«Yes, Mr. Nilsson saved his life,» she answered slowly, with girlish dignity, a backward rush filling her heart as she remembered Carl staggering out of the burning stable, Patsy held close to his breast.

«The fellers in Rockville say ye think it was set afire. I see Justice Rowan turned Billy McGaw loose. Do ye suspect anybody else? Some says a tramp crawled in and upset his pipe.»

This lie was coined on the spot and issued immediately to see if it would pass.

«Mother says she knows who did it, and it 'll all come out in time. Cully found the can this morning,» said Jennie, leaning against the table. Quigg was still in his chair.

Quigg's jaw fell. That was just like Crimmins. Why did n't the fool get the stuff in a bottle and then break it?

Mr. Quigg took another tack. His talk drifted to the dance down at the Town Hall and the meeting last Sunday after church; he asked Jennie if she 'd go to the «sociable» they were going to have at No. 4 Truckhouse; and when she said she could n't—that her mother did n't want her to go out, etc.—Quigg moved his chair closer, with the remark that the old woman was always putting her oar in and spoiling things; the way she was going on with the Union would ruin her; she 'd better join in with the boys, and be done with it; they 'd down her yet if she did n't.

«I hope nothing will happen to mother, Mr. Quigg,» said Jennie, in an anxious tone, as she sank into a chair.

Quigg misunderstood the movement, and moved his own closer.

«There won't nothin' happen any more, Jennie, if you 'll do as I say.»

It was the first time he had ever called her by her name. She could not understand how he dared. She wished Carl would come in.

«Will you do it?» asked Quigg, eagerly, his coarse face and bloodshot eyes turned toward her.

Jennie did not raise her head. Her cheeks were burning. Quigg went on:

«I 've been keepin' company with ye, Jennie, all winter, and the fellers is guyin' me about it. You know I 'm solid with the Union and can help yer mother, and if ye 'll let me speak to Father McCluskey next Sunday—»

The girl sprang from her chair.

«I won't have you talk that way to me, Dennis Quigg! I never said a word to you, and you know it.» Her mother's spirit was now flashing in her eyes. «You ought to be ashamed of yourself to come here—and—»

Then she broke down.

Another woman would have managed it differently, perhaps,—by a laugh, a smile of contempt, or a frigid refusal. This mere child, stung to the quick by Quigg's insult, had only her tears in defense. The Walking Delegate turned his head and looked out of the window. Then he caught up his hat and without a word to the sobbing girl hastily left the room.

Tom was just entering the lower gate.

Quigg saw her and tried to dodge behind the tool-house, but it was too late, so he faced her. Tom's keen eye caught the sly movement and the quickly altered expression. Some new trickery was in the air, she knew; she detected it in every line of Quigg's face. What was McGaw up to now? she asked herself. Was he after Carl and the men, or getting ready to burn the other stable?

«Good morning, Mr. Quigg. Ain't ye lost?» she asked coldly.

«Oh, no,» said Quigg, with a forced laugh. «I come over to see if I could help about the fire.»

It was the first thing that came into his head; he had hoped to pass with only a nod of greeting.

«Did ye?» replied Tom, thoughtfully. She saw he had lied, but she led him on. «What kind of help did ye think of givin'? The insurance company will pay the money, the two horses is buried, an' we begin diggin' postholes for a new stable in the mornin'. Perhaps ye were thinkin' of lendin' a hand yerself. If ye did, I can put ye alongside of Carl; one shovel might do for both of ye.»

Quigg colored and laughed uneasily. Somebody must have told her how Carl had threatened him with uplifted shovel when he tried to coax the Swede away.

«No, I 'm not diggin' these days; but I 've got a pull wid the insurance adjuster, and might git an extra allowance for yer.» This was cut from whole cloth. He had never known an adjuster in his life.

«What 's that?» asked Tom, still looking square at him, Quigg squirming under her glance like a worm on a pin.

«Well, the company can't tell how much feed was in the bins, and tools, and sech like,» he said, with another laugh.

A laugh is always a safe parry when a pair of clear gray search-light eyes are cutting into one like a rapier.

«An' yer idea is for me to git paid for stuff that was n't burned up, is it?»

«Well, that 's as how the adjuster says. Sometimes he sees it an' sometimes he don't —that 's where the pull comes in.»

Tom put her arms akimbo, her favorite attitude when her anger began to rise.

«Oh, I see! The pull is in bribin' the adjuster, as ye call him, so he can cheat the company.»

Quigg shrugged his shoulders; that part of the transaction was a mere trifle. What were companies made for but to be cheated?

Tom stood for a minute looking him all over.

«Dennis Quigg,» she said slowly, weighing each word, her eyes riveted on his face, «ye 're a very sharp young man; ye 're so very sharp that I wonder ye 've gone so long without cuttin' yerself. But one thing I tell ye, an' that is, if ye keep on the way ye 're a-goin' ye 'll land where you belong, and that 's up the river in a potato-bug suit of clothes. Turn yer head this way, Quigg. Did ye niver in yer whole life think there was somethin' worth the havin' in bein' honest an' clean an' square, an' holdin' yer head up like a man, instead of skulkin' round like a thief? What ye 're up to this mornin' I don't know yet, but I want to tell ye it 's the wrong time o' day for ye to make calls, andthe night 's not much better, unless ye 're particularly invited.»

Quigg smothered a curse and turned on his heel toward the village.

When he reached O'Leary's, Dempsey of the Executive Committee met him at the door. He and McGaw had spent the whole morning in devising plans to keep Tom out of the board-room. Quigg's report was not reassuring. She would be paid her insurance money, he said, and would certainly be at the meeting that night.

The three adjourned to the room over the bar. McGaw began pacing the floor, his long arms hooked behind his back. He had passed a sleepless night, and every hour now added to his anxiety. His face was a dull gray yellow, and his eyes were sunken. Now and then he would tug at his collar nervously. As he walked he clutched his fingers, burying the nails in the palms, the red hair on his wrists bristling like spiders' legs. Dempsey sat at the table watching him calmly out of the corner of his eye.

After a pause Quigg leaned over, his lips close to Dempsey's ear. Then he drew a plan on a scrap of paper. It marked the location of the door in Tom's stable, and that of a path which ran across lots and was concealed from her house by a low fence. Dempsey studied it a moment, nodding at Quigg's whispered explanations, and passed it to McGaw, repeating Quigg's words. McGaw stopped and bent his head. Then a dull gleam flashed out of his smoldering eyes. The lines of his face hardened and his jaw tightened. For some minutes he stood irresolute, gazing vacantly through the window over the budding trees. Then he turned sharply, swallowed a brimming glass of raw whisky, and left the room.

When the sound of his footsteps had died away, Dempsey looked at Quigg meaningly and gave a low laugh.

XIV.

BLOSSOM WEEK.

IT was «blossom-week,» and every garden and hedge flaunted its flowers in the soft air. All about was the perfume of flowers, the odor of fresh grass, and that peculiar earthy smell of new-made garden beds but lately sprinkled. Behind the hill overlooking the harbor the sun was just sinking into the sea. Some sentinel cedars guarding its crest stood out in clear relief against the golden light. About their tops, in wide circles, swooped a flock of crows.

Gran'pop and Tom sat on the front porch, their chairs touching, his hand on hers. She had changed her dress for a new one. The dress was of brown cloth, and had been made in the village—tight where it should be loose, and loose where it should be tight. She had put it on, she told pop, to make a creditable appearance before the board that night.

Jennie was flitting in and out between the sitting-room and the garden, her hands full of blossoms, filling the china jars on the mantel. Patsy was flat on his back on the small patch of green surrounding the porch, playing circus-elephant with Stumpy, who stood over him with leveled head.

Up the hill, but a few yards away, Cully was grazing the big gray—the old horse munching tufts of fresh, sweet grass sprinkled with dandelions, Cully walking beside him or stopping now and then to lift his fore leg and make critical examination of his hoof for possible tender places.

There was nothing the matter with the gray; the old horse was still sound: but it satisfied the young fellow to be assured, and it satisfied, too, a certain yearning tenderness in his heart toward his old chum. At times he would pat the gray's neck, smoothing his ragged, half-worn mane, and addressing him all the while with words of endearment expressed in a slang utterly without meaning except to these two.

Suddenly Jennie's cheek flushed. Carl was coming up the path. The young Swede was bareheaded, the short blond curls glistening in the light; his throat was bare too, so that one could see the big muscles in his neck. Jennie always liked him with his throat bare; it reminded her of a hero she once saw in a play, who stormed a fort and rescued all the starving women.

«Da brown horse seek; batta come to stabble an' see him,» Carl said, going direct to the porch, where he stood in front of Tom, resting one hand on his hip, his eyes never wandering from her face. He knew where Jennie was, but he never looked.

«What 's the matter with him?» asked Tom, her thoughts far away at the moment.

«I don' know; he no eat da oats en da box.»

«Will he drink?» said Tom, awakening to the importance of the information.

«Yas; 'mos' two buckets.»

«It 's fever he 's got,» she said, turning to pop. «I thought that yisterday noon when I seen him a-workin'. All right, Carl; I 'll be down before I go to the board meetin'. An' see here, Carl; ye 'd better git ready to go wid me. I 'll start in a couple o' hours. Will it suit ye, gran'pop, if Carl goes with me?»—patting her father's shoulder. «If ye keep on a-worritin' I 'll hev to hire a cop to follow me round.»

Carl lingered for a moment on the steps. Perhaps Tom had some further orders; perhaps, too, Jennie would come out again. Involuntarily his eye wandered toward the open door, and then he turned to go. Jennie's heart sprang up in her throat. She had seen from behind the curtains the shade of disappointment that crossed her lover's face. She could suffer herself, but she could not see Carl unhappy. In an instant she was beside her mother. Anything to keep Carl—she did not care what.

«Oh, Carl, will you bring the ladder so I can reach the long branches?» she called out. her quick wit helping her with a subterfuge.

Carl turned and glanced at Tom. He felt the look in her face and could read her thoughts.

If Tom had heard she never moved; her eyes were still on the hill where the crows were flying, black silhouettes against the yellow sky, her thoughts on Carl and Jennie. This affair must end in some way, she said to herself. Why had she not sent him away long before? How could she do it now when, by his rare pluck, he had saved Patsy?

«No, Jennie; there won't be time. Carl must get ready to—» Tom began firmly.

Pop laid his hand on hers.

«There 's plinty o' toime, Mary. Ye 'll git the ladder behint the kitchen door, Carl. I hed it ther' mesilf this mornin'.»

Carl found the ladder, steadied it against the tree, and guided Jennie's little feet till they reached the topmost round, holding on to her skirts so that she should not fall. Above their heads the branches twined and interlaced, shedding their sweetest blossoms over their happy upturned faces. The old man's eyes lightened as he watched them for some

moments; then, turning to Tom, his voice full of tenderness, he said:

«Carl 's a foine lad, Mary; ye 'll do no betther for Jinnie.»

Tom did not answer; her eyes were still beyond the cedars on the hill.

«Did I shtop ye an' break yer heart whin ye wint off wid yer own Tom? What wuz he but an honest lad thet loved ye, an' he wid not a pinny in his pocket but the fare that brought ye both to the new counthry.»

Tom's eyes filled. She could not see the cedars now. All the hill was swimming in light.

«Oi hev watched Carl sence he fust come, Mary. It 's a good mither som'er's as has lost a foine b'y. W'u'd n't ye be lonely yersilf ef ye 'd come here wid nobody to touch yer hand?»

Tom shivered and covered her face. Who was more lonely than she—she who had hungered for the same companionship that she was denying Jennie; she who had longed for somebody to stand between her and the world, some hand to touch, some arm to lean on; she who must play the man always—the man and the mother too!

Pop went on, stroking her strong, firm hand with his stiff, shriveled fingers. He never looked at her; his face, too, was turned toward the dying sun.

«Do ye remimber the day ye left me in the ould counthry, Mary, wid yer own Tom; an' how I walked wid ye to the turnin' of the road? It wuz spring thin, an' the hedges all white wid blossoms. Look at thim two over there, Mary, wid their arms full o' flowers. Don't be breakin' their hearts, child.»

Tom turned and slipped her arm around the old man's neck, her head sinking on his shoulder. The tears were under her eyelids; her heart was bursting; only her pride sustained her. Then in a half-whispered voice, like a child telling its troubles, she said:

«Ye don't know—ye don't know, gran'pop. The dear God knows it 's not on account of meself. It 's Tom I 'm thinkin' of night an' day—me Tom, me Tom. She 's his child as well as mine. If he could only help me! He wanted such great things for Jennie. Don't speak to me again about it, father dear; it hurts me.»

The old man rose from his chair and walked slowly into the house. It was always so. It was always what Tom would have thought. All their talks had ended in that way. Why should a half-crazy cripple like her husband, shut up in a hospital, be consulted by anybody?

When the light faded and the trees grew indistinct in the gloom, she still sat where pop had left her. Soon the shadows fell in the little valley, and the hill beyond the cedars lost itself in the deepening haze that now crept in from the tranquil sea.

Carl's voice calling to Cully to take in the gray roused her to consciousness. She pushed back her chair, stood for an instant watching Carl romping with Patsy, and then walked slowly toward the stable.

By the time she reached the water-trough her old manner had returned. Her step became once more elastic and firm; her strong will asserted itself. She had work to do, and at once. In two hours the board would meet. She needed all her energies and resources. The lovers must wait; she could not decide any question for them now.

As she passed the stable window a man in a black cap raised his head cautiously above the low fence and shrank back into the shadow.

Tom threw open the door and felt along the sill for the lantern and matches. They were not in their accustomed place. The figure crouched, ran noiselessly toward the rear entrance, and crept in behind the stall. Tom laid her hand on the haunches of the brown horse and began rolling back his blanket. The man raised himself slowly until his arm reached over the stall. Then came a quick, sudden swing of a hammer, a dull, sodden, echoless blow, and Tom fell heavily beneath the horse's feet.

When Cully led the big gray into his stall he stepped into a pool of blood.

XV.

IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

AT the appointed hour the Board of Trustees met in the hall over the post-office. The usual loungers filled the room—members of the Union, and others who counted on a piece of the highway pie when it was cut. Dempsey, Crimmins, and Quigg sat outside the rail, against the wall. They were waiting for McGaw, who had not been seen since the afternoon.

The president was in his accustomed place. The three gentlemen of leisure, the Scotch horse-doctor, and the other trustees occupied their several chairs. The roll had been called, and every man had answered to his name. The occasion being one of much importance, a full board was required. Not a whisper concerning the bloody tragedy a mile away had yet reached the room.

As the minute-hand passed the hour of nine

Dempsey became uneasy. He started every time a newcomer mounted the stairs. Where was McGaw? No one had seen him since he swallowed the tumblerful of whisky and disappeared from O'Leary's a few hours before.

The president rapped for order, and announced that the board was ready to sign the contract with Thomas Grogan for the hauling and delivery of the broken stone required for public highways.

There was no response.

«Is Mrs. Grogan here?» asked the president, looking over the room and waiting for a reply.

«Is any one here who represents her?» he repeated, after a pause, rising in his seat as he spoke.

No one answered. The only sound heard in the room was that of the heavy step of a man mounting the stairs.

«Is there any one here who can speak for Mrs. Thomas Grogan?» called the president again, in a louder voice.

«I can,» said the man with the heavy tread, who proved to be the foreman at the brewery. «She won't live till mornin'; one of her horses kicked her and broke her skull.»

«Broke her skull! My God! man, how do you know?» demanded the president, his voice trembling with excitement.

Every man's face was now turned toward the newcomer; a momentary thrill of horror ran through the assemblage.

«I heard it at the druggist's. One of her boys was over for medicine. Dr. Mason sewed up her head. He was driving by, on his way to Quarantine, when it happened.»

«What Dr. Mason?» asked a trustee, eager for details.

«The same man what used to be at Quarantine seven years ago. He 's app'inted again.»

Dempsey caught up his hat and hurriedly left the room, followed by Quigg and Crimmins. McGaw, he said to himself, as he ran down-stairs, must be blind drunk, not to come to the meeting. «—— him! What if he gives everything away!» he added aloud.

«This news is awful,» said the president. «I am very sorry for Mrs. Grogan and her children—she 's a fine woman. It is a serious matter, too, for the village. The highway work ought to commence at once; the roads need it. We may now have to advertise again. That would delay everything for a month.»

«Well, there 's other bids,» said another trustee,—one of the gentlemen of leisure,—ignoring the president's sympathy, and alert for a possible slice on his own account. «What 's the matter with McGaw's proposal? There 's not much difference in the price. Perhaps he would come down to the Grogan figure. Is Mr. McGaw here, or anybody who can speak for him?»

Justice Rowan sat against the wall. The over-zealous trustee had exactly expressed his own wishes and anxieties. He wanted McGaw's chances settled at once. If they failed, there was Rowan's own brother who might come in for the work, the justice sharing of course in the profits.

«In the absence of me client,» said Rowan, looking about the room, and drawing in his breath with an important air, «I suppose I can ripresint him. I think, however, that if your honorable boord will go on with the other business before you, Mr. McGaw will be on hand in half an hour himself. In the mean time I will look him up myself.»

«I move,» said the Scotch horse-doctor, in a voice that showed how deeply he had been affected, «that the whole matter be laid on the table for a week, until we know for certain whether Mrs. Grogan is killed or not. I can hardly credit it. It is very seldom that a horse kicks a woman.»

Nobody having seconded this motion, the chair did not put it. The fact was that every man was afraid to move. The majority of the trustees, who favored McGaw, were in the dark as to what effect her death would have upon the bids. The law might require re-advertising and hence a new competition, and perhaps somebody much worse than Tom might turn up and take the work—somebody living outside of the village. Then none of them would get a finger in the pie. Worse than all, the cutting of it might have to be referred to the corporation counsel, Judge Bowker. What his opinion might be was past finding out. He was beyond the reach of «pulls,» and followed the law to the letter.

The minority—a minority of two, the president and the Scotch horse-doctor—began to distrust the spirit of McGaw's adherents. It looked to the president as if a «deal» were in the air.

The horse-doctor, practical, sober-minded, sensible Scotchman as he was, had old-fashioned ideas of honesty and fair play. He had liked Tom from the first time he saw her; he had looked after her stables professionally; and he did not intend to see her, dead or alive, thrown out, without making a fight for her.

«I move,» said he, «that the president appoint a committee of this board to jump into the nearest wagon, drive to Mrs. Grogan's, and find out whether she is still alive. If she 's

dead, that settles it; but if she 's alive, I will protest against anything being done about this matter for ten days. It won't take twenty minutes to find out; meantime we can take up the unfinished business of the last meeting.»

One of the gentlemen of leisure seconded this motion; it was carried unanimously, and this gentleman of leisure himself was appointed courier, and left the room in a hurry. He had hardly reached the street when he was back again, followed closely by Dempsey, Quigg, Crimmins, Justice Rowan, and, last of all, fumbling with his hat, deathly pale, and entirely sober—Dan McGaw.

«There 's no use of my going,» said the courier trustee, taking his seat. «Grogan won't live an hour, if she ain't dead now. She had a sick horse that wanted looking after, and she went into the stable without a light, and he let drive, and broke her skull. She 's got a gash the length of your hand—was n't that it, Mr. McGaw?»

McGaw nodded his head.

«Yes; that 's about it,» he said. The voice seemed to come from his stomach, it was so hollow.

«Did you see her, Mr. McGaw?» asked the Scotchman in a positive tone.

«How c'u'd I be a-seein' her whin I been in New Yorruk 'mos' all day? D' ye think I 'm runnin' roun' to ivery stable in the place? I wuz a-comin' 'cross lots whin I heared it. They says the horse had blin' staggers.»

«How do you know, then?» asked the Scotchman, suspiciously. «Who told you the horse kicked her?»

«Well, I dunno; I think it wuz some un—»

Dempsey looked at him and knit his brow. McGaw stopped.

«Don't you know enough of a horse to know he could n't kick with blind staggers?» insisted the Scotchman.

McGaw did not answer.

«Does anybody know any of the facts connected with this dreadful accident to poor Mrs. Grogan?» asked the president. «Have you heard anything, Mr. Quigg?»

Mr. Quigg had heard absolutely nothing, and had not seen Mrs. Grogan for months. Mr. Crimmins was equally ignorant, and so were several other gentlemen. Here a voice came from the back of the room.

«I met Dr. Mason, sir, an hour ago, after he had attended Tom Grogan. He was on his way to Quarantine in his buggy. He said he left her insensible after dressin' the wound. He thought she might not live till mornin'.»

«May I ask your name, sir?» asked the president in a courteous tone.

«Peter Lathers. I am yardmaster at the U. S. Lighthouse Depot.»

The title, and the calm way in which Lathers spoke, convinced the president and the room. Everybody realized that Tom's life hung by a thread. The Scotchman still had a lingering doubt. He also wished to clear up the blind-staggers theory.

«Did he say how she was hurt?» asked the Scotchman.

«Yes. He said he was a-drivin' by when they picked her up, and he was dead sure that somebody had hid in the stable and knocked her on the head with a club.»

McGaw steadied himself with his hand grasping the back of a chair; the sweat was rolling from his face. He seemed afraid to look up, lest some other eye might catch his own and read his thoughts. If he had only seen Lathers come in!

Lathers's announcement, coupled with the horse-doctor's well-known knowledge of equine diseases discrediting the blind-staggers theory, produced a profound sensation. Heads were put together, and low whispers were heard. Dempsey, Quigg, and Crimmins did not move a muscle.

The horse-doctor again broke the silence.

«There seems to be no question, gentlemen, that the poor woman is badly hurt; but she is alive yet, and while she breathes we have no right to take this work from her. It 's not decent to serve a woman so; and I think, too, it 's illegal. I again move that the whole matter be laid upon the table.»

This motion was not put, nobody seconding it.

Then Justice Rowan rose. The speech of the justice was seasoned with a brogue as delicate in flavor as the garlic in a Spanish salad—hardly perceptible, but still there.

«Mr. Prisident and Gintlemen of the Honorable Boord of Village Trustees,» said the justice, throwing back his coat. The elaborate opening compelled attention at once. Such courtesies were too seldom heard in their deliberations, thought the members, as they lay back in their chairs to listen.

«No wan can be moore pained than meself that so estimable a woman as Mrs. Grogan—a woman who fills so honorably her every station in life—should at this moment be stricken down either by the hand of an assassin or the hoof of a horse. Such acts in a law-abidin' community like Rockville bring with them the deepest detistation and the profoundest sympathy. No wan, I am sure, is more touched by her misforchune than me worthy friend Mr. Daniel McGaw, who by this

direct interposition of Providence is foorced into the position of being compelled to assert his rights befoore your honorable body, with full assurance that there is no tribunal in the land to which he could apply which would lind a more willing ear.»

It was this sort of thing that made Rowan popular.

«But, gintlemen,»—here the justice curry-combed his front hair with his fingers—greasy, jet-black hair, worn long, as befitted his position,—«this is not a question of sympathy, but a question of law. Your honorable boord advertoised some time since for certain supplies needed for the growth and development of this most important of the villages of Staten Island. In this call it was most positively and clearly stated that the contract was to be awarded to the lowest risponsible bidder who gave the proper bonds. Two risponses were made to this call, wan by Mrs. Grogan, acting on behalf of her husband,—well known to be a hopeless cripple in wan of the many charitable institootions of our noble State,—and the other by our distinguished fellow-townsman Mr. Daniel McGaw, whom I have the honor to ripresint. With that strict sinse of justice which has always characterized the decisions of this honorable boord, the contract was promptly awarded to Thomas Grogan, he being the lowest bidder; and my client, Daniel McGaw,—honest Daniel McGaw I should call him if his prisence did not deter me,—stood wan side in obadience to the will of the people and the laws of the State, and accepted his defate with that calmness which always distinguishes the hard-workin' sons of toil, who are not only the bone and sinoo of our land, but its honor and proide. But, gintlemen,»—here he combed his hair again, and then laid his hand lightly in the bulging lapels of his now half-buttoned coat,—«there were other conditions accompanying these proposals; to wit, that within tin days from said openin' the successful bidder should appear befoore this honorable body, and then and there duly affix his signatoor to the aforesaid contracts, already prepared by the attoorney of this boord, my honored associate, Judge Bowker. Now, gintlemen, I ask you to look at the clock, whose calm face, like a rising moon, presides over the deliberations of this boord, and note the passin' hour; and then I ask you to cast your eyes over this vast assemblage and see if Thomas Grogan, or any wan ripresinting him or her, or who in any way is connicted with him or her, is within the confines of this noble hall, to execute the mandates of this distinguished boord. Can it be believed for an instant that if Mrs. Grogan, acting for her partly dismimbered husband, Mr. Thomas Grogan, had intinded to sign this contract, she would not have despatched on the wings of the wind some Mercury, fleet of foot, to infarm this boord of her desire for postponement? I demand in the interests of justice that the contract be awarded to the lowest risponsible bidder who

DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

«'NOW, GINTLEMEN, I ASK YOU TO LOOK AT THE CLOCK.'»

is ready to sign the contract with proper bonds, whether that bidder is Grogan, McGaw, Jones, Robinson, or Smith.»

There was a burst of applause and great stamping of feet; the tide of sympathy had turned. Rowan had perhaps won a few more votes. This pleased him more than his hope of cutting the contract pie. McGaw began to regain some of his color and lose some of his nervousness. Rowan's speech had quieted him.

The president gravely rapped for order. It was wonderful how much backbone and dignity and self-respect the justice's remarks had injected into the nine trustees—no, eight, for the Scotchman fully shared Cully's view of the orator's powers.

The Scotchman was on his feet in an instant.

«I have listened,» he said, «to the talk that Justice Rowan has given us. It 's very fine and tonguey, but it smothers up the facts. You can't rob this woman—»

«Question! question!» came from half a dozen throats.

«What 's your pleasure, gentlemen?» asked the president, pounding with his gavel.

«I move,» said the courier member, «that the contract be awarded to Mr. Daniel McGaw as the lowest bidder, provided he can sign the contract to-night with proper bonds.»

Four members seconded it.

«Is Mr. McGaw's bondsman present?» asked the president, rising.

Justice Rowan rose, and bowed with the air of a foreign banker accepting a government loan.

«I have that honor, Mr. Prisident. I am willing to back Mr. McGaw to the extent of me humble possissions, which are ample, I trust, for the purposes of this contract»—looking around with an air of entire confidence.

«Gentlemen, are you ready for the question?» asked the president.

At this instant there was a slight commotion at the end of the hall. Half a dozen men nearest the door left their seats and crowded to the top of the staircase. Then came a voice outside: «Fall back; don't block up the door! Get back there!» The excitement was so great that the proceedings of the board were stopped.

Then the throng parted. Daniel McGaw twisted his head, turned ghastly white, and would have fallen from his chair but for Dempsey. The crowd at the stairs stood still. An ominous silence suddenly prevailed.

Advancing through the door with slow, measured tread, her long cloak reaching to her feet; erect, calm, fearless; her face as white as chalk; her lips compressed, stifling the agony of every step; her eyes deep-sunken, black-rimmed, burning like coals; her brow bound with a blood-stained handkerchief that barely hid the bandages beneath, came Tom.

The deathly hush was unbroken. The men fell back with white, scared faces to let her pass. McGaw cowered in his chair. Dempsey's eyes glistened, a half-sigh of relief escaping him. Rowan had not moved; the apparition stunned him.

On she came, her eyes fixed on the president, till she reached the table. Then she steadied herself for a moment, took a roll of papers from her dress, and sank slowly into a chair.

No one spoke. The crowd pressed closer. Those outside the rail mounted the benches and chairs, craning their necks. Every eye was fixed upon her.

Slowly and carefully she unrolled the contract, spreading it out before her, picked up a pen from the table, and without a word wrote her name. Then she rose firmly, and walked steadily to the door.

Just then a man entered within the rail and took her seat.

It was her bondsman, Mr. Crane.

XVI.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Two days after Tom had signed the highway contract, Babcock sat in his private office in New York, opening his mail. In the outside room were half a dozen employees—engineers and others—awaiting their instructions.

The fine spring weather had started work in every direction, including the second section of the sea-wall at the depot, where the divers were preparing the bottom for the layers of concrete. Tom's carts had hauled the stone.

Tucked into the pile of letters heaped before him, Babcock's quick eye caught the corner of a telegram. It read as follows:

Mother hurt. Wants you immediately. Please come. JENNIE GROGAN.

For an instant he sat motionless, gazing at the yellow slip. Then he sprang to his feet. Catching his unopened correspondence, he thrust the letters into his pocket, and with a few hurried instructions to his men started for the ferry. Once on the boat, he began pacing the deck. «Tom hurt!» he repeated to himself. «Tom hurt? How—when—what could have hurt her?» He had seen her at the sea-wall, only three days before, rosy-cheeked, magnificent in health and strength. What had happened? At the St. George landing he jumped into a hack, hurrying the cabman.

Jennie was watching for him at the garden gate. She said her mother was in the sitting-room, and gran'pop was with her. As they walked up the path she recounted rapidly the events of the past two days.

Tom lay on the lounge by the window, under the flowering plants. She was apparently asleep. Across her forehead, covering

the temples, two narrow bandages bound up her wound. At Babcock's step she opened her eyes, her bruised, discolored face breaking into a smile. Then, noting his evident anxiety, she threw the shawl from her shoulders and sat up.

«No, don't look so. It 's nothin'; I 'll be all right in a day or two. I 've been hurted before, but not so bad as this. I would n't have troubled ye, but Mr. Crane has gone West. It was kind and friendly o' ye to come; I knew ye would.»

Babcock shook Tom's hand, nodding to pop, and sank into a chair. The shock of her appearance had completely unnerved him.

«Jennie has told me about it,» he said in a tender, sympathetic tone. «Who was mean enough to serve you in this way, Tom?» He called her Tom now as the others did.

«Well, I don't know. It may have been the horse, but I hardly think it. All I remember is a-layin' me hand on his back. When I come to I was flat on the lounge. They had fixed me up, and Dr. Mason had gone off. Carl and Cully searched the place, but nothin' could be found. Cully says he heard somebody a-runnin' on the other side of the fence, but ye can't tell. Nobody keeps their heads in times like that.»

«Have you been in bed ever since?» Babcock asked.

«In bed! God rest ye! I was down to the board meetin' two hours after, wid Mr. Crane, and signed the contract. Jennie and all of 'em would n't have it, and cried and went on, but I braved 'em all. I knew I had to go if I died for it. Mr. Crane had his buggy, so I did n't have to walk. The stairs was the worst. Once inside, I was all right. I only had to sign, and come out again; it did n't take a minute. Mr. Crane stayed and fixed it wid the trustees, an' I come home wid Carl and Jennie.» Then, turning to her father, she said, «Gran'pop, will you and Jennie go into the kitchen for a while? I 've some private business wid Mr. Babcock.»

When they were gone her whole manner changed. She buried her face for a moment in the pillow, covering her cheek with her hands; then, turning to Babcock, she said:

«Now, me friend, will ye lock the door?»

For some minutes she looked out of the window, through the curtains and nasturtiums, then, in a low, broken voice, she said:

«I 'm in great trouble. Will ye help me?»

«Help you, Tom? You know I will, and with anything I 've got. What is it?» he asked, regaining his chair and drawing it closer.

«Has no one iver tol' ye about me Tom?» she asked, looking at him from under her eyebrows.

«No; except that he was hurt and you could n't bring him home.»

«An' ye have heared nothin' more?»

«No,» said Babcock, wondering at her anxious manner.

«Ye know that since he went away I 've done the work meself, standin' out as he would have done in the cold an' wet, an' workin' for the children wid nobody to help me but these two hands.»

Babcock nodded. He knew how true it was.

«Ye 've wondered many a time, maybe, that I niver brought him home an' had him round wid me other poor cripple, Patsy—them two togither.» Her voice fell almost to a whisper.

«Or ye thought, maybe, it was mean and cruel in me that I kep' him a burden on the State, when I was able to care for him meself. Well, ye 'll think so no more.»

Babcock began to see now why he had been sent for. His heart went out to her all the more.

«Tom, is your husband dead?» he asked, with a quiver in his voice.

She never took her eyes from his face. Few people were ever tender with her; they never seemed to think she needed it. She read this man's sincerity and sympathy in his eyes; then she answered slowly:

«He is, Mr. Babcock.»

«When did he die? Was it last night, Tom?»

«Listen to me fust, an' then I 'll tell ye. Ye must know that when me Tom was hurted, seven years ago, we had a small place, an' only two horses, an' them war n't paid for; an' we had the haulin' at the brewery, an' that was about all we did have. When Tom had been sick a month—it was the time the bucket fell an' broke his rib—the new contract at the brewery was let for the year, an' Schwartz give it to us, a-thinkin' that Tom 'd be round ag'in, an' niver carin', so 's his work was done, an' I doin' it, me bein' big an' strong, as I always was. Me Tom got worse an' worse, an' one day Dr. Mason stopped an' said if I brought him to Bellevue Hospital, where he had just been appointed, he 'd fix up his rib so he could breathe easier, and maybe he 'd get well. Well, I hung on an' on, thinkin' he 'd get better,—poor fellow, he did n't want to go,—but one night, about dark, I took the big gray an' put him to the cart, an' bedded it down wid straw; an' I wrapped me Tom up in

two blankits an' carried him down-stairs in me own arms, an' driv slow to the ferry.»

She hesitated for a moment, leaned her bruised head on her hand, and then went on:

«When I got to Bellevue, over by the river, it was near ten o'clock at night. Nobody stopped me or iver looked into me bundle of straw where me poor boy lay; an' I rung the bell, an' they came out, an' got him up into the ward, an' laid him on the bed. Dr. Mason was on night duty, an' come an' looked at him, an' said I must come over the next day; an' I kissed me poor Tom, an' left him tucked in, promisin' to be back early in the mornin'. I had got only as far as the gate on the street whin one of the men came a-runnin' after me, an' before I could get me arms under me Tom again—he was dead.»

DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

«'TOM, IS YOUR HUSBAND DEAD?'»

«And all this seven years ago, Tom?» said Babcock in astonishment, sinking back in his chair.

Tom bowed her head. The tears were trickling through her fingers and falling on the coarse shawl.

«Yis; seven years ago this June.» She paused for a moment, as if the scene was passing before her in every detail, and then went on: «Whin I came home I niver said a word to anybody but Jennie. I 've niver told pop yit. Nobody else would have cared; we was strangers here. The next mornin' I took Jennie,—she was a child then,—an' we wint over to the city, an' I got what money I had, an' the doctors helped, an' we buried him; nobody but just us two, Jennie an' me walkin' behint the wagon, his poor body in the box. Whin I come home I wanted to die, but I said nothin'. I was afraid Schwartz would take the work away if he knew it was only a woman who was a-doin' it wid no man round, an' so I kep' on; an' whin the neighbors asked about him bein' in a 'sylum an' out of his head, an' a cripple an' all that, God forgive me, I let it go at that; an' whin they asked me how he was I 'd say he was better, or more comfortable, or easier; an' so he was, thank God! bein' in heaven.»

She roused herself wearily, and wiped her eyes with the back of her hand. Babcock sat motionless. It was impossible to believe that the heartbroken woman before him was the fearless Amazon he had known.

«Since that I 've kep' the promise to me Tom that I made on me knees beside his bed the night I lifted him in me arms to take him down-stairs—that I 'd keep his name clean, an' do by it as he would hev done himself, an'

bring up the children, an' hold the roof over their heads. An' now they say I dar' n't be called by Tom's name, nor sign it neither, an' they 're a-goin' to take me contract away for puttin' his name at the bottom of it, just as I 've put it on every other bit o' paper I 've touched ink to these seven years since he left me.»

«Why, Tom, this is nonsense. Who says so?» said Babcock earnestly, glad of any change of feeling to break the current of her thoughts.

«Dan McGaw an' Rowan says so.»

«What 's McGaw got to do with it? He 's out of the fight.»

«Oh, ye don't know some men, Mr. Babcock. McGaw 'll never stop fightin' while I live. Maybe I ought n't to tell ye,—I 've niver told anybody,—but whin my Tom lay sick upstairs, McGaw come in one night, an' his own wife bedridden, an' sat down in this very room,—it was our kitchen then,—an' he says, ‹If your man don't git well, ye 'll be broke.› He said some more things, an' tried to make love to me, but I would n't let on I took his meanin'. An' I says to him, ‹Dan McGaw, if I live twelve months, Tom Grogan 'll be a richer man than he is now.› I was a-sittin' right here when I said it, wid a rag carpet on this floor. Then all me trouble wid him began; he 's done everything to beat me since, an' now maybe, after all, he 'll down me. It all come up yisterday through McGaw meetin' Dr. Mason and askin' him about me Tom; an' whin the doctor told him Tom was dead seven years, McGaw runs to Justice Rowan wid the story, an' now they say I can't sign a dead man's name. Judge Bowker has the papers, an' it 's all to be settled tomorrow.»

«But they can't take your contract away,» said Babcock, indignantly, «no matter what Rowan says.»

«Oh, it 's not that—it 's not that. That 's not what hurts me. I can git another contract. That 's not what breaks me heart. But if they take me Tom's name from me, an' say I can't be Tom Grogan any more; if they say I can't sign it to me letters an' have it wid me night an' day—the name I 've loved an' that I 've worked for, the name I 've kep' clean for him—me Tom that loved me, an' never lied or was mean—me Tom that I promised, an'—an'—»

All the woman in her overcame her now. Sinking to her knees, she threw her arms and head on the lounge, and burst into tears. This strong nature which had defied storm and cold, braved the roughest men, fearing no living thing, broke down completely when this idol of her heart was shattered.

Babcock rested his head on his hand, and looked on in silence. Here was something, it seemed to him, too sacred for him to touch even with his sympathy.

«Tom,» he said, when she grew more quiet, «what do you want me to do?»

«I don't know that ye can do anything,» she said in a quivering voice, lifting her head, her eyes still wet. «Perhaps nobody can. But I thought maybe ye 'd go wid me to Judge Bowker in the mornin'. Rowan an' all of 'em 'll be there, an' I 'm no match for these lawyers. Perhaps ye 'd speak to the judge for me.»

Babcock held out his hand.

«I knew ye would, an' I thank ye,» said Tom, drying her eyes. «Now unlock the door, an' let 'em in. They worry so. Gran'pop has n't slep' a night since I was hurted, an' Jennie goes round cryin' all the time, sayin' they 'll be a-killin' me next.»

Then, rising to her feet, she called out in a cheery voice, as Babcock opened the door, «Come in, Jennie; come in, gran'pop. It 's all over, child. Mr. Babcock 's a-goin' wid me in the mornin'. Niver fear; we 'll down 'em all yit.»

XVII.

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

WHEN Judge Bowker entered his office adjoining the bank, Justice Rowan had already arrived. So had McGaw, Dempsey, Crimmins, Quigg, the president of the board, and one or two of the trustees. The judge had sent for McGaw and the president, and they had notified the others.

Tom and Babcock sat by the window, she listless and weary, he alert and watchful for the slightest point in her favor. Tom had on her brown dress, washed clean of the blood-stains, and the silk hood, which better concealed the bruises. All her old fire and energy seemed gone. It was not from the shock of her wound,—her splendid constitution was fast healing that,—but from this deeper hurt, this last thrust of McGaw's, which seemed to have broken her indomitable spirit.

To rob her of the right to sign her husband's name would have made little difference to many a woman. To Tom it was like robbing her of her life. When she worked on the docks she would brace herself, and whisper to her heart, «I am doing what Tom did, poor fellow, many a day for me»; when she dominated her men, it was Tom's strength that ran

through her veins; when she would sign her checks or receipt the bills or open the letters, all in his name, it was her Tom's work she was doing, while he was in heaven looking at her. To take away all this would be to take away her very breath.

Babcock, although he did not betray his misgivings, was greatly worried over the outcome of McGaw's latest scheme. He wished in his secret heart that Tom had signed her own name to the contract. He was afraid so punctilious a man as the judge might decide against her. He had never seen the man; he knew only that no other judge in his district had so high a reputation for technical rulings.

When the judge entered—a small, gray-haired, keen-eyed man in a black suit, with gold spectacles, spotless linen, and clean-shaven face—Babcock's fears were confirmed. This man, he felt, would be legally exact no matter who suffered by his decision.

Rowan opened the case, the judge listening attentively, looking over his glasses. Rowan recounted the details of the advertisement, the opening of the bids, the award of the contract, the signing of «Thomas Grogan» in the presence of the full board, and the discovery by his «honored client that no such man existed, had not existed for years, and did not now exist.»

«Dead, your Honor»—throwing out his chest impressively, his voice swelling—«dead in his grave these siven years, this *Mr.* Thomas Grogan; and yet this woman has the bald and impudent effrontery to—»

«That will do, Mr. Rowan.»

Police justices did not count much with Judge Bowker, and then he never permitted any one to abuse a woman in his presence.

«The point you make is that Mrs. Grogan had no right to sign her name to a contract made out in the name of her dead husband.»

«I do, your Honor,» said Rowan, resuming his seat.

«Why did you sign it?» asked Judge Bowker, turning to Tom.

She looked at Babcock. He nodded assent, and then she answered:

«I always signed it so since he left me.»

There was a pleading, tender pathos in her words that startled Babcock. He could hardly believe the voice to be Tom's.

The judge looked at her with a quick, penetrating glance, which broadened into an expression of kindly interest when he read her entire honesty in her face. Then he turned to the president of the board.

«When you awarded this contract, whom did you expect to do the work, Mrs. Grogan or her husband?»

«Mrs. Grogan, of course. She has done her own work for years.»

The judge tapped his chair with his pencil. The taps could be heard all over the room. Most men kept quiet in Bowker's presence, even men like Rowan. For some moments his Honor bent over the desk and carefully examined the signed contract spread out before him; then he pushed it back, and glanced about the room.

«Is Mr. Crane, the bondsman, present?»

«Mr. Crane has gone West, sir,» said Babcock, rising. «I represent Mrs. Grogan in this matter.»

«Did Mr. Crane sign this bond knowing that Mrs. Grogan would haul the stone?»

«He did; and I can add that all her checks, receipts, and correspondence are signed in the same way, and have been for years. She is known everywhere as Tom Grogan. She has never had any other name—in her business.»

«Who else objects to this award?» said the judge, calmly.

Rowan sprang to his feet. The judge looked at him.

«Please sit down, Justice Rowan. I said (who *else.*) I have heard you.» He knew Rowan.

McGaw had been whispering to Dempsey. He had never once looked at Tom. His extreme nervousness of a few days ago—starting almost at the sound of his own footstep—had given place to a certain air of bravado, now that everybody in the village believed the horse had kicked her.

Dempsey jumped from his chair.

«I 'm opposed to it, yer Honor, an' so is all me fri'nds here. This woman has been invited into the Union, and treats us as if we was dogs. She—»

«Are you a bidder for this work?» asked the judge.

«No, sir; but the Union has rights, and—»

«Please take your seat; only bidders can be heard now.»

«But who 's to stand up for the rights of the laborin' man if—»

«You can, if you choose; but not here. This is a question of evidence.»

After some moments of thought the judge turned to the president of the board, and said in a measured, deliberate voice:

«This signature, in my opinion, is a proper one. No fraud is charged, and under the testimony none was intended. The law gives Mrs. Grogan the right to use any title she chooses in conducting her business—her hus-

band's name, or any other. The contract must stand as it is.»

Tom had listened with eyes dilating, every nerve in her body at highest tension. Her contempt for Rowan in his abuse of her; her anger against Dempsey at his insults; her pride and gratitude to Babcock as he stood up to defend her; her fears for the outcome, as she listened to the calm, judicial voice of the judge,—each producing a different sensation of heat and cold,—were all forgotten in the wild rush of joy that surged through her as the judge's words fell upon her ear. She shed no tears, as other women might have done. Every fiber of her being seemed to be turned to steel. She was herself again—she, Tom Grogan!—firm on her own feet, with her big arms ready to obey her, and her head as clear as a bell, master of herself, master of her rights, master of everything about her. And, above all, master of the dear name of her Tom that nothing could take from her—not even the law!

With this tightening of her will power there quivered through her a sense of her own wrongs—the wrongs she had endured for years, the wrongs that had so nearly wrecked her life.

Then, forgetting the judge, the office, the still solemnity of the place,—even Babcock, who looked on in amazement at her fury,—she walked straight up to McGaw, blocking his exit to the street door.

«Dan McGaw, there 's a word I 've got for ye before ye l'ave this place, an' I 'm a-goin' to say it to ye now before ivery man in this room.»

McGaw shrank back in alarm. Her movement had been so quick he could not speak.

«You an' I have known each other since the time I nursed yer wife when yer boy Jack was born, an' pulled her through when she was near dyin' from a kick ye give her. Ye began yer dirty work on me one night when me Tom lay sick, an' I threw ye out o' me kitchen; an' since that time ye 've—»

«Here! I ain't a-goin' ter stand here an' listen ter yer. Git out o' me way, or I 'll—»

Tom stepped closer, her eyes flashing, every word ringing clear.

«Stand still, an' hear what I 've got to say to ye, or I 'll make a statement to the judge right here that 'll put ye where ye won't move for years. Look at this»—drawing back her hood, and showing the bandaged scar.

McGaw seemed to shrivel up; the crowd stood still in amazement.

«I thought ye would. Now, I 'll go on. Since that night in me kitchen ye 've tried to ruin me in every other way ye could. Ye 've set these dead-beats Crimmins an' Quigg on me to coax away me men; ye 've stirred up the Union; ye burned me stable—»

«Ye lie! It 's a tramp did it,» snarled McGaw.

«Ye better keep still till I get through, Dan McGaw. I 've got the can that helt the ker'sene, an' I know where yer boy Ed bought it, an' who set him up to it,» she added, looking straight at Crimmins. «He might 've been a dacent boy but for you an' him.»

The situation became intense. Even the judge, who had tried to stop the attack, listened eagerly.

«Ye 've been a sneak an' a coward to serve a woman so who never harmed ye. Now I give ye fair warnin', an' I want two or three other men in this room to listen: if this don't stop, ye 'll all be behint bars where ye belong.—I mean you too, Mr. Dempsey. As for you, Dan McGaw, if it war n't for yer wife Kate, who 's a dacent woman, ye 'd go *to-day*. Now, one thing more, an' I 'll let ye go. Mr. Crane has turned over to me yer chattel mortgage that 's past due, to do with as I pl'ase. You 'll send to me in the mornin' two of yer horses to take the places of those ye burned up, an' if they 're not in my stable by siven o'clock I 'll be round yer way 'bout nine with the sheriff.»

Once outside in the sunlight, she became herself again. The outburst had cleared her soul like a thunder-clap. She felt as free as air. The secret that had weighed her down for years was off her mind. What she had whispered to her own heart she could now proclaim from the housetops. Even the law protected her.

Babcock walked beside her, silent and grave. She seemed to him like some Joan with flaming sword. Her magnificent courage, her dominant personality, her generous magnanimity, astounded him.

When they reached the turn in the road that led to her own house, her eyes fell upon Jennie and Carl. They had walked down behind them, and were waiting under the trees.

«There 's one thing more ye can do for me, me friend,» she said, turning to Babcock. «All the old things Tom an' I did togither I can do by meself; but it 's new things like Carl an' Jennie that trouble me—the new things I can't ask him about. Do ye see them two yonder? Am I free to do for 'em as I would? No; ye need n't answer. I see it in yer face. Come here, child; I want ye. Give me yer hand.»

For an instant she stood looking into their faces, her eyes brimming. Then she took Jennie's hand, slipped it into Carl's, and laying her big, strong palm over the two, said slowly:

«Now go home, both o' ye, to the house that 'll shelter ye, pl'ase God, as long as ye live.»

TOM'S predictions were fulfilled. Six months later Crimmins was sent to Sing Sing and young Billy McGaw to Elmira Reformatory. It was the grocer's label on the empty kerosene-can—the label and Quigg's volunteered testimony—that convinced the jury. The night of the trial Dan McGaw fell from a ferryboat, and was drowned.

When Tom heard the news she buttoned on her ulster and went straight to McGaw's house. His widow sat on a broken chair in an almost empty room.

«Don't cry, Katy," said Tom, bending over her. «I 'm sorry for Billy; but ye 've one thing left, an' that 's yer boy Jack. Let me take him—I 'll make a man of him.»

THE END.

F. Hopkinson Smith.

ON AN AUTHOR'S CHOICE OF COMPANY.

ONCE and again, it would seem, a man is born into the world belated. Strayed out of a past age, he comes among us like an alien, lives removed and singular, and dies a stranger. There was a touch of this strangeness in Charles Lamb. Much as he was loved and befriended, he was not much understood; for he drew aloof in his studies, affected a «self-pleasing quaintness» in his style, took no pains to hit the taste of his day, wandered at sweet liberty in an age which could scarcely have bred such another. «Hang the age!» he cried. «I will write for antiquity.» And he did. He wrote as if it were still Shakspere's day; made the authors of that spacious time his constant companions and study; and deliberately became himself «the last of the Elizabethans.» When a new book came out, he said, he always read an old one.

The case ought, surely, to put us occasionally upon reflecting. May an author not, in some degree, by choosing his literary company, choose also his literary character, and so, when he comes to write, write himself back to his masters? May he not, by examining his own tastes and yielding himself obedient to his natural affinities, join what congenial group of writers he will? The question can be argued very strongly in the affirmative, and that not alone because of Charles Lamb's case. It might be said that Lamb was antique only in the forms of his speech, that he managed very cleverly to hit the taste of his age in the substance of what he wrote, for all the phraseology had so strong a flavor of quaintness and was not at all in the mode of the day. It would not be easy to prove that; but it really does not matter whether it is true or not. In his tastes, certainly, Lamb was an old author, not a new one; a «modern antique,» as Hood called him. He wrote for his own age, of course, because there was no other age at hand to write for, and the age he liked best was past and gone; but he wrote what he fancied the great generations gone by would have liked, and what, as it has turned out in the generosity of fortune, subsequent ages have warmly loved and reverently canonized him for writing, as if there were a casual taste that belongs to a day and generation, and also a permanent taste which is without date, and he had hit the latter.

Great authors are not often men of fashion. Fashion is always a harness and restraint, whether it be fashion in dress or fashion in vice or fashion in literary art, in thought and expression; and a man who is bound by it is caught and formed in a fleeting mode. The great writers are always innovators; for they are always frank, natural, and downright, and frankness and naturalness always disturb, when they do not wholly break down, the fixed and complacent order of fashion. No genuine man can be deliberately in the fashion, indeed, in what he says, if he have any movement of thought or individuality in him. He remembers what Aristotle says, or, if he does not, his own pride and manliness fill him with the thought instead. The very same action that

is noble if done for the satisfaction of one's own sense of right or purpose of self-development, said the Stagirite, may, if done to satisfy others, become menial and slavish. «It is the object of any action or study that is all-important,» and if the author's chief object be to please he is condemned already. The true spirit of authorship is a spirit of liberty which scorns the slave's trick of imitation. It is a masterful spirit of conquest within the sphere of ideas and of artistic form —an impulse of empire and origination.

Of course a man may choose, if he will, to be less than a free author. He may become a reporter; for there is such a thing as reporting for books as well as reporting for newspapers, and there have been reporters so amazingly clever that their very aptness and wit constitute them a sort of immortals. You have proof of this in Horace Walpole, at whose hands gossip and compliment receive a sort of apotheosis. Such men hold the secret of a kind of alchemy by which things trivial and temporary may be transmuted into literature. But they are only inspired reporters, after all; and while a man was wishing, he might wish to be more, and climb to better company.

Every man must of course, whether he will or no, feel the spirit of the age in which he lives and thinks and does his work; and the mere contact will direct and form him more or less. But to wish to serve the spirit of the age at any sacrifice of individual naturalness or conviction, however small, is to harbor the germ of a destroying disease. Every man who writes ought to write for immortality, even though he be of the multitude that die at their graves; and the standards of immortality are of no single age. There are many qualities and causes that give permanency to a book, but universal vogue during the author's lifetime is not one of them. Many authors now immortal have enjoyed the applause of their own generations; many authors now universally admired will, let us hope, pass on to an easy immortality. The praise of your own day is no absolute disqualification; but it may be if it be given for qualities which your friends are the first to admire, for 't is likely they will also be the last to admire them. There is a greater thing than the spirit of the age, and that is the spirit of the ages. It is present in your own day; it is even dominant then, with a sort of accumulated power and mastery. If you can strike it, you will strike, as it were, into the upper air of your own time, where the forces are which run from age to age. Lower down, where you breathe, is the more inconstant air of opinion, inhaled, exhaled, from day to day—the variant currents, the forces that will carry you, not forward, but hither and thither.

We write nowadays a great deal with our eyes circumspectly upon the tastes of our neighbors, but very little with our attention bent upon our own natural, self-speaking thoughts and the very truth of the matter whereof we are discoursing. Now and again, it is true, we are startled to find how the age relishes still an old-fashioned romance, if written with a new-fashioned vigor and directness; how quaint and simple and lovely things, as well as what is altogether modern and analytic and painful, bring our most judicious friends crowding, purses in hand, to the book-stalls; and for a while we are puzzled to see worn-out styles and past modes revived. But we do not let these things seriously disturb our study of prevailing fashions. These books of adventure are not at all, we assure ourselves, in the true spirit of the age, with its realistic knowledge of what men really do and think and purpose, and the taste for them must be only for the moment or in jest. We need not let our surprise at occasional flurries and variations in the literary market cloud or discredit our analysis of the real taste of the day, or suffer ourselves to be betrayed into writing romances, however much we might rejoice to be delivered from the drudgery of sociological study, and made free to go afield with our imaginations upon a joyous search for hidden treasure or knightly adventure.

And yet it is quite likely, after all, that the present age is transient. Past ages have been. It is probable that the objects and interests now so near us, looming so dominant in all the foreground of our day, will sometime be shifted and lose their place in the perspective. That has happened with the near objects and exaggerated interests of other days, so violently sometimes as to submerge and thrust out of sight whole libraries of books. It will not do to reckon upon the persistence of new things. 'T were best to give them time to make trial of the seasons. The old things of art and taste and thought are the permanent things. We know that they are because they have lasted long enough to grow old; and we deem it safe to assess the spirit of the age by the same test. No age adds a great deal to what it received from the age that went before it, no time gets an air all its own. The same atmosphere holds from age to age; it is only the little movements of the air that are new. Fleeting

cross-winds venture abroad in the intervals when the trades do not blow, the which if a man wait for he may lose his voyage.

No man who has anything to say need stop and bethink himself whom he may please or displease in the saying of it. He has but one day to write in, and that is his own. He need not fear that he will too much ignore it. He will address the men he knows when he writes, whether he be conscious of it or not; he may dismiss all fear on that score, and use his liberty to the utmost. There are some things that can have no antiquity and must ever be without date, and genuineness and spirit are of their number. A man who has these must ever be «timely,» and at the same time fit to last, if he can get his qualities into what he writes. He may freely read, too, what he will that is congenial, and form himself by companionships that are chosen simply because they are to his taste; that is, if he be genuine and in very truth a man of independent spirit. Lamb would have written «for antiquity» with a vengeance had his taste for the quaint writers of an elder day been an affectation, or the authors he liked men themselves affected and ephemeral. No age this side antiquity would ever have vouchsafed him a glance or a thought. But it was not an affectation, and the men he preferred were as genuine and as spirited as he was. He was simply obeying an affinity and taking cheer after his own kind. A man born into the real patriciate of letters may take his pleasure in what company he will without taint or loss of caste; may go confidently abroad in the free world of books and choose his comradeships without fear of offense.

More than that, there is no other way in which he can form himself, if he would have his power transcend a single age. He belittles himself who takes from the world no more than he can get from the speech of his own generation. The only advantage of books over speech is that they may hold from generation to generation, and reach, not a small group merely, but a multitude of men; and a man who writes without being a man of letters is curtailed of his heritage. It is in this world of old and new that he must form himself if he would in the end belong to it and increase its bulk of treasure. If he has conned the new theories of society, but knows nothing of Burke; the new notions about fiction, and has not read his Scott and his Richardson; the new criminology, and wots nothing of the old human nature; the new religions, and has never felt the power and sanctity of the old, it is much the same as if he had read Ibsen and Maeterlinck, and had never opened Shakspere. How is he to know wholesome air from foul, good company from bad, visions from nightmares? He has framed himself for the great art and handicraft of letters only when he has taken all the human parts of literature as if they were without date, and schooled himself in a catholic sanity of taste and judgment.

Then he may very safely choose what company his own work shall be done in—in what manner, and under what masters. He cannot choose amiss for himself or for his generation if he choose like a man, without light whim or weak affectation; not like one who chooses a costume, but like one who chooses a soul. What is it, let him ask himself, that renders a bit of writing a «piece of literature»? It is reality. A «wood-note wild,» sung unpremeditated and out of the heart; a description written as if with an undimmed and seeing eye upon the very object described; an exposition that lays bare the very soul of the matter; a motive truly revealed; anger that is righteous and justly spoken; mirth that has its sources pure; phrases to find the heart of a thing, and a heart seen in things for the phrases to find; an unaffected meaning set out in language that is its own —such are the realities of literature. Nothing else is of the kin. Phrases used for their own sake; borrowed meanings which the borrower does not truly care for; an affected manner; an acquired style; a hollow reason; words that are not fit; things which do not live when spoken—these are its falsities, which die in the handling.

The very top breed of what is unreal is begotten by imitation. Imitators succeed sometimes, and flourish, even while a breath may last; but «imitate and be damned» is the inexorable threat and prophecy of fate with regard to the permanent fortunes of literature. That has been notorious this long time past. It is more worth noting, lest some should not have observed it, that there are other and subtler ways of producing what is unreal. There are the mixed kinds of writing, for example. Argument is real if it come vital from the mind; narrative is real if the thing told have life and the narrator unaffectedly see it while he speaks; but to narrate and argue in the same breath is naught. Take, for instance, the familiar example of the early history of Rome. Make up your mind what was the truth of the matter, and then, out of the facts as you have disentangled them, construct a firmly touched narrative, and the thing you create is real has the confidence and consistency of life. But

mix the narrative with critical comment upon other writers and their variant versions of the tale, show by a nice elaboration of argument the whole conjectural basis of the story, set your reader the double task of doubting and accepting, rejecting and constructing, and at once you have touched the whole matter with unreality. The narrative by itself might have had an objective validity; the argument by itself an intellectual firmness, sagacity, vigor, that would have sufficed to make and keep it potent; but together they confound each other, destroy each other's atmosphere, make a double miscarriage. The story is rendered unlikely, and the argument obscure. This is the taint which has touched all our recent historical writing. The critical discussion and assessment of the sources of information, which used to be a thing for the private mind of the writer, now so encroach upon the open text that the story, for the sake of which we would believe the whole thing was undertaken, is oftentimes fain to sink away into the foot-notes. The process has ceased to be either pure exegesis or straightforward narrative, and history has ceased to be literature.

Nor is this our only sort of mixed writing. Our novels have become sociological studies, our poems vehicles of criticism, our sermons political manifestos. We have confounded all processes in a common use, and do not know what we would be at. We can find no better use for Pegasus than to carry our vulgar burdens, no higher key for song than questionings and complainings. Fancy pulls in harness with intellectual doubt; enthusiasm walks apologetically alongside science. We try to make our very dreams engines of social reform. It is a parlous state of things for literature, and it is high time authors should take heed what company they keep. The trouble is, they all want to be «in society,» overwhelmed with invitations from the publishers, well known and talked about at the clubs, named every day in the newspapers, photographed for the news-stalls; and it is so hard to distinguish between fashion and form, costume and substance, convention and truth, the things that show well and the things that last well, so hard to draw away from the writers that are new and talked about and note those who are old and walk apart, to distinguish the tones which are merely loud from the tones that are genuine, to get far enough away from the press and the hubbub to see and judge the movements of the crowd.

Some will do it. Choice spirits will arise and make conquest of us, not «in society,» but with what will seem a sort of outlawry. The great growths of literature spring up in the open, where the air is free and they can be a law unto themselves. The law of life here as elsewhere, is the law of nourishment: with what was the earth laden, and the atmosphere? Literatures are renewed, as they are originated, by uncontrived impulses of nature, as if the sap moved unbidden in the mind. Once conceive the matter so, and Lamb's quaint saying assumes a sort of gentle majesty. A man should «write for antiquity» as a tree grows into the ancient air—this old air that has moved upon the face of the world ever since the day of creation, which has set the law of life to all things, which has nurtured the forests and won the flowers to their perfection, which has fed men's lungs with life, sped their craft, borne abroad their songs and their cries, blown their forges to flame, and buoyed up whatever they have contrived. 'T is a common medium, though a various life; and the figure may serve the author for instruction.

The breeding of authors is no doubt a very occult thing, and no man can set the rules of it; but at least the sort of «ampler ether» in which they are best brought to maturity is known. Writers have liked to speak of the Republic of Letters, as if to mark their freedom and equality; but there is a better phrase, namely, the Community of Letters; for that means intercourse and comradeship and a life in common. Some take up their abode in it as if they had made no search for a place to dwell in, but had come into the freedom of it by blood and birthright. Others buy the freedom with a great price, and seek out all the sights and privileges of the place with an eager thoroughness and curiosity. Still others win their way into it with a certain grace and aptitude, next best to the ease and dignity of being born to the right. But for all it is a bonny place to be. Its comradeships are a liberal education. Some, indeed, even there, live apart; but most run always in the market-place to know what all the rest have said. Some keep special company, while others keep none at all. But all feel the atmosphere and life of the place in their several degrees.

No doubt there are national groups, and Shakspere is king among the English, as Homer is among the Greeks, and sober Dante among his gay countrymen. But their thoughts all have in common, though speech divide them; and sovereignty does not exclude comradeship or embarrass freedom. No doubt there is many a wilful, ungoverned fellow endured there without question, and many a churlish cynic, because he possesses that

patent of genuineness and of a wit which strikes for the heart of things, which, without further test, secures citizenship in that free company. What a gift of tongues is there, and of prophecy! What strains of good talk, what counsel of good judgment, what cheer of good tales, what sanctity of silent thought! The sight-seers who pass through from day to day, the press of voluble men at the gates, the affectation of citizenship by mere sojourners, the folly of those who bring new styles or affect old ones, the procession of the generations, disturb the calm of that serene community not a whit. They will entertain a man a whole decade, if he happen to stay so long, though they know all the while he can have no permanent place among them.

'T would be a vast gain to have the laws of that community better known than they are. Even the first principles of its constitution are singularly unfamiliar. It is not a community of writers, but a community of letters. One gets admission, not because he writes,—write he never so cleverly, like a gentleman and a man of wit,—but because he is literate, a true initiate into the secret craft and mystery of letters. What that secret is a man may know, even though he cannot practise or appropriate it. If a man can see the permanent element in things,—the true sources of laughter, the real fountains of tears, the motives that strike along the main lines of conduct, the acts which display the veritable characters of men, the trifles that are significant, the details that make the mass,—if he know these things, and can also choose words with a like knowledge of their power to illuminate and reveal, give color to the eye and passion to the thought, the secret is his, and an entrance to that immortal communion.

It may be that some learn the mystery of that insight without tutors; but most must put themselves under governors and earn their initiation. While a man lives, at any rate, he can keep the company of the masters whose words contain the mystery and open it to those who can see almost with every accent; and in such company it may at last be revealed to him—so plainly that he may, if he will, still linger in such comradeship when he is dead.

It would seem that there are two tests which admit to that company, and that they are conclusive. The one is, Are you individual? the other, Are you conversable? «I beg pardon,» said a grave wag, coming face to face with a small person of most consequential air, and putting glass to eye in calm scrutiny—«I beg pardon; but are you anybody in particular?» Such is very much the form of initiation into the permanent communion of the realm of letters. Tell them, No, but that you have done much better—you have caught the tone of a great age, studied taste, divined opportunity, courted and won a vast public, been most timely and most famous, and you shall be pained to find them laughing in your face. Tell them you are earnest, sincere, consecrate to a cause, an apostle and reformer, and they will still ask you, «But are you anybody in particular?» They will mean, «Were you your own man in what you thought, and not a puppet? Did you speak with an individual note and distinction that marked you able to think as well as to speak—to be yourself in thoughts and in words also?» «Very well, then; you are welcome enough.»

«That is, if you be also conversable.» It is plain enough what they mean by that, too. They mean, if you have spoken in such speech and spirit as can be understood from age to age, and not in the pet terms and separate spirit of a single day and generation. Can the old authors understand you, that you would associate with them? Will men be able to take your meaning in the differing days to come? Or is it perishable matter of the day that you deal in—little controversies that carry no lasting principle at their heart; experimental theories of life and science, put forth for their novelty and with no test of their worth; pictures in which fashion looms very large, but human nature shows very small; things that please everybody, but instruct no one; mere fancies that are an end in themselves? Be you never so clever an artist in words and in ideas, if they be not the words that wear and mean the same thing, and that a thing intelligible, from age to age, and ideas that shall hold valid and luminous in whatever day or company, you may clamor at the gate till your lungs fail and get never an answer.

For that to which you seek admission is a veritable «community.» In it you must be able to be, and to remain, conversable. How are you to test your preparation meanwhile, unless you look to your comradeships now while yet it is time to learn? Frequent the company in which you may learn the speech and the manner which are fit to last. Take to heart the admirable example you shall see set you there of using speech and manner to speak your real thought and be genuinely and simply yourself.

Woodrow Wilson.

ENTER THE EARL OF TYNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF «THE CAT AND THE CHERUB.»

AS Mr. Howard Delafield turned from Seventy-blank street into the avenue, a sleigh with scarlet plumes and a crystal dasher rushed past him and drew up in front of the Garston house. The Earl of Tyne alighted, and the footman had hardly touched the bell before the door opened and the earl went in. Mr. Delafield, on foot, paused for an instant in the middle of a step, and then kept on past the Garston house, as if that had not been his destination. He decided to return in half an hour, and, if the sleigh was gone, ring the bell—to find, probably, that Mildred had left for a ride with the earl and her grandmother. If so, Mr. Delafield would have to explain his late delinquencies on another day. It seemed a month since he had seen Mildred; but he was not quite loath to delay what now he knew he should say. He had been heavy-hearted all the way, and the rich spectacle of the earl and of the glistening sleigh and its men and jingling steeds made Delafield sick.

But when he came back the sleigh was gone. Miss Garston had not ridden off with the earl. She was in; and she greeted Delafield coolly, and led the way to the oak room, where a log fire crackled on the hearth.

«I don't understand,» she began, turning in the fuller light; but her tone altered a shade. «Are you ill? Could n't you come?»

«I 'm all right,» he said, with a weary smile, taking the arm-chair. «It 's a long story; I ought to have written.»

«I don't see why you did n't write,» she said. «It has been a week. I could n't ask any one; I simply lay awake. There 's so little defense of ignoring me. It 's against all our theories, and I never should hesitate to withdraw rather than accept it. I don't want to be hasty. You look pale, and I 'm sorry; but you make me suffer, and you don't seem to understand, and you might as well be in Japan.»

«I never should withhold my confidence,» said Delafield. «I could n't respect you if I did. So we shall not part for that. It is good,» he added ominously, «that we can be calm over serious things.»

«But what is so serious?» she asked, frightened from some of her color. «Tell me, have I seemed to do something? Surely you don't believe that about the earl—that I let him pay me marked attention? I wondered if those reporters had talked to you and added to the falsehoods they printed about him. I tried to fit a dozen reasons to your silence, but I could n't fit one. I saw you hurrying along Twenty-third street two days ago, and you did n't look disabled. Don't you see how queer—»

«Do you know how long we have been engaged?» he asked gravely.

«Nearly three years,» said Mildred, as if the time had not seemed long.

«And you are twenty-four years old, and I am as impecunious as I was three years ago. We can't go on this way—we must give it up.»

He did not look to see her face, but gazed intently on the flames.

«I thought then,» he said, after a few moments, «that by now we might be married. I really had done well when I reached the editorial staff, and I thought I should soon have something better. But I did n't. Beyond a few hundreds saved, I have n't since made a gain. I 've gone off; my chances have decreased; and I don't seem doomed to financial success. But in my capacity of one who treasures your welfare I will not be a fiasco. We must give it up, and you must take what better fate awaits you.»

She was rigid in the oak settee, with her eyes fixed on the Garston arms below the mantel. He shook his head in pity of himself.

«I 've had time,» he went on, in a strained voice, «to think. A man may be much that a woman honors, and yet from a metropolitan point be a financial failure. We both thought the chances favorable; but they are not. In four or five years I might, by dint of plodding, take you to Harlem, but not the best of it, to share my nonentity in ‹apartments› —a set of bins a hundred feet in the sky—a euphemism for a tenement. I could not promise more. You would be excommunicated from society because you could not afford to entertain, and debarred from the opera because you would not climb the heavens to hear it. Then you would find,

after the novelty of our life had settled to a routine, that you were slowly dying of distaste, and that the only happy ones about you were those who could be content with farce-comedy and popular music and Sunday newspapers.»

The Garston arms were silver set in purple marble, and her face was cold against them. Her feet were motionless on the tiger's skin. Delafield appeared to be making a painful study of the flames. He started on, and had to begin twice.

«Food, clothing, warmth, friends,» he said, clearing his throat—«all are necessary. They cost in New York. You must have finery if you move with the friends of the Earl of Tyne; you must have things to feed to them, and a place to receive them in. We must n't learn by dire experience what is so patent; if there is an art of living, we ought to consider the end, and allow for our older years, with your greater need for dainties and carriages and servants and climates. It is inevitable that some day you would compare your state with what it might have been, and me—with the other man; and I am not sure I should be adequate; I cannot advise the risk. The woman who marries a fortune is something assuaged if her love wears out; and for you no brilliant marriage is improbable. I should never forget that, left to your present surroundings, you might have come to care for a man of great wealth, or perhaps for one with both wealth and title, like the Earl of Tyne. And, on the other hand, to see you condemned with me to such a contrast with what might have been, would destroy the lightness of my heart.»

The fire was subsiding. He paused. Very far away she seemed already, with her eyes, half closed, fixed on the gaping lion's mouth in the arms. He could not read her face. She might be occupied with some scornful misinterpretation.

«I would n't have you think that I despair,» he said suddenly. «I always go on. My philosophy does not refuse me self-esteem; and it could n't refuse success, if life were forever and strength as long as life. But a woman ages; she cannot so well begin a career in the middle of her prime. If you wait and wait, and curb all thoughts of other men, and finally *do* see me crushed—think of it! See how it stands now. I am no longer an editorial writer—I have not been for a week. I have changed my rooms, so that the book reviews can meet my present expense. I shall find something else, simply because a man can't seek in vain forever. I left because they asked me to libel Dougherty, our misrepresentative in Congress, and to twist his foolish doings to the semblance of a misdemeanor. Dougherty does n't know enough to be a rascal; and I refused, and they gave me a choice, and I resigned. Affairs have promised this for months; for my self-respect grew always faster than my bank-account, and some of the things I used to condone are abhorrent to me now. I cannot call a college graduate a noble fellow because he ferrets out a girl who fled away to hide, and because he purchases her photograph from the villain who swore to defend her. But that is what first promoted my successor. For a long time I have refused to write some things they asked, and they found me worth concessions, though they knew how strongly I stood for reform ideas and how contemptible I held their party majors; but the new man can do perhaps as well as I, and he stops at nothing. He is an example of «perfect discipline»; he knows the division between moral and legal libel to a hair's breadth. I used to dream how satisfactory it must be to be a gentleman of the editorial column and wield nothing but a force toward better things. I thought then, you see, that all journalism was a professional pursuit. If I had been less callow it would have been far better for you.»

Her fingers lay on the arm of the settee, and the diamond on one of them—the only jewel she wore—shot up a cold glint caught and changed from the lessening rays of the fire. He could see only her profile.

«There is one thing I never have spoken of,» he said, after a moment, compressing his lips. «I should be absurd to ignore that your grandmother is a rich woman who loves you and likes me well. In the event of her death you would receive a fortune by her will, or she might give you an income if you married. Both these possibilities may have crossed your mind as fair guaranties for the future; but have you reflected how the prospect of being the impecunious husband of a rich wife would load me with dread? My pride would not bear it—nor yours—for me to be a weakling beside your beauty and your money. It has not frightened me away, you understand; it has made me pause, for your sake. It has brought me to a determination which nothing can alter.»

Her pallor was disturbing him. She was like alabaster, and the rise of her chest was barely apparent. She had not spoken, or moved her eyes from the Garston arms. The blaze had left the hearth, and the logs smoldered,

growing blacker and blacker, while the sky outside took deeper and colder tints, and the winter sun was sinking in a flare of orange. He feared that she mistrusted his sincerity.

«I may have seemed unimpassioned all through our engagement,» he said, with regretful firmness. «But if I have seemed so, you will thank me. I know I hurt you. I shall not speak of myself—it is not the time; but I submit that, if you release me, it will be better for us to—say good-by—now. Only your grandmother knows that we have been engaged; and we have always maintained a dignity which you will not regret, perhaps, when we meet again in after years. That is all. Am I not right?»

He had finished. What he had doubted his courage for when he had sighted Mildred's house, the Earl of Tyne had given him strength to say. Now the words were out of his mouth, and as he waited for Mildred's answer his mind went back to the room in West Twenty-eighth street where he was going after he had parted with Mildred for perhaps the rest of their lives. It was a dingy and darksome and narrow room, no whit less melancholy for the presence of his bookcase and his desk and his books and etchings. It was a wretched place to go and lie awake in the first appalling realization of his sacrifice; it was wretched because there on the table, in a silver frame with doors that were unlocked by a sacred key, would be the picture of Mildred—Mildred as he had seen her once on the stairs, on the night of a ball. The frame had stood on his table for two long years, to be opened as often as he paused at early morning, after his work was done, before he went to dream of her. Whatever he did, the picture, or the absence of it, would dominate the room, and the room would dominate him. He would give up the room, he told himself; he would take his savings and wander abroad until the wound stopped bleeding. But even then he could never again unlock the silver frame, nor—unless he heard some day that Mildred was a countess—ever part with it.

Mildred was still mute and white. The maid came knocking, and opened the portières to fetch some wood.

«It 's gun out, ma'am,» she said, from her knees, as she placed a small log on the andirons and poked the embers into a heap beneath. «Should I start it or leave it?»

«Yes,» murmured Mildred, with unwitting ambiguity; and the maid, aware of an oblivion chilling even to a servant, forsook the fire to its will. Delafield turned to Mildred and paused for her answer. She began to breathe harder, and seemed about to speak; but she could not. He asked himself wretchedly how one could doubt her who saw her eyes so blank with woe, and saw the clasping and unclasping of her fingers. Her mouth twitched as if she were a tiny girl and as if he had been treacherous and made her afraid of every one. In an escape of tenderness he let himself for a moment cover her hand.

«Why, you poor child,» he exclaimed, «it 's as cold as ice! What makes it so?»

«It 's the ring,» she said huskily, her eyes shunning him. «I—I release you!»

She took the diamond off and laid it on the arm of the settee.

«But—please keep it,» he said, at the memory of how he had put it on her finger many months ago. «You 'll keep at least that, won't you?»

«You forget it was your mother's—that she told you to give it to the woman you loved,» said Mildred, with a trace of bitterness. «Only,» she added, turning to him, «just for a while will you sit here? I want to say some things, if I can, that would have come to me when you were gone—things I should suffer not to say. Once I could n't have asked you; but three years make a change. I cannot readjust myself so quickly—with no warning. Will you come?» she asked faintly.

He moved to the place beside her on the double settee. The fire, lingering along the bottom of the logs, reflected some glow from the hearth, brighter because the twilight was beginning. The white diamond glittered on the settee arm, minus an owner. Mildred kept half turned away from him, and he waited for her to go on.

«It 's because ours has been so—different from others,» she said, struggling for words. «Other men are much more—more enthusiastic to the women who promise to marry them. But you seem to have thought you ought n't to be, or else you did n't care. And I always feared to say—perhaps—how good you were.»

She paused for a moment.

«Because,» she went on, «I could n't—in words—they mock me, and you left no other way. If you had n't been outwardly so true and careful, and so fierce in your hatred of fraud, I should have thought you could n't have much feeling. But, as it was, I believed you meant to honor me.»

Delafield was looking into the embers.

«You 've been so different from what I expected—when you asked me. You were so good then! I had read your heart from the

instant you came to care. I knew for weeks that you were weighing it over; and I was *so* proud of you for first telling me about—your prospects. Perhaps you thought I did n't appreciate that; and I 'm sure you were shocked at my quick assent, for you did n't know how I had wished it for months and months. And now you think that what I accepted so readily I can easily lose. You never will know; for I am not as I was. I used to quench my doubts; but I can't be certain now whether you ever cared or not.»

The embers were fading out, and her face was receding in the gloom.

«How little I know you,» she went on, the words coming faster, «that I can talk so—after these years! It 's because you placed me too high, perhaps; made me a goddess instead of a friend. I did n't want to be a goddess; it is n't a real thing. I wanted to be like other well-bred women when they give their word. But I could n't ask you to be different; I could n't speak of it now if I ever expected to see you again. My friendship did n't attract you. You saw this house and the precious girdles I wear, and you concluded that I was too dainty to be useful, and too feeble to stand the battle of life—for any sake; and you liked me because I made a pretty ornament in this background, just as you part with me because you cannot maintain it. I was foolish not to see that. You enjoy in me the very contrast with what I admired in you. You have never seen any one just like me; and when you found me in such surroundings, not pampered or silly or spoiled, I impressed you. It must have been because I looked well standing at the head of the stairs, with the stained-glass light, and the maid lifting on my cloak, and the footman waiting stiff below with my traveling-bag—as you saw me once, and looked so worshipful. How strange you were not to know that you were stronger and better and finer a sight than I! At that moment I should have rather gone with you, with a cheap bag and a cheap cloak and no footman and no maid, than have gone as I did, with any one else in the world. I did n't know you then as I do to-day. The maid and the stained glass had been traditions in our family simply because wealth and elegance had been traditions; but *they* did n't make our happiness. Health was what we asked, and the joy of exerting strength and will, whether it was my grandfather in his ship or my father in his bank. If you think I have degenerated from them, you are neither clever nor complimentary.»

The darkness had pressed down between them, though she sat so near. The solitary diamond sparkled close to her fingers' ends. He heaved a deep, uneven sigh; but Mildred's voice was growing stronger.

«I should have seen how far apart our real ideals lay; but I was foolish, and I do thank you for your dignity now. You differed so from the men I was meeting. They were either stupid or gross, or jellied with vice, or poor cartoons of foreigners. There was n't one of them with the grace of the Earl of Tyne, and there was n't one of them like our people—like my father. But you were so ambitious and vigorous and daring! You had even done brutal things, I thought, though I admired the dash that took you through them, because I felt that better taste would come to you, as it has. In most things you had all the finish of the men I knew, and you realized twice as much as they dreamed. You had struggled, too, and suffered anxiety and temptation; and yet you were as ruddy and clear-skinned and steady-handed as a young girl. You grew—I could see you grow; and you called to all that was potent and healthy in my mind. I wanted to run beside you, and do and dare things with you, and live your life of vigor and conquest. I did n't want to be carried—I 'm too much alive. I knew I could not run so fast or so far as you; but I could go each day faster and farther than you could carry me. I used to tell you this, and you used to say what a mighty team two such as we would be when we both put shoulder to the wheel, each to his best. But you did n't mean it, or else you meant it for all the world but me. Your real picture was a girl at the head of the stairs, waiting freshly groomed and gowned, all crisp and idle and full of pretty feminine affairs to dissipate your weariness and vexations. That has its fascination, true enough, and quite enough, for most of us; but it is n't the thing for me. I 'm too jealous of your hours away from me—I mean I should be if I cared. I should expect your life-work to be part of your soul, and I should want to be part of it in some way, too. I should want to serve wherever I could, being your friend—the best you ever had. I should lose the last memory of myself in the one I cared for. That would be living—for me. But you—would n't understand it.»

A screen stopped most of the light that would have come in through the windows, and the fire was hidden in its own ashes. They were in the dark. The chimney-place was growing cold; the sleigh-bells in the street, recalling the Earl of Tyne, sounded cold,

too; and the cruel things she said were tingling. He had not thought that words would ever hurt him from so sweet a source.

«Then if you failed,» she continued, «I should know it was fate, not lack of me; just as a triumph would n't be yours alone, but ours, as life would be ours. A woman who asks that, who can let you go without a pang because you fail to value it—she would never be a drag, no matter how much she had to learn. I have no genius, I know; I can't write; and so you think my energies would be dispersed by society—that I should languish for the Earl of Tyne! You have n't believed me when I said I had no taste for that. I 'm not opposed to social life; I know it too well: it keeps more people out of mischief than it spoils. But it is n't the thing for me. I have vigor that will not let me dawdle; and independence and will that never betrayed me until I thought I cared for you. I don't wonder you mistake me; I never am so timid and weak as with you; nor so stupid as not to see when I 'm made a sport of.»

She stopped for a moment.

«But you wrong me, Mildred!» he said painfully.

«I never wronged you while I expected to be your wife,» came her spirited answer. «I took in earnest everything you said. Life means so much to me; it has so many charms —such great rewards for force and action; its very buffets have a taste for me. You never imagined for an instant what terrific impatience I leashed from day to day since we were first engaged; how I longed to grasp your hand and be off and be living. You would have thought it bold if I had told you while we were engaged. Oh, I used some days to walk in Central Park all the morning—to tire myself and keep myself from lying awake to think how I might help you. If I did n't, I wanted to fly—to jump from my window. What a waste it was—a waste of thought and sleepless nights, when I could rise in the morning and walk my miles and yet come back sleepless, because I longed to be up and working out the traditions of my blood! And all my dreams pointed to you, who took me for nothing—nothing but lace! You don't know me. You don't know what I like, or what I need, or how little you fulfil your promise. You think I want carriages! I 'd rather have a driving snow and high boots and an alpenstock, with a loaf of rye bread in a haversack, than tool a coach with the Earl of Tyne through ten columns of a newspaper. You think I should languish in a flat with a man who was mine and knew me through and through—languish for want of a box at the Metropolitan, and for want of an earl, when I had my own nobleman plighted to me gladly! You apprehend me, but you cannot comprehend me in the least.»

The soft fabric of her sleeve touched his shoulder; but he felt as far removed from her as if three years ago she had not laid her head on his shoulder and said she was happy there. Delafield winced.

«But you don't know the dreary reality,» he said hopelessly. «You never knew rude living except as a bit of contrast. You have n't felt its deadening power.»

«You could n't deaden me with rude living if I chose to accept it,» she exclaimed angrily. «You could n't break my spirit with plain walls so long as there was air and sky and the elements of food. I know it deadens the dead; it frets small souls—it would stimulate me. If it would n't, there is no such thing as binding hearts. If a strong woman cannot share your lot as honor makes it, then she never loved you more than half. If you don't expect that principle, you don't honor her and you don't care. I know my words are only sounds to you; I ought to say, ‹I adore you—if you can furnish steam heat and all the modern improvements!› You 'd respect me just as much if I did. But now you think I 'm melodramatic, and I think you are; for every word you spoke has been affected. If we had gone on as we did until we married, our misunderstanding would have finished, but our mistake would have only begun. You are not keyed up to my pitch,» she said passionately. «You 've taken three good years of my life under false pretenses; and you 've humiliated me so that I 'm ashamed to look at you, and I 'm glad it 's dark!»

«Ah, but you *don't* know!» he protested wretchedly, gripping the back of the settee so that it creaked. «And you don't know how hard it has been to say it! I should have been a coward and held it back if I had n't seen him coming up your steps. I had started in indecision, and every step saw me worse; but his splendor made me sick. If you care no more than you say, I 'm already—but you must care, Mildred; you would n't speak so hotly if you did n't.»

«Then I 'll speak more calmly,» she said, with what seemed absolute self-possession. «We both have much to thank the earl for, it seems. Has the fire quite gone out? Perhaps you find it chilly here?» she added, turning to him in the gloom.

He made no answer, but his hand dropped from the back of the settee.

«I 'll go now,» he said at last, trying to adopt her manner. Yet he waited, while she kept silent, and heard his breathing, and saw the sparkle of his diamond just beyond her finger-tips. A cold draft blew down through the chimney and swept the ashes.

«There 'll be a time,» he said, «when you 'll look upon me as only a newspaper man, without distinction from all the rest. *He* will see me, and he 'll think of the vulgar, venal irresponsibility of the most blatant of our newspapers, of the sort that traduce their ignorant readers and affront their intelligent ones with every revolution of their press; and he 'll say contemptuously, 'That is one of the men who write what they would blush to own.' And yet there are clean sheets, for those who have taste for them; and one may be both a journalist and a gentleman; and if not, he 'd only share his ignominy with the thousands who bought what he wrote. But when a few years are gone all I shall be to you is—a newspaper man.»

«If a man respects himself, that should be enough,» she said coldly, as if she did not divine that he was thinking of the earl.

Delafield stood up. He paused for a moment, and she knew he was trying to discern for the last time her outline in the darkness. Then slowly he made his way around back of the settee, past tables and chairs, to the door. She heard the clink of the rings of the portières, and could tell that he had paused again, holding the curtain in his hand. She realized that the next few minutes would shape the course of her life.

«Oh, will you please find the bellows for me before you go?» she asked in a new tone suited to pleading for a favor.

He came groping his way back, with hands outstretched, and accidentally touched her face. She gave a little start and an exclamation which he did not comprehend. The maid turned the current on in the hall, and some light came over the top of the portières.

«Did I hurt you?» he asked. «I could n't see.»

«No—I understand,» she hastened to say, with a shiver. She had thought he meant a caress. «I wanted the bellows to blow the fire, please. I 'm cold.»

He picked it out, and, as he would have done when they had been engaged, used it on the ashes to save her the trouble of it. At first the embers took some life; then they drowsed.

«It 's gone too far,» he said grimly; «it won't come up again.»

«Oh, I *think* it will,» she said fervently, «if you only try!»

He kept on mechanically, looking into the embers; but they gave no more than a glow that seemed to compensate for the pallor of his face.

«It 's no use,» he said at length, letting the mouth of the bellows drop, and staring dejectedly into the ashes.

«Don't be disgusted,» she urged, with such softness as if she feared to frighten the flames away. «Can't you try again?»

«I 'll send the maid; I 'll ring the bell as I go out,» he said, keeping turned away from her, and about to rise.

«But you 're not going to force me to make the fire myself?» she asked gently, laying her hand on his sleeve and looking earnestly at him. «I don't want the maid. I want you—you to move it a trifle, please—to where those splinters will catch. I 'm too cold to wait for the maid, and I want to say one little word more. Please take the stool.»

He did as she asked, and with the tongs moved the log to where the splinters took the flames; and as she watched him, silently and with hungry eyes, the fire ran along until all the log was ablaze and crackling and lighting the room. He waited, not seeing her face, and growing bitter that she should be able to add to the injuries she had already inflicted.

«About the earl,» she began, with difficulty—«I have seen him only three times in my life. We were introduced at Mrs. Van Thaler's, and we talked for about ten minutes. I did not go to ride with him, as the papers said; and I never showed that I liked him. Last week he called here, and I was astonished and grandma was enraged; but we saw that he was under some delusion. Today, just as I sent a servant to buy your paper to see if it chanced to mention your whereabouts, he came again. We had never asked him to come to see us. In a little while I managed to find what his mistake was. He took me for Miss Gaston, farther up the avenue; he did n't know that our name was Garston. He said she had invited him, but that he had forgotten her face and remembered only her name, which was known all over the world in connection with a great business house; and he said he had forgotten my name, but remembered my face. I told him that we knew the Gastons but slightly. Then he apologized very regretfully, and went away. I don't know him.»

She waited wistfully for Delafield to make some comment, but he did not.

«And grandma could n't leave me anything,» she said, miserable at his silence. «It all goes to charity, because papa was

wealthy then, and grandpa did n't expect him to die so poor, and so they arranged it all between them. I shall have just my own little income. I wear these things only because grandma insists on buying them; but when she 's gone I shall have only my few hundreds, and *they* ought n't to be enough to frighten even you away.»

She paused, and waited in vain. Delafield said nothing. Her eyes fell on the diamond, and its sparkle was too much for them.

«I did n't have any *more* to say,» she faltered, half choking. «I—I thought—»

The tears that had assembled behind her vehemence rushed up in triumph over her striving, and she trembled and shuddered with her grief. For a moment Delafield clenched his fists behind him; then they opened, and he moved quickly to her side.

«Shall I love my happiness more than you?» he said distinctly. «Shall I follow my heart alone?»

«Yes—yes; be selfish—be selfish!» cried Mildred. «I—I want to be worth fury and hate and fighting for! There is n't anything in the world I want so much as you!»

He took her strongly in his arms, and tenderly kissed her. She was still sobbing, but differently; and he let her weep for the easing of her heart.

«I shall adopt your view,» he said resolutely, with his lips at her ear. «From now I shall believe all you believe; and we 'll start and make our life a proof of our creed. Don't fear that I shall be weak; I was thinking of you, and I made a mistake. I always go on. Please—»

«Yes,» she said joyously, her arms around his neck and their eyes meeting in new trust and happiness; «you were tired and worn with anxiety, and the earl bothered you, dear. But it will not be so again, because first you 'll tell me everything. You must take a long rest to-night; but you must stay to dinner, and drink something hot to prevent you from having gotten cold while I was so horrid.»

With her repentance she was nearly ready to weep again, and she sprang up on a plea of drawing the shades. There came a heavy clang of sleigh-bells without, different from the ordinary.

«Come quick!» she said.

She had looked out in the glare of the electric lights and had seen the sleigh with the scarlet plumes and the crystal dasher. There were the two splendid towering flunkies, strictly *en profil;* and behind them, half frozen in their furs, the young Earl of Tyne, elegantly dressed, and a brilliantly costumed girl of countenance sharp and sagacious.

Delafield came up behind Mildred and slipped the diamond to its place on her lovely finger.

«And who 's the lady?» he asked.

«That 's Miss Gaston,» said Mildred.

Chester Bailey Fernald.

OUR FOREIGN TRADE.

THE expansion of the foreign trade of the United States, which is now attracting more than usual attention, deserves the thought and careful consideration of our merchants and public men. Yet only few, in the hurry and bustle of business, can devote sufficient time and research to analyze the statistics of imports and exports, and otherwise follow the course and extent of our commerce with foreign countries. While the volume of our foreign trade in natural products has increased largely during the last decade, our exports of manufactured goods are not keeping pace with our imports thereof, and are not commensurate with the wealth, development, and resources of the nation, demonstrating clearly that the energies of our people have not been directed toward the expansion of our foreign exports as persistently as toward the development of our internal trade and manufactures.

Heretofore our exports have comprised chiefly raw materials, the products of agriculture, mines, and forests, comparatively little attention having been given to articles of domestic manufacture. In 1870 our exports of domestic manufactures amounted to only $68,279,746, representing but 15 per cent. of our total exports for the year, which amounted to $455,208,341, of which $352,096,215 was the product of domestic agriculture. The increase in the export of domestic manufactures has been slow. It was not until

1876, the year of the Centennial Exhibition (to which influence the sudden growth during subsequent years may be attributable), that they advanced to $101,637,548, while the following year they swelled to $133,933,549, an increase of over $32,000,000. In 1880 they receded to $102,856,215, but increased again to $134,794,346 in 1882, and showed no material improvement until 1891, when they swelled to $168,927,315. The maximum was reached in 1894, when the value arose to $183,718,484, representing 21 per cent. of the gross exports, which amounted to $869,204,937. The increase was chiefly in cotton goods, agricultural implements, spirits, fertilizers, and manufactures of copper, woolens, electrical and surgical instruments, books, engravings, and printed matter. There has also been a marked and gratifying increase during the year, largely in manufactures of iron; and the heavy contracts reported abroad for armor-plates for foreign battle-ships give encouragement of further improvement to follow in succeeding years.

To work up a demand and properly to introduce our manufactured goods in foreign markets require greater energy and aptitude than in selling cereals, provisions, and raw materials, for the reason that it becomes necessary to cater to the tastes and overcome the prejudices of consumers, while in the case of raw materials the exporter deals only with wholesalers and manufacturers, who themselves convert the products into manufactured articles suitable to the wants of their people. Hence a manufacturer and exporter must expend much time, labor, and money to introduce his wares abroad, requiring a large preliminary outlay and careful study of the wants of the different markets, coupled with untiring energy and perseverance. Returns and profits are necessarily slow. That frequently discourages exporters in their first efforts, and causes them to abandon the attempt to introduce their goods in competition with others already well known and established in the market they seek to enter. The prejudices of foreigners are difficult to overcome, but the energy and ingenuity of our business men who go abroad to cultivate new markets should be equal to the occasion, and capable of overcoming all obstacles. With our inexhaustible natural resources, improved machinery and inventions of all kinds, and an increasing supply of skilled labor every year, this country is capable of making rapid strides in the expansion of its foreign export trade, provided our capitalists, manufacturers, and merchants give it the thought and attention that it deserves. If only one half of the capital, energy, and attention that is now absorbed in manipulating stocks, trusts, questionable mining companies, and other inflated schemes was devoted to the development of legitimate manufacturing enterprises, and to seeking consumers for their products abroad, the country would become more and more prosperous each year, and be able to provide employment for her skilled artisans, whose labor is the foundation and mainstay of her wealth.

One thousand dollars' worth of domestic manufactures exported is of greater benefit to the country than double the value of raw materials sent abroad, inasmuch as it gives employment to three or four times the labor. It is England's manufactories and enormous foreign commerce that have produced her great wealth, and not the product of her soil. Statistics prove this. She has been the shopkeeper, manufacturer, and money-lender of the world, importing raw products, manufacturing them, and exporting them again in manufactured goods to suit the taste and requirements of foreign customers, while her laborers, merchants, and ship-owners have reaped the profit. In the manufacture of cotton goods alone the profits that accrue to her people are enormous. During the fiscal year ending in 1894 the total value of raw cotton imported into the United Kingdom was $164,721,725, while the exports for the same period were $332,803,665, showing a balance in her favor of $168,081,940 over and above what must have been consumed by her own population. These figures and enormous profits ought to afford our cotton manufacturers food for reflection. If Great Britain, which has to import all the raw cotton she manufactures, can make a gain of *one hundred and sixty-eight million dollars*—over 50 per cent.—to be divided among her artisans and manufacturers, there would seem to be a great opening for this country, which in 1894 exported $210,869,289 of cotton (of which $114,974,225 went to Great Britain), to compete for a share of this enormous industry. It is worth noticing that while Great Britain in 1894 exported $332,000,000 of cotton goods, this, the greatest cotton-producing country in the world, exported only $210,000,000 of raw and $14,340,886 of manufactured cottons.

Of woolens we exported in 1894 only $2,112,703; viz., $1,247,447 of foreign importation and $865,256 of domestic manufacture; while Great Britain for the same period exported $183,057,825, showing that this in-

dustry with us is yet in its infancy. It is capable of development, however. With the duty removed from foreign fleece wool the future need not be despaired of.

The extraordinary diversified resources of this vast country give no limit to the possibilities of the expansion of our foreign commerce. It should be our aim to increase our exports to the countries from which our imports are greater than our exports, and thus to reduce the balances of trade against us, which have to be settled in gold and silver; also to foster more closely our trade relations and increase our exports to the countries contiguous to us and whose markets are easy of access, notably Mexico, Central and South America, the West Indies, and the Orient. Our exports to these countries are not at all in proportion to our imports, and are capable of being largely increased. In 1894 our trade with them was as follows:

	Imports.	Exports.
Mexico	$28,727,006	$12,842,149
Central America	9,751,149	5,233,986
South America	100,147,107	33,212,310
West Indies	96,465,134	41,907,362
China	18,117,699	10,072,373
Japan	19,471,202	3,986,815
	$272,679,297	$107,254,995

From this it will be seen that from the countries named we imported $165,424,302 in excess of our exports. This enormous balance of trade against us absorbs an alarming outflow of gold and silver from our specie reserves. To China alone we sent during 1894 $9,301,286 in gold and silver. The greater part of this was shipped from San Francisco, and represents the earnings of about 90,000 Chinese laborers and merchants employed and engaged in business on the Pacific coast; the actual balances of trade being settled mostly by exchange on London, the center of all financial settlements. To Japan in the same period we sent $3,849,030 in gold and silver, chiefly from the Pacific coast.

The international exposition to be held in the city of Mexico in 1896, preparations for which are being made on a large scale, offers a good opportunity for displaying our manufactures in that country, as it is likely to be visited extensively not only by Mexican people, but by well-to-do and progressive residents of the Central American republics. Exhibitors at all foreign expositions ought to be liberally aided and encouraged by the Federal Government, as such exhibits always tend to promote trade.

Since steamers have to a large extent superseded sailing vessels in the West Indian and Central American trade, giving more frequent and rapid transportation and reduced rates of freight, our exports to those countries have increased very materially, to the exclusion, in many cases, of British products, as an analysis of the British blue books show. This not only applies to foreign countries, but to some of the British possessions as well, notably Bermuda, Barbados, Trinidad, and other colonies. Canada in 1893 imported merchandise from this country to the value of $58,220,858, while from Great Britain during the same year her imports were only $48,149,531; the aggregate of her total import and export trade with Great Britain being $107,385,718, and with this country $108,988,856. It is worthy of note that Great Britain takes by far the largest share of our exports. In 1860 the proportion was 52.50 per cent. of the entire exports, and in 1893 49.93 per cent., while 8.45 per cent. went to other British possessions, making a total export in the latter year to Great Britain and her possessions of 58.38 per cent., a fact that our anti-British demagogues should not lose sight of. In 1894 our exports to Great Britain and Canada alone were respectively $425,968,879 and $50,549,763, a total of $476,518,642, representing 54 per cent. of our gross exports.

Our imports from Great Britain, on the other hand, under a high protective tariff, have fallen off from 39.17 per cent. in 1860 to 21.11 in 1893.

The most gratifying feature of our foreign trade is that in volume it now exceeds that of any other country excepting Great Britain, whose commerce is nearly double that of any other nation. Next in order come Germany, France, and the Netherlands.

The following figures, compiled from the latest and most reliable data available, show the total imports and exports of some of the principal countries:

United Kingdom	1892	$3,481,779,033
United States	1892	1,857,680,610
Germany	1891	1,787,526,666
France	1891	1,623,091,733
Netherlands	1891	1,010,865,066
India	1892	957,867,197
Italy	1891	389,990,333
Belgium	1891	646,069,466
Russia	1891	532,019,133

The amount of foreign trade per head of population of the principal countries is as follows:

United States	1892	$16.22
Great Britain	1892	37.24
Germany	1891	15.64
France	1891	18.22
Netherlands	1891	102.25

Belgium	1891..	$48.72
India	1892..	2.50
Russia	1891..	3.05
Italy	1891..	5.62
South Australia	1892..	117.17
Queensland	1892..	105.83
Straits Settlements	1892..	177.49
Falkland Islands	1892..	343.61

Our foreign trade per head of our population, according to these figures, compares favorably with that of most European countries, but so far amounts to only 44 per cent. of that of Great Britain. The Netherlands, Belgium, South Australia, Queensland, Straits Settlements, and Falkland Islands make a wonderful showing, and are noteworthy examples of what can be accomplished, though the four last-named countries export chiefly unmanufactured products.

The total foreign trade of the United States for the years 1892, 1893, and 1894 was as follows:

	Imports.	Exports.	Total.
1892..	$827,402,462	$1,030,278,148	$1,857,680,610
1893..	866,400,922	847,665,194	1,714,066,116
1894..	654,994,622	892,140,572	1,547,135,194

The exports in 1892 exceeded those of any year in the history of the country, and were due to the unusually large crops of cereals, which were marketed abroad at good prices. The totals of our foreign trade given above do not include the imports and exports of gold and silver coin and bullion, which for the same period were as follows:

	Imports.	Exports.	Excess of Exports over Imports.
1892.....	$69,654,540	$83,005,886	$13,351,346
1893.....	44,367,633	149,418,163	105,050,530
1894.....	85,735,671	127,429,326	41,693,655

It is worth noticing how the trade of other countries compares with ours. The total foreign trade of Great Britain and her colonies and possessions in 1892 was as follows:

	Imports.	Exports.	Total.
Great Britain	$2,062,463,558	$1,419,315,475	$3,481,779,033
British Colonies and Possessions	1,082,065,489	1,235,103,645	2,317,169,134
Total	$3,144,529,047	$2,654,419,120	$5,798,948,167

These statistics demonstrate clearly the enormous advantage that Great Britain derives from her trade with her colonies and possessions. Yet notwithstanding these advantages, of late years we have gradually been selling more and more of our products to the British possessions, and there is no reason why our trade with her colonies should not continue to increase largely, as our manufactures and other products are admitted into most, if not all, of the British possessions at the same rates of duty and on the same terms as the goods imported from the United Kingdom or their sister colonies.

The total trade of all other countries of the world, including that of the United States, exclusive of Great Britain and the British possessions, for the same period of twelve months, was as follows:

Imports.	Exports.	Total.
$5,844,618,943	$5,845,034,248	$11,689,653,191

It will be seen from this, by comparison, that the trade of Great Britain and her possessions controls one third of the entire commerce of the world. Adding the trade of this country to that of Great Britain and her possessions, we have the enormous total of $7,656,628,779, leaving only $9,831,972,581 for all other nations. With the example before us, as an incentive, of the success Great Britain and other older countries have attained in developing their foreign commerce, we should make it our aim to push onward until we achieve equal success. For a young nation, a little more than a century old, we have reason to be proud of the prominence and prosperity this country has attained. With unrivaled resources, a rapidly increasing population, and a people endued with great energy and intelligence, we may confidently aspire in time to become the greatest commercial nation of the world. All that is necessary is for our people to apply themselves assiduously to the task, to secure freer intercourse and improve our trade relations with other countries, and to foster and increase our mercantile marine, without which we can never attain prominence as a maritime nation. We must follow the example of Great Britain and Norway in this respect, and aim to carry our products abroad in our own vessels, and thus establish independent and direct intercourse with other countries with ships sailing under our own flag, thereby gaining prestige and reaping the benefit of their earnings. If we cannot build vessels fast enough or cheaply enough, Congress should enact laws enabling our people to purchase ships abroad and put them under the American flag. The freer the intercourse, the greater will be our prosperity. In this, as well as in other matters pertaining to the advancement of our commercial interests, we cannot afford to halt and await the accomplishment of political party schemes and theories, but must

adapt ourselves to existing conditions, and be always ready to take advantage of every change and opportunity. In the export of our cereals, cotton, dairy products, meats, provisions, and petroleum we are meeting active competition in European markets with the products of other countries, and our exports of some of these articles have decreased considerably of late years. India, with her cheap labor, is largely increasing her exports of wheat; Egypt, those of cotton and Indian corn; South America, meats and wheat; Australia and New Zealand, wheat, meats, and dairy products; and Canada, cereals, fish, cheese, and butter. In the article of cheese Canada has made wonderful progress, and has forged far ahead of us in her exports. In 1893 her exports of dairy products amounted to $14,704,282, as compared with $9,267,9[illegible] from this country. In fish and fish products our exports are also falling off very materially. In 1893 we sent abroad $4,750,769, and in 1894 only $3,492,201; while Canada in 1894 exported $8,743,050. As our home consumption of these articles is increasing, and will continue to increase with the growth of our population, the shrinkage thus caused in the volume of our exports must be made up by increasing the exports of domestic manufactures, to which there is no reasonable limit, provided that they are not hampered and restricted by duties on raw materials and by unwise legislation.

Fenton T. Newbery.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Anachronism of War.

THE traveler on the Riviera who rambles over the picturesque promontory of Monaco—that puny principality of less than six square miles, with a military band of 350 musicians and a standing army of 90 men—is struck with the ludicrousness of finding on its ramparts a lot of Spanish cannon of a past age, bearing the inscription, *Ultima ratio regum*—«The last argument of kings.» To a man of reflection the sentiment seems as antiquated as the brass on which it is engraved. Not that war is a practical impossibility: even as we write the world seems to be torn anew with wars or rumors of wars. The impossibility lies rather in the revolt of the mind against the retrogression in civilization which is implied by war, when there is at hand so potent, so tried, and so honorable a substitute as arbitration. With this short cut to justice in mind, it is inconceivable to a civilized man that the laborious achievements of generations of peace should be given to the torch in one mad hour through the revival of the barbarous instincts of fighting.

That public opinion in England and America has quietly made extraordinary progress toward this humane ideal is indicated by the force of the shock with which the wise and good of both countries have recoiled from the awful spectacle, the unforgivable wickedness, of the two great English-speaking nations giving up their position side by side in the vanguard of civilization to embroil themselves over any question, much less over a complicated question of boundary dispute in South America. The demonstration of this conservative attitude among the sedate elements on both sides of the water affords a new aspect of kinship beyond sea which is more than an offset to the wild, flippant, and provincial talk about war as though it were a pastime of which Americans have recently had cause to be ashamed. The new *entente cordiale* will certainly be the beginning of better things.

That there should have been any difficulty sufficient to turn men's thoughts to war is a grave reflection upon the diplomacy of the two governments; for one of the chief objects of diplomacy has come to be, more and more, the averting of war. Moreover, to be effective either as between the contending parties, or as before the larger judgment of the world's opinion, such diplomacy must be conducted on the highest plane of manners. However individuals may contend, nations must quarrel like gentlemen. The principle of *noblesse oblige* is more effective than that of immediate advantage. The main object should be to show outward respect for even the wrong contention of your opponent, and to refuse to admit that he would be willing to do less than justice. A breach can be made at any time, and until the ultimate issues of fact have been determined and pleaded to, as the lawyers would say, every avenue of escape from an armed conflict should be kept open. In such precautions the documents in the Venezuelan affair were woefully lacking. The lamentable strain that has been put upon the political, financial, and commercial relations of the two countries might easily have been avoided. What was needed was a large-minded reliance on the good faith and the sense of justice of the two great law-making and law-loving peoples of the world.

Upon such elements, at least, reliance must be placed to pluck the flower safety out of this nettle danger. *The immediate duty before the conservative forces of England and America is to organize for the establish-*

ment of a high-class continuous board of international arbitration. In this matter the lead may well be taken by the representatives of that religion which is «first pure, then peaceable.» With the aid of the great educational institutions and of the vast commercial interests of the two lands, and in the present revived attention to the subject, it ought to be an easy matter to get Parliament's assent to the opinion already formally expressed by the Congress of the United States in favor of the principle of arbitration. What is needed is a permanent system, in place of the piecemeal and haphazard examples to which we are accustomed, admirable as their results have already proved. Once established between England and America, such a system would gradually spread among the nations of Europe, the more rapidly because of the general conviction that another Continental war would show a climax of horrors. Sooner or later arbitration would be followed by disarmament, which is the logical sequence of no other premise, and yet will be the turning-point of the Continent toward true democracy and progress. However near or far the ultimate acceptance of the idea, it would, as between us and our English cousins, take the sting out of the viper of war, to which, like the husbandman in the fable, nations too carelessly give the warmth and nourishment of the hearthstone. In the knowledge that disputes would be automatically settled by an impartial tribunal, it would no longer be possible to play a boisterous tune upon a people by pulling out the stop of «patriotism.» And it is not too much to hope that in the spread of this idea the whole earth would at last realize the great laureate's noble vision of

The Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

Herein lies a great opportunity for the English-speaking race—to lead mankind to the glorious destiny of peace. It is a mission to kindle the imagination and the heart.

A New Force in Politics.

How can the intelligent and moral people of this country be made to feel a full sense of their personal responsibility in the conduct of public affairs? That is the question which lies at the foundation of all improvement in government, municipal, State, and national. No one who has studied the defects and failures of American government can escape the conviction that these are due primarily to the indifference and neglect of the intelligent and moral elements of the population in regard to their duties as citizens. They do not like politics, they decline to take any active part in them, and they leave the business of government to be attended to by those elements which are the least fitted to carry it on either intelligently or honestly. We are glad to believe that there has been some change for the better in this respect within the last few years. It is not so common now as it was a quarter of a century ago to look upon politics as something no reputable person can afford to take part in; but there is still a very general tendency to shirk individual responsibility for the public weal, and to hold that whatever moral obligations may rest upon a Christian citizen in regard to the other affairs of life, nothing of the kind rests upon him in regard to public affairs.

Slowly but surely the folly and the lack of patriotism in this conduct are beginning to be recognized. It is becoming plain to many people that our morality must be broadened so as to include political with other duties; that a man ought to be a good citizen as well as a good husband, father, merchant, banker, or lawyer, and ought to apply the same moral standards in public affairs that he applies in private and business affairs. This is what James Bryce, in a passage which we have quoted on former occasions, calls the «home side of patriotism,» or the «willingness to take personal and even tedious trouble for the well-governing of every public community one belongs to, be it a township or parish, a ward or a city, or the nation as a whole.» We must not only arrive at the point at which we shall be willing to take this trouble, not one year, but every year, but we must also reach the point of realizing that when we neglect to take that trouble we become responsible for all the bad, dishonest, and shameful government that exists. It could not exist if we did our civic duty, and when we neglect that duty we commit a moral offense against the community in which we live.

An appreciation of this most necessary truth appears in the course which the Christian Endeavor societies have been following since their international convention at Montreal in 1893. The president of the societies suggested to them then, as one of the advanced steps to be taken, «the cultivation of a larger and more intelligent spirit of patriotism and Christian citizenship,» and thus defined his idea of what such citizenship should consist:

> How shall this be done? By all joining, as a society, some one political party? Not unless we know of some party that embraces all the saints and none of the rascals — one that is always right and never wrong. But whether you are a Democrat or a Republican, a third party man or a Populist, it can be done by bringing your vote and your influence to the test of the Christian Endeavor pledge. Then you will not knowingly vote for a bad man or a bad measure, and if need be, you will sacrifice your party rather than your principles. Go to the caucus, get into the legislature, stand for Congress; but when you get there, for God and the church and your country, do what He would like to have you do.

That is precisely the broadening of morality which we are urging. It takes issue with the old and pestiferous doctrine of two moral standards which has prevailed in this country for so many years, one standard for private and business life, and another for politics. This new doctrine says that you must have the same standard for both, and must apply it with equal thoroughness to both. Members of the Christian Endeavor societies in many States of the Union have acted upon this advice on various occasions during the last two years, and in all cases have made their influence felt for good government. With most of them this was probably their first active performance of duty as citizens; but it will not be the last, let us hope. They are sowing good seed, and we are confident that their example will be imitated by other organizations of similar professions and character. If all the churches and religious bodies of the country could be induced to preach and practise the same doctrine, the day of our deliverance as a nation from ignorant, corrupt, and often rascally government would be at hand.

Our churches may well borrow a suggestion from their English contemporaries, and set apart a day to be celebrated as «Citizen Sunday.» Three hundred London churches observed this day on October 27 last, when the clergy preached sermons on the civic aspects of Christian duty. A great deal of good would come from such a practice, if the exhortation followed the simple lines laid down by the Christian Endeavor societies. All that is necessary is to impress upon Christian people the duty of carrying their principles into politics, and insisting that the same rules of morality must prevail there as in every other walk of life. Nobody would recognize the power of this morality vote quicker than the professional politicians. If they knew that every Christian in the land had determined to apply the fundamental principles of morality to every candidate nominated, and had determined to vote against all candidates who failed to conform to them, there would be an instantaneous and remarkable improvement in the character of all nominees. This is not «carrying the churches into politics,» as some timid persons might fear, but making true citizens of the members of churches. To refuse to do this is to shut up citizenship as a department of human activity apart from morality, and thus leave to the immoral elements of society virtually undisputed control of public affairs. Popular government cannot long endure on that basis, and we are glad to see that the American people are awakening to this fact and are preparing to ward off the danger.

Plenty of Gold in the World.

THE figures which the director of the mint gives in his annual report as to the gold product of the world in 1895 must put an end to all apprehensions as to the possible advent of a «gold famine» in case the leading nations of the earth persist in transacting their business on the gold standard. He shows that the product of last year was about $200,000,000, against $180,000,000 in 1894, $155,000,000 in 1893, and $146,000,000 in 1892. Here is a gain of $54,000,000 in three years, and of $45,000,000 in two years. Furthermore, as the annual output of gold is not consumed each year, but is added to the preëxisting supply, the world's stock of gold has been increased during the last three years by $535,000,000, making the total stock on January 1 of the present year $4,286,800,000.

These are overpowering figures, the full significance of which cannot be grasped without comparing them with others. For many years the maximum of gold production was that of 1853, which was $155,000,000. From that time onward it dwindled till it reached $95,000,000 in 1883. After that year it began to increase slowly till 1889, when it started upward rapidly, reaching nearly $131,000,000 in 1891. The increase between 1887 and 1893 was over fifty per cent., and between 1887 and 1895 it was over seventy-five per cent. The annual product of gold now exceeds by $20,000,000 the average yield of both gold and silver in the period from 1861 to 1865, and by $10,000,000 the average yield of both in the period from 1866 to 1873.

That the increase of the last three years will be maintained and added to is the unanimous opinion of all expert authorities. It is estimated that by the close of the present century the annual output of the South African mines alone will exceed $100,000,000, or half the total output of the world in 1895. In the United States the product is steadily increasing, we being next to Africa as gold-producers. When we bear in mind, therefore, that the world's stock of gold is not used up each year, but with the slight diminution due to wear and tear is a perpetually growing fund, and that the tendency of the business of the world to conduct itself more and more with credit instruments rather than with actual money is steadily on the increase, it must be admitted by every intelligent person that the danger of a «gold famine» is too remote to be discussed.

It is claimed by some persons that more gold is used in the industrial arts than heretofore, and that this item must be considered as affecting the supply of gold for money purposes. This is not the fact. The director of the mint gives statistics which show that, so far as this country is concerned, the use of gold in the arts has been declining steadily during the past few years. The amount so used in 1892 was over $16,600,000; in 1893 it fell to about $12,500,000, and in 1894 to $10,600,000. No statistics are kept in other countries, but it is reasonable to suppose that the same causes which have led to a diminution here had a like effect elsewhere, the chief of them being the hard times.

It is not surprising, in view of these facts, that we no longer hear the charge made that the fall in prices of commodities which the world has witnessed during the last twenty years is due to appreciation in the value of gold because of its scarcity. There being no scarcity, but on the contrary a much greater supply than ever, there can, of course, be no appreciation in its value. Hence the fall in prices is shown to have been due to other causes, frequently pointed out in this department of THE CENTURY, the chief of which are improved methods of production and transportation. If this were not the case, and if gold were responsible for the decline, then the increased supply of gold ought to cause a rise in prices all over the world. The fact that this rise has not come, although the increase has been in progress for several years, puts an end to that discussion.

The aspect of the question of most interest to Americans is, Why is it that the United States, alone among the great nations of the world, is having difficulty in obtaining and maintaining a sufficient reserve of gold to preserve its credit? The answer to this is very easy. It is because the United States is the only great nation in the world which is in the banking business as a nation. All others leave the banking business to private banks, to be conducted by private persons under such restrictions and safeguards by the government as insure protection to the people. We are in a continual struggle to get what portion we need of the gold supply of the world because our financial system is working continually to send gold away from us. As Secretary Carlisle aptly terms it, it is an endless chain passing through the treasury and conveying out the gold which has been put in. We pay for this every year great sums in the way of premiums on the gold that we have to buy. We have rolled up a debt of several hundred millions for no other purpose than to enable us to keep up a system which makes the debt a necessity in order to maintain our public credit. In other words, we threaten our credit

by maintaining a defective financial system, and then incur debt to escape the consequences.

When Congress is asked to abolish this system and substitute one more in accordance with our needs, and in accordance also with enlightened finance as practised by the rest of the civilized world, it refuses to do anything of the kind. It not only insists upon retaining the old system, but insists also that we shall pay a far higher rate of interest than is necessary this year upon the debt which we incur to sustain our threatened credit. We paid $16,000,000 more than was necessary on a single item of this debt in 1895, and are likely to pay a larger sum upon another item. Sooner or later the folly of all this will be recognized by the people, and then we shall have a system of national finance which will be a credit to the national intelligence, as well as an incalculable boom to national prosperity. A system which would remove forever all doubt about our credit by making it absolutely certain that all our obligations would be paid in gold, would send through every avenue of trade and industry a thrill of confidence, a feeling of stability, which would be worth untold millions to us as a people. It would bring among us from Europe vast sums of hoarded wealth which are now eagerly seeking investment, but fear to come to us because of the menace which our present currency system holds over our national credit. What this would mean to our national development every intelligent man can picture for himself. We have not sufficient capital to develop to anything approaching their full extent the extraordinary resources of this country. We need the aid of the idle capital of Europe, and if we could get that, as we should get it with a financial system that was above suspicion, we should enter upon a career of prosperity far exceeding anything we have ever known. Why cannot we develop a race of statesmen who will be able to comprehend this magnificent opportunity and secure it for us?

Two Ways of Teaching English.

THERE are few harsher and more melancholy contrasts observable at present than that between the training of French and of American youth in the knowledge of their respective literatures, and between the consequent ways of using language which the public men of the two countries display. In France boys are taught three things of which American school students are mainly ignorant: the political history of their country, the general outline of their literature, and the exact niceties of their vernacular. A Yale or Harvard freshman may know the history of Greece superficially, but he knows it better than the history of England or of the United States; his knowledge of Homer, Vergil, Plato, and Cæsar may be unscholarly, but it is more trustworthy than his knowledge of Shakspere, Milton, and Swift; and whatever the result of his labors may show, he has spent far more time on his Greek and Latin sentences than on his English. Fortunately, public sentiment has become so thoroughly aroused on this subject that just now there is no more interesting educational question than the teaching of English. Recent reports show that the experts are all agreed on the diagnosis; as to the remedy we naturally find the customary divergence.

Two dangers loom up in the path of reform. First, that of exalting pedagogical method at the expense of the teacher's personality; second, that of placing mere training in composition superior to familiarity with good literature. The country is suffering at present from an acute attack of pedagogical psychology in its most malignant form; so that some zealous teachers spend more time on the study of method than on two things vastly more important—their specialty and human nature. Nothing is more vicious than to suppose that a man with a «psycho-pedagogical» method can teach either school or college students without a sympathetic and personal knowledge of his pupils. Much of the popular pedagogy of to-day is all moonshine, because the natural-born teacher (and there are many such) does not need so elaborate an apparatus, and the pedagogue who has no natural gift is deluded into thinking that this new-fangled machinery of soul-development is all that is required. There are really only two things the successful teacher needs to have—knowledge of his subject-matter and knowledge of his pupils. The first of these can be gained only by study, the second only by experience. The man who has never been a real child himself cannot effectively teach children; and he who does not know by experience the warm-hearted, exuberant gaiety of school and college boys cannot successfully teach them. Furthermore, the teacher who spends more time on the method of teaching literature than on literature itself is sure to come to grief. Greatest of all forces is the personality of the instructor: nothing in teaching is so effective as this; nothing is so instantly recognized and responded to by pupils; and nothing is more neglected by those who insist that teaching is a science rather than an art. After hearing a convention of very serious pedagogues discuss educational methods, in which they use all sorts of technical phraseology, one feels like applying Gladstone's cablegram, «Only common sense required.»

The second danger which threatens the progress of reform is the supposition, very generally accepted in some high circles, that the pupil, in order to write good English, may profitably neglect literature, if only he steadily write compositions. We are told that the way to become a good writer is to write; this sounds plausible, like many other pretty sayings equally remote from fact. No one thinks that the way to become a good medical practitioner is to practise; that is the method of quacks. The best way, indeed, to become a good writer is to be born of the right sort of parents; this fundamental step having been unaccountably neglected by many children, the instructor has to do what he can with second- or third-class material. Now a wide reader is usually a correct writer; and he has reached the goal in the most delightful manner, without feeling the penalty of Adam. What teacher ever found in his classes a boy who knew his Bible, who enjoyed Shakspere, and who loved Scott, yet who, with this outfit, wrote illiterate compositions? This youth writes well principally because he has something to say, for reading maketh a full man; and he knows what correct writing is in the same way that he knows his friends—by intimate acquaintance. No amount of mere grammatical and rhetorical training, nor even of constant practice in the art of composition, can attain the result reached by the child who reads good books because he loves to read them. We would not take the

extreme position taken by some, that all practice in theme-writing is time thrown away; but after a costly experience of the drudgery that composition work forces on teacher and pupil, we would say emphatically that there is no educational method at present that involves so enormous an outlay of time, energy, and money, with so correspondingly small a result. To neglect the teaching of literature for the teaching of composition, or to assert that the second is the more important, is like showing a hungry man how to work his jaws instead of giving him something to eat. In order to support this with evidence, let us take the experience of a specialist who investigated the question by reading many hundred sophomore compositions in two of our leading colleges, where the natural capacity and previous training of the students were fairly equal. In one college every freshman wrote themes steadily through the year, with an accompaniment of sound instruction in rhetorical principles; in the other college every freshman studied Shakspere, with absolutely no training in rhetoric and with no practice in composition. A comparison of the themes written in their sophomore year by these students showed that technically the two were fully on a par. That is weighty and most significant testimony.

If the teachers of English in secondary schools were people of real culture themselves, who both knew and loved literature, who tried to make it attractive to their pupils, and who were given a sufficient time-allotment to read a number of standard books with their classes, the composition question would largely take care of itself. Mere training in theme-writing can never take the place of the acquisition of ideas, and the boy who thinks interesting thoughts will usually write not only more attractively, but more correctly, than the one who has worked tread-mill fashion in sentence and paragraph architecture. The difference in the teacher's happiness, vitality, and consequent effectiveness is too obvious to mention.

OPEN LETTERS

The Century's Printer on The Century's Type.

THE first number of this magazine (November, 1870) appeared in a modernized old-style type which was then something of a novelty. It had never been used in any similar publication, and it gave distinction to the page. It had authority in its favor, as the outgrowth of a style introduced by William Caslon of London about 1720, and then so pleasingly cut that it broke down every attempt at rivalry. For seventy years it was commended as incomparably the best cut of type,

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuv

STYLE OF THORNE.

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyzM

STYLE OF DIDOT.

Quousque tandem abutêre, C

STYLE OF BODONI.

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyzWLNCMI

A FAVORITE FRENCH STYLE.

The Poetic style is more condensed, with more of sharp hair-line.

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxy

A LIGHT-FACE STYLE.

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyzZIB

A SCOTCH-FACE.

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyzMH

STYLE OF THE FIRST CASLON.

but it went out of fashion. At the beginning of the present century readers complained of its angularity and grayness. They demanded new styles, and type-founders provided them in profusion: the Thorne fat-face, of prodigious blackness; the Didot round-face, not quite as black or fat-faced; the Bodoni face, with round letters and sharp hair-lines; the French poetic-face, compressed to the extreme of tenuity; the so-called Scotch-face (really devised by the late S. N. Dickinson of Boston, although first cut in Edinburgh); and worst of all, the skeleton light-face, with its razor-edged hair-lines and needle-like points at the ends of stems. The types in fashion during the first third of this century were properly stigmatized by Hansard as disorderly, heterogeneous, and disgraceful: readers tired of them.

When Pickering and Whittingham revived the Caslon old-style in 1850, using the identical matrices of the old master, the connoisseurs said, «Now at last we have returned to simplicity and beauty: this is perfection.» Yet it was admired by bibliophiles only; dainty readers did not approve of its angular letters and its disproportioned capitals. Accepted for reprints of old books, it was rejected for modern work. To make it palatable to the general reader, type-founders devised a «modernized old-style,» in which harsh features were modified and new features of greater delicacy were added. So changed it became a more salable letter, but it never found marked favor with the ordinary newspaper or the book publisher. Critics said of it that the strong features of the Caslon face had been suppressed, and that the new features were no improvement; that it had been made lighter, sharper, and broader, until its true character had been cut to pieces. Bibliophiles still prefer the cut of Caslon; with all its admitted faults, it is blacker.

clearer, and more readable. The average reader rejects the angularities of the old and the new cut, and prefers the symmetry of types of modern fashion.

In the bewildering variety of faces devised during this century, one peculiarity, the sharp hair-line (a fashion introduced by Bodoni and Didot, in imitation of the delicate lines of the copper-plate printer), has never been changed. When printing was done upon wet paper, against an elastic blanket, the hair-line was necessarily thickened by its impress against the yielding paper, which overlapped the sides of every line. Under this treatment the hair-line appeared thicker in print than in type, and was unobjectionable to printer or reader; but when the new method began (as it did in 1872) of printing on dry and smooth paper against an inelastic surface, the hair-lines and light faces of types were not thickened at all. From an engraver's point of view, new types so printed were exquisitely sharp and clean; but from a reader's point of view, the general effect of the print was relatively mean and wiry, gray and feeble. Each letter lost some of its individuality. A reader of imperfect eyesight could not see the razor-edged hair-lines that connected the thicker strokes; he had to guess at the identity of many letters. A new style of delicate but weak presswork came in fashion. The readable presswork produced by all good printers during the first half of this century was supplanted by feeble impressions that compelled continual strain of eyesight.

In the mean time a great change has taken place in the taste of readers, who have wearied of light types and gray impressions. There is an unmistakable demand for bold and stronger print. William Morris has printed books in many styles of letters; all of them are black and rugged, yet they find readers and buyers. American type-founders have recently introduced other styles of bold and black letter—for publishers and advertisers, as well as for bibliophiles. The «Jenson,» the «Monotone,» and the «De Vinne» are in high favor with all, not for their novelty of form, but for their greater legibility. With these evidences before them of a general preference for bolder types, the publishers of THE CENTURY decided that they would swim with the tide, and have new types of larger face and thicker hair-lines.

According to old rules, roman types would be bolder and more readable when made larger and wider. Experiments made with broad letters proved that increased expansion did not always secure increased legibility. The broad and round faces which seemed so beautiful in the large-margined pages of Bodoni and Didot were not all beautiful (quite the reverse) when printed in double columns on a page with narrow margins. To use types in which the thick strokes of each type are unduly spread apart on a page with narrow margins is an incongruity that cannot be justified. When margins are ample, and space is not pinched, types may be broad and even expanded. When the page is over-full, the types should be compressed to suit the changed condition. The fault of over-broad type is most noticed in books of poetry, in which the narrowness of the measure compels an overturning and mangling of lines, a waste of space, and needless irritation to the reader. Experiment proved that a book-type moderately compressed and properly cut was as readable as a round or expanded type. Compressed types, first made in Holland in 1732, ever since have been more largely used than types of any other cut by the printers of France and southern Europe. In dictionaries, and books of two or more columns to the page, the compressed face is a necessity. The slightness of the compression in this new face will be perceived at a glance in a comparison of the alphabets of the old and the new face as here submitted. The new face is as

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyzABCDEFGHIJS

THE NEW FACE.

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyzABCDEFGHL

THE OLD FACE.

wide as the old; it has as much open space within as without each letter, and as many letters to the line; it has the greater clearness of a thickened hair-line. It seems to be compressed only because it is taller, but this increase of height is only sixty-five ten-thousandths ($\frac{65}{10000}$) of an inch.

The so-called *new* quotation-marks are not at all new. They may be noticed, in almost the same form as they now appear in this magazine, in the books of those excellent printers, the Didots of Paris, at the close of the last century, and they have ever since been used by all French printers. When British publishers decided to use quotation-marks their type-founders had no characters for the purpose, and did not make them. Whether this refusal was due to the unwillingness of the British printer to pay for a new character, or to the prevalent dislike of everything French, cannot be decided; all we know is that they decided to imitate them with the unfit characters in stock. These characters were two inverted commas and two conjoined apostrophes—characters never intended, and not at all fitted, for the purpose. Imperfect as they were, habit has kept them in use for about a century. There are serious mechanical objections to these makeshift devices. The apostrophes and commas are not mates; the apostrophes at the end of the quotation are thinner and closer together than the commas at its beginning; the round bodies of these marks are not in line,—low at the beginning and high at the end,—putting them askew in an unsightly manner. They are the only characters in ordinary use that are thrust up at the top of the line. It follows that they leave an ungainly blotch of white below, and so produce an appearance of uneven and unworkmanlike spacing. For this reason, if for no other, the form should be altered. The German method of marking quotations with special characters is but a trifle more uncouth, viz.: „ “ The simplicity of the French quotes have led to their general adoption in Spain and Italy: their adoption by American and English printers is only a question of time.

For more than fifty years critics have complained of the feeble printing of new books. «Why not use blacker ink? Why not give us the readable pages we find in old books?» It is a sufficient answer to this protest to say that upon the sharp-lined and narrow-stemmed types now in greatest use strong and bold presswork is simply impossible. One might as well try to write boldly with a crow-quill pen. The new type here presented attempts only one correction, and that is the great fault of an

over-sharp hair-line. It is only a short step toward the general improvement desired, yet it is a step in the right direction, as may be seen in the approving criticisms that follow.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. write that they «entirely approve of your successful attempt at a text-type with thickened hair-lines.» Of course they prefer the smaller and rounder face devised years ago by the late Henry O. Houghton, after a lifelong dissatisfaction with the weak types of his time; but they admit that THE CENTURY face is wonderful for the effect it produces of a large size on a relatively small body.

Mr. J. A. St. John, an expert designer of many approved styles of type, writes: «I note very little to change in the new face.»

Mr. J. S. Cushing of the Norwood Press congratulates us «upon having at last got the right thing; the types make a handsome page; it is the most readable long-primer I ever saw. The new quotation-marks are a little hard to become accustomed to at first, but on the whole I like them very much when used double; the single quotes are not so pleasing. The small type is remarkably beautiful.»

Mr. J. W. Phinney, manager of the Dickinson Type-Foundry of Boston, writes that «the shapes and widths of the letters are excellent, and the completeness in detail noticeable. The relation between the lower-case, capitals and small capitals is perfect—the most complete that I have ever seen in any roman face. The French quotes, the setwise beveled dash, etc., are pleasing innovations that should have been made years ago.»

The story of the designing of this face is too full of technical detail to interest the casual reader. Perhaps it is enough to say that each character (first drawn on the enlarged scale of ten inches high) was scrutinized by editor and publisher, printer and engraver, and often repeatedly altered before it was put in the form of a working model. Only a maker of instruments of precision can appreciate the subservient tools, gauges, and machines that show aberrations of a ten-thousandth part of an inch; only an expert punch-cutter can understand why minute geometrical accuracy was a work of necessity upon some letters, and why it was discarded in others, for the humoring of optical illusions in the reader. Type-making does not tell its story; like other arts, it hides its methods.

Theodore L. De Vinne.

College Women and Matrimony, again.

THE article by Miss Shinn on «The Marriage Rate of College Women,» published in the October CENTURY, has attracted wide attention. It was of special interest to me, because I had just prepared a somewhat similar article on the careers of Vassar women, which was published in the November «Forum.» Miss Shinn based her calculations on the register of the A. C. A. (Association of Collegiate Alumnæ), which gives the names and addresses of 1805 women, graduates of fifteen separate and coeducational colleges. I took the records of a single college, Vassar,—the only one, so far as I know, from which approximately complete information can be obtained,—and I computed percentages for 1082 women.

As Miss Shinn is a graduate of the University of California and a resident of that State, and as I am a graduate of Vassar and a resident of New Hampshire, we have the advantage of opposite points of view, both as regards location and coeducation. It occurs to me that a comparison of the two articles, with some further statements on my part, may not be uninteresting.

The register of the A. C. A. furnishes the only record of a large number of women graduates of various colleges; and yet the membership,—1805,—large as it is, is only a fraction of the whole number of women who have been graduated from these institutions. Vassar has the largest membership in the A. C. A.,—417,—about 38.5 per cent. of her graduates. Wellesley comes next, with 364 members out of 1066 graduates, a little more than 34 per cent. Smith has 287 members out of a total of 852, a little less than 34 per cent. In all these totals the class of '95 is not included, because it was not eligible to membership when the last register of the A. C. A. was issued. Of the 3000 alumnæ of these three colleges only 1068 are members of the A. C. A.

Twelve other colleges—all coeducational but Bryn Mawr—are represented by a membership of 737. It is not easy to obtain facts about the alumnæ of so many coeducational colleges, but if their representation is no larger in proportion than that of the separate colleges, the A. C. A., important society as it is, contains only little more than one third of the whole number of college women in the country.

Possibly Miss Shinn's conclusions, just as they are in the main, might have been modified if she could have obtained facts about a proportionately larger number of college women. This idea was suggested by several of her statements. She says the majority of college women are school-teachers, and mentions that 63 per cent. of the California branch of the A. C. A. are thus engaged. In the whole number of Vassar graduates, including all those recorded as having taught in any way for one year or more, I find only 37.6 per cent. This may be partly due to the fact, which I have seen stated, that graduates of a coeducational college, of which the California branch contains many, are more likely to engage in a gainful occupation than the graduates of a woman's college. But another reason may be that the A. C. A. draws its membership more largely from teachers than from any other class. In the multiplicity of societies and clubs of the present day women are obliged to make a selection, and perhaps the A. C. A. may appeal more strongly to teachers than to domestic women, especially when the latter live in towns remote from the great centers.

Miss Shinn finds only thirty-four physicians in the A. C. A., and very few graduates engaged in other professions or in business. In this I think either the facts must be wanting, or that the A. C. A. must contain an abnormally large proportion of teachers. In the roll of Vassar alumnæ, which contains less than 60 per cent. as many names as the A. C. A., I found twenty-five physicians, and was surprised to find the number so small. There ought to be at least forty-two in the A. C. A., if it contains the proportion that even one woman's college shows.

The register of the A. C. A., giving, as it does, merely the addresses and advanced degrees of its mem-

bers, furnishes but little hint of their occupations, else I think Miss Shinn would have discovered more variety. In the roll of Vassar alumnæ I find forty-seven literary workers (including authors, editors, and journalists), sixteen teachers of arts, twelve writers of scientific papers (some of them known in Europe as well as in America), and six librarians; of artists and farmers, five each; of chemists and missionaries, four each; of astronomers, dictionary editors, and secretaries, three each; of organists, mathematical computers, and heads of college settlements, two each. There are also nineteen pursuits that engage one member each. Among the members following a unique occupation are a major in the Salvation Army of London, a treasurer of a lumber company, a manager of a manufacturing business, a manager of a newspaper, a bank director, and a superintendent of cooking. There is also a lawyer in practice, which I did not know when the «Forum» article was written.

While this record presents a cheerful variety, I am nevertheless inclined to indorse Miss Shinn's statement that «the present type of college woman is conservative, retiring, and more apt to disappoint expectation by differing too little rather than too much from other respectable, conventional folk—exactly as college men do.» I indorse this statement, because I find that in the whole roll of Vassar alumnæ over seventy-five per cent. are engaged in matrimony or teaching—two time-honored professions which certainly could be followed by women who had never received the degree of A. B., however much that degree may fit its recipients for the better pursuit of these two callings.[1]

Another reason that makes me agree with Miss Shinn that college women are conservative and retiring is the large number of alumnæ who have taken postgraduate degrees. In the Vassar list I find that sixty-four have taken advanced degrees, and that twenty-two are studying with that end in view. This may seem a gratifying evidence of scholarly ability, and in one sense it is. On the other hand, it does not indicate a capacity for initiative, for independent action. There can be nothing more delightful to a person of scholarly tastes than to go on acquiring knowledge indefinitely; but such a course often tends to personal gratification rather than to the benefit of the world. Nearly all these A. M.'s and Ph. D.'s will follow the profession of teaching, a profession that already contains an excess of women. The quality of mind or character that impels a graduate to strike out into new paths seems to me superior to that which simply urges one to continue a little farther in the well-trodden way.

All this is preliminary to the vital question, Do college women marry? Every candid observer must agree with Miss Shinn that college women marry comparatively late in life, and most observers will agree with her that the marriage rate is lower among them than among women in general. Miss Shinn bases her final statements on the matrimonial condition of women of forty years and over. She finds that of the graduates past that age 56.9 per cent. of those from coeducational colleges, and 51.8 per cent. of those from separate colleges, have married.

As I pointed out in my «Forum» article, until a whole generation of college women shall have reached a good old age and been gathered to their fathers, it is impossible to present other than tentative matrimonial statistics. Most of the Vassar graduates are not yet dead, and while there is life there is hope. The four earliest Vassar classes have passed their twenty-fifth anniversary, and on them I rested my conclusion. Of these classes sixty-one of the ninety-seven members, or about 63 per cent., have married. I concluded, therefore, that a college woman's chances of marriage are not quite two to one. I made allowance for the fact, however, that her opportunities increase with age, and that when we are able to compute the percentages for classes that have passed their fiftieth anniversary we may find a larger number of matrons.

It had not occurred to me till I read Miss Shinn's article to make forty years the limit of hope for maiden graduates. Reckoning on that basis, the eleven earliest Vassar classes—those from '67 to '77 inclusive—show a proportion of 53.5 per cent. married, a rate slightly in excess of the 51.8 per cent. record for woman's colleges as shown by the A. C. A. If the marriage rate for Vassar women jumps from 53.5 per cent. at forty years to about 63 per cent. at forty-seven years, everybody ought certainly to feel encouraged.

Miss Shinn makes one striking statement, which I think she did not intend to be taken literally. She says that «there is no station in life (save that of a nun) so inimical to marriage as that of resident teacher in a girls' school.» It is true that teachers in girls' schools are not thrown much into the society of marriageable men during term time; but many of these teachers have homes of their own, and social opportunities during at least a quarter of the year. Of the two classes of school work, I should say that that in the public schools, especially in the East, would be more likely to be inimical to marriage than that in private schools. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, speaking from the New York point of view, and Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, speaking from that of Boston, have publicly asserted within a year—to our shame be it spoken—that we do not accord social position to the teachers in our public schools.

I tried to find some Vassar statistics that would throw light on this subject, but was only partly successful. Of the 821 members in the classes from '67 to '89 inclusive (I omit the later classes because the records are less complete), I find that 319 are recorded as having taught. Of these 108 are married and 211 are unmarried. This would seem to show that teaching as an occupation is unfriendly to marriage; but when we consider that many of the married graduates neglect to state the fact that they have ever taught, and that many of the now unmarried teachers will ultimately marry, the disproportion is not so great as at first appears. I made no attempt to separate public from private school work or from college instruction, because I found many teachers had been successively engaged in all three kinds.

In addition to the wise suggestions that Miss Shinn makes about the reasons why more college women do not marry, I should like to mention one other, which

[1] At the present time, including all Vassar alumnæ, I find the seventy-five per cent. about equally divided between the two occupations; but after a lapse of twenty-five years from graduation, I find about sixty-three per cent. enrolled as matrons, and only about eighteen per cent. as teachers.

would influence women without fortune, and that is the bread-and-butter problem. Most graduates who must immediately earn money go to teaching. While there is undoubtedly a very respectable minority of college women who teach because they like it, it is probably safe to say that more than half of those thus engaged feel the need of some gainful occupation.

Statistics in regard to the wage-earning power of college women are not yet available; but from my own observation I should say that salaries range from $500 a year in the public schools to $2500 a year in a college professorship. There are many instances where the heads of private schools in large cities earn much more than the latter figure, but the success of schools of that sort depends upon the ability of the principal as a business manager rather than upon her qualifications as a teacher. As a guess, I should say that the average salary of the alumna teacher would be below rather than above $1000 a year. This may seem a small sum to many eyes, but it is sufficient to support a single woman of simple and scholarly tastes. There are many professors, clergymen, and other graduates of men's colleges whose salaries are not much more than twice that amount. If such a woman marries such a man she loses all her own salary without adding to his, and who is to provide for the growing family?

This is a problem that is affecting all classes of society. In many branches of work, such as type-setting, stenography, certain clerkships, etc., women are now paid as much as men. I have heard of a case where a girl earning $60 a month resigned her position in order to marry a man whose salary was $40 a month; but such instances of devotion are rare. It is not college women alone, but women throughout the country, who are yearly looking less and less upon marriage as a means of support. I do not say that the majority of marriages in the past have been mercenary, but as women increase in financial independence the time may come when contracts of that sort may be eliminated altogether.

I would like to bear testimony to the carefulness of Miss Shinn's investigations and the reasonableness of her conclusions. At the same time I feel like repeating what I said in the «Forum» about the impossibility of writing the history of a living institution, especially of one so young as a woman's college. The most that any statistician can do is to throw side-lights on the subject; yet these side-lights are very welcome, especially when they come from various points of view.

One thing is certain: no amount of discouraging marriage percentages is going to deter the modern girl from going to college. Smith, Wellesley, Vassar, and Bryn Mawr have this year, in round numbers, 2500 students. Their doors are filled to bursting, but the pressure keeps increasing. I am afraid the attitude of the modern college youth and maiden may get to be that in the parody of the old song:

"Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid."
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.

But whatever the result, the fact is fixed. Woman, having once tasted of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, will not be content to renounce it. The old universities are everywhere recognizing this demand, and there is scarcely one that does not now provide an annex or postgraduate opportunities for the sex that a few decades ago was thought incapable of mastering mathematics more abstruse than the rule of three, or accomplishments more difficult than that of embroidering mourning pieces on satin.

Frances M. Abbott.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Girl in Yellow.

(A COLOR-STUDY.)

«TIRED? Yes, and sleepy. This sort of thing bores me unspeakably after daybreak. Screen me, dear boy, while I yawn. She 's dancing still. Hang it! I try to be at the studio by ten; she sleeps till eleven—twelve—breakfasts in bed, you know. Thanks. Awfully glad you like her. Clever woman? Yes. Fascinating? Yes. Sympathetic? H'm, yes. Diplomatic? Oh, decidedly. Heigh-ho!

«Do you see that long-necked yellow thing lording it over the bric-à-brac on the cabinet over there? Wonderful color, yellow,—dominating, egotistic, tyrannical! Jove! how it cries down and snuffs out the tender beauty of all cool tints and shades! Did n't you ever notice it? Why, just look at that exquisite Dresden, that pale, beautiful stuff—what d' you call it?—paralyzed, simply paralyzed, by that long-necked thing! By the same token, all pink-and-white women, the pearl and lilac-shaded (the truly feminine and clinging type), and all with iron in their blood (the red-haired, you know—and, by Jove! there 's nothing like them for sport), should avoid yellow, ordinarily, as they would a yellow flag hanging out of a window. To the brunette it is a powerful ally.

«You remember the first time I went to Maryland? The day after I got there—Sunday afternoon it was—Phil took me to make a call in the country. What a place for a flirtation! (I 'll take you down some time, and introduce you to the girls.) Well, there was a garden full of nooks, and there was a wharf you could get under in a rowboat at low tide,—nice and cool in the heat of the day, with a crab-line and a girl, I can tell you!—and there were a lot of straw-stacks and hammocks. I got to know it all pretty well afterward. Now I live over its possibilities in my dreams.

«When we drove up there were four girls on the piazza. Phil took the one he was rushing ‹buggy-riding,› as they call it, and left the others to me. These were all red and gold blondes, as pretty and dainty as bisque, and they grouped together as harmoniously against the landscape as shepherdesses on a fan. I was delighted —you know my peculiar sensitiveness to color. The red-haired one (the saucy one) wore grayish sky-blue; the blondest one (the tender one) wore pink—the color of her cheeks; the purple-shadowed one (the flirtatious one) wore white with lilac ribbons. They were charming.

«I sat where I could drink in their beauty, and we got along well enough; but you know what it is to talk to three girls at once. After a while I set to work to scheme to get one of them—any one of them—off somewhere, anywhere, when suddenly I was interrupted by a step and a rustle in the doorway behind me, and at the same time I received an impression of discord through the tail of my eye. I turned about to face a blaze of yellow. After a moment I realized that I was being spoken to. I grasped a little hand and stammered something. I was dazed as if by a blast of trumpets while listening to piano-music.

«It was a girl—a girl in yellow. I 'd met her before, but I 'd forgotten her. At church that morning, where I 'd met them all for the first time, she had worn something dark, and had been as insignificant among the others as a sprig of mignonette in a basket of roses. I had n't given her a second thought. After church when Phil and I and some other fellows hung on to the back of the wagon to get a last word with the other girls, this girl sat by the driver, neglected, and biting her lip. I recalled it dimly. If I had thought about her at all, I had thought her shy. It was a mistake: a shy woman does not wear yellow.

«Was she pretty, this girl in yellow? No; but she could wear yellow, she was of one of the few types who can wear yellow—dark-haired, sepia-eyed, *café-au-lait* tinted. To the others it was fatal. As she paused a moment in the doorway I offered her my chair. I assure you it was with a sense of protecting the weak as well as from the artistic instinct. She refused, and bore down on her rivals. She sat herself among them; I turned away my head. My happiness in them was gone forever.

«Which was it, chance or design? Ahem! As you have said, she is a clever woman. But, *Himmel!* it was rough on the other girls. They were nice girls, and they 'd been a long time fixing up,—we 'd told them we were coming, and, you know, men are awfully scarce down there,—and it was a breach of hospitality, for they were her guests and cousins. And though they were pretty, and she was not, she had not been born to blush unseen; she knew how to make the most of her advantages,—or of others' disadvantages, which amounts to the same thing,—and she divined that it was a disadvantage not to be able to wear yellow. See?

«She put her arm around the sky-blue waist, and leaned her cheek upon the pale-pink shoulder—ha! ha! I wish you 'd seen her. It was fine. She chattered like a bird; and as she grew gayer and gayer the others grew awkward and silent. You have observed how a woman's gaiety is at once the cause and effect of the discomfiture of a rival? Well, it was a circus. The others—poor things!—only half knew what ailed them. Upon my word, I did n't mean to go back on them—I did n't indeed; but my nerves were unstrung as by the sharpening of a knife—I can't help my nature, can I? And, oh, my dear boy, the horror of pink cheeks and yellow! And red hair and yellow! And, oh, the horror of my purple-shadowed girl—she had gone drab with red points! So it was all up with them. They were dear girls; they are unmarried still. As I have said, that is a fine place for a flirtation.

«But yellow itself has the dominating personality of some people; it holds its own in spite of the—of everything. It destroys, but it fills all aching voids; it kills, but it makes one forget the dying agonies of its victims. It is a powerful bait to the eye; you cannot escape it; if you shut your eyes it crawls up under the lashes. After a little while I found that it paled harmoniously into an ivory neck, and that, as the coloring of a dahlia, it lay richly on dark hair. And the girl in yellow had most speaking eyes. And she was witty, and sympathetic, and a little disdainful, and altogether charming—when you knew her—when you had a chance to know her. The others had kept me from her in the morning. They had eclipsed her then; but like the moon, she also could eclipse. They tried to rally, but in vain. I thanked them in my heart when they got up at last and left me with my girl in yellow.

«Well, so much for the beginning, and, as you know, *c'est le premier pas qui coûte*. The rest was plain sailing. I remember that after the other girls had slunk away, we sat on the piazza awhile and talked theology —that is, we criticized the sermon of the morning. After that we walked on the lawn and discussed society. Then we wandered in the garden and talked poetry—and, Jove! that yellow gown was gorgeous in the sunset against the bushes. Then we sat on a bench and talked about love. Then—then—let me see—we retired to an arbor and kept on in the same strain—with personal references. Then, ah! then we went I don't know where, but I know there was a hammock, and I think there was a moon, and I dimly remember that the supper-bell rang, but that she said she was n't hungry, and—and we did n't talk at all.

«I have seen her in every color of the rainbow since, separately and all together. Three months later it was white—satin, train, veil, orange-blossoms, and a diamond sun—the gift of the groom. Jove! she was as cool as a cucumber, and my knees knocked together like fun. To-night it is purple—purple means empire. Ah! my dear boy, excuse me—yes, my dear; I 'm coming.»

Nannie A. Cox.

Flashes.

GENIUS is simply intensity of faculty.

SPARE the rod and the child both, and neither one will be spoiled.

CONSCIOUSNESS is the window through which we see God.

MATTER is a condensation of mind into visible shape, as water is of invisible gases.

THE one who achieves, creates, builds, is the true workingman, not the one who does the routine labor.

Richard Lew Dawson.

The Poor Poet's Lullaby.

THE cupboard 's bare, my child; oh, buy,
Buy low;
I hear the wolfie's hungry cry—
Buy low.
So go to sleep, my pretty one,
While father takes his inky gun
And hunts a little bunny-bun
For baby's breakfast. Buy low, buy,
Buy low!

There, little one, don't cry; oh, buy,
Buy low;
Good wood and coal come very high—
Buy low.
Your father 's got an old «sheepskin»
To wrap his darling baby in,
But there 's no coal in binny-bin
To cook the bunny-bun. Oh, buy,
Buy low!

So father 'll write a rhyme, or try,—
Buy low,—
Which some kind editor will buy,
Buy low;
And then he 'll take the money-mun
To catch the little bunny-bun
And buy a tiny tunny-ton
Of coal to cook it with. Oh, buy,
Buy low!

John H. Finley.

Her Dimples.

WHEN Dora's dimples come and go,
I watch them, torn 'twixt bliss and woe
(For at her feet I long have sat me),
Their fitful charm distracts me so;
Because, alas! I never know
Whether she 's laughing with or at me!

Madeline S. Bridges.

Shucking Song.

FODDER corn stan'in' in de corner er de fence,
An' de yaller moon er-shinin' frough de trees;
Katydid er-singin' ter 'is honey in de dusk,
An' de hollyhocks er-swingin' in de breeze.

Come on, you darkies, fer de moon is bright;
Come on, you darkies, come along!
Come on, you darkies, fer de shuckin' ter-night;
Shuck along! Shuck along!

Keep er-shakin' an' er-shuckin'; don't yer year de fiddle say,
Shuck along! Shuck along!
Whipperwills er-callin' fer de bat ter keep away;
Shuck along! Shuck along!

Crooked ear fer stealin', so de ole folks say;
Shuck along! Shuck along!
Smutty ear fer trouble, so de ole folks say;
Shuck along! Shuck along!

Yaller ear fer money, an' de red ear fer love—
An' my Angelina got it!
Come, my little turtle-dove,
Shuck along! Shuck along!

John William Mitchell.

Rules for Prayer.

(FROM THE SPANISH OF MANUEL DEL PALACIO.)

BEFORE you venture on the main,
Pray once you may return again.

Before you into battle go,
Pray twice you may escape the foe.

But ere you take a wife—perdie!
Your prayers should not be less than three.

Charles Love Benjamin.

Stray Thoughts.

IT is pleasant to be called a man even by a small boy.

BEAUTY is n't even «skin deep» in the case of the girl with freckles.

THERE undoubtedly are those who build better than they know, but, unfortunately, we cannot get them to build our houses.

MANY people are incapable of loving, and there are many others who ought to be.

LOVE has unquestionably accomplished much for good, but up to date it has not changed any leopard's spots.

MOST men are either far-sighted or near-sighted. Before marriage they see good qualities that their sweethearts don't possess, and after marriage they don't see the good qualities that their wives do possess.

BEAUTY covers a multitude of sins.

IT requires the effort of your life to forgive the person whom you have wronged.

EVEN if we cannot give forth rays of sunshine, it is not necessary for us to go out of the way to cast shadows.

SINS are handed down from father to son, but debts go the other way.

IT makes a difference not only whose ox is gored, but whose ox does the goring.

A WOMAN never realizes how clumsy a man is until after she has married him.

HORACE GREELEY lived too soon; nowadays when a man can't write his name legibly he buys a rubber stamp.

A MAN will not perspire as much over a week's haying as he will in trying to raise a car window to oblige a pretty girl.

DON'T be too intimate with the man who shakes hands with you expecting to find a dolla[illegible] his hand when he lets go.

IT may not be polite to count the change when a friend obliges you by changing a bill, but it is just as well to do it if you want your cash to balance.

MAN wants but little here below, but he is n't willing to pay cash for it.

Harry Irving Horton.

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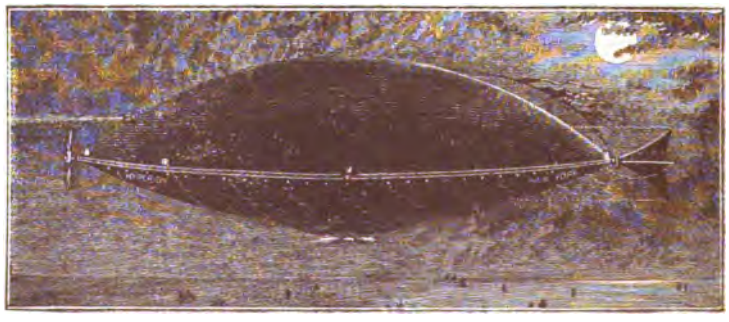

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MOTHER AND CHILD. BY GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LI. APRIL, 1896. No. 6.

THE OLD OLYMPIC GAMES.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE revival of the Olympic games at Athens by an international athletic meeting during the present month lends a timely interest to the consideration of the great historic contests which will thus be celebrated.

In the ancient district of Elis, in western Peloponnesus, about eight miles from the sea, the valley of the Alpheus widens into a well-protected plain, where the larger river is joined by a smaller, the Cladeus. Mount Cronion shuts off the cold winds from the north, and the Messenian hills temper the hot blasts from the south, while the open country to the west admits freely the gentle zephyrs from the sea. In this fertile valley, where flourished splendid specimens of trees, vines, flax, and flowers, praised by an Athenian orator as the most beautiful country of Greece, was situated Olympia. Such a spot naturally attracted the attention of wandering tribes in early days. Pelasgians, Phenicians, Ionians, Dorians, Ætolians, Acheans, settled there, and established shrines for the worship of their protecting gods. In this secluded and sacred valley various cults flourished side by side, as did the Greek olive and the Egyptian palm.

Each tribe wished for itself the credit of having established the festival which drew to Olympia the strength, beauty, and intelligence of all Greece. Some claimed that Zeus established the festival to commemorate his success in the contest with Cronus for the sovereignty of heaven—a myth which seems to point to a Pelasgic origin of the games. The Acheans coveted the honor for their hero Atreus, and Strabo for the Ætolians. More widely credited was the belief that the games were established by the Cretan Hercules, who in play challenged his brothers to run a race, and to crown the victor with a branch of wild olive. To the interest of the Dorians was the myth of Apollo outrunning Hermes and Ares. But such myths do not necessarily imply a remote antiquity for the events to which they give a poetic coloring. It is more to the point that Homer describes several of the contests represented afterward in the great national games, and that some of them may even be found in Egyptian wall-paintings of the second and third millennium before Christ.

It was as revivals of ancient practice that the games were admitted at Olympia. As they were «remembered,» they were incorporated in the festival. Such a revival took place in the ninth century B. C., under the combined influence of Iphitus of Elis, Lycurgus of Sparta, and Cleosthenes of Pisa. Not long afterward the records of Olympic victories were cherished so carefully that the winning of the foot-race by Corœbus, in 776 B. C., came to be considered by many ancient writers the

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beginning of history; and the measurement of time by the quadrennial Olympiads, favored by Greek historians and officially sanctioned by Roman emperors, has survived in the writings of classical archæologists to the present day.

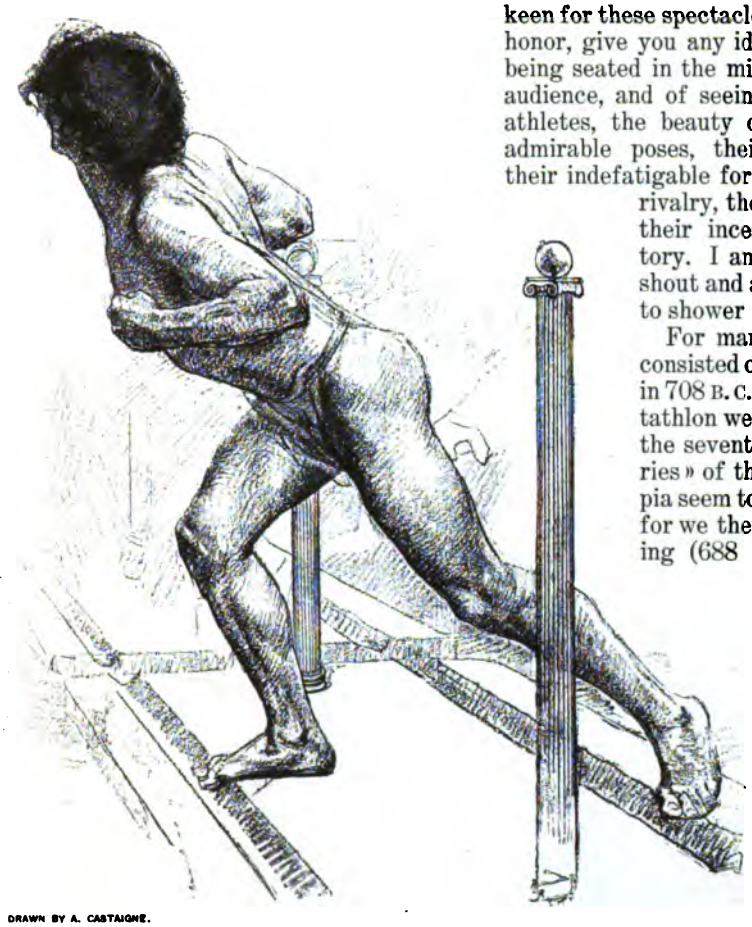
The time for the Olympic festival, like the Christian Easter, was dependent upon the moon. In accordance with an ancient tradition, the festival was held when the moon was nearest the summer solstice, at the end of June or the beginning of July. With the first appearance of the new moon began the Hieromenia, or sacred month, during which a sacred truce prevailed. Hostilities were suspended, and no armed soldier could enter the territory of Elis, and no assault could be made upon a pilgrim, under penalty of a heavy fine and excommunication from the temples, games, and sacrifices.

When the precise day for the beginning of the festival was determined, peace-heralds were despatched months in advance to all the cities of Greece. One went northward as far as the Propontis and the Black Sea; a second eastward to the islands, the coast of Asia Minor, to Egypt, and to Syria; and a third westward to the Greek colonies in Sicily, southern Italy, Gaul, and Spain. In order to accomplish this gigantic task it was necessary for them to appoint delegates to notify the smaller or more distant towns. It was important, however, that all Greek cities should receive an official announcement of the great festival. For the heralds themselves the journey was no unpleasant one: representatives of the Olympian Zeus everywhere awaited their coming, and were ready to entertain them. In turn wealthy or influential persons from various quarters of the Greek world were designated as public guests. When they came to Olympia they received important privileges, were lodged and feasted at public expense, and were given the seats of honor at the games. All classes, however, flocked to Olympia, some in vessels from across the sea, some in chariots or on horseback, while others, like Socrates, made the long journey on foot. Those who were not guests of honor spread their many-colored tents in the plain, while others slept under the open sky.

How many such pilgrims there were is, of course, difficult to estimate. The seats of the Stadium would have provided for some forty thousand, and, though only men were admitted, it was often difficult to find a place. It was natural that so large and varied an assemblage should have furnished some of the features of a great fair or exposition. Mer-

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE VALLEY OF OLYMPIA.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE START.

chants found a ready sale for their wares, and there were side-shows for the amusement and instruction of the people. Poets recited their latest productions, historians read their chronicles, and philosophers discoursed upon nature and the unseen world. Such a gathering could not but have a powerful effect in strengthening the unity of a people scattered far and wide over the ancient world. Here they worshiped a common divinity, and recognized in one another members of the same race. But the chief, absorbing interest of the festival centered in the athletic games. Lucian, in his «Anacharsis,» well expresses the passion for these contests. The Scythian Anacharsis expresses his surprise that the best people of Greece could divert themselves in seeing men batter each other with blows, and throw each other to the ground, and even kill each other. To which Solon replies: «Were we present at the Olympic, Isthmian, or Panathenaic games, you would see in what took place that we are not wrong in being so keen for these spectacles. I could not, on my honor, give you any idea of the pleasure of being seated in the midst of an enthusiastic audience, and of seeing the bravery of the athletes, the beauty of their bodies, their admirable poses, their marvelous agility, their indefatigable force, their daring, their rivalry, their invincible courage, their incessant efforts for victory. I am sure that you would shout and applaud, and not cease to shower them with praise.»

For many years the contests consisted only of foot-races, until in 708 B. C. wrestling and the pentathlon were introduced. During the seventh century the «memories» of the authorities at Olympia seem to have been quickened, for we then find introduced boxing (688 B. C.), the four-horse chariot-race (680 B. C.), the horse-races and the pancratium (648 B. C.); also the following contests for boys: foot-races and wrestling (632 B. C.), the pentathlon (628 B. C.), and boxing (616 B. C.). These heavy contests mark this century as one which set special value upon muscular force and endurance.

In the sixth century were introduced the hoplitodromos, or warriors' race (520 B. C.), and the soon abandoned chariot-race with mules (500 B. C.); in the fifth, the races for mares (496 B. C.) and for two-horse chariots (408 B. C.); in the fourth, the contest for heralds and trumpeters (396 B. C.), and chariot-races with four colts (384 B. C.); later, the chariot-race for two colts (268 B. C.), the race with mounted colts (256 B. C.), and the pancratium for boys (200 B. C.). Musical contests were introduced by Nero A. D. 68. The Olympic festival was celebrated with great magnificence by the Romans until 394 A. D., when, under Theodosius, it was finally abolished.

The preparation for these games was in itself a laborious undertaking. The magistrates and priests at Olympia, an elaborate organization, had charge of the festival as a whole, the regulation of the crowd, the sacrifices, processions, and feasts. The contestants

were obliged to qualify a year in advance, and, unless already famed as victors, to present themselves in the gymnasium at Olympia thirty days before the festival. There were several conditions for qualification. The contestant must be a free-born Greek who had not committed sacrilege or murder. If he belonged to a state which had broken the Olympic truce, he could not enter the contests until the state had paid the fine. He had to swear before the statue of Zeus Horkios that he had undergone the required ten months of training and would obey the rules of the games. These regulations seem to imply that contestants were sometimes inclined to sell the contests, to take unfair advantage of their opponents, and to corrupt the judges.

The Hellanodicæ, or judges, were ten in number, selected by lot from the ten tribes of Elis. They entered upon their office ten months before the festival. They were first schooled in the traditions and regulations of the games, then studied the capacities of the athletes while they were still in training. They had to decide upon the qualifications of the contestants, make up the program of the games, supervise the preparation of the scene of contest, act as judges in the games, and distribute the prizes. It was a position of honor and distinction. They came to the contests clad in purple robes, and sat in a tribune opposite the finish of the races in the Stadium or Hippodrome. They seem to have subdivided the function of judging, but at least three were present to judge in every contest. Their decisions were usually final, but an appeal might be carried to the Olympic senate. They were assisted in the execution of their commands by a large and well-organized body of police.

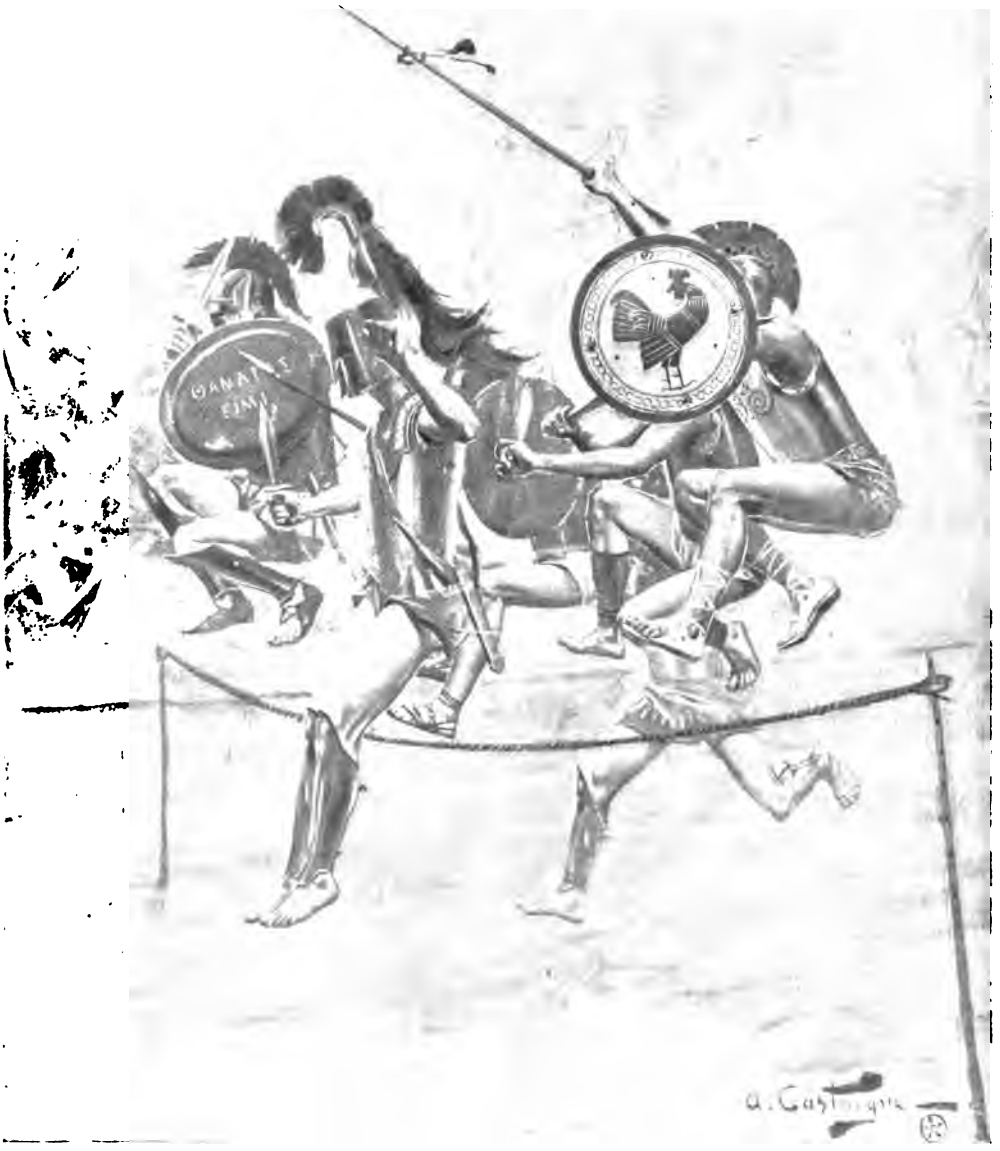
The duration and order of the festival have not yet been definitely determined. In the earliest contests, when events were limited and contests few, the games took place in a single day. But as the festival assumed greater dimensions it extended over several days. It has been convenient to assume five days in all: the first occupied with a sacrifice to Zeus, the final classification of the contestants, and the administration of the oath to athletes, trainers, and judges; the second with the events in which only boys took part; the third with the men's foot-races, wrestling, boxing, and the pancratium; the fourth with the horse- and chariot-races, followed by the pentathlon and the hoplitodromos; and the fifth with the distribution of prizes, processions, sacrifices, and banquets.

The contests for men and boys took place in the Stadium, the chariot- and horse-races in the adjoining Hippodrome. These structures were in immediate connection with the Altis, or sacred inclosure, which was peopled with statues and contained the temple and great altar of Zeus, the Heræum, the Metroum, the treasuries, and other buildings. As the athletes and judges entered the vaulted tunnel leading to the long rectangular Stadium they passed a series of statues of Zeus, called Zanes, solemn counselors of good faith, for they were erected from the fines of those who had infringed the regulations.

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.
THE FINISH.

From the first faint glimmer of early dawn the populace began to assemble, the first comers securing seats as near as possible to the section reserved for the judges and public guests. At sunrise all were in their places. The herald with a loud voice summoned the athletes, who had already laid aside their garments and appeared stripped for the race. The lots for places had been already cast. The public crier then announced the names and countries of the contestants, and the judges again warned unworthy candidates to retire.

The foot-races were three in number, called respectively the dromos or stadion, the diaulos, and the dolichos, according as the course was traversed once, twice, or a number of times. The dromos was a straightaway dash of about two hundred yards, or exactly 192.27 meters. A long line of flagstones, grooved so as to be firmly gripped by the feet, was laid at each end of the course. This permitted



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

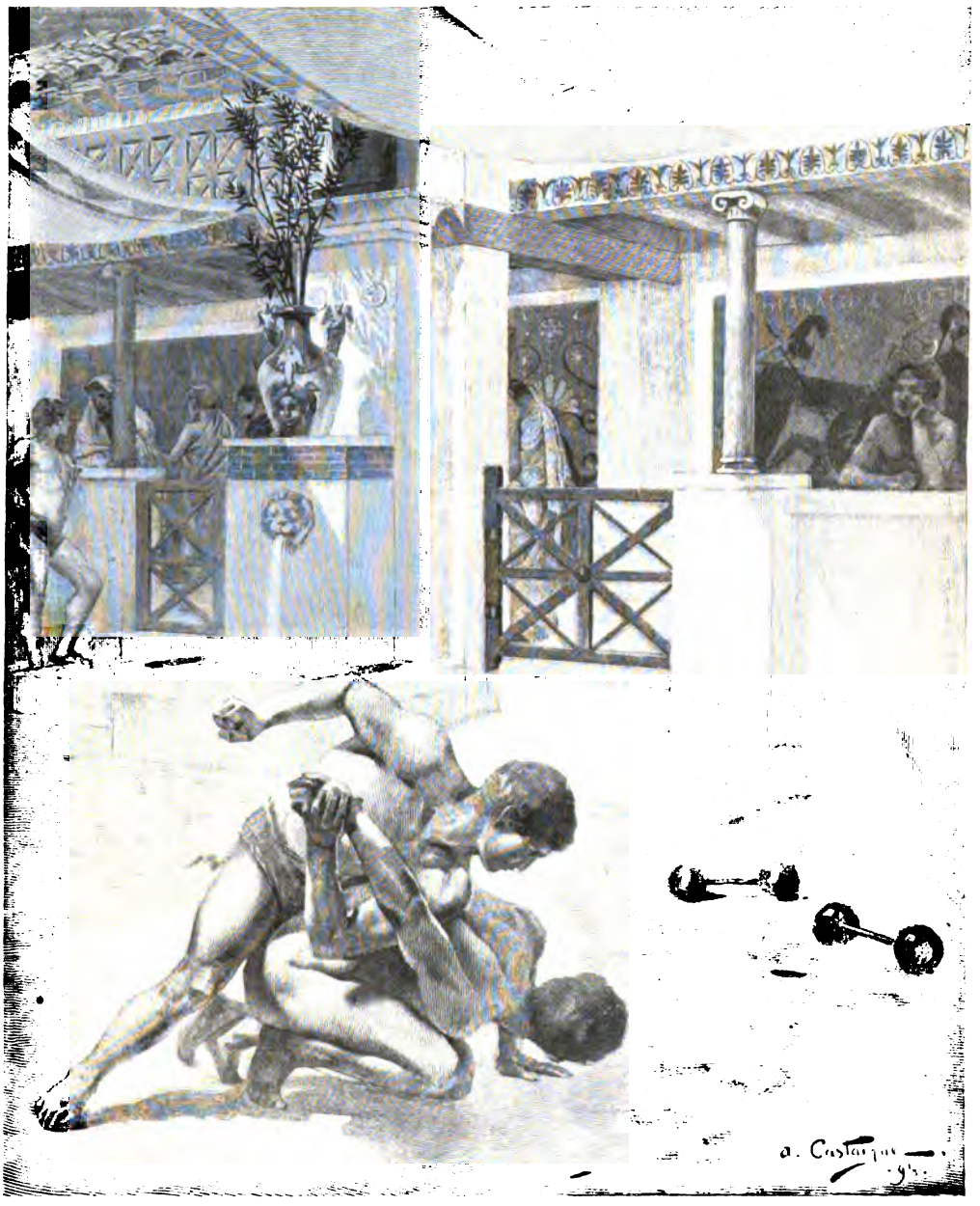
THE HOPLITODROMOS, OR WARRIORS' RACE.

the finish for both long and short races to take place at the same end of the Stadium. Along these flagstones posts were erected, dividing the line so that twenty runners might start at once; for there seems to have been an all-comers' race, from which the victors were selected to contend on the following day in groups of four. Thus, as Pausanias says, the «person who is crowned with the race in the Stadion will go off with two victories.» The vase-paintings show two, three, four, or more runners with swinging arms dashing toward the goal. The speed of these short-distance runners could not be made a matter of record. If they «ran so fast as to be invisible» to the spectators, the feat was marvelous indeed, for the track was laid with a heavy coating of sand. The diaulos was not a straightaway race, but involved a quick turn at the farther end of the course, and a return to the starting-point. The dolichos was a long race, the length of which is variously stated as six, seven, eight, twelve, twenty, and twenty-four stadia. At the longest this race did not reach three miles, but the quick turns and heavy sand made it a contest in endurance of quite different character from running the same distance on a modern cinder-track. Such physical endurance proved most useful at times, as when Phidippides, sent to notify the Spartans of the approach of the Persians, ran from Athens to Sparta and back (135 miles) in two days. But all the feats recorded of long-distance runners in Greece have been eclipsed by the six days' running- and walking-matches of modern times. The military value of speed was recognized in the Olympic festival by the hoplitodromos, or race for armed soldiers, who ran the length of the course and back in heavy armor. At first they seem to have carried the helmet, spear, shield, and greaves, but later the vase-paintings indicate that only helmets and shields were carried. Twenty-five brazen shields were preserved in the temple of Zeus for this purpose.

The races for boys were not a revival of ancient usage, but were instituted by the people of Elis «because the idea pleased them.» These races were over a shorter course than that for the men, as were also the races for young girls. The races for girls were not a portion of the great Zeus festival, but took place under the auspices of the goddess Hera on another occasion. Pausanias thus describes them: «Every fourth year sixteen matrons weave a shawl for Hera, and the same number preside over the games. And the contest is a race for maidens of various ages. In the first race are the youngest, and next those slightly older, and last of all the eldest. And they all run with their hair down their back, a short tunic below the knee, and their right shoulder bare to the breast. They use in this contest the regular race-course in Olympia, but make it a sixth part of a stade shorter. And the victors receive crowns of olive and part of the heifer sacrificed to Hera, and paintings of them are made for Hera. And the sixteen matrons who preside over the games have as many handmaids. They trace this contest of the maidens back to ancient times, saying that Hippodameia, in gratitude to Hera for her marriage with Pelops, selected sixteen matrons, and in concert with them inaugurated these games to Hera.» This festival in a measure atoned to the women for their exclusion from the games of the men. In the Zeus festival the women from the other side of the Alpheus could hear the shouts of male voices, but could see nothing. Of their sex only the priestess of Demeter was present, seated in solitary grandeur on a white marble altar opposite the judges.

Severer and more dangerous, but more popular, were the contests in wrestling, boxing, and the pancratium. Wrestling, however, since the days of mythical Theseus, had ceased to be a contest of brute force, and had become a trial of skill. Pindar praised the victor Epharmostus as being «deft-handed, nimble-limbed, with the light of valor in his eyes»; and Plutarch regarded wrestling as the most scientific of all the games. Quickness of eye to detect a weakness in the stand of the opponent, activity in the use of arms and body and legs, and the timely application of muscular strength, brought into play a harmony of athletic qualities which made the contest an object of beauty to the plastic mind of the Greeks. Few were the restrictions, such as the rules against striking and biting; many were the stratagems which were permitted, such as choking, squeezing, tripping, clambering upon an opponent's back, or breaking his fingers. Thrice must an opponent throw his adversary so that both shoulders touched the ground before he could be declared victor; and if we may judge from the figured representations, the final overthrow was by no means a gentle act.

Boxing was a brutal contest, more dangerous and bloody than the modern prize-fight. Even in Homeric days the fists were bound about with heavy thongs of ox-hide, and to these in later times were added knobs and plates of metal. The skill with which the brutal blows were inflicted, parried, and dodged received general applause, but the



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE PANCRATIUM.

consequences were disfigured ears, broken noses, and not infrequently death. Boxing was to the ancients an important military exercise, and in the Olympic festival should not be judged as if it were mere sport. Wrestling and boxing were combined in the event called the pancratium. This was a severer and more comprehensive test of agility and strength than wrestling alone, but less brutal than the boxing-match, since it was fought without the gloves. In this contest the boxing seems to have been preliminary to the wrestling. It was a fight for a grip; hence the hands and wrists were free and the fists were not clenched. All the arts of the boxer were demanded except his vicious blows. As soon as the contestant could reach his adversary at close quarters the wrestling began. Then all the arts of the wrestler were called into play. Besides ordinary wrestling, the pancratiasts seem to

have continued the contest when both parties were lying on the ground. This introduced new elements of difficulty and new tests of endurance. The contest was not ended until one of the parties admitted himself vanquished. No wonder that such contests sometimes lasted until late in the night.

The mythopoetic fancy of the Greeks attributed many feats of strength to these heavy athletes. Milo of Croton had such strength in his hands and wrists that no one could move his little finger. He could hold a pomegranate uninjured in his hand while his antagonists endeavored to wrest it from his grasp. Theagenes of Thasos, the winner of fourteen hundred crowns for boxing and the pancratium, when only nine years of age carried on his shoulders from the market-place to his home the bronze statue of a god. Melancomas stood two days with outstretched limbs, and Polydamas with one hand stopped a chariot at full speed, held up the wildest steer by its hind leg, and overcame a lion. Polydamas is said to have sustained for some time a falling grotto, but finally succumbed, and was crushed to death.

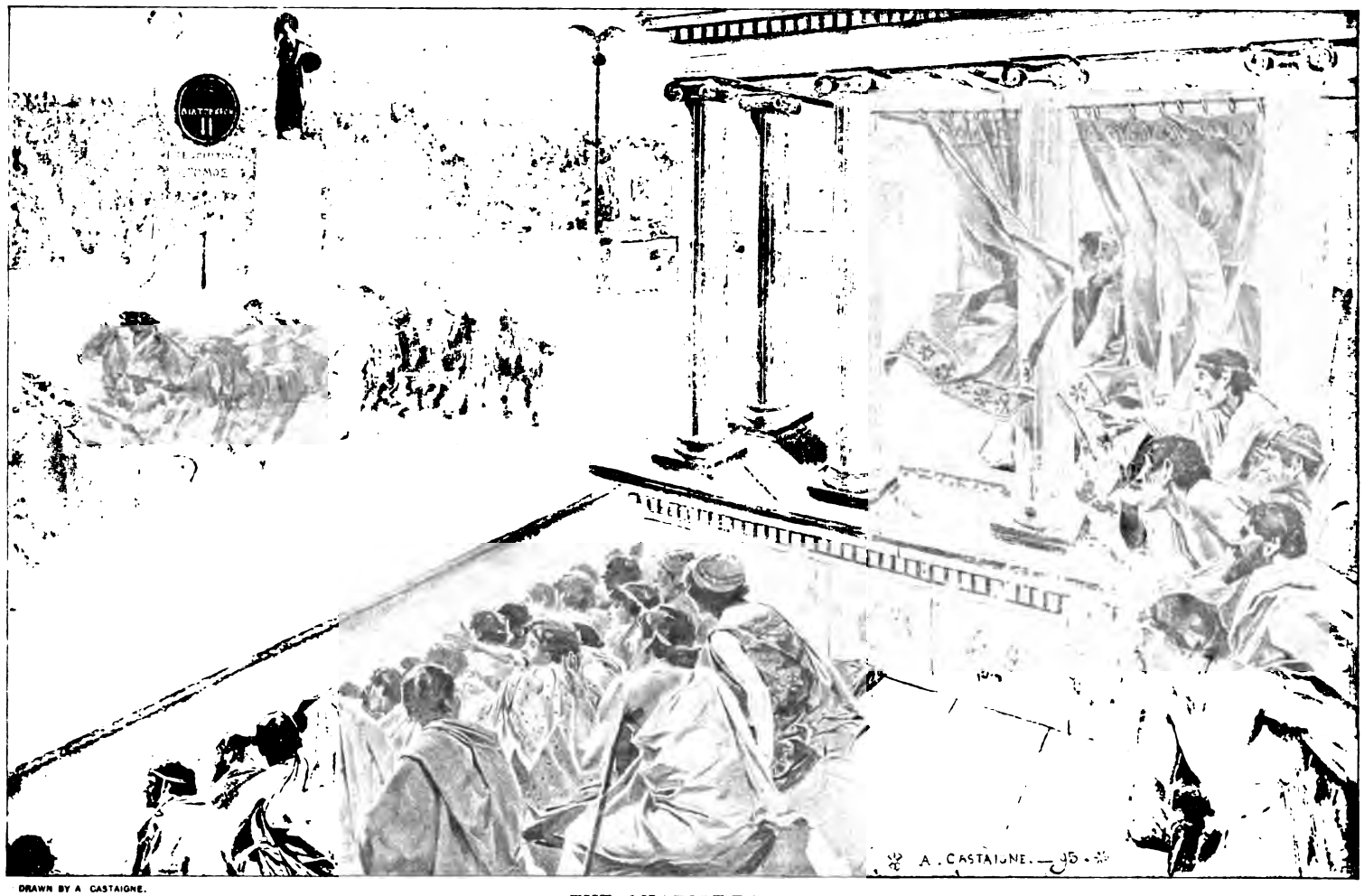
If in the preceding events the specialists came off victorious, the general athlete found his opportunity in the pentathlon. This consisted of jumping, discus- and spear-throwing, running, and wrestling. It required agility, accuracy, speed, and strength in harmonious development, and produced, according to Aristotle, the «most beautiful» athletes. Jumping, of which various kinds were practised by the Greeks, appeared in the great games as the long jump. Figured representations show sometimes a standing long jump, but more frequently a running long jump. In both cases the athlete carries in his hands the halteres (stones shaped somewhat like the modern dumb-bell), with which assistance the length of the jump was materially increased. The distance was marked by a pickax and measured by a tape-line. The attainments of Greek athletes in this event—fifty-five feet jumped by Phayllus of Croton, and fifty-two feet by Chionis, recorded without dispute by several ancient authors—render it probable that more than a single jump was involved. As the world's record for the running long jump in modern times is only twenty-three feet seven inches, it has been suggested that the «hop, step, and jump» (still practised by Greek youth) may have been the kind of jump which occurred in the Olympic games. If this were the case, the record of Phayllus would not be incredible.

Discus-throwing was a later and more refined form of hurling the stone. In Homeric times, and even at Olympia, a stone or mass of iron was first used for the purpose. This was held by a leathern thong, swung in a circle, and hurled as far as possible. A circular or lenticular disk of bronze was used at least as early as the beginning of the fifth century. A standard weight must, of course, be assumed for the great games. A discus now in the British Museum, which seems to have been used, weighs eleven pounds nine ounces; but whether this was the standard weight or not is not definitely known. The thrower took his stand upon a slight elevation of limited circumference, where he could have a secure foothold and was prevented from running; then, with a swing of the arm and a corresponding movement of the whole body, he hurled the discus as far as possible. The value of the body movement was recognized by the sculptor Myron in his famous statue «The Discobolus,» and is understood by the modern athlete when he swings the hammer, or even when he makes a drive at golf. As for records at discus-throwing, Phayllus, again, is said to have thrown the discus ninety-five feet.

In spear-throwing accuracy, and not distance, was the consideration. This is usually assumed by writers on this subject, though with some uncertainty. We may here recall Pindar's «Ode to Xenophon of Corinth,» a victor in the pentathlon at Olympia, in which he says: «But for me, who am to hurl straight the whirling javelin, it is not meet to spend beside the mark my store of darts.» Here is distinctly implied hurling the javelin at a mark; also the use of the ankyle, a device by means of which the javelin received a rotary motion.

Running and wrestling were occasionally unnecessary, since the prize was awarded to the winner of three of the five events.

The most brilliant and exciting contests of the festival were the chariot- and horse-races. They took place in the Hippodrome, adjoining the Stadium. The structure itself no longer exists, and we are dependent upon analogous buildings and upon literature for its reconstruction. The portion immediately adjoining the Altis was an artificial embankment, with seats backing against those of the Stadium. Farther on the rolling slope formed a natural stand for the spectators. The dimensions of the Hippodrome are not definitely known, but are put with some probability at two stadia in length and about six hundred feet in breadth. As with the races in the Stadium, the chariot- and horse-races also involved a sharp turn, so



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE CHARIOT-RACE.

that the course was traversed several times before the finish. Pindar, in his «Ode to Arcesilas,» speaks of the «twelve swift turns of the sacred course.» The relative positions of the chariots at the start were determined by lot; but as there was a natural difference between the inside and the outside track, this difference was neutralized by a device in the manner of starting, invented by Cleœtas. This is described by Pausanias as in shape like the prow of a ship, with partitioned stalls, in which the chariots and horses took their stand. In front of the chariots was extended a rope. First the ropes on the extremities were slackened, and when the horses stationed there advanced as far as the horses in the second stalls, then the ropes there were slackened, and so on until all started fair at the beak. This shows that a number of chariots started together; how many is uncertain. When Pindar speaks of the forty charioteers who fell in the Pythian contest in which Arcesilas conquered, he is not at variance with Sophocles, who relates that ten chariots then started together; for the races were doubtless run in heats. Alcibiades alone sent seven chariots to Olympia, winning the first, second, and fourth prizes.

In the chariot-race the skill of the driver told far more than the speed of the horses. After the trumpet had sounded and the bronze dolphin had been lowered and the bronze eagle raised as a signal for the start, his cool head in the first bolt for the lead, and amid the dust-clouds of the course and at the taraxippos,—that terror of horses, the turning-post,—often guided slower horses with success to the finish, where beside the judges stood a statue of Hippodameia holding a fillet for the victor. Long after the quadriga had ceased to be used in active warfare the chariot-race flourished in the great national games. It was the event in which the rich and powerful, princes and kings, took part, and sometimes themselves appeared as charioteers. There are many memorials of these victories in Greek vase-paintings, coins, and gems, varying in character from serious representations of an actual race to allegorical and symbolic scenes in which Cupids and winged Victories are the charioteers.

The horse-race, in its various forms, was later in making its appearance as an Olympic event. This seems to have been due to the fact that little use was made of cavalry in Greek armies before the Persian wars. But from time immemorial the horse had been an object of admiration, and that the horse should contend in the Olympic races seemed in no way derogatory to the dignity of the festival. In this contest it was less the skill of the rider than the speed of the horse of which account was taken. The rider may have been dashed to the ground, as was the case with Phidolas, and yet his horse ran around and around the course to the finish, and stood before the judges and received the prize. Victorious horses had bronze statues raised to them within the sacred inclosure at Olympia, odes were sung in their honor, and costly monuments erected over their graves.

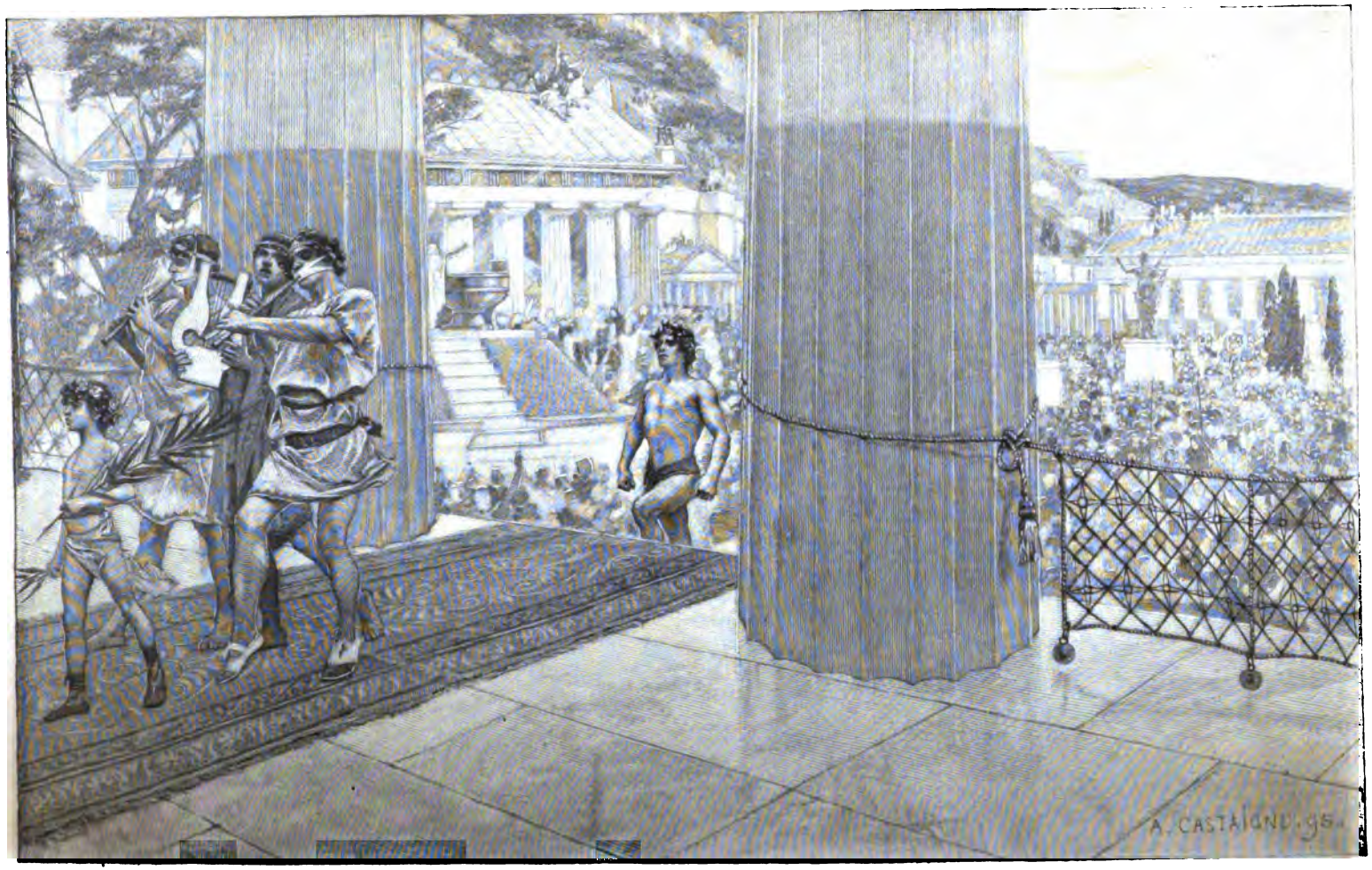
There is little to be said of the contests of heralds and trumpeters. Clear, far-reaching voices and strong lungs were required of those who announced to the thousands in the Stadium and Hippodrome the names of the contesting parties, and who gave the signals for the races. These men contested for a prize. It was not a musical contest, but a competition in strength of voice and lungs.

Immediately after each contest the successful athlete appeared before the judges and received a palm-branch, and his name was heralded before the assembled throng. But at the close of all the contests, on the final day of the festival, the much-coveted prizes were distributed. Into the Altis at early morning streamed the long, joyous procession, headed by the judges, the religious and civil authorities, and the public guests, escorting the now brilliantly clad athletes and the victorious horses bedecked with flowers. The song they sang was a psalm of victory by Archilochus, which began: «Hail to thee, powerful Hercules, conqueror in the games, and to thee also, Iolaus, both famed for the spear! Tenella, tenella! All hail to the victor!» A little boy from the priestly class had already cut with a golden knife some branches from the olive-tree planted by Hercules, and crowns made from these branches had been exposed in the temple of Hera upon a beautiful chryselephantine table made by Colotes. The crowns were then brought to the temple of Zeus, where before the representatives of all Greece the judges, clad in purple, crowned the heads of the victorious athletes. This Olympic crown, as the supreme reward of Greek ambition, is well expressed in the story of Diagoras. Himself a victor in the games, he returned in his old age to Olympia with his two sons. Both bore off a prize, then ran and caught their father on their shoulders as the crowd of pilgrims pelted them with flowers. «Die, Diagoras,» they cried; «for thou hast nothing more to live for!» With a sigh of joy the old man expired.

The crowning at Olympia did not end the

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE VICTOR.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE VICTOR GOING TO THE TEMPLE OF ZEUS.

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE VICTOR IN THE TEMPLE.

victors' glory. Their statues were made by the most famous sculptors, their portraits painted by the most skilful artists, their deeds glorified in verse. They were feasted and maintained at public expense, received seats of honor at the theater, and were cherished as gods in the hearts of their countrymen. As Pindar has well expressed it, «He that overcometh hath, because of the games, a sweet tranquillity throughout his life forevermore.»

Allan Marquand.

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

OLYMPIA TO-DAY.

ARBORICIDE.

A WORD of grief to me erewhile:
We have cut the oak down in our isle.

And I said: «Ye have bereaven
The song-thrush and the bee,
And the fisher-boy at sea
Of his sea-mark in the even;
And gourds of cooling shade, to lie
Within the sickle's sound;
And the old sheep-dog's saffron eye
Of sleep on duty's ground;
And poets of their tent
And quiet tenement.
Ah, impious! who so paid
Such fatherhood, and made
Of murmurous immortality a cargo and a trade.»

For the hewn oak a century fair,
A wound in earth, an ache in air.

And I said: «No pillared height
With a summer dais over,
Where a dryad fled her lover
Through the long arcade of light;
Nor 'neath Arcturus rolleth more,
Since the loud leaves are gone,
Between the shorn cliff and the shore,
Pan's organ antiphon.
'T was nameless envy fed
This blow at grandeur's head:
Some green reproach o'erdue,
Degenerate men! ye drew,
That for his too plain heavenliness our Socrates ye slew.»

Louise Imogen Guiney.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

X.

THUS, with the end of the honeymoon, whatever hopes or illusions George Tressady had allowed himself in marrying were already much bedimmed. His love-dream had been meager and ordinary enough; but even so, it had not maintained itself.

Nevertheless, such impressions and emotions pass. The iron fact of marriage outstays them, tends always to modify, and, at first, to conquer them.

Upon the Tressadys' return to London, Letty, at any rate, endeavored to forget her great defeat of the honeymoon in the excitement of furnishing the house in Brook street. Certainly there could be no question, in spite of all her high speech to Miss Tulloch and others, that in her first encounter with Lady Tressady, Lady Tressady had won easily. Letty had forgotten to reckon on the hard realities of the filial relation, and could only think of them now partly with exasperation, partly with despair.

Lady Tressady, however, was for the moment somewhat subdued, and on the return of the young people to town she did her best to propitiate Letty. In Letty's eyes, indeed, her offense was beyond reparation; but for the moment there was outward amity at least between them, which for Letty meant chiefly that she was conscious of making all her purchases for the house and planning all her housekeeping arrangements under a constant critical inspection, and, moreover, that she was liable to find all her afternoon teas with particular friends, or those persons of whom she wished to make particular friends, broken up by the advent of the over-dressed and berouged lady, who first put the guests to flight, and was then out of temper because they fled.

Meanwhile George found the Shapetsky matter extremely harassing. He put on a clever lawyer; but Shapetsky would have scorned to be overmatched by anybody else's abilities, and very little abatement could be obtained. Moreover, the creditor's temper had been roughened by a somewhat unfortunate letter that George had written in a hurry from Ferth, and he showed every sign of carrying matters with as high a hand as possible.

At the same time George was discovering, like any other landowner, how easy it is to talk of selling land, how difficult to sell it. The buyer who would once have bought was not now forthcoming; the few people who nibbled were, naturally, thinking more of their own purses than of Tressady's; and George grew red with indignation over some of the offers submitted to him by his country solicitor. With the payment of a first large instalment to Shapetsky out of his ordinary account, he began to be really pressed for money, just as the expenses of the Brook street settling-in were at their height. This pecuniary strain had a marked effect upon him. It brought out certain features of character which he no doubt inherited from his father. Old Sir William had always shown a scrupulous and petty temper in money matters. He could not increase his possessions: for that he had apparently neither brains nor judgment; nor could he even protect himself from the more serious losses of business, for George, when he succeeded, found heavy debts in existence —mortgages on the pits and so forth. But as the head of a household Sir William showed extraordinary tenacity and spirit in

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the defense of his petty cash; and the exasperating extravagance of the wife whom, in a moment of infatuation, he had been cajoled into marrying intensified and embittered a natural characteristic.

George so far resembled him that both at school and college he had been a rather careful and abstemious boy. Probably the spectacle of his mother's adventures had revealed to him very early the humiliations of the debtor. At any rate, during his four years abroad he had never exceeded the modest yearly sum he had reserved for himself on leaving England; and the frugality of his personal expenditure had counted for something in the estimates formed of him during his travels by competent persons.

Nevertheless, at this beginning of household life he was still young and callow in all that concerned the management of money; and it had never occurred to him that his somewhat uncertain income of about four thousand a year would not be amply sufficient for anything that he and Letty might need—for housekeeping, for children,—if children came, for political expenses, and even for those supplementary presents to his mother which he had all along recognized as inevitable. Now, however, what with the difficulty he found in settling the Shapetsky affair, what with Letty's demands for the house, and his revived dread of what his mother might be doing, together with his overdrawn account and the position of his colliery property, a secret fear of embarrassment and disaster began to torment him, the offspring of a temperament which had never, perhaps, possessed any real buoyancy.

Occasionally, under the stimulus of this fear, he would leave the House of Commons on a Wednesday or Saturday afternoon, walk to Warwick Square, and appear precipitately in his mother's drawing-room, for the purpose of examining the guests—or possible harpies—who might be gathered there. He did his best once or twice to dislodge the «singer fellow»—an elderly gentleman with a flabby face and long hair, who seemed to George to be equally boneless, physically and morally. Nevertheless, he was not to be dislodged. The singer, indeed, treated the young legislator with a mixture of deference and artistic condescension which was amusing or enraging, as one chose to take it. And once when George attempted very plain language with his mother, Lady Tressady went into hysterics, and vowed that she would not be parted from her friends, not even by the brutality of young married people who had everything they wanted, while she was a poor lone widow whose life was not worth living. The whole affair was, so to speak, sordidly innocent. Mr. Fullerton—such was the gentleman's name—wanted creature comforts and occasional loans; Lady Tressady wanted company, compliments, and «musical sketches» for her little tea-parties. Mrs. Fullerton was as ready as her husband to supply the two former; and even the children, a fair-haired, lethargic crew, painfully like their boneless father, in Tressady's opinion, took their share in the general exploitation of Tressady's mama. Lady Tressady, meanwhile, posed as the benefactor of genius in distress, and vowed, moreover, that «poor dear Fullerton» was in no way responsible for her recent misfortunes. The «reptile,» and the «reptile» only, was to blame.

After one of these skirmishes with his mother, George, ruffled and disgusted, took his way home, to find Letty eagerly engaged in choosing silk curtains for the drawing-room.

«Oh, how lucky!» she cried when she saw him. «Now you can help me decide—such a business!»

And she led him into the drawing-room, where lengths of pink and green brocade were pinned against the wall in conspicuous places.

George admired, and gave his verdict in favor of a particular green. Then he stooped to read the ticket on the corner of the pattern, and his face fell.

«How much will you want of this stuff, Letty?» he asked her.

«Oh! for the two rooms, nearly fifty yards,» said Letty, carelessly, opening another bundle of patterns as she spoke.

«It is twenty-six shillings a yard,» said George, rather gloomily, as he fell, tired, into an arm-chair.

«Well, yes, it *is* dear. But then it is so good that it will last an age. I think I must have some of it for the sofa, too,» said Letty, pondering.

George made no reply.

Presently Letty looked up.

«Why, George—George, what *is* the matter? Don't you want anything pretty for this room? You never take any interest in it at all.»

«I'm only thinking, darling, what fortunes the upholsterers must make,» said George, his hands penthouse over his eyes.

Letty pouted and flushed. The next minute she came to sit on the edge of his chair. She was dressed—rather over-dressed, perhaps—in a pale blue gown whereof the inventive

ruffles and laces pleased her own critical mind extremely. George, well accustomed by now to the items in his mother's bills, felt uncomfortably, as he looked at the elegance beside him, that it was a question of guineas —many guineas. Then he hated himself for not simply admiring her—his pretty little bride—in her new finery. What was wrong with him? This beastly money had put everything awry.

Letty guessed shrewdly at what was the matter. She bit her lip, and looked ready to cry.

«Well, it *is* hard,» she said in a low, emphatic voice, «that we can't please ourselves in a few trifles of this sort—when one thinks why!»

George took her hand and kissed it affectionately.

«Darling, only just for a little—till I get out of this brute's clutches. There are such pretty, cheap things nowadays—are n't there?»

«Oh! if you want to have a South Kensington drawing-room,» said Letty, indignantly, «with fourpenny muslin curtains and art pots, you can do that for nothing. But I 'd rather go back to horsehair and a mahogany table in the middle at once.»

«You need n't wear ‹greenery-yallery› gowns, you know,» said George, laughing; «that 's the one unpardonable thing. Though, if you did wear them, you 'd become them.»

And he held her at arm's length that he might properly admire her new dress.

Letty, however, was not to be flattered out of her lawful dues in the matter of curtains that Lady Tressady's debts might be paid the sooner. She threw herself into a long wrestle with George, half angry, half plaintive, and in the end she wrung out of him much more considerable matters than the brocades originally in dispute. Then George went down to his study, pricked in his conscience, and vaguely sore with Letty. Why? Women in his eyes were made for silken gauds and trinkets: it was the price that men were bound to pay them for their society. He had watched the same sort of process that had now been applied to himself many times already in one or more of the Anglo-Indian households with which he had grown familiar, and had been philosophically amused by it. But the little comedy, transferred to his own hearth, seemed somehow to have lost humor and point.

STILL, with two young people under thirty, just entering upon that fateful second act of the play of life which makes or mars us all, moments of dissatisfaction and depression—even with Shapetskys and Lady Tressadys in the background—were but rare specks in the general sum of pleasure. George had fallen once more under the parliamentary illusion as soon as he was again within reach of the House of Commons and in frequent contact with Fontenoy. The link between him and his strange leader grew daily stronger as they sat side by side through some hard-fought weeks of supply, throwing the force of their little group now on the side of the government, now on that of the opposition, always vigilant, and often successful. George became necessary to Fontenoy in a hundred ways, for the younger man had a mass of *connaissances*,—to use the irreplaceable French word,—the result of his more normal training and his four years of intelligent travel, which Fontenoy was almost wholly without. Many a blunder did George save his chief; and no one could have offered his brains for the picking with a heartier good will. On the other hand, the instinctive strength and acuteness of Fontenoy's judgment were unmatched, according to Tressady's belief, in the House of Commons. He was hardly ever deceived in a man, or in the significant points of a situation. His followers never dreamed of questioning his verdict on a point of tactics. They followed him blindly; and if the gods sent defeat, no one blamed Fontenoy. But in success his grunt of approval or congratulation rewarded the curled young aristocrats who made the nucleus of his party as nothing else did; while none of his band ever affronted or overrode him with impunity. He wielded a natural kingship, and the more battered and gnarled became his physical presence, the more remarkable was his moral ascendancy.

One discouragement, however, he and his group suffered during the weeks between Easter and Whitsuntide. They were hungry for battle, and the best of the battle was for the moment denied them; for, owing to a number of controverted votes in supply and the slipping in of two or three inevitable debates on pressing matters of current interest, the second reading of the Maxwell bill was postponed till after Whitsuntide, when it was certainly to take precedence. There was a good deal of grumbling in the House, led by Fontenoy; but the government could only vow that they had no choice, and that their adversaries could not possibly be more eager to fight than they were to be fought.

Life, then, on this public side, though not so keen as it would be presently, was still rich

and stirring. Meanwhile society showed itself gracious to the bride and bridegroom. Letty's marriage had made her unusually popular for the time with her own acquaintance. For it might be called success; yet it was not of too dazzling a degree. What, therefore, with George's public and parliamentary relations, the calls of officials, the attentions of personal friends, and the good offices of Mrs. Watton, who was loftily determined to «launch» her niece, Letty was always well pleased with the look of her hall table and the cards upon it when she returned home in her new brougham from her afternoon round. She left them there for George to see, and it delighted her particularly if Lady Tressady came in during the interval.

Meanwhile they dined with many folk, and made preliminary acquaintance with the great ones of the land. Letty's vanity swelled within her as she read over the list of her engagements. Nevertheless, she often came home from her dinner-parties flat and disappointed. She did not feel that she made way; and she found herself constantly watching the triumphs of other women with annoyance or perplexity. What was wrong with her? Her dress was irreproachable, and, stirred by this great roaring world, she recalled for it the little airs and graces she had almost ceased to spend on George. But she constantly found herself, as she thought, neglected; while the slightest word or look of some happy person in a simple gown, near by, had power to bring about her that flattering crowd of talkers and of courtiers for which Letty pined.

The Maxwells called very early on the newly wedded pair, and left an invitation to dinner with their cards. But, to Letty's chagrin, she and George were already engaged for the evening named, and when they duly presented themselves at St. James's Square on a Sunday afternoon, it was to find that the Maxwells were in the country. Once or twice in some crowded room Letty or George had a few hurried words with Lady Maxwell, and Marcella would try to plan a meeting. But what with her engagements and theirs, nothing that she suggested could be done.

«Ah, well, after Whitsuntide,» she said, smiling to Letty one evening that they had interchanged a few words of polite regret on the stairs at some official party, «I will write to you in the country, if I may. Ferth Place, is it not?»

«No,» said Letty, with easy dignity; «we shall not be at home—not at first, at any rate. We are going for two or three days to Mrs. Allison, at Castle Luton.»

«Are you? You will have a pleasant time. Such a glorious old house!»

And Lady Maxwell swept on; not so fast, however, but that she found time to have a few words of parliamentary chat with Tressady on the landing.

Letty made her little speech about Castle Luton with a delightful sense of playing the rare and favored part. Nothing in her London career, so far, had pleased her so much as Mrs. Allison's call and Mrs. Allison's invitation. For although, on the few occasions when she had seen this gentle, white-haired lady, Letty had never felt for one moment at ease with her, still there could be no question that Mrs. Allison was, socially, distinction itself. She had a following among all parties. For although she was Fontenoy's friend and inspirer, a strong Churchwoman, and a great aristocrat, she had that delicate, long-descended charm which shuts the lions' mouths and makes it possible for certain women to rule in any company. Even those who were most convinced that the Mrs. Allisons of this world are the chief obstacles in the path of progress deliberated when they were asked to Castle Luton, and fell—protesting. And for a certain world, high-born, cultivated, and virtuous, she was almost a figure of legend, so wide-spread was the feeling she inspired, and so many were the associations and recollections that clustered about her.

So that when her cards, those of her son, Lord Ancoats, and a little accompanying note in thin French handwriting,—Mrs. Allison had been brought up in Paris,—arrived, Letty had a start of pleasure. «To meet a few friends of mine»—that meant, of course, one of *the* parties. She supposed it was Lord Fontenoy's doing. He was said to ask whom he would to Castle Luton. Under the influence of this idea, at any rate, she bore herself much more graciously than before toward her husband's chief—a change which made Fontenoy uncomfortable.

The week before Whitsuntide happened to be one of special annoyance for Tressady. His reports from Ferth were steadily more discouraging; his attempts to sell his land made no way; and he saw plainly that, if he was to keep their London life going, to provide for Shapetsky's claims, and to give Letty what she wanted for renovations at Ferth, he would have to sell some of the very small list of good securities left him by his father. Most young men in his place, perhaps, would have taken such a thing with indifference; he

brooded over it. «I am beginning to spend my capital as income,» he said to himself. «The strike will be on in July; next half-year I shall get almost nothing from the pits; rents won't come to much; Letty wants all kinds of things. How long will it be before I too am in debt, like my mother, borrowing from this person and that?»

Then he would make stern resolutions of economy, only to be baffled by Letty's determination to have everything that other people had; above all, not to allow her own life to be stinted because he had so foolishly adopted his mother's debts. She said little, or said it with smiles and a bridal standing on her rights not to be answered. But her persistence in a particular kind of claim, and her new refusal to be taken into his confidence and made the partner of his anxieties, raised a miserable feeling in his mind as the weeks went on.

«No,» she said to herself, all the time resenting bitterly what had happened at Ferth; «if I let him talk to me about it, I shall be giving in, and letting her trample on me. If George will be so weak, he must find the money somehow. Of course he can. I am not in the least extravagant. I am only doing what everybody expects me to do.»

Meanwhile this state of things did not make Lady Tressady any more welcome in Brook street, and there were symptoms of grievances and quarrels of another sort. Lady Tressady heard that the young couple had already given one or two tiny dinner-parties, and to none of them had she been invited. One day when George had been obliged to go to Warwick Square to consult her on business he was suddenly overwhelmed with reproaches on this point.

«I suppose Letty thinks I should spoil her parties! She is ashamed of me, perhaps»—Lady Tressady gave an angry laugh. «Oh! very well; but I should like you and her to understand, George, that I have been a good deal more admired in my time than ever Letty need expect to be.»

And George's mother, in a surprising yellow tea-gown, threw herself back in her chair, bridling with wrath and emotion. George declared, with good temper, that he and Letty were well aware of his mother's triumphs; whereupon Lady Tressady, becoming tearful, said she knew it was n't a pretty thing to say, —of course it was n't,—but if one was treated unkindly by one's only son and his wife, what could one do but assert one's self?

George soothed her as best he could, and on his return home said tentatively to Letty that he believed it would please his mother if they were to ask her to a small impromptu dinner of parliamentary friends which they were planning for the following Friday.

«George!» exclaimed Letty, her eyes gleaming, «we can't ask her! I don't want to say anything disagreeable, but you must see that people don't like her—her dress is so extraordinary, and her manners—it sets people against the house. I do think it 's too bad that—»

She turned aside with a sudden sob. George kissed her, and sympathized with her; for he himself was never at ease now for an instant while his mother was in the room. But the widening of the breach which Letty's refusal brought about only made his own position between the two women the more disagreeable to a man whose ideal of a home was that it should be a place of perpetual soothing and amusement.

On the very morning of their departure for Castle Luton matters reached a small crisis. Letty, tired with some festivity of the night before, took her breakfast in bed; and George, going up-stairs toward the middle of the morning to make some arrangement with her for the journey, found her just come down, and walking up and down the drawing-room, her pale pink dress sweeping the floor, her hands clasped behind her. She was very pale, and her small lips were tightly drawn.

He looked at her with astonishment.

«What is the matter, darling?»

«Oh! nothing,» said Letty, trying to speak with sarcasm—«nothing at all. I have only just been listening to an account of the way in which your mother speaks of me to her friends. I ought to be flattered, of course, that she notices me at all. But I think I shall have to ask you to request her to put off her visit to Ferth a little. It could hardly give either of us much enjoyment.»

George first pulled his mustaches, then tried, as usual, to banter or kiss her into composure. Above all, he desired not to know what Lady Tressady had said. But Letty was determined he should know. «She was heard»—she began passionately, holding him at arm's length—«she was heard saying to a whole roomful of people, yesterday, that I was ‹pretty, of course,—rather pretty, —but so second-rate,—and so provincial! It was such a pity dear George had not waited till he had been a few months in London. Still, of course one could only make the best of it.›»

Letty mimicked her mother-in-law's drawling voice, two red spots burning on her

cheeks the while, and her little fingers gripping George's arm.

«I don't believe she ever said such things. Who told you so?» said George, stiffening, his arm dropping from her waist.

Letty tossed her head.

«Never mind! I ought to know, and it does n't really matter how I know. She did say them.»

«Yes, it does matter,» said George, quickly, walking away to the other side of the room. «Letty, if you would only send away that woman Grier, you can't think how much happier we should both be.»

He turned upon her with a look of mingled dignity and affection that struck her with a vague surprise, but also with something else. She stood still, opening her blue eyes wide.

«You want me—to get rid—of Grier,» she said, «my own particular pet maid? And why—please?»

George had the courage to stick to his point, and the result was a heated and angry scene, their first real quarrel, which ended in Letty's rushing up-stairs in tears, and declaring she would go *now*here. *He* might go to Castle Luton, if he pleased; she was far too agitated and exhausted to face a houseful of strangers.

The inevitable reconciliation, with its usual accompaniments of headache and eau de Cologne, took time, and they only just completed their preparations and caught their appointed train.

Meanwhile the storm of the day had taken all savor from Letty's expectations, and made George feel the whole business an effort and a weariness. Letty sat pale and silent in her corner, devoured with regrets that she had not put on a thicker veil to hide the ravages of the morning; while George turned over the pages of a political biography, and could not prevent his mind from falling back again and again into dark places of dread and depression.

«YOU are my earliest guests,» said Mrs. Allison, as she placed a chair for Letty beside herself on the lawn at Castle Luton. «Except, indeed, that Lady Maxwell and her little boy are here somewhere, roaming about. But none of our other friends could get down till later. I am glad we shall have a little quiet time before they come.»

«Lady Maxwell!» said Letty. «I had no idea they were coming. Oh, what a lovely day! and how beautiful it all is!» she cried, as she sat down and looked about her. The color came back into her cheeks. She forgot her determination to keep her veil down, and raised it eagerly.

Mrs. Allison smiled.

«We never look so well as in May—the river is so full, and the swans are so white. Ah! I see Edgar has already taken Sir George to make friends with them.»

And Letty, looking across the broad green lawn, saw the flash of a brimming river and a cluster of white swans, beside which stood her husband and a young man in a serge suit, who was feeding the swans with bread—Lord Ancoats, no doubt, the happy owner of all this splendor. To the left of their figures rose a stone bridge with a high, carved parapet, and beyond the river she saw green hills and woods against a radiant sky. Then, to her right was this wonderful yellowish pile of the old house. She began to admire and exclaim about it with great energy and effusion, trying hard to say the correct and cultivated thing, and, in fact, repeating with a good deal of exactness what she had heard said of it by others.

Her hostess listened to her praises with a gentle smile. Gentleness, indeed,—a rather sad gentleness,—was the characteristic of Mrs. Allison. It seemed to make an atmosphere about her—her delicate blanched head and lined face, her small figure, her plain black dress, her hands in their white ruffles. Her friends called it saintliness. At any rate, it set her apart, giving her a peculiar ethereal dignity which made her formidable in society to many persons who were not liable to shyness. Letty from the beginning had felt her formidable.

Yet nothing could be kinder or simpler than her manner. In response to Letty's enthusiasms she let herself be drawn at once into speaking of her own love for the house, and to pointing out its features.

«I am always telling these things to newcomers,» she said, smiling. «And I am not clever enough to make variations. But I don't mind, somehow, how often I go through it. You see, this front is Tudor, and the south front is a hundred years later, and both of them, they say, are the finest of their kind. Is n't it wonderful that two men, a hundred years apart, should each have left such a noble thing behind him? One inspired the other. And then we—we poor moderns come after, and must cherish what they left us as best we can. It's a great responsibility—don't you think?—to live in a beautiful house.»

«I am afraid I don't know much about it,» said Letty, laughing; «we live in such a very ugly one.»

Mrs. Allison looked sympathetic.

«Oh! but then, ugly ones have character; or they are pretty inside, or the people one loves have lived in them. That would make any place a House Beautiful. Are n't you near Ferth?»

«Yes; and I am afraid you 'll think me dreadfully discontented,» said Letty, with one of her little laughing airs; «but there really is n't anything to make up in our barrack of a place. It 's like a blackened brick set up on end at the top of a hill. And then the villages are so hideous.»

«Ah! I know that coal-country,» said Mrs. Allison, gravely; «and I know the people. Have you made friends with them yet?»

«We were only there for our honeymoon. George says that next month the whole place will be out on strike. So just now they hate us—they will hardly look at us in the street. But of course we shall give away things at Christmas.»

Mrs. Allison's lip twitched, and she shot a glance at the bride which betrayed, for all her gentleness, the woman of a large world and much converse with mankind. What a curious, hard little face was Lady Tressady's under the outer softness of line and hue, and what an amazing costume! Mrs. Allison had no quarrel with beautiful gowns, but the elaboration, or, as one might say, the research, of Letty's dress struck her unpleasantly. The time that it must have taken to think out!

Aloud she said:

«Ah! the strike. Yes; I fear it is inevitable. Ancoats has some property not very far from you, and we get reports. Poor fellows! if it were n't for the wretched agitators who mislead them—but there, we must n't talk of these things. I see Lady Maxwell coming.»

And Mrs. Allison waved her hand to a tall figure in white, with a child beside it, that had just emerged on the far distance of the lawn.

«Is Lord Maxwell here, too?» asked Letty.

«He is coming later. It seems strange, perhaps, that you should find them here this Sunday; for Lord Fontenoy comes to-morrow, and the great fight will be on so soon. But when I found that they were free, and that Maxwell would like to come, I was only too glad. After all, rival politicians in England can still meet each other, even at a crisis. Besides, Maxwell is a relative of ours, and he was my boy's guardian—the kindest possible guardian. Politics apart, I have the greatest possible respect for him. And her too. Why is it always the best people in the world that do the most mischief?»

At the mention of Lord Fontenoy it had been Letty's turn to throw a quick side look at Mrs. Allison. But the name was spoken in the quietest and most natural way; and yet, if one analyzed the tone, in a way that did imply something exceptional, which, however, all the world knew, or might know.

«Is Lady Maxwell an old friend of yours, too?» asked Letty, longing to pursue the subject, and vexed to see how fast the mother and child were approaching.

«Only since her marriage. To see her and Maxwell together is really a poem. If only she would n't identify herself so hotly, dear woman, with everything he does and wishes in politics! There is no getting her to hear a word of reason. She is another Maxwell in petticoats. And it always seems to me so unfair. Maxwell without beauty and without petticoats is quite enough to fight. Look at that little fellow with his flowers—such an oddity of a child!»

Then she raised her voice.

«My dear, what a ramble you must have made! Come and have a shady chair and some tea.»

For answer Marcella, laughing, held up a glorious bunch of cuckoo-pint and marsh-marigold, while little Hallin at her skirts waved another trophy of almost equal size. The mother's dark face was flushed with exercise and pleasure. As she moved over the grass, the long folds of a white dress falling about her, the flowers in her hand, the child beside her, she made a vision of beauty lovely in itself, and lovely in all that it suggested. Frank joy and strength, happiness, purity of heart—these entered with her. One could almost see their dim, heavenly shapes in the air about her.

Letty and Mrs. Allison could not take their eyes from her. Perhaps she knew it. But if she did, it made no difference in her perfect ease of bearing. She greeted Letty kindly.

«You did n't expect to see me here, did you, Lady Tressady? But it is the unexpected that happens.»

Then she put her hand on Mrs. Allison's shoulder, bending her height to her small hostess.

«What a day, and what a place! Hallin and I have been over hill and dale. But he is getting such a botanist, the little monkey! He will hardly forgive me because I forgot one of the flowers we found out yesterday in his botany book.»

«She said it was ‹Robin-run-in-the-'edge,› and it is n't; it 's 'edge-mustard,» said Hal-

lin, severely, holding up a little feathery stalk.

Mrs. Allison shook her head, endeavoring to suit her look to the gravity of the offense.

«Mother must learn her lessons better, must n't she? Go and shake hands, little man, with Lady Tressady.»

Hallin went gravely to do as he was told. Then he stood on one foot, and looked Letty over with a considering eye.

«Are you going to a party?» he said suddenly, putting out a small and grimy finger, and pointing to her dress.

«Hallin, come here and have your tea!» said his mother, hastily. Then she turned to Letty with the smile that had so often won Maxwell a friend.

«I am sorry to say that he has a rooted objection to anything that is n't rags in the way of clothes. He entirely declined to take me across the river till I had rolled up my lace cloak and put it in a bush. And he won't really be friends with me again till we have both got back to the scarecrow garments we wear at home.»

«Oh! children are so much happier when they are dirty,» said Letty, graciously, pleased to feel herself on these easy terms with her two companions. «What beautiful flowers he has, and what an astonishing little botanist he seems to be!»

And she seated herself beside Hallin, using all her blandishments to make friends with him, which, however, did not prove to be an easy matter; for when she praised his flowers, Hallin only said, with his mouth full, «Oh! but mammy's bunch is *hever* so much bigger»; when she offered him cake, the child would sturdily put the cake away, and hold it and her at arm's length till his mute look across the table had won his mother's nod of permission; and finally, when she tried to make him show off, by asking him the name of each flower in his bunch, Hallin suddenly interrupted her with the amazing question, delivered as clearly as his haste to eat would allow:

«I say—do zoo know—who was Bill Stickers?»

«‹Who was Bill Stickers?›» repeated Letty. «What do you mean, little man?»

Even his mother looked mystified.

But Hallin, staring very hard at Letty, and bolting some of his cake to set his tongue a little freer, repeated his question with insistence.

«Don't zoo know who was Bill Stickers? and why will he halways be pros—prose—cuted?»

He got through the long word triumphantly. Marcella burst into merry laughter, and explained that as they had crossed London in the morning Hallin's face had been glued to the window of the carriage, and that he had taken special note of the advertisements and street inscriptions. But apparently the personality of the much-threatened «Bill Stickers» had struck his imagination too painfully for immediate speech. So he had brooded upon it till, pestered by the importunities of this strange lady in the party frock, he had suddenly discharged himself.

Letty thought him an odd, ill-mannered child, and gave up courting him, greatly to Hallin's satisfaction. He edged closer and closer to his mother, established himself finally in her pocket, and browsed on all the good things with which Mrs. Allison provided him, undisturbed.

«How late they are!» said Marcella, looking at her watch. «Tell me the names again, dear lady»—she bent forward, and laid her hand affectionately on Mrs. Allison's knee. «Your parties are always a work of art.»

Mrs. Allison flushed a little, as though she liked the compliment, and ran laughingly through the names.

«Lord and Lady Maxwell.»

«Ah!» said Marcella, «the least said about them the soonest mended. Go on.»

«Lord and Lady Cathedine.»

Marcella made a face.

«Poor little thing! I always think of the remark about the queen in ‹Alice in Wonderland›: ‹A little kindness, and putting her hair in curl-papers, would do wonders for her.› She is so limp and thin and melancholy. As for him—is n't there a race or a prize-fight we can send him to?»

Mrs. Allison tapped her lightly on the lips.

«I won't go on unless my guests are taken prettily.»

Marcella kissed the delicate wrinkled hand.

«I 'll be good. What do you keep such an air here for? It gets into one's head.»

Letty Tressady, indeed, was looking on with a feeling of astonishment. These merry, childlike airs had absolutely no place in her conception of Lady Maxwell. Nor could she know that Mrs. Allison was one of the very few people in the world to whom Marcella was ever drawn to show them.

«Sir Philip Wentworth,» pursued Mrs. Allison, smiling. «Say anything malicious about him, if you can.»

«Don't provoke me. What a mercy I brought a volume of ‹Indian Studies› in my

bag! I will go up early, before dinner, and finish them.»

«Then there is Madeleine Penley, and Elizabeth Kent.»

A quick involuntary expression crossed Marcella's face. Then she drew herself up with dignity, and crossed her hands primly on her lap.

«Let me understand. Are you going to protect me from Lady Kent this time? Because last time you threw me to the wolves in the most dastardly way.»

Mrs. Allison laughed out.

«On the contrary, we all enjoyed your skirmish with her in November so much, we shall do our best to provoke another in May.»

Marcella shook her head.

«I have n't the energy to quarrel with a fly. And as for Aldous—please warn his lady at dinner that he may go to sleep upon her shoulder!»

«You poor thing!»—Mrs. Allison put out a sympathetic hand. «Are you so tired? Why will you turn the world upside down?»

Marcella took the hand lightly in both hers.

«Why will you fight reform?»

And the eyes of the two women met, not without a sudden grave passion. Then Marcella dropped the hand, and said, smiling:

«Castle Luton is n't full yet. Who else?»

«Oh! some young folk—Charlie Naseby.»

«A nice boy—a very nice boy—not half such a coxcomb as he looks. Then the Levens—I know the Levens are coming, for Betty told me that she got out of two other engagements as soon as you asked her.»

«Oh! and, by the way, Mr. Watton—Harding Watton,» said Mrs. Allison, turning slightly toward Lady Tressady.

The exclamation on Lady Maxwell's lips was checked by something she saw on her hostess's face, and Letty eagerly struck in:

«Harding coming—my cousin? I am so glad. I suppose I ought n't to say it, but he is such a clever, such an agreeable creature. But you know the Wattons, don't you, Lady Maxwell?»

Marcella was busying herself with Hallin's tea.

«I know Edward Watton,» she said, turning her beautiful clear look on Letty. «He is a real friend of mine.»

«Oh! but Harding is much the cleverer,» said Letty. And, pleased both to find the ball of talk in her hands, and to have the chance of glorifying a relative in this world of people so much bigger than herself, she plunged into an extravagant account—all adjectives and superlatives—of Harding Watton's charms and abilities, to which Lady Maxwell listened in silence.

«Tactless!» thought Mrs. Allison, with vexation; but she did not know how to stop the stream. In truth, since she had given Lord Fontenoy leave to invite Harding Watton she had had time to forget the invitation, and she was sorry now to think of his housing with the Maxwells; for Watton had been recently Lord Fontenoy's henchman and agent in a newspaper attack upon the bill, and upon Maxwell personally, that even Mrs. Allison had thought violent and unfair. Well, it was not her fault. But Lady Tressady ought to have better information and better sense than to be chattering like this. She was just about to interpose when Marcella held up her hand.

«I hear the carriages!»

The hostess hastened toward the house, and Marcella followed her, with Hallin at her skirts. Letty looked after Lady Maxwell with the same mixture of admiration and jealous envy she had felt several times before. «I don't feel that I shall get on with her,» she said to herself, impatiently. «But I don't think I want to. George took her measure at once.»

Part of this reflection, however, was not true. Letty's ambition would have been very glad to «get on» with Marcella Maxwell.

JUST as his wife was ready for dinner, and Grier had disappeared, George entered Letty's room. She was standing before a tall glass, putting the last touches to her dress—smoothing here, pinning there, turning to this side and to that. George, unseen himself, stood and watched her—her alternate looks of anxiety and satisfaction, her grace, the shimmering folds of the magnificent wedding-dress in which she had adorned herself.

He, however, was neither happy nor gay. But he had come in feeling that he must make an effort—many efforts—if their young married life was to be brought back to that level of ease and pleasure which he had once taken for granted, and which now seemed so hard to maintain. If that ease and pleasure were ultimately to fail him, what should he do? He shrank impatiently from the idea. Then he would scoff at himself. How often had he read and heard that the first year of marriage is the most difficult. Of course it must be so. Two individualities cannot fuse without turmoil, without heat. Let him only make his effort.

So he walked up to her and caught her in his arms.

«Oh, George!—my hair!—and my flowers!»

«Never mind,» he said, almost with roughness. «Put your head there. Say you hate the thought of our day, as I do! Say there shall never be one like it again! Promise me!»

She felt the beating of his heart beneath her cheek; but she stood silent. His appeal, his unwonted agitation, revived in her all the anger and irritation that had begun to prey upon her thoughts. It was all very well, but why were they so pinched and uncomfortable? Why must everybody—Mrs. Allison, Lady Maxwell, a hundred others—have more wealth, more scope, more consideration than she? It was partly his fault.

So she gradually drew herself away, pushing him softly with her small gloved hand.

«I am sure I hate quarreling,» she said. «But, there! Oh, George! don't let 's talk of it any more! And look what you have done to my poor hair. You dear, naughty boy!»

But though she called him «dear,» she frowned as she took off her gloves that she might mend what he had done.

George thrust his hands into his pockets, walked to the window, and waited. As he descended the great stairs in her wake, he wished Castle Luton and its guests at the deuce. What pleasure was to be got out of grimacing and posing at these country-house parties? And now, according to Letty, the Maxwells were here. A great *gêne* for everybody!

XI.

«THAT lady sitting by Sir George? What! Lady Maxwell? No—the other side? Oh! that 's Lady Leven. Don't you know her? She 's tremendous fun.»

And the dark-eyed, rosy-cheeked young man who was sitting beside Letty nodded and smiled across the table to Betty Leven, merely by way of reminding her of his existence. They had greeted before dinner—a greeting of comrades.

Then he turned back, with sudden decorum, to this Lady Tressady, whom he had been commissioned to take in to dinner. «Quite pretty, but rather—well, ordinary,» he said to himself, with a critical coolness bred of much familiarity with the best things of Vanity Fair. He had been Ancoats's friend from boyhood, and was now disporting himself in the Guards, but still more—as Letty, of course, assumed—in the heart of the English well-born world. She knew that he was Lord Naseby, and that some day he would be a marquis. A halo, therefore, shone about him. At the same time she had a long experience of young men, and, if she flattered him, it was only indirectly, by a sort of teasing aggression that did not allow him to take his attention from her.

«I declare, you are better than any peerage!» she said to him presently, when he had given her a short biography, first of Lord Cathedine, who was sitting opposite, then of various other members of the company. «I should like to tie you to my fan when I go out to dinner.»

«Would you?» said the young man, dryly. «Oh! you will soon know all you want to know.»

«How are poor little people from Yorkshire to find their way about in this big world? You are all so dreadfully absorbed in one another. In the first place, you all marry each other.»

«Do we?—though I don't quite understand who ‹we› means. Well, one must marry somebody, I suppose, and cousins are less trouble than other people.»

Involuntarily the young man's eyes traveled along the table to a fair girl on the opposite side, dazzlingly dressed in black. She was wielding a large fan of black feathers, which threw both hair and complexion into amazing relief; and she seemed to be amusing herself in a nervous, spasmodic way with Sir Frank Leven. Letty noticed his glance.

«Oh! you have not earned your testimonial yet, not by any manner of means,» she said. «That is Lady Madeleine Penley, is n't it? Is she a relation of Mrs. Allison's?»

«She is a cousin. That is her mother, Lady Kent, sitting beside poor Ancoats. Such an old character! By the end of dinner she will have got to the bottom of Ancoats, or know the reason why.»

«Is Lord Ancoats such a mystery?» said Letty, running an inquisitive eye over the black front, sharp nose, and gorgeously bejeweled neck of a somewhat noisy and forbidding old lady sitting on the right hand of the host.

Young Naseby's expression in answer rather piqued her. There was a quick flash of something that was instantly suppressed, and the youth said composedly:

«Oh! we are all mysteries for Lady Kent.»

But Letty noticed that his eyes strayed back to Lord Ancoats, and then again to Lady Madeleine. He seemed to be observing them, and Letty's sharpness at once took the hint. No doubt the handsome, large-featured

girl was here to be «looked at.» Probably a good many maidens would be passed in review before this young Sultan made his choice. By the way, Lord Ancoats must be a good deal older than George had imagined. Clearly he left college some time ago. What a curious face he had!—a small, crumpled face, with very prominent blue eyes; curly hair of a reddish color, piled high, as though for effect, above his white brow; together with a sharp chin and pointed mustache, which gave him the air of an old French portrait. He was short in stature, but at the same time agile and strongly built. He wore one or two fine old rings, which drew attention to the delicacy of his hands; and his manner struck her as at once morose and excitable. Letty regarded him with involuntary respect as the son of Mrs. Allison—much more as the master of Castle Luton and fifty thousand a year. But if he had not been the master of Castle Luton she would have probably thought, and said, that he had a disagreeable Bohemian air.

«Have n't you really made acquaintance with Lady Kent?» said Lord Naseby, returning to the charge—his laziness was somewhat at a loss for conversation. «I should have thought she was the person one could least escape knowing in the three kingdoms.»

«I have seen her, of course,» said Letty, lightly, though, alas! untruly; «but I am afraid you can hardly realize that I have only been three short seasons in London—two with an old aunt, who never goes out, in Cavendish Square,—poor dull old dear!—and another with Mrs. Watton of Malford.»

«Oh! with Mrs. Watton of Malford,» said Lord Naseby, vaguely. Then he became suddenly aware that Lady Leven, on the other side of the table, was beckoning to him. He leaned across, and they exchanged a merry war of words about something of which Letty knew nothing.

Letty, rather incensed, thought him a puppy, drew herself up, and looked round at the ex-governor beside her. She saw a fine head, the worn yellow face and whitened hair of a man who had suffered under a hot climate, and an agreeable, though somewhat courtly, smile. Sir Philip Wentworth was not troubled with the boyish fastidiousness of Lord Naseby. He perceived merely that a pretty young woman wished to make friends with him, and met her wish at once. Moreover, he identified her as the wife of that «promising and well-informed fellow, Tressady,» with whom he had first made friends in India, and had now—just before dinner—renewed acquaintance in the most cordial fashion.

He talked graciously to the wife, then, of Tressady's abilities and Tressady's career. Letty at first liked it. Then she was seized with a curious sense of discomfort.

Her eyes wandered toward the head of the table, where George was talking—why! actually talking earnestly, and as though he were enjoying himself, to Lady Maxwell, whose noble head and neck, rising from a silver-white dress, challenged a great Genoese Vandyke of a Marchesa Balbi which was hanging just behind her, and challenged it victoriously.

So other people thought and said these things of George? Letty was for a moment sharply conscious that they had not occupied much place in her mind since her marriage, or, for the matter of that, since her engagement. She had taken it for granted that he was «distinguished»; that was part of the bargain. Only, she never seemed as yet to have had either time or thought to give to those parts and elements in his life which led people to talk of him as this old Indian was doing.

Curtains, carpets, gowns, cabinets; additions to Ferth; her own effect in society; how to keep Lady Tressady in her place—of all these things she had thought, and thought much. But George's honorable ambitions, the esteem in which he was held, the place he was to make for himself in the world of men—in thinking of *these* her mind was all stiff and unpractised. She was conscious first of a moral prick, then of a certain irritation with other people.

Yet she could not help watching George wistfully. He looked tired and pale, in spite of the animation of his talk. Well, no doubt she looked pale, too. Some of the words and phrases of their quarrel flashed across her. In this beautiful room, with its famous pictures and its historical associations, amid this accumulated art and wealth, the whole thing was peculiarly odious to remember. Under the eyes of Vandyke's Marchesa one would have liked to think of one's self as always dignified and refined, always elegant and calm.

Then Letty had a revulsion, and laughed at herself.

«As if these people did n't have tempers, and quarrel about money! Of course they do. And if they don't—well, we all know how easy it is to be amiable on fifty thousand a year."

AFTER dinner Mrs. Allison led the way to the «Green Drawing-room.» This room, hung

with Gainsborough portraits, was one of the sights of the house, and to-night Marcella Maxwell especially looked about her, on entering it, with enchantment.

«You happy people!» she said to Mrs. Allison. «I never come into this room without anxiously asking myself whether I am fit to make one of the company. I look at my dress, or I am doubtful about my manners, or I wish some one had taught me to dance the minuet.»

«Yes,» said Betty Leven, running up to a vast picture, a life-size family group, which covered the greater part of the farther wall of the room. «What a vulgar, insignificant chit one feels one's self without cap or powder—without those ruffles, or those tippets, or those quilted petticoats! Mrs. Allison, may my maid come down to-morrow while we are at dinner and take the pattern of those ruffles? No—no! she sha'n't! Sacrilege! You pretty thing!» she said, addressing a figure—the figure of a girl in white, with thin virginal arms and bust, who seemed to be coming out of the picture, almost to be already out of it and in the room, «come and talk to me. Don't think any more of your father and mother there. You have been courtesying to them for a hundred years; and they are rather dull, stupid people, after all. Come and tell us secrets. Tell us what you have seen in this room—all the foolish people making love, and the sad people saying good-by.»

Betty was kneeling on a carved chair, her pretty arms leaning on the back of it, her eyes fixed half in laughter, half in sentiment, on the figure in the picture.

Lady Maxwell suddenly moved closer to her, and Letty heard her say in a low voice, as she put her hand on Lady Leven's arm:

«Don't, Betty! don't! It was in this room he proposed to her, and it was in this room he said good-by. Maxwell has often told me. I believe she never comes in here alone—only for ceremony and when there is a crowd.»

A look of consternation crossed Lady Leven's lively little face. She glanced shyly toward Mrs. Allison. That lady had moved hastily away from the group in front of the picture. She was sitting by herself, looking straight before her, with a certain stiffness, her thin hands crossed on her knee. Betty impetuously went toward her, and was soon sitting on a stool beside her, chattering to her and amusing her.

Meanwhile Marcella invited Lady Tressady to come and sit with her on a sofa beneath the great picture.

Letty followed her, settled her satin skirts in their most graceful folds, put one little foot on a Louis Quinze footstool which seemed to invite it, and then began to inform herself about the house and the family.

At the beginning of their talk it was clear that Lady Maxwell wished to ingratiate herself. A friendly observer would have thought that she was trying to make a stranger feel more at ease in this house and circle, where she herself was a familiar guest. Betty Leven, catching sight of the pair from the other side of the room, said to herself, with inward amusement, that Marcella was «realizing the wife.»

At any rate, for some time Lady Maxwell talked with sympathy, with effusion even, to her companion. In the first place she told her the story of their hostess.

Thirty years before, Mrs. Allison, the daughter and heiress of a Leicestershire squire, had married Henry Allison, old Lord Ancoats's second son, a young captain in the Guards. They enjoyed three years of life together; then the chances of a soldier's career, as interpreted by two high-minded people, took Henry Allison out to an obscure African coast, to fight one of the innumerable «little wars» of his country. He fell, struck by a spear, in a single-file march through some nameless swamp; and a few days afterward the words of a Foreign Office telegram broke a pining woman's heart.

Old Lord Ancoats's death, which followed within a month or two, was hastened by the shock of his son's loss; and before the year was out the eldest son, who was sickly and unmarried, also died, and Mrs. Allison's boy, a child of two, became the owner of Castle Luton. The mother saw herself called upon to fight down her grief, to relinquish the quasi-religious life she had entered upon, and instead to take her boy to the kingdom he was to rule, and bring him up there.

«And for twenty-two years she has lived a wonderful life here,» said Marcella; «she has been practically the queen of a whole country-side, doing whatever she pleased, the mother and friend and saint of everybody. It has been all very paternal and beautiful, and—abominably Tory and tyrannous. Many people, I suppose, think it perfect. Perhaps I don't. But then I know very well I can't possibly disagree with her a tenth part as strongly as she disagrees with me.»

«Oh! but she admires you so much,» cried Letty, with effusion; «she thinks you mean so nobly.»

Marcella opened her eyes, involuntarily

wondering a little what Lady Tressady might know about it.

«Oh! we don't hate each other,» she said rather dryly, «in spite of politics. And my husband was Ancoats's guardian.»

«Dear me!» said Letty. «I should think it was n't easy to be guardian to fifty thousand a year.»

Marcella did not answer—did not, indeed, hear. Her look had stolen across to Mrs. Allison—a sad, affectionate look, in no way meant for Lady Tressady. But Letty noticed it.

«I suppose she adores him,» she said.

Marcella sighed.

«There was never anything like it. It frightens one to see.»

«And that, of course, is why she won't marry Lord Fontenoy?»

Marcella started, and drew away from her companion.

«I don't know,» she said stiffly; «and I am sure that no one ever dared to ask her.»

«Oh! but of course it 's what every one says,» said Letty, gay and unabashed. «That's what makes it so exciting to come here, when one knows Lord Fontenoy so very well.»

Marcella met this remark with a discouraging silence.

Letty, however, was determined this time to make her impression. She plunged into a lively and often audacious gossip about every person in the room in turn, asking a number of intimate or impertinent questions, and yet very seldom waiting for Marcella's reply, so anxious was she to show off her own information and make her own comments. She let Marcella understand that she suspected a great deal, in the matter of that handsome Lady Madeleine. It was *immensely* interesting, of course; but was n't Lord Ancoats a trifle wild?—she bent over and whispered in Marcella's ear; was it likely that he would settle himself so soon?—did n't one hear sad tales of his theatrical friends and the rest? And what could one expect! As if a young man in such a position was not certain to have his fling! And his mother would have to put up with it. After all, men quieted down at last. Look at Lord Cathedine!

And with an air of boundless knowledge she touched upon the incidents of Lord Cathedine's career, hashing up, with skilful deductions of her own, all that Lord Naseby had said or hinted to her at dinner. Poor Lady Cathedine! Did n't she look a walking skeleton, with her strange, melancholy face, and every bone showing? Well, who could wonder! And when one thought of their money difficulties, too!

Lady Tressady lifted her white shoulders in compassion.

By this time Marcella's black eyes were wandering insistently round the room, searching for means of escape. Betty, far away, noticed her air, and concluded that the «realization» was making rapid progress. Presently, with a smiling shake of her little head, she left her own seat and went to her friend's assistance.

At the same moment Mrs. Allison, driven by her conscience as a hostess, got up for the purpose of introducing Lady Tressady to a lady in gray who had been sitting quiet, and, as Mrs. Allison feared, lonely, in a corner, looking over some photographs. Marcella, who had also risen, put out a hand to Betty, and the two moved away together.

THEY stopped on the threshold of a large window at the side of the room, which stood wide open to the night. Outside, beyond a broad flight of steps, stretched a formal Dutch garden. Its numberless small beds, forming stiff scrolls and circles on a ground of white gravel, lay in bright moonlight. Even the colors of the hyacinths and tulips with which they were planted could be seen, and the strong scent from them filled the still air. At the far end of this flat-patterned place a group of tall cypress and ilex, black against the sky, struck a note of Italy and the South; while, through the yew hedges which closed in the little garden, broad archways pierced at intervals revealed far breadths of silvery English lawn and the distant gleam of the river.

«Well, my dear,» said Betty, laughing, and slipping her arm through Marcella's as they stood in the opening of the window, «I see you have been doing your duty for once. Let me pat you on the back. All the more that I gather you are not exactly enchanted with Lady Tressady. You really should keep your face in order. From the other end of the room I know exactly what you think of the person you are talking to.»

«Do you?» said Marcella, penitently. «I wish you did n't.»

«Well you may wish it, for it does n't help the political lady to get what she wants. However, I don't think that Lady Tressady has found out yet that you don't like her. She is n't thin-skinned. If you had looked like that when you were talking to me, I would have paid you out somehow. What is the matter with her?»

«Oh! I don't know,» said Marcella impatiently, raising her shoulders. «But she

jarred. I pined to get away; I don't think I ever want to talk to her again.»

«No,» said Betty, ruminating; «I'll tell you what it is—she is n't a gentleman! Don't interrupt me! I mean exactly what I say—she is n't a gentleman. She would do and say all the things that a nice man squirms at. I always have the oddest fancy about that kind of person. I see them as they must be at night,—all the fine clothes gone,—just a little black soul scrawled between the bedclothes!»

«You to call me censorious!» said Marcella, laughing, and pinching her friend's arm.

«My dear, as I have often before remarked to you, I am not a great lady, with a political campaign to fight. If you knew your business, you would make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness in the shape of Lady Tressadys. I may do what I please—I have only a husband to manage!» And Betty's light voice dropped into a sigh.

«Poor Betty!» said Marcella, patting her hand. «Is Frank as discontented as ever?»

«He told me yesterday he hated his existence, and thought he would try whether the Serpentine would drown him. I said I was agreeable, only he would never achieve it without me. I should have to 'tice away the police while he looked for the right spot. So he has promised to take me into partnership, and it 's all right so far.»

Then Betty fell to sighing in earnest.

«It 's all very well (chaffing,) but I am a miserable woman. Frank says I have ruined his life; that it 's all my ambition; that he might have made a decent country gentleman if I had n't sown the seed of every vice in him by driving him into politics. Pleasant, is n't it, for a model wife like me?»

«You 'll have to let him give it up,» said Marcella, smiling; «I don't believe he 'll ever reconcile himself to the grind and the town life.»

Betty clenched her small hands.

«My dear, I never promised to marry a sporting boor, and I can't yet make up my mind to sink to it. Don't let 's talk of it! I only hope he 'll vote straight in the next few months. But the thought of being kept through August drives him desperate already. Ah! here they are—plagues of the human race!» and she waved an accusing hand toward the incoming stream of gentlemen. «Now, I 'll prophesy, and you watch. Lady Tressady will make two friends here—Harding Watton—oh! I forgot, he 's her cousin!—and Lord Cathedine. Mark my words. By the way—» Betty caught Marcella's arm and spoke eagerly into her friend's ear. Her eyes meanwhile glanced over her shoulder toward Lady Madeleine and her mother, who were seated on the farther side of the room.

Marcella's look followed Betty's, but she showed no readiness to answer Betty's questions. When Letty had made her astonishing remarks on the subject of Madeleine Penley, Lady Maxwell had tried to stop her with a hauteur which would have abashed most women, though it had but small effect on the bride. And now, even to Betty, who was Madeleine Penley's friend, Marcella was not communicative; although when Betty was carried off by Lord Naseby, who came in search of her as soon as he entered the drawing-room, the elder woman stood for a moment by the window, watching the girl they had been talking of with a soft, serious look.

But the softness passed. A slight incident disturbed it. For the spectator saw Lady Kent, who was sitting beside her daughter, raise a gigantic fan and beckon to Lord Ancoats. He came unwillingly, and she made some bantering remark. Lady Madeleine meanwhile was bending over a book of photographs, with a flushed cheek and a look of constraint. Ancoats stood near her for a moment uneasily, frowning and pulling at his mustache. Then, with an abrupt word to Lady Kent, he turned away and threw himself on a sofa beside Lord Cathedine. Lady Madeleine bent lower over her book, her beautiful hair making a spot of fire in the room. Marcella caught the expression of her profile, and her own face took a look of pain. She would have liked to go instantly to the girl's side, with some tenderness, some caress; but that gorgon Lady Kent, now looking extremely fierce, was in the way, and, moreover, other young men had arrived to take the place Ancoats had apparently refused.

MEANWHILE Letty saw the arrival of the gentlemen with delight. She had found but small entertainment in the lady to whom Mrs. Allison had introduced her. Miss Paston, the sister of Lord Ancoats's agent, was a pleasant-looking spinster of thirty-five, in a Quakerish dress of gray silk. Her face bore witness that she was capable and refined; but Letty felt no desire whatever to explore capability and refinement. She had not come to Castle Luton to make herself agreeable to Miss Paston.

So the conversation languished. Letty yawned a little, and flourished her fan a great deal, till the appearance of the men

brought back the flush to her cheek and animation to her eye. She drew herself up at once, hungry for notice and success. Mrs. Hawkins, the vicar's wife at Malford, would have been avenged could she have watched her old tyrant under these chastening circumstances.

Harding Watton crossed the room when he saw his cousin, and took the corner of the sofa beside her. Letty received him graciously, though she was perhaps disappointed that it was not Lord Ancoats or Lord Cathedine. Looking about before she gave herself to conversation with him, she saw that George was standing near the open window with Lord Maxwell and Sir Philip Wentworth, the ex-governor. They were talking of India, and Sir Philip had his hand on George's arm.

«Yes, I saw Dalhousie go,» he said eagerly. «I was only a lad of twenty, but I can't think of it now without a lump in my throat. When he limped on to the Hooghly landing-stage on his crutches we could n't cheer him—I shall never forget that sudden silence! In eight years he had made a new India, and there we saw him, our little hero, dying of his work at forty-six before our eyes! Well, I could n't have imagined that a young man like you would have known or cared so much about that time. What a talk we have had! Thank you!»

And the veteran tightened his grip cordially for a moment on Tressady's arm, then dropped it and walked away.

Tressady threw his wife a bright glance, as though to ask her how she fared. Letty smiled graciously in reply, feeling a sudden softening pleasure in being so thought of. As her eyes met her husband's she saw Marcella Maxwell, who was still standing by the window, turn toward George and call to him. George moved forward with alacrity. Then he and Lady Maxwell slowly walked down the steps to the garden, and disappeared through one of the archways to the left.

«That great lady and George seem at last to have made friends,» said Harding Watton to Letty, in a laughing undertone. «I have no doubt she is trying to win him over. Well she may! Before the next few weeks are over, the government will be in a fix with this bill; and not even their ‹beautiful lady› will help them out. Maxwell looks as glum as an owl to-night.»

Letty laughed. The situation pleased her vanity a good deal. The thought of Lady Maxwell humiliated and defeated—partly by George's means—was decidedly agreeable to her. Which would seem to show that she was, after all, more sensitive or more quick-eyed than Betty Leven had been ready to allow.

MEANWHILE Marcella and George Tressady were strolling slowly toward the river along a path that crossed the great lawns. In front of them the stretches of grass, bathed in silvery light and air, ran into far distances of shade under majestic trees just thickening to a June wealth of foliage. Below, these distant tree-masses made sharp capes and promontories on the white grass; above, their rounded tops rose dark against a blue, light-breathing sky. At one point the river pierced the blackness of the wood, and in the space thus made the spire of a noble church shot heavenward. Swans floated dimly along the stream and under the bridge. The air was fresh, but the rawness of spring was gone. It was the last week of May; the «high midsummer pomps» were near—a heavenly prophecy in wood and field.

And not even Tressady's prejudice—which, indeed, was already vanishing—could fail to see in the beautiful woman beside him the fitting voice and spirit of such a scene.

To-night he said to himself that one must needs believe her simple, in spite of report. During their companionship this evening she had shown him more and more plainly that she liked his society; her manner toward him, indeed, had by now a soft surrender and friendliness that no man could possibly have met with roughness, least of all a man young and ambitious. But at the same time he noticed again, as he had once noticed with anger, that she was curiously free from the usual feminine arts and wiles. After their long talk at dinner, indeed, he began, in spite of himself, to feel her not merely an intellectual comrade,—that he had been aware of from the first,—but rather a most winning and attaching companion. It was a sentiment of friendly ease, that seemed to bring with it a great relief from tension. The sordid cares and frictions of the last few weeks, and the degrading memories of the day itself, alike ceased to wear him.

Yet all the time he said to himself, with inward amusement, that he must take care. They had not talked directly of the bill at dinner, but they had talked round and about it incessantly. It was clear that the Maxwells were personally very anxious; and George knew well that the public position of the ministry was daily becoming more difficult. There had been a marked cooling on the subject of the bill among their own supporters; one or two London members originally pledged

to it were even believed to be wavering; and this campaign lately started by Fontenoy and Watton against two of the leading clauses of the measure, in a London «daily,» bought for the purpose, had been so far extremely damaging. The situation was threatening indeed, and Maxwell might well look harassed.

Yet Tressady had detected no bitterness in Lady Maxwell's mood. Her temper rather seemed to him very strenuous, very eager, and a little sad. Altogether, he had been touched, he knew not exactly why, by his conversation with her. «We are going to win,» he said to himself, «and she knows it.» Yet to think thus gave him, for the first time, no particular pleasure.

As they strolled along they talked a little of some of the topics that had been started at dinner, topics semi-political and semi-social, till suddenly Lady Maxwell said, with a change of voice:

«I heard some of your conversation with Sir Philip just now. How differently you talk when you talk of India!»

«I wonder what that means,» said George, smiling. «It means, at any rate, that when I am not talking of India, but of English labor, or the poor, you think I talk like a brute.»

«I should n't put it like that,» she said quietly. «But when you talk of India, and people like the Lawrences or Lord Dalhousie, then it is that one sees what you really admire—what stirs you—what makes you feel.»

«Well, ought I not to feel? Is there to be no gratitude toward the people that have made one's country?»

He looked down upon her gaily, perfectly conscious of his own tickled vanity. To be observed and analyzed by such a critic was in itself flattery.

«'That have made one's country?'» she repeated, not without a touch of irony. Then suddenly she became silent.

George thrust his hands into his pockets and waited a little.

«Well?» he said presently. «Well? I am waiting to hear you prove that the Dalhousies and the Lawrences have done nothing for the country, compared to—what shall we say?—some trade-union secretary whom you particularly admire.»

She laughed, but he did not immediately draw his answer. They had reached the river-bank and the steps of the little bridge. Marcella mounted the bridge and paused midway across it, hanging over the parapet. He followed her, and both stood gazing at the house. It rose from the grass like some fabric of yellowish ivory cut and scrolled and fretted by its Tudor architect, who had been also a goldsmith. There were lights like jewels in its latticed windows; the dark fullness of the trees, disposed by an artist hand, inwrapped or fell away from it as the eye required; and on the dazzling lawns, crossed by soft bands of shadow, scattered forms moved up and down—women in trailing dresses, and black-coated men. There were occasional sallies of talk and laughter, and from the open window of the drawing-room came the notes of a violin.

«Brahms!» said Marcella, with delight. «Nothing but music and he could express this night—or the river—or the rising glow and bloom of everything.»

As she spoke George felt a quick gust of pleasure and romance sweep across him. It was as though senses that had been for long on the defensive, tired, or teased merely by the world, gave way in a moment to joy and poetry. He looked from the face beside him to the pictured scene in which they stood; the soft air filled his lungs. What ailed him? He only knew that after many weeks he was somehow, happy and buoyant again.

Lady Maxwell, however, soon forgot the music and the moonlight.

«'That have made one's country?'» she repeated, pausing on the words. «And of course that house appeals to you in the same way? Famous people have lived in it—people who belong to history. But for me, the real making of one's country is done out of sight, in garrets and workshops and coal-pits, by people who die every minute—forgotten—swept into heaps like autumn leaves, their lives mere soil and foothold for the generation that comes after them. All yesterday morning, for instance, I spent trying to feed a woman I know. She is a shirt-maker; she has four children, and her husband is a docker out of work. She had sewed herself sick and blind. She could n't eat, and she could n't sleep; but she had kept the children alive—and the man. Her life will flicker out in a month or two; but the children's lives will have taken root, and the man will be eating and earning again. What use would your Dalhousies and Lawrences be to England without her and the hundreds of thousands like her?»

«And yet it is you,» cried George, unable to forbear the chance she gave him, «who would take away from this very woman the power of feeding her children and saving her husband—who would spoil all the lives in the clumsy attempt to mend one of them. How

can you quote me such an instance! It amazes me.»

«Not at all. I have only to use my instance for another purpose, in another way. You are thinking of the bill, of course. But all we do is to say to some of these victims, ‹Your sacrifice, as it stands, is too costly; the state in its own interest cannot go on exacting or allowing it. We will help you to serve the community in ways that shall exhaust and wound it less.› »

«And as a first step, drive you all comfortably into the workhouse!» said George. «Don't omit that.»

«Many individuals must suffer,» she said steadily; «but there will be friends to help—friends that will strain every nerve to help.»

All her heart showed itself in voice and emphasis. Almost for the first time in their evening's talk her natural passionateness came to sight—the Southern, impulsive temper, that so often made people laugh at or dislike her. Under the lace shawl she had thrown round her on coming out he saw the quick rise and fall of the breast, the nervous clasp of the hands lying on the stonework of the bridge. These were her prophetess airs again. To-night they still amused him, but in a gentler and more friendly way.

«And so, according to your own account, you will protect your tailoress and unmake your country. I am sorry for your dilemma,» he said, laughing.

«Ah! well,»—she shrugged her shoulders with a sigh,—«don't let 's talk of it. It 's all too pressing—and sore—and hot. And to think of the weeks that are just coming on!»

George, hanging over the parapet beside her, felt reply a little awkward, and said nothing. For a minute or two the night made itself heard—the gentle slipping of the river, the fitful breathings from the trees. A swan passed and repassed below them, and an owl called from the distant woods.

Presently Marcella lifted a white finger and pointed to the house.

«One would n't want a better parable,» she said. «It 's like the state as you see it—magnificent, inspiring, a thing of pomp and dignity. But we women who have to drive and keep going a house like that—*we* know what it all rests upon. It rests upon a few tired kitchen-maids and boot-boys and scullery-girls, hurrying, panting creatures, whom a guest never sees, who really run it all. I know, for I have tried to unearth them, to organize them, to make sure that no one was fainting while we were feasting. But it is incredibly hard; half the human race believes itself born to make things easy for the other half. It comes natural to them to ache and toil while we sit in easy-chairs. What they resent is that we should try to change it.»

«Goodness!» said George, pulling at his mustaches. «I don't recognize my own experience of the ordinary domestic polity in that summary.»

«I dare say. You have to do with the upper servant, who is always a greater tyrant than his master,» she retorted, her voice expressing a curious medley of laughter and feeling. «I am speaking of the people that are not seen, like the tailoress and shirt-maker, in your drum-and-trumpet state.»

«Well, you may be right,» said George, dryly; «but I confess—if I may be quite frank—that I don't altogether trust you to judge. I want at least, before I strike the balance between my Dalhousie and your tailoress, to hear what those people have to say who have not crippled their minds—by pity.»

«Pity!» she said, her lip trembling in spite of herself. «Pity!—you count pity a disease?»

«As you—and others—practise it,» he replied coolly, turning round upon her. «It is no good; the world can't be run by pity. At least, living always seems to me a great brutal, rushing, rough-and-tumble business, which has to be carried on whether we like it or no. To be too careful, too gingerly, over the separate life, brings it all to a standstill. Meddle too much, and the demiurge who set the machine going turns sulky and stops working. Then the nation goes to pieces, till some strong ruffian without a scruple puts it together again.»

«What do you mean by the demiurge?»

He laughed.

«Why do you make me explain my flights? Well, I suppose, the natural daimonic power in things, which keeps them going and sets them off; which is not us, or like us, and cares nothing for us.»

His light voice developed a sudden energy during his little speech.

«Ah!» said Marcella, wistfully. «Yes; if one thought that, I could understand. But, even so, if the power behind things cares nothing for us, I should only regard it as challenging us to care more for each other. Do you mind my asking you a few plain questions? Do you know anything personally of the London poor? I mean, have you any real friends among them, whose lives you know?»

«Well, I sit with Fontenoy while he receives deputations from all those tailoresses and shirt-makers and fur-sewers that you

want to put in order. The harassed widow streams through his room perpetually, wailing to be let alone!»

Marcella made a sound of amused scorn.

«Oh! you think that nothing,» said George, indignant. «I vow I could draw every type of widow that London contains; I know them intimately.»

She shook her head.

«I give up London. Then, in the North, are n't you a coal-owner? Do you know your miners?»

«Yes; and I detest them,» said George, shortly. «Pig-headed brutes! They will be on strike next month, and I shall be defrauded of my lawful income till their lordships choose to go back. Pity me, if you please—not them.»

«So I do,» she said with spirit, «if you hate the men by whom you live!»

There was silence. Then suddenly George said, in another tone:

«But sometimes, I don't deny, the beggars wring it out of one—your pity. I saw a mother last week—suppose we stroll on a little. I want to see how the river gets out of the wood.»

They descended the bridge, and turned again into the river-path. George told the story of Mary Batchelor in his half-ironic way, yet so that here and there Marcella shivered. Then gradually, as though it were a relief to him to talk, he slipped into a half-humorous, half-serious discussion of his mine-owner's position and its difficulties. Incidentally and unconsciously a good deal of his history betrayed itself in his talk: his bringing-up; his mother; the various problems started in his mind since his return from India; even his relations to his wife. Once or twice it flashed across him that he was confessing himself with an extraordinary frankness to a woman he had made up his mind to dislike. But the reflection did not stop him. The balmy night, the solitude, this loveliness that walked beside him so willingly and kindly—with every step they struck his defenses from him; they drew; they penetrated.

With her, too, everything was simple and natural. She had felt his attraction at their first meeting; she had determined to make a friend of him, and she was succeeding. As he disclosed himself she felt a strange compassion for him. It was plain to her woman's instinct that he was at heart lonely and uncompanioned. Well, what wonder, with that hard, mean little being for a wife! Had she captured him, or had he thrown himself away upon her in mere wantonness, out of that defiance of sentiment which appeared to be his favorite *parti-pris?* In any case, it seemed to this happy wife that he had done the one fatal and irreparable thing; and she was genuinely sorry for him. She felt him very young too. As far as she could gather, he was about two years her junior; but her feeling made the gap much greater.

Yet, of course, the situation—Maxwell Fontenoy, all that those names implied to him and her—made a thrilling undernote in both their minds. She never forgot her husband and his straits, and in George's mind Fontenoy's rugged figure stood sentinel. Given the circumstances, both her temperament and her affections drove her inevitably into trying, first to attract, then to move and influence her companion. And given the circumstances, he could but yield himself bit by bit to her woman's charm, while all the time full of a confident scorn for her politics.

Insensibly the stress upon them drew them back to London and to current affairs, and at last she said to him with vehemence:

«You must see these people in the flesh—and not in your house, but in theirs. Or, first come and meet them in mine.»

«Why, please, should you think St. James's Square a palace of truth compared to Carlton House Terrace?» he asked her, with amusement. Fontenoy lived in Carlton House Terrace.

«I am not inviting you to St. James's Square,» she said quietly. «That house is only my home for one set of purposes. Just now my true home is not there at all. It is in the Mile End Road.»

George asked to be informed, and opened his eyes at her account of the way in which she still divided her time between the West End and the East, spending always one or two nights a week among the trades and the work-people she had come to know so intimately, whose cause she was fighting with such persistence.

«Maxwell does n't come now,» she said. «He is too busy, and his work there is done. But I go because I love the people; and to talk with them and live with them part of every week keeps one's mind clear as to what one wants, and why. Well,»—her voice showed that she smiled,—«will you come? My old maid shall give you coffee, and you shall meet a roomful of tailors and shirt-makers. You shall see what people look like in the flesh—not on paper—after working fourteen hours at a stretch in a room where you and I could not breathe.»

«Charming!»—he bowed ironically. «Of course I will come.»

They had paused under the shadow of a grove of beech-trees, and were looking back toward the moonlit garden and the house. Suddenly George said in an odd voice:

«Do you mind my saying it? You know, nobody is ever converted—politically—nowadays.»

In the darkness her flush could not be seen; but he felt the mingled pride and soreness in her voice, under its forced brightness.

«I know. How long is it since a speech turned a vote in the House of Commons! One wonders why people take the trouble to speak. Shall we go back? Ah! there is some one pursuing us—my husband and Ancoats.»

And two figures, dark for an instant against the brightness of the lawns, plunged into the shadow of the wood.

«You wanderers!» said Maxwell, as he distinguished his wife's white dress. «Is this path quite safe in this darkness? Suppose we get out of it.»

The river, indeed, beneath a steep bank, ran close beside them, and the trees meeting overhead all but shut out the moon. Maxwell, in some anxiety, caught his wife's arm, and made her pause till his eye should be once more certain of the path. Meanwhile Ancoats and Tressady walked quickly back to the lawn, Ancoats talking and laughing with unusual vigor.

THE Maxwells did not hurry themselves. As they emerged from the wood Marcella slipped her hand into her husband's. It was her characteristic caress. The slim, strong hand loved to feel itself in the shelter of his; while to him that seeking touch was the symbol of all that she brought him—the inventive, inexhaustible arts of a passion which was a kind of genius.

«Don't go in!» she pleaded. «Why should we?»

«No; why should we?» he repeated, sighing. «Why are we here at all?—that is what I have been asking myself all the evening. And now more than ever since my walk with that boy Ancoats.»

«Tell me about it,» she said eagerly. «Could you get nothing out of him?»

Maxwell shrugged his shoulders.

«Nothing. He vows that everything is all right; that he knows a pack of slanderers have been ‹yelping at him,› and he wishes both they and his mother would let him alone.»

«His mother!» cried Marcella, outraged.

«Well, I suppose I said to him the kind of thing you would evidently like to say; but with no result. He merely laughed, and chattered about everything under the sun—his race-horses, new plays, politics—Heaven knows what! He is in an excited state—feverish, restless, and, I should think, unhappy. But he would tell nothing—to me.»

«How much do you think she knows?»

«His mother? Nothing, I should say. Every now and then I detect a note of extra anxiety when she talks to him, and there is evidently something in her mind, some impression from his manner, perhaps, which is driving her more keenly than ever toward this marriage. But I don't believe a single one of the stories that have reached us has reached her. And now, here is this poor girl—and even my dull eyes have noticed that to-night he has purposely, markedly, avoided her.»

Marcella felt her cheek flame.

«And when one thinks of his behavior in the winter!» she cried.

They wandered on along a path that skirted the wood, talking anxiously about the matter which had, in truth, brought them to Castle Luton. In spite of the comparative gentleness of English political relations, neither Maxwell nor Marcella, perhaps, would willingly have become Charlotte Allison's guests at a moment when her house was actually the headquarters of a violent and effective opposition to Maxwell's policy, when, moreover, the leader of that opposition was likely to be of the party. But about a fortnight before Whitsuntide some tales of young Ancoats had suddenly reached Maxwell's ears, with such effect that on his next meeting with Ancoats's mother he practically invited himself and Marcella—greatly to Mrs. Allison's surprise—to Castle Luton for Whitsuntide.

For the boy had been Maxwell's ward, and Henry Allison had been the intimate friend and comrade of Maxwell's father. And Maxwell's feeling for his father, and for his father's friends, was of such a kind that his guardian's duties had gone deep with him. He had done his best for the boy, and since Ancoats had reached his majority his ex-guardian had still kept him anxiously in mind.

Of late, indeed, Ancoats had troubled himself very little about his guardian or his guardian's anxieties. He seemed to have been devoting a large share of his mind to the avoidance of his mother's old friends; and the Maxwells, for months, in spite of many efforts on their part, had seen little or nothing of him. Maxwell for various reasons had begun to suspect a number of uncomfortable things with regard to the young fellow's

friends and pleasures. Yet nothing could be taken hold of till this sudden emergence of a particular group of stories, coupling Ancoats's name with that of a notorious little actress whose adventures had already provided a certain class of newspaper with abundant copy.

Then Maxwell, who cared personally very little for the red-haired youth himself, took alarm for the mother's sake. For in the case of Mrs. Allison a scandal of the kind suggested meant a tragedy. Her passion for her son was almost a tragedy already, so closely mingled in it were the feelings of the mother and those of the Christian, to whom «vice» is not an amusement, but an agony.

YET, as Marcella said and felt, it was a hard fate that had forced Maxwell to concern himself with Ancoats's love-affairs at this particular moment.

«Don't think of it,» she said at last, urgently, as they walked along. «It is too bad; as if there were not enough!»

Maxwell stood still, with a little smile, and put his arm round her shoulders.

«Dear, I shall soon have time enough, probably, to think about Ancoats's affairs or anything else. Do you know that I was planning this morning what we would do when we go out? Shall we slip over to the Australian colonies in the autumn? I would give a good deal to see them for myself.»

She gave a low cry of pain.

«Why are you so depressed to-night? Is there any fresh news?»

«Yes. And, altogether, things look increasingly bad for us, and increasingly well for them. It will be extraordinarily close, any way—probably a matter of a vote or two.»

And he gave her a summary of his after-dinner conversation with Lord Cathedine, a keen ally of Fontenoy's in the Lords, and none the less a shrewd fellow because he happened to be also a detestable person.

Marcella heard the news of one or two fresh defections from the government with amazement and indignation. She stood there in the darkness, leaning against the man she loved, her heart beating fast and stormily. How could the world thus misconceive and thwart him? And what could she do? Her mind ran passionately through a hundred schemes, refusing to submit—to see him baffled and defeated.

XII.

To Lord Ancoats himself this party of his mother's was an oppression and a nuisance. He had been induced to preside over it only with difficulty, and his mother had been both hurt and puzzled by his reluctance to play the host.

If you had asked Maxwell's opinion on the point, he would have told you that Ancoats's bringing up had a good deal to do with the present anxieties of Ancoats's mother. He, Maxwell, had done his best, but he had been overmatched.

First and foremost, Ancoats had been to no public school. It was not the custom of the family, and Mrs. Allison could not be induced to break the tradition. There was accordingly a succession of tutors, whose church principles at least were sound. And Ancoats showed himself for a time an impressionable, mystical boy, entirely in sympathy with his mother. His confirmation was a great family emotion, and when he was seventeen Mrs. Allison had difficulty in making him take food enough in Lent to keep him in health. Maxwell was beginning to wonder where it would end, when the lad was sent to Cambridge, and the transformation scene that might always, perhaps, have been expected began.

He had been two years at Trinity when he went to pay the Maxwells a visit at the Court. Maxwell could hardly believe his eyes or ears. The boy who at nineteen was an authority on church music and ancient «uses,» by twenty-one talked and thought of nothing in heaven or earth but the stage and French bric-à-brac. His conversation swarmed with the names of actors, singers, and dancers: but they were names that meant nothing except to the initiated. They were the small people of the small theaters; and Ancoats was a Triton among them; not at all, so he carefully informed his kindred, because of his wealth and title, but because he too was an artist, and could sing, revel, write, and dance with the best of them.

For some time Maxwell was able to console Mrs. Allison with the historical reflection that more than one son of the Oxford Movement had found in a passion for the stage a ready means of annoying the English Puritan. When it came, however, to the young man's producing risky plays of his own composing at extremely costly matinées, there was nothing for it but to interfere. Maxwell at last persuaded him to give up the farce of Cambridge and go abroad. But Ancoats would go only with a man of his own sort; and their time was mostly spent in Paris, where Ancoats divided his hard-spent existence between the furious pursuit of

Louis Quinze bibelots and the patronage of two or three minor theaters. To be the king of a first night, raining applause and bouquets from his stage box, seemed to give him infinite content; but his vanity was hardly less flattered by the compliments say of M. Tournonville, the well-known dealer on the Quai Voltaire, who would bow himself before the young Englishman with the admiring cry, «Mon Dieu! milord, que vous êtes fin connoisseur!» while the dealer's assistant grinned among the shadows of the back shop.

At last, at twenty-four, he must needs return to England for his coming of age under his grandfather's will and the taking over of his estate. Under the sobering influence of these events his class and his mother seemed for a time to recover him. He refurnished a certain number of rooms at Castle Luton, and made a special marvel of his own room, which was hung thick with Boucher, Greuze, and Watteau engravings, littered with miniatures and trinkets, and encumbered here and there with portfolios of drawings which he was not anxious to unlock in his mother's presence.

Moreover, he was again affectionate to his mother, and occasionally even went to church with her. The instincts of the English aristocrat reappeared amid the accomplishments of the *petit maître*, and poor Mrs. Allison's spirits revived. Then the golden-haired Lady Madeleine was asked to stay at Castle Luton. When she came Ancoats devoted himself with extraordinary docility. He drew her, made songs for her, and devised French charades to act with her; he even went so far as to compare her with enthusiasm to the latest and most wonderful «Salome» just exhibited in the Salon by the latest and most wonderful of the impressionists. But Lady Madeleine fortunately had not seen the picture.

Then suddenly, one morning, Ancoats went up to town without notice, and remained there. After a while his mother pursued him thither; but Ancoats was restless at sight of her, and she was not long in London, though long enough to show the Maxwells and others that her heart was anxiously set upon Lady Madeleine as a daughter-in-law.

This, then, taken together with the stories now besprinkling the newspapers, was the situation. Naturally, Ancoats's affairs, as he himself was irritably aware, were now, in one way or another, occupying the secret thoughts or the private conversations of most of his mother's guests.

For instance—

«ARE you nice?» said Betty Leven, suddenly, to young Lord Naseby, in the middle of Sunday morning. «Are you in a charitable, charming, humble, and trusting frame of mind? Because, if not, I shall go away; I have had too much of Lady Kent.»

Charlie Naseby laughed. He was sitting reading in the shade at the edge of one of the Castle Luton lawns. For some time past he had been watching Betty Leven and Lady Kent as they talked under a cedar-tree some little distance from him. Lady Kent conversed with her whole bellicose person—her cap, her chin, her nose, her spreading and impressive shoulders. And from her gestures young Naseby guessed that she had been talking to Betty Leven rather more in character than usual.

He felt a certain curiosity about the tête-à-tête. So that when Betty left her companion and came tripping over the lawn to the house, the young man lifted his face and gave her a smiling nod, as though to invite her to come and visit him on the way. Betty came, and then, as she stood in front of him, delivered the home question already reported.

«Am I nice?» repeated young Naseby. «Far from it. I have not been to church, and I have been reading a French novel of which I do not even intend to tell you the name.»

And he promptly slipped his volume into his pocket.

«Which is worse?» said Betty, pensively: «to break the fourth commandment or the ninth? Lady Kent, of course, has been trampling on them both. But the ninth is her particular victim. She calls it 'getting to the roots of things.'»

«Whose roots has she been delving at this morning?» said Naseby.

Betty looked behind her, saw that Lady Kent had gone into the house, and let herself drop into the corner of Naseby's bench with a sigh of fatigue.

«One feels as though one were a sort of house-dog tussling with a burglar. I have been keeping her off all my friends' secrets by main force, so she had to fall back on George Tressady, and tell me ugly tales of his mama.»

«George Tressady! Why on earth should she do him an ill turn? I don't believe she ever saw him before.»

Betty pressed her lips. She and Charlie Naseby had been friends since they wore round pinafores and sat on high nursery chairs side by side.

«One need n't go to the roots of things,» she said severely, «but one should have eyes in one's head. Has it ever occurred to you that Ancoats has taken a special fancy to Sir George—that he sat talking to him last night till all hours, and that he has been walking about with him the whole of this morning, instead of walking about—well, with somebody else, as he was meant to do? Why do men behave in this ridiculous manner? Women, of course; but *men!* It 's like a trout that won't let itself be landed. And what 's the good? It 's only prolonging the agony.»

«Not at all,» said Naseby, laughing. «There 's always the chance of slipping the hook.» Then his lively face became suddenly serious. «But it 's time, I think,» he added, almost with vehemence, «that Lady Kent stopped trying to land Ancoats. In the first place, it 's no good. He won't be landed against his will. In the next—well, I only know,» he broke off, «that if I had a sister in love with Ancoats at the present moment, I 'd carry her off to the north pole rather than let her be talked about with him.»

Betty opened her eyes.

«Then there is something in the stories,» she cried. «Of course Frank told me there was nothing. And the Maxwells have not said a word. And now I understand why Lady Kent has been dinning it into my ears—I could only be thankful Mrs. Allison was safe at church—that Ancoats should marry early. ‹Oh! my dear, it 's always been the only hope for them.›» Betty mimicked Lady Kent's deep voice and important manner: «‹Why, there was the grandfather—his wife had a time! I could tell you things about him!—oh! and her too. And even Henry Allison—› There, of course, I stopped her.»

«Old ghoul!» said Naseby, in disgust. «So she knows. And yet—good heavens! where does that charming girl come from?»

He knocked the end off his cigarette, and returned it to his mouth with a rather unsteady hand.

«Knows—knows what?» said Betty. There was a pink flush, perhaps of alarm, on her pretty cheek, but her eyes said plainly that if there were risks she must run them.

Naseby hesitated. The natural reticence of one young man about another held him back—and he was Ancoats's friend. But he liked Lady Madeleine, and her mother's ugly manœuvers in the sight of gods and men filled him with a restless ill-temper.

«You say the Maxwells have told you nothing?» he said at last. «But all the same I am pretty certain that Maxwell is here for nothing else. What on earth should he be doing in this *galère* just now! Look at him and Fontenoy! They 've been pacing that lime walk for a good hour. No one ever saw such a spectacle before. Of course something 's up.»

Betty followed his eyes, and caught the figures of the two men between the trunks as they moved through the light and shadow of the lime walk—Fontenoy's massive head sunk in his shoulders, his hands clasped behind his back, Maxwell's taller and alerter form beside him. Fontenoy had, in fact, arrived that morning from town, just too late to accompany Mrs. Allison and her flock to church; and Maxwell and he had been together since the moment when Ancoats, having brought his guest into the garden, had gone off himself on a walk with Tressady.

«Ancoats and Tressady came back past here,» Naseby went on. «Ancoats stood still, with his hands on his sides, and looked at those two. His expression was not amiable. ‹Something hatching,› he said to Tressady. I suppose Ancoats got his sneer from his actor-friends: none of us could do it without practice. ‹Shall we go and pull the chief out of that?› But they did n't go. Ancoats turned sulky, and went into the house by himself.»

«I 'm glad I don't have to keep that youth straight,» said Betty, devoutly. «Perhaps I don't care enough about him to try. But his mother 's a darling saint, and if he breaks her heart he ought to be hanged.»

«She knows nothing—I believe—» said Naseby, quickly.

«Strange!» cried Betty. «I wonder if it pays to be a saint. I shall know everything about *my* boy when he 's that age.»

«Oh! will you?» said Naseby, looking at her with a mocking eye.

«Yes, sir, I shall. Your secrets are not so difficult to know, if one wants to know them. Heaven forbid, however, that I should want to know anything about any of you till Bertie is grown up! Now, please tell me everything. Who is the lady?»

«Heaven forbid I should tell you!» said Naseby, dryly.

«Don't trifle any more,» said Betty, laying a remonstrating hand on his arm; «they will be home from church directly.»

«Well, I won't tell you any names,» said Naseby, reluctantly. «Of course it 's an actress—a very small one. And of course she 's a bad lot—and pretty.»

«Why, there 's no ‹of course› about it—

about either of them,» said Betty, with more indignation than grammar. She also had dramatic friends, and was sensitive on the point.

Naseby protested that if he must argue the ethics of the stage before he told his tale, the tale would remain untold. Then Betty, subdued, fell into an attitude of meek listening, hands on lap. The tale when told, indeed, proved to be a very ordinary affair, marked out perhaps a trifle from the ruck by the facts that there was another pretender in the field, with whom Ancoats had already had one scene in public, and would probably have more; that Ancoats being Ancoats, something mad and conspicuous was to be expected, which would bring the matter inevitably to his mother's ears; and that Mrs. Allison was Mrs. Allison.

«Can he marry her?» said Betty, quickly.

«Thank Heaven! no. There is a husband somewhere in Chile. So that it does n't seem to be a question of driving Mrs. Allison out of Castle Luton. But—well, between ourselves, it would be a pity to give Ancoats so fine a chance of going to the bad as he 'll get if this young woman lays hold of him. He might n't recover it.»

Betty sat silent a moment. All her gaiety had passed away. There was a fierceness in her blue eyes.

«And that 's what we bring them up for,» she exclaimed at last—«that they may do all these ugly, stale, stupid things over again! Oh! I 'm not thinking so much of the morals,»—she turned to Naseby with a defiant look,—«I am thinking of the hateful cruelty and unkindness!»

«To his mother?» said Naseby. He shrugged his shoulders.

Betty allowed herself an outburst. Her little hand trembled on her knee. Naseby did not reply. Not that he disagreed; far from it. Under his young and careless manner he was already a person of settled character, cherishing a number of strong convictions. But since it had become the fashion to talk as frankly of a matter of this kind to your married-women friends as to anybody else, he thought that the women should take it with more equanimity.

Betty, indeed, regained her composure very quickly, like a stream when the gust has passed. They fell into a keen practical discussion of the affair. Who had influence with Ancoats? What man? Naseby shook his head. The difference in age between Ancoats and Maxwell was too great, and the men too unlike in temperament. He himself had done what he could, in vain, and Ancoats now told him nothing; for the rest, he thought Ancoats had very few friends amid his innumerable acquaintance, and such as he had were of a third-rate dramatic sort, not likely to be of much use at this moment.

«I have n't seen him, since he was a boy, take to any fellow of his own kind as much as he has taken to George Tressady these two days. But that 's no good, of course; it 's too new.»

The two sat side by side, pondering. Suddenly Naseby said, smiling, with a change of expression:

«This party is really quite interesting. Look there!»

Betty looked, and saw George Tressady, with his hands in his pockets, lounging along a distant path beside Marcella Maxwell.

«Well,» said Betty, «what then?»

Naseby gave his mouth a twist.

«Nothing; only it 's odd. I ran across them just now,—I was playing ball with that jolly little imp, Hallin. You never saw two people more absorbed. Of course he 's *sous le charme* —we all are. Our English politics are rather rum, are n't they? They don't indulge in this amiable country-house business in a South American republic, you know. They prefer shooting.»

«And you evidently think it a healthier state of things. Wait till we come to something nearer to our hearths and bosoms than factory acts,» said Betty, with the wisdom of her kind. «All the same, Lord Fontenoy is in earnest.»

«Oh, yes, Fontenoy is in earnest. So, I suppose, is Tressady. So, good heavens! is Maxwell. I say, here comes the church party.»

And from a side-door in a venerable wall, beyond which could be seen the tower of a little church, there emerged a small group of people—Mrs. Allison, Lady Cathedine, and Madeleine Penley in front, escorted by the white-haired Sir Philip; and behind, Lady Tressady, between Harding Watton and Lord Cathedine.

«Cathedine!» cried Naseby, staring at the group. «Cathedine been to church!»

«For the purpose, I suppose, of disappointing poor Laura, who might have hoped to get rid of him,» said Betty, sharply. «No; if I were Mrs. Allison I should draw the line at Lord Cathedine.»

«Nobody need see any more of Cathedine than they want,» said Naseby, calmly; «and of course he behaves himself here. Moreover,

there is no doubt at all about his brains. They say Fontenoy expects to make great use of him in the Lords.»

«By the way,» said Betty, turning round upon him, «where are you?»

«Well, thank God! I 'm not in Parliament,» was Naseby's smiling reply. «So don't trouble me for opinions. I have none. Except that, speaking generally, I should like Lady Maxwell to get what she wants.»

Betty threw him a sly glance, wondering if she might tease him about the news she heard of him from Marcella.

She had no time, however, to attack him, for Mrs. Allison approached.

«WHAT is the matter with her—with Madeleine—with all of them?» thought Betty, suddenly.

For Mrs. Allison, pale and discomposed, did not return—did not apparently notice—Lady Leven's greeting. She walked hastily past them, and would have gone at once into the house but that, turning her head, she perceived Lord Fontenoy hurrying toward her from the lime walk. With an obvious effort she controlled herself, and went to meet him, leaning heavily on her silver-topped stick.

The others paused, no one having, as it seemed, anything to say. Letty poked the gravel with her parasol; Sir Philip made a telescope of his hands, and fixed it upon Maxwell, who was coming slowly across the lawn; while Lady Madeleine turned a handsome, bewildered face on Betty.

Betty took her aside to look at a flower on the house.

«What 's the matter?» said Lady Leven under her breath.

«I don't know,» said the other. «Something dreadful happened on the way home. There was a girl—»

But she broke off suddenly. Ancoats had just opened and shut the garden door, and was coming to join his guests.

«Poor dear!» thought Betty to herself, with a leap of pity. It was so evident the girl's whole nature thrilled to the approaching step. She turned her head toward Ancoats as though against her will, her tall form drawn erect, in unconscious tension.

Ancoats's quick eyes ran over the group.

«He thinks we have been talking about him,» was Betty's quick reflection, which was probably not far from the truth; for the young man's face at once assumed a lowering expression, and, walking up to Lady Tressady, whom as yet he had noticed no more than civility required, he asked whether she would like to see the «houses» and the rose-garden.

Letty, delighted by the attention, said «Yes» in her gayest way, and Ancoats at once led her off. He walked quickly, and their figures soon disappeared among the trees.

Madeleine Penley gazed after them. Betty, who had a miserable feeling that the girl was betraying herself to men like Harding Watton or Lord Cathedine,—a feeling which was, however, the creation of her own nervous excitement,—tried to draw her away. But Lady Madeleine did not seem to understand. She stood mechanically buttoning and unbuttoning her long gloves. «Yes, I 'm coming,» she said, but she did not move.

Then Betty saw that Lord Naseby had come up to her; and it seemed to the observer that all the young man's vivid face was suffused with something at once soft and fierce.

«I should so like to show you the thorn-blossom on the hill, Lady Madeleine,» he said. «Will you come? There will be just time before lunch.»

The girl looked at him. His tone was in itself an act of homage, of atonement. The color rushed to her cheeks, and she walked submissively away beside him.

MEANWHILE Letty and Ancoats pursued their way toward the greenhouses and walled gardens. Letty tripped along, hardly able to keep up with her companion's stride, but chattering fast all the time. At every turn of the view she overflowed with praise and wonder; nor could anything have been at once more enthusiastic or more impertinent than the questions with which she plied him as to his gardeners, his estate, and his affairs, in the intervals of panegyric.

Ancoats at first hardly listened to her. A perfunctory «Yes» or «No» seemed to be all that the situation demanded. Then, when he did sufficiently emerge from the tempest of his own thoughts to catch some of the things she was saying, his irritable temper rebelled at once. What had Tressady been about?—ill-bred, tiresome woman!

His manner stiffened; he stalked along in front of her, doing his bare host's duty, and warding off her conversation as much as possible; while Letty, on her side, soon felt the familiar chill and mortification creeping over her. Why, she wondered angrily, should he have asked her to walk with him if he could not be a more agreeable companion?

Toward the end of the lime walk they came across Mrs. Allison and Lord Fontenoy. As they passed the older pair the pale mother lifted her eyes to her son with a tremulous smile.

But Ancoats made no response, nor had he any greeting for Fontenoy. He carried his companion quickly on, till they found themselves in a wilderness of walled gardens opening one into another, each, as it seemed, more miraculously ordered and more abundantly stocked than its neighbor.

«I wonder you know your way,» laughed Letty. «And who can possibly consume all this?»

«I have n't an idea,» said Ancoats, abruptly, as he opened the door of the tenth vinery. «I wish you 'd tell me.»

Letty raised her eyebrows with a little cry of protest.

«Oh! but it makes the whole place so magnificent, so complete!»

«What is there magnificent in having too much?» said Ancoats, shortly. «I believe the day of these huge country places, with all their dull greenhouses and things, is done.»

Much he cared, indeed, about his gardeners and his grapes! He was in the mood really to feel his whole inheritance a burden round his neck. But at the same time to revile his own wealth gave him a pleasant sense of playing the artist.

«Have you argued that with Lord Fontenoy?» she inquired with archness.

«I should not take the trouble,» he said, with careless hauteur. Ah!»—Letty's vanity winced under his involuntary accent of relief,—«I see your husband and Lady Maxwell.»

Marcella and George came toward them. They were strolling along a broad flowery border, which was at the moment a blaze of peonies of all shades, interspersed with tall pyramidal growths of honeysuckle. Marcella was loitering here and there, burying her face in the fragrance of the honeysuckle, or drawing her companion's attention in delight to the glowing clumps of peonies. Hallin hovered round them, now putting his hand confidingly into Tressady's, now tugging at his mother's dress, and now gravely wooing the friendship of a fine St. Bernard that made one of the party. George, with his hands in his pockets, walked or paused as the others chose, and it struck Letty at once that he was talking with unusual freedom and zest.

Yes, it was true, indeed, as Harding said —they had made friends. As she looked at them the first movement of a jealous temper stirred in Letty. She was angry with Lady Maxwell's beauty, and angry with George's enjoyment. It was like the great lady all over to slight the wife and annex the husband. George certainly might have taken the trouble to come and look for her on their return from church.

So, while Ancoats talked stiffly with Marcella, the bride, a few paces off, let George understand through her bantering manner that she was out of humor.

«But, dear, I had no notion you would be let out so soon,» pleaded George. «That good man really can't earn his pay.»

«Oh! but of course you knew it was High Church—all split up into little bits,» said Letty, unappeased. «But naturally—»

She was about to add some jealous sarcasm, when it was arrested by the arrival of Sir Philip Wentworth and Watton, whose figures appeared in a side-archway close to her.

«Ah! well guessed,» said Sir Philip. «I thought we should find you among the peonies. Lady Tressady, did you ever see such a show? Ancoats, is your head gardener visible on a Sunday? I ask with trembling, for there is no more magnificent member of creation. But if I could get at him, to ask him about an orchid I saw in one of your houses yesterday, I should be grateful.»

«Come into the next garden, then,» said Ancoats, «where the orchid-houses are. If he is n't there, we 'll send for him.»

«Then, Lady Tressady, you must come and see me through,» said Sir Philip, gallantly. «I want to quarrel with him about a label—and you remember Dizzy's saying, ‹A head gardener is always opinionated›? Are you coming, Lady Maxwell?»

Marcella shook her head, smiling.

«I am afraid I hate hothouses,» she said.

«My dear lady, don't pine for the life according to nature at Castle Luton!» said Sir Philip, raising a finger. «The best of hothouses, like the best of anything, demands a thrill.»

Marcella shrugged her shoulders.

«I get more thrill out of the peonies.»

Sir Philip laughed, and he and Watton carried off Letty, whose vanity was once more happy in their society; while Ancoats, glad of the pretext, hurried along in front to find the great Mr. Newmarch.

«I BELIEVE there are some wonderful irises out in the Friars' Garden,» said Marcella. «Mrs. Allison told me there was a show of

them somewhere. Let me see if I can find the way. And Hallin would like the goldfish in the fountain.»

Her two companions followed her gladly, and she led them through devious paths till there was a shout from Hallin, and the most poetic corner of a famous garden revealed itself. Amid the ruins of a cloister that had once formed part of the dissolved Cistercian priory on the confiscated lands of which Castle Luton had arisen, a rich medley of flowers was in full and perfect bloom. Irises in every ravishing shade of purple, lilac, and gold, carpets of daffodils and narcissus, covered the ground, and ran into each corner and cranny of the old wall. Yellow banksia and white clematis climbed the crumbling shafts, or made new tracery for the empty windows; and where the ruin ended, yew hedges, adorned at the top with a whole procession of birds and beasts, began. The flowery space thus inclosed was broken in the center by an old fountain; and as one sat on a stone seat beside it, one looked through an archway, cut through the darkness of the yews, to the blue river and the hills.

The little place breathed perfume and delight. But Marcella did not, somehow, give it the attention it deserved. She sat down absently on the bench by the fountain, and presently, as George and Hallin were poking among the goldfish, she turned to her companion with the abrupt question:

«You did n't know Ancoats, I think, before this visit, did you?»

«Only as one knows the merest acquaintance. Fontenoy introduced me to him at the club.»

Marcella sighed. She seemed to be arguing something with herself. At last, with a quick look toward the approaches of the garden, she said in a low voice:

«I think you must know that his friends are not happy about him?»

It so happened that Watton had found opportunity to show Tressady that morning a paragraph from one of the numerous papers that batten on the British peer, his dress, his morals, and his sport. The paragraph, without names, without even initials, contained an outline of Lord Ancoats's affairs which Harding, who knew everything of a scandalous nature, declared to be well informed. It had made George whistle; and afterward he had watched Mrs. Allison go to church with a new interest in her proceedings.

So that when Marcella threw out her hesitating question he said at once:

«I know what the papers are beginning to say—that is, I have seen a paragraph—»

«Oh! those newspapers!» she said in distress. «We are all afraid of some madness, and any increase of talk may hasten it. There is no one who can control him, and of late he has not even tried to conceal things.»

«It is a determined face,» said George. «I am afraid he will take his way. How is it that he comes to be so unlike his mother?»

«How is it that adoration and sacrifice count for so little?» said Marcella, sadly. «She has given him all the best of her life.»

And she drew a rapid sketch of the youth's career and the mother's devotion.

George listened in silence. What she said showed him that in his conversations with Ancoats that young man had been talking round and about his own case a good deal: and when she paused he said dryly:

«Poor Mrs. Allison! But, you know, there must be some crumples in the rose-leaves of the great.»

She looked at him with a momentary astonishment.

«Why should one think of her as 'great'? Would not any mother suffer? First of all, he is so changed; it is so difficult to get at him, his friends are so unlike hers, he is so wrapped up in London, so apathetic about his estate. All the religious sympathy, that meant so much to her, is gone. And now he threatens her with this—what shall I call it?»—her lip curled—«this entanglement. If it goes on, how shall we keep her from breaking her heart over it? Poor thing! poor mothers!»

She raised her white hand, and let it fall upon her knee with one of the free, instinctive gestures that made her beauty so expressive.

But George would not yield himself to her feeling.

«Ancoats will get through it—somehow—as other men do,» he said stubbornly; «and she must get through it too—and not break her heart.»

Marcella was silent. He turned toward her after a moment.

«You think that a brutal doctrine? But if you 'll let me say it, life and ease and good temper are really not the brittle things women make them. Why do they put all their eggs into that one basket they call their affections? There is plenty else in life—there is indeed. It shows poverty of mind.»

He laughed, and taking up a pebble, dropped it sharply among the goldfish.

«Alack!» said Marcella, caressing her

child's head as he stood playing beside her. «Hallin, I can't have you kiss my hand like that. Sir George says it 's poverty of mind.»

«It ain't,» said Hallin, promptly. But his remark had a deplorable lack of unction, for the goldfish, startled by George's pebble, were at that moment performing evolutions of the greatest interest, and the boy's black eyes were greedily bent upon them.

Both laughed, and George let her remark alone. But his few words left on Marcella a painful impression, which renewed her compassion of the night before. This young fellow, just married, protesting against an over-exaltation of the affections—it struck her as half tragic, half grotesque. And, of course, it was explained by the idiosyncrasies of that little person in a Paris gown now walking about somewhere with Sir Philip.

Yet, just as she had again allowed herself to think of him as some one far younger and less mature than herself, he quietly renewed the conversation, so far as it concerned Ancoats, talking with a caustic good sense, a shrewd perception, and, at bottom, with a good feeling that first astonished her, and then mastered her friendship more and more. She found herself yielding him a fuller and fuller confidence, appealing to him, taking pleasure in anything that woke the humor of the sharp, long face, or that rare blink of the blue eyes that meant a leap of some responsive sympathy he could not quite conceal.

And for him it was all pleasure, though he never stopped to think of it. The lines of her slender form, as she sat with such careless dignity beside him, her lovely eyes, the turns of her head, the softening tones of her voice, the sense of an emerging bond that had in it nothing ignoble, nothing to be ashamed of, together with the child's simple liking for him, and the mere physical delight of this morning of late May,—the rush and splendor of its white, thunderous clouds, its penetrating, scented air,—each and all played their part in the rise of a new emotion he would not have analyzed if he could.

He was particularly glad that in this fresh day of growing intimacy she had as yet talked politics or «questions» of any sort so little. It made it all the more possible to escape from, wholly to overthrow in his mind, that first hostile image of her, impressed—strange unreason on his part!—by that first meeting with her in the crowd round the injured child, and in the hospital ward. And yet, perhaps unconsciously, it was the play through all she said—whether it was talk of persons, or the light, incidental words that reveal character and tastes—of the larger human interests, of ideal hopes and social faiths, such as he had never yet let himself believe that a woman could sincerely, or, if sincerely, could rationally, hold—it was this wider breath that, in truth, made her so rare, so inspiring. Had she started any subject of mere controversy he would have held his own as stoutly as ever. But so long as she let them lie, herself—the woman—insensibly argued for her, and wore down his earlier mood.

So long, indeed, as he forgot Maxwell's part in it all. But it was not possible to forget it long. For the wife's passion, in spite of a noble reticence, shone through her whole personality in a way that alternately touched and challenged her new friend. No; let him remember that Maxwell's ways of looking at things were none the less pestilent because she put them into words.

AFTER luncheon Betty Leven found herself in a corner of the Green Drawing-room. On the other side of it Mrs. Allison and Lord Fontenoy were seated together, with Sir Philip Wentworth not far off. Lord Fontenoy was describing his week in Parliament. Betty, who knew and generally shunned him, raised her eyebrows occasionally as she caught the animated voice, the queer laughs, and the fluent expositions which the presence of his muse was drawing from this most ungainly of worshipers. His talk, indeed, was one long invocation; and the little white-haired lady in the arm-chair was doing her best to play Melpomene. Her speech was very soft; but it made for battle, and Fontenoy was never so formidable as when he was fresh from Castle Luton.

Betty's thoughts, however, had once more slipped away from her immediate neighbors, and were pursuing more exciting matters—the state of Madeleine Penley's heart, and the wiles of that witch-woman in London, who must be somehow plucked like a bur from Ancoats's skirts—when Marcella entered the room, hat in hand.

«Whither away, fair lady?» cried Betty. «Come and talk to me.»

«Hallin will be in the river,» said Marcella, irresolute.

«If he is, Sir George will fish him out. Besides, I believe Sir George and Ancoats have gone for a walk, and Hallin with them. I heard Maxwell tell Hallin he might go.»

Marcella turned an uncertain look upon Lord Fontenoy and Mrs. Allison. But directly Maxwell's wife entered the room, Maxwell's

enemy had dropped his talk of political affairs, and he was now showing Sir Philip a portfolio of Mrs. Allison's sketches with a subdued ardor that brought a kindly smile to Marcella's lip. In general, Fontenoy had neither eye nor ear for anything artistic; moreover, he spoke barbarous French and no other European tongue; while of letters he had scarcely a tincture. But when it became a question of Mrs. Allison's accomplishments, her drawing, her embroidery, still more her admirable French and excellent Italian, the books she had read, and the poetry she knew by heart, he was all appreciation—one might almost say, all feeling. It was Cymon and Iphigenia in a modern and middle-aged key.

His mien he fashioned and his tongue he filed.

And did a blunder come, Iphigenia gently and deftly put it to rights.

«Where is Madeleine?» asked Betty, as Marcella approached her sofa.

«Walking with Lord Naseby, I think.»

«What was the matter on the way from church?» asked Betty in a low voice, raising her face to her friend.

Marcella looked gravely down upon her.

«If you come into the garden I will tell you. Madeleine told me.»

Betty, all curiosity, followed her friend through the open window to a seat in the Dutch garden outside.

«It was a terrible thing that happened,» said Marcella, sitting erect, and speaking with a manner of suppressed energy that Betty knew well; «one of the things that make my blood boil when I come here. You know how she rules the village?»—she turned imperceptibly toward the distant drawing-room, where Mrs. Allison's white head was still visible. «Not only must all the cottages be beautiful, but all the people must reach a certain standard of virtue. If a man drinks, he must go; if a girl loses her character, she and her child must go. It was such a girl that threw herself in the way of the party this morning. Her mother would not part with her, so the decree went forth—the whole family must go. They say the girl has never been right in her head since the baby's birth; she raved and wept this morning, said her parents could find no work elsewhere, they must die, she and her child must die. Mrs. Allison tried to stop her, but could n't; then she hurriedly sent the others on, and stayed behind herself—only for a minute or two; she overtook Madeleine almost immediately. Madeleine is sure she was inexorable; so am I: she always is. I once argued with her about a case of the kind—a cruel case! 'Those are the sins that make me shudder!' she said, and one could make no impression on her whatever. You see how exhausted she looks this afternoon. She will wear herself out, probably, praying and weeping over the girl.»

Betty threw up her hands.

«My dear, when she knows—»

«It may perfectly well kill her,» said Marcella, steadily. Then, after a pause, Betty saw her face flush from brow to chin, and she added in a low and passionate voice, «Nevertheless, from all tyrannies and cruelties in the name of Christ, good Lord, deliver us!»

Betty said nothing. The intensities of her friends, whether of the Mrs. Allison or the Marcella type, generally silenced her. She shrank into herself beside them.

The two lingered together for some time without speaking. Both were thinking of much the same things, but both were tired with the endless talking of a country-house Sunday, and the rest was welcome.

And presently Marcella rambled away from her friend, and spent an hour pacing by herself in a glade beside the river.

And there her mind instantly shook itself from every care but one—the yearning over her husband and his work.

Two years of labor, of labor—she caught her breath with a little sob—which had aged and marked the laborer; and now was it really to be believed that after all the toil, after so much hope and promise of success, everything was to be wrecked at last?

She gave herself once more to eager forecasts and combinations. As to individuals—she recalled Tressady's blunt warning with a smile and a wince. But it did not prevent her from falling into a reverie of which he, or some one like him, was the center. Types, incidents, scenes, rose before her—if they could only be pressed upon, burned into, such a mind as they had been burned into her mind and Maxwell's! That was the whole difficulty—lack of vision, lack of realization. Men were to have the deciding voice in this thing who had no clear conception of how poverty and misery live, no true knowledge of this vast tragedy of labor perpetually acted in the midst of them, no rebellion of heart against conditions of life for other men which they themselves would die a thousand times rather than accept. She saw herself, in a kind of despair, driving such persons through streets and into houses she knew, forcing them to look and feel. Even now, at the last moment—

How much better she had come to know this interesting, limited being, George Tres-

sady, during these twenty-four hours! She liked his youth, his sincerity, even the stubbornness with which he disclaimed inconvenient enthusiasms; and she was inevitably flattered by the way in which his evident prejudice against herself had broken down.

His marriage was a misfortune, a calamity. She thought of it with the instinctive hauteur of one who has never known any temptation to the small vulgarities of life. One could have nothing to say to a little being like that, but all the more reason for befriending the man.

AN hour or two later Tressady found himself strolling home along the flowery bank of the river. It was not long since he had parted from Lady Maxwell and Hallin, and on leaving them he had turned back for a while toward the woods on the hill, on the pretext that he wanted more of a walk. Now, however, he was hurrying toward the house that there might be time for a chat with Letty before dressing. She would think he had been away too long. But he had proposed to take her on the river after tea, and she had preferred a walk with Lord Cathedine.

Since then—he looked about him at the river and the hills. There was a flush of sunset through the air, and the blue of the river was interlaced with rosy or golden reflections from a sky piled with stormy cloud and aglow with every «visionary majesty» of light and color. The great cloud-masses were driving in a tragic splendor through the west; and hue and form alike throughout the wide heaven seemed to him to breathe a marvelous harmony and poetry, to make one vibrating «word» of beauty. Had some god suddenly gifted him with new senses and new eyes? Never had he felt so much joy in nature, such a lifting up to things awful and divine. Why? Because a beautiful woman had been walking beside him—because he had been talking with her of things that he, at least, rarely talked of—realities, of feeling, or thought, or memory, that no woman had ever shared with him before?

How had she drawn him to such openness, such indiscretions? He was half ashamed, and then forgot his discomfort in the sudden eager glancing of the mind to the future, to the opportunities of the day just coming,—for Mrs. Allison's party was to last till Whit-Tuesday,—to the hours and places in London where he was to meet her on those social errands of hers. What a warm, true heart! What a woman, through all her dreams and mistakes, and therefore how adorable!

HE quickened his pace as the light failed. Presently he saw a figure coming toward him, emerging from the trees that skirted the main lawn. It was Fontenoy; and Fontenoy's supporter must needs recollect himself as quickly as possible. He had not seen much of his leader during the day. But he knew well that Fontenoy never forgot his rôle, and there were several points, newly arisen within the last forty-eight hours, on which he might have expected before this to be called to counsel.

But Fontenoy, when he came up with the wanderer, seemed to have no great mind for talk. He had evidently been pacing and thinking by himself, and when he was fullest of thought he was, as a rule, most silent and inarticulate.

«You are late; so am I,» he said, as he turned back with Tressady.

George assented.

«I have been thinking out one or two points of tactics.»

But instead of discussing them he sank into silence again. George let him alone, knowing his ways.

Presently he said, raising his powerful head with a jerk: «But tactics are not of such importance as they were. I think the thing is done—*done!*» he repeated with emphasis.

George shrugged his shoulders.

«I don't know. We may be too sanguine. It is not possible that Maxwell should be easily beaten.»

Fontenoy laughed—a strange, high laugh, like a jay's, that seemed to have no relation to his massive frame, and died suddenly away.

«But we shall beat him,» he said quietly, «and her too. A well-meaning woman—but what a foolish one!»

George made no reply.

«Though I am bound to say,» Fontenoy went on quickly, «that in private matters no man could be kinder and show a sounder judgment than Maxwell. And I believe Mrs. Allison feels the same with regard to her.»

His look first softened, then frowned; and as he turned his eyes toward the house, George guessed what subject it was that he and Maxwell had discussed under the limes in the morning.

HE found Letty in very good spirits, owing, as far as he could judge, to the civilities and attentions of Lord Cathedine. Moreover, she was more at ease in her surroundings, and less daunted by Mrs. Allison.

«And of course to-morrow,» she said, as she put on her diamonds, «it will be nicer

still. We shall all know one another so much better."

In her good humor she had forgotten her twinge of jealousy, and did not even inquire with whom he had been wandering so long.

But Letty was disappointed of her last day at Castle Luton; for the party broke up suddenly, and by ten o'clock on Monday morning all Mrs. Allison's guests but Lord Fontenoy and the Maxwells had left Castle Luton.

It was on this wise.

After dinner, on Sunday night, Ancoats, who had been particularly silent and irritable at table, suddenly proposed to show his guests the house. Accordingly, he led them through its famous rooms and corridors, turned on the electric light to show the pictures, and acted cicerone to the china and the books.

Then suddenly it was noticed that he had somehow slipped away, and that Madeleine Penley was also missing. The party straggled back to the drawing-room without their host.

Ancoats, however, reappeared alone in about half an hour. He was extremely pale, and those who knew him well, and were perforce observing him at the moment, like Maxwell and Marcella, drew the conclusion that he was in a state of violent though suppressed excitement. His mother, however, strange to say, noticed nothing. But she was clearly exhausted and depressed, and she gave an early signal for the ladies' withdrawal.

The great house sank into quietness. But about an hour after Marcella and Betty had parted at Betty's door, Betty heard a quick knock, and opened it in haste.

«Mrs. Allison is ill!» said Marcella in a low, rapid voice. «I think every one ought to go quite early to-morrow. Will you tell Frank? I am going to Lady Tressady. The gentlemen have n't come up.»

Betty caught her arm. «Tell me—»

«Oh! my dear,» cried Marcella, under her breath, «Ancoats and Madeleine had an explanation in his room. He told her everything —that child! She went to Mrs. Allison—he asked her to! Then the maid came for me in terror. It has been a heart attack—she has often had them. She is rather better. But do let everybody go!» and she wrung her hands. «Maxwell and I must stay and see what can be done.»

Betty flew to ring for her maid and look up trains. Lady Maxwell went on to Letty Tressady's room.

But on the way, in the half-dark passage she came across George Tressady coming up from the smoking-room. So she gave her news of Mrs. Allison's sudden illness to him, begging him to tell his wife, and to convey their hostess's regrets and apologies for this untoward break-up of the party. It was the reappearance of an old ailment, she said, and with quiet would disappear.

George heard her with concern, and though his mind was active with conjectures, asked not a single question. Only, when she said good-night to him, he held her hand a friendly instant.

«We shall be off as early as possible, so it is good-by. But we shall meet in town—as you suggested?»

«Please!» she said, and hurried off.

But just as he reached his own door he turned with a long breath toward the passage where he had just seen her. It seemed that he saw her still—her white face and dress, the trouble and pity under her quiet manner, her pure sweetness and dignity. He said to himself, with a sort of pride, that he had made a friend—a friend whose sympathy, whose heart and mind, he was now to explore.

Who was to make difficulties? Letty? But already, as he stood there with his hand upon the handle of her door, his mind, in a kind of flashing dream, was already making division of his life between the woman he had married with such careless haste and this other, who at highest thought of him with a passing kindness, and at lowest regarded him as a mere pawn in the political game.

What could he win by this friendship that would injure Letty? Nothing, absolutely nothing!

(To be continued.)

Mary A. Ward.

THE BALLAD OF THE «LAUGHING SALLY.»

A WIND blew up from Pernambuco
(Yeo, heave ho! the *Laughing Sally!*
Hi yeo, heave away!)—
A wind blew out of the east-sou'-east
And boomed at the break of day.

The *Laughing Sally* sped for her life,
And a speedy craft was she.
The black flag flew at her top to tell
How she took toll of the sea.

The wind blew up from Pernambuco,
And in the breast of the blast
Came the king's black ship, like a hound let slip
On the trail of the *Sally* at last.

For a day and a night, a night and a day,
Over the blue, blue round,
Went on the chase of the pirate quarry
The hunt of the tireless hound.

«Land on the port bow!» came the cry;
And the *Sally* raced for shore
Till she reached the bar at the river mouth
Where the shallow breakers roar.

She passed the bar by a secret channel,
With clear tide under her keel;
For he knew the shoals like an open book—
The captain at the wheel.

She passed the bar, she sped like a ghost
Till her sails were hid from view
By the tall, liana'd, unsunned boughs
O'erbrooding the dark bayou.

At moonrise up to the river mouth
Came the king's black ship of war;
The Red Cross flapped in wrath at her peak,
But she could not cross the bar.

And while she lay in the run of the seas,
By the grimmest whim of chance
Out of a bay to the north came forth
Two battle-ships of France.

On the English ship the twain bore down
Like wolves that range by night;
And the breakers' roar was heard no more
In the thunder of the fight.

The crash of the broadsides rolled and stormed
To the *Sally*, hid from view
Under the tall, liana'd boughs
Of the moonless, dark bayou.

Her boats ran out for news of the fight,
And this was the word they brought:
«The king's ship fights the ships of France,
As the king's ships all have fought!»

Then muttered the mate, «I 'm a man of Devon!»
And the captain thundered then:
«There 's English rope that bides for our necks,
But we all be Englishmen!»

The *Sally* glided out of the gloom
And down the moon-white river;
She stole like a gray shark over the bar
Where the long surf seethes forever.

She hove to under a high French hull,
And the Red Cross rose to her peak.
The French were looking for fight that night,
And they had not far to seek.

Blood and fire on the streaming decks,
And fire and blood below;
The heat of hell, and the reek of hell,
And the dead men laid arow!

And when the stars paled out of heaven
And the red dawn rays uprushed,
The oaths of battle, the crash of timbers,
The roar of the guns were hushed.

With one foe beaten under his bow,
The other afar in flight,
The English captain turned to look
For his fellow in the fight.

The English captain turned and stared;
For where the *Sally* had been
Was a single spar upthrust from the sea
With the Red Cross flag serene.

. . . .

A wind blew up from Pernambuco
(Yeo, heave ho! the *Laughing Sally!*
Hi yeo, heave away!)
And boomed for the doom of the *Laughing Sally,*
Gone down at the break of day!

Charles G. D. Roberts.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

NAPOLEON THE ASSAILANT OF NATIONALITY.

DETHRONEMENT OF THE SPANISH BOURBONS—UPRISING AND SUCCESSES OF THE SPANISH PEOPLE—THE REGENERATION OF GERMANY THROUGH PRUSSIA—NAPOLEON AND ALEXANDER AT ERFURT—THE FAILURE OF THE SPANISH CAMPAIGN.

DETHRONEMENT OF THE SPANISH BOURBONS.

IF there be a time when the turn of Napoleon's fortunes is evident, it is the spring of 1808. Between the determination to complete his system of commercial offense in western Europe and the contempt which he entertained for the Spanish throne, he fell into a deadly snare—that of despising Spanish nationality. With the first manifestation of national sentiment in Spain began the process which ended in his overthrow; Spain, Prussia, and Austria successively became aware that a dynasty is not a nation, that energy, high principle, and organizing power reside after all in the people. This consciousness once awakened, the longing for unity grew to be a passion with them as it had been with France; their dynasties became the ministers of the popular will, the forces of modern life were set free, and the overthrow of Napoleonic imperialism became only a matter of time.

Ferdinand's first act as king was to request Napoleon's favor and protection. His letter was written on March 20, and intrusted to an embassy of three grandees. Charles and Louisa had, however, repented almost before the formalities of abdication were over, and the newly arrived Queen of Etruria supported them in their fickleness. With despicable inconsistency they too despatched an embassy, but to Murat, imploring his interference on their behalf and his favor for Godoy. In reply, Murat, whether from slyness or from a desire to gain time, requested a formal, written demand to that effect. He was promptly furnished with a paper, signed by both King and Queen, declaring that they had acted under fear, and begging to be reinstated. This document was a precious arrow for Napoleon's quiver. Still, the perplexity of the French commander was great; he knew nothing of Napoleon's plans, he dared not acknowledge Ferdinand as king, and he dared not restore Charles, whose sovereignty he had been virtually menacing by his march. In this dilemma he despatched an aide-de-camp to Aranjuez with verbal messages of comfort, and hurrying forward, entered Madrid with his army on the 23d.

Napoleon had frequently enjoined his brother-in-law to enter the city, recruit his supplies, and give his troops a rest; but with those injunctions he had given strict commands to allay any fears in the court. These instructions had not contemplated the revolution of Aranjuez, and every condition was changed. Murat would have been wise if he had disobeyed the letter of his orders; but he did not, for new circumstances breed new ideas, and within twenty-four hours he had made up his mind. Here was a new kingdom; the other men of the family—Louis, Jerome, and Joseph—all had crowns; the grand duchy of Berg was very well, but a kingdom was better, and he might secure that of Spain for himself. For this end he must throw Ferdinand altogether into the shade, while placing the glory and power of France in the most brilliant illumination.

It was a fatal step to occupy Madrid, more fatal still for the French general to bedeck himself in a martial splendor which sadly contrasted with the troops of beardless boys at his back. He was received by the inhabitants with cool contempt. Next day Ferdinand made his royal entry. The populace went mad with delight, and displayed a passionate devotion which augured ill for the schemes of Prince Joachim of Berg. A less egoistic man would have seen that a national uprising was imminent. But Murat was neither modest nor penetrating; he was a great and dashing cavalry general, at times an excellent commander-in-chief, but he was not a statesman. His conduct entangled the skeins

of Spanish intrigue into a knot which only war could sever.

This course did not even ultimately lead to his goal, but to consequences far different. When on March 25 Napoleon received his despatch announcing the revolution of Aranjuez and his neutral attitude, the Emperor replied in commendatory language, instructing him to keep the balance as he held it, neither recognizing the new King until further directions, nor indicating by his actions that the old one had ceased to reign. The same day—the 25th—a letter was despatched to King Louis at The Hague, asking for an answer in categorical terms as to whether he would accept the Spanish throne. Joseph had hesitated and was temporarily out of favor, while the perpetual smuggling of the Dutch had convinced Napoleon that the only means to secure the Continental embargo was to incorporate Holland in France.

Three days later Murat received still higher praise, with a perfectly irrelevant clause interjected: «I suppose Godoy will come by way of Bayonne.» This was, of course, a hint to send the Prince of the Peace into France. If Murat should act on the suggestion, he would of course do the work thoroughly; and under the same date Bessières was instructed to treat the old King and Queen with distinction if they should pass his way. Publicly Murat was to make known in Madrid that the long-talked-of visit by the Emperor would not be further postponed. Such was Napoleon's confidence in the quick apprehension of his subordinates that henceforward he regarded the whole royal household of Spain as his prisoners.

There is in existence what purports to be a letter from Napoleon to Murat, dated March 29. It is undoubtedly by Napoleon, but it was either written at the time, for public effect, and not sent, or it was a later fabrication intended to mislead posterity. It virtually explains in formal terms and with formal address to «his Imperial Highness» what all the world knew ten years later, namely, that the Spaniards were a people with violent political passions, capable of indefinite warfare; that the nation could and must be regenerated only by careful management; and that nothing must be done precipitately. At the same time it gives the Protector, as Murat is styled, his own option in regard to a recognition of Ferdinand, expresses disapproval of the precipitate seizure of Madrid, and warns him that he must not create an irrepressible opposition.

Whether the letter is authentic or not, whether it was sent or not, really matters but little as regards our judgment of the facts. The disorganization of Spain had been its own work; the court intrigues were already burning before they were fanned by Napoleon's agents in the hope that, like the royal house of Portugal, the incapable Spanish Bourbons would fly to America. The revolution of Aranjuez was a bitter disappointment to the great schemer, and disconcerted the simplicity of his plans. But Murat's conduct and Ferdinand's character rendered difficult, if not impossible, any course which would combine the consummation of his fixed designs with even the slightest degree of popular good will in Spain. Nothing was to be gained at such a supreme moment by the ordinary brutal abuse that the Emperor was accustomed to heap on his brother-in-law for commonplace offenses; moreover, in view of the disappointing revolution, Murat's course was perhaps as good as any other. He must, however, bear whatever responsibility attached to it, and that responsibility would have been his even without the supposititious letter which he never received. The contempt of the people for the boy-soldiers whom he had marched into Madrid, combined with disdain for his own pompousness and with fury at his subsequent cruelty, went far to account for much that was disastrous to French prestige and to France in the sequel.

In order to secure the Spanish crown it was now necessary that both the quarreling factions should be removed from the scene of their scandalous intrigues. Perhaps it would be possible, perhaps not. Napoleon set out on April 2 for Bayonne, accompanied by his Empress with a stately suite, and the adroit Savary was despatched to Madrid. Savary's memoirs indicate that his instructions on this memorable journey were very vague: the Emperor wished to see whether the Bourbons merited dethronement; in other words, whether they could be uncrowned. For himself, Savary naïvely declared that much of his own participation in the subsequent events was mere accident. Murat had obeyed both his verbal and his implied instructions. According to the former, Charles and his consort were in the Escorial, treated with all honor, but prisoners. Godoy, also, was aware that he must soon appear at Bayonne. But Murat had gone further, for he had slyly suggested to Napoleon that Ferdinand should appear at the same rendezvous. Beauharnais told Ferdinand to his face that he ought to meet Napoleon half way on his

journey, in order the better to make his peace.

This hint was quietly conveyed to Savary before his departure, and he was at the same time intrusted with a letter to Murat expressing a desire that the Prince of Asturias should either remain at Madrid or come out to meet the Emperor, who intended not to enter Spain for the present, but to wait at Bayonne. The careful plan worked admirably. No one knows on conclusive evidence what Savary said to Ferdinand, what hopes he held out, what promises he made in his master's name; but on April 10 the young King placed Madrid under the administration of a junta and set out, expecting to meet Napoleon at Burgos. He had been easily moved to this course, for Murat had so far coldly refused to recognize him, while Savary was prodigal of obsequiousness and addressed him as king. His ministers Escoiquiz and Cavallos declare, in their justificatory writings, that in addition to the impression produced by his conduct, Savary actually said, as if in a burst of military frankness, that the Emperor was already on his way to assure himself whether Ferdinand's dispositions toward the French system were as sincere as his father's had been, and would of course be favorably impressed if a personal interview should be sought by the young King before his guest could reach Madrid.

At Burgos Ferdinand learned that Napoleon was not yet within the Spanish borders; at Vitoria he was informed that the Emperor had not yet even passed Bordeaux. His people had utterly disapproved of the journey, but they acclaimed him joyously on the two days' progress to Burgos. Thereafter he remarked a change, and the nearer he approached the frontier the more irritated they appeared by his insensate folly. At Vitoria, therefore, he summoned Savary, whose carriage was « accidentally in the King's convoy,» and reproached him with deceit. It was too late; divisions of French soldiers were scattered all about, among them the splendid cavalry of Bessières. To retrace his steps would have been an open insult to the Emperor, which French soldiers would not have tolerated. The uneasy young King thereupon penned and despatched by a special courier a long letter recalling the facts, and begging the Emperor to terminate the equivocal position in which he found himself placed.

The reply was speedy and most insulting, for it studiously avoided the recognition of Ferdinand's royalty. The Emperor had expected before this to visit Madrid in person and institute some necessary reforms, but affairs in the North had delayed him, and the revolution at Aranjuez had changed the situation. He hoped Ferdinand would quickly put an end to any attempt at a trial of Godoy, for its revelations must necessarily dishonor the Queen. « Your Royal Highness,» he wrote « has no other rights to the throne than those transmitted through your mother.» Had the abdication been a free act or not? He would like to talk to Ferdinand as to whether or not it was forced by the riots of Aranjuez. His « Royal Highness » had behaved ill about his marriage, for he should not have acted without the King's knowledge, and every such approach to a foreign sovereign made by an heir apparent is a criminal act. If there had not been force at Aranjuez, he would find no difficulty in recognizing Ferdinand; he would consider a French marriage for him advantageous not merely to the Spaniards, but to the interest of his own people.

The following day—April 17—orders were issued to Bessières that if the prince should continue his journey there should be no interference; but if, however, he turned back toward Burgos, he was to be arrested and brought by force to Bayonne. Ferdinand hesitated as he read the insults, promises, and compliments which made up Napoleon's letter. His Spanish counselors advised a return; Savary laughed at such scruples, and was not only voluble in verbal commentaries on the ambiguous text, but profuse in promises. On the 20th Ferdinand VII. of Spain, as his supporters called him, was at the gates of Bayonne. He was received, not with royal honors, but by his own legates, the three grandees whom he had sent to Napoleon; and they told him with mournful accents that the Emperor with his own lips had declared that the Bourbons could no longer reign in Spain. It was with dejected mien and shaky steps that the young monarch and his suite followed Duroc and Berthier to the wretched quarters provided for their residence.

The Empress was, throughout the three months spent at Bayonne, both gracious and conciliatory, playing her part as hostess with grace, and alleviating with kindness the bitterness of her compulsory guests. On the evening of Ferdinand's arrival a handsome dinner was given at Marrac, the château where the court was lodged, and the visiting prince was most decorously treated. His train grew more joyous and hopeful as the hours passed, noting only that the Emperor did not address his guest as king. Still, that was a slight matter, and they returned in gaiety to their poor lodgings—all but one: the Canon Escoi-

quiz had been asked to remain for a short private interview, while Savary escorted his master. It was an identical communication which was then made in the same hour to both minister and prince, short, terse, and brutal; to wit, the Bourbons had ceased to reign in Spain, and Ferdinand would be indemnified by Etruria if he would formally renounce a crown which was not even technically his, since Charles declared that he had abdicated through fear. The document in which this was announced had already been printed and published at Madrid by Napoleon's command. He now summoned Charles, Louisa and Godoy to Bayonne.

Murat had found trouble in liberating the Prince of the Peace, for the junta feared the populace if they should surrender the object of its hate and scorn. But he finally succeeded, and in the last days of April the rescued prisoner reached Bayonne, where by the 30th all the puppets were assembled. Godoy, dejected and broken-spirited, assented without a murmur to play the part assigned to him. The honors of a royal progress were paid to Charles, and he posed for a few days as the King. Ferdinand, whose character and behavior awakened the contemptuous scorn even of Talleyrand, was the culprit at the bar, charged with dishonoring his parents. The first scene was a shocking exhibition of human frailty. Ferdinand was summoned before his parents, who claimed to be still sovereigns, and the French emperor. Godoy, looking like a bull, as Talleyrand thought, sat sullenly by. The old King demanded his crown. Ferdinand obstinately refused, and persisted until finally his trembling and invalid father rose on his shaky, rheumatic legs and brandished his staff at the undutiful son. The second demand was by letter; it was to the same effect, but the answer was different. Ferdinand agreed that he would renounce his throne before the assembled Cortes at Madrid, but there only, and to Charles IV. alone. Napoleon gave a hint, or rather a command disguised as such, to the poor invalid, and Charles refused the proposal, giving as a reason that Spain could be saved only by the Emperor. Two days later an imperial decree appointed Murat dictator of Spain, under the style «lieutenant-general of the kingdom.»

Meantime that intriguer had been making for himself a tortuous approach to royalty. Nothing could more hasten the progress of events than a riot in Madrid. The sensibility of the inhabitants of that city had been rasped by the French occupation; they had seen the departure of their idol with irritation, and had been further exasperated by Godoy's liberation. Murat set fire to the train of their passions first by a new disposition of his forces, which so menaced the place as to make it clear that he was no longer an ally, but a conqueror, and then by the announcement that the infante Don Francisco was to be despatched to Bayonne with his uncle and all the remaining members of the royal family, including the Queen of Etruria and her children. On May 2 the entire population rose to resist this insolent tyranny. Murat was ready for the move; the conflict was short, but it was sharp, for he lost several hundred soldiers, perhaps half as many as the patriots, in whose ranks some eight hundred fell. The aspirant to royal honors yielded with ostentatious grace to the first representations of the junta, and promised a general amnesty; but he also thought it best to make an example before the eyes of his future subjects, and in spite of his plighted promise two hundred of the insurgent patriots were seized and shot. This very day, however, pronounced a decree of rude disenchantment for him. It was on May 2 that Napoleon definitely wrote that the kingdom of Spain could not be his; he might have Naples or Portugal.

Napoleon was tired of Bayonne, and longed to be back in Paris, where he could be active about the business of perpetuating his empire and his dynasty. The stubborn Ferdinand was therefore summoned once more before his sire and the Emperor, and charged with having instigated the upheaval of Madrid. He remained mute for some minutes, and with downcast eyes. «If before midnight,» came the cold words of the Emperor, «you have not recognized your father as legitimate king, and notified the fact at Madrid, you will be treated as a rebel.» Some declare that there was besides a menace of death.

This ended all resistance. Ferdinand resigned his rights as king into his father's hands, his rights as heir into those of Napoleon. Charles had already assigned his rights as king to the same suzerain. The complacent old man was actually cheerful and joyous, as his entertainer desired he should be; but Ferdinand, in spite of the fact that he was to have the château of Navarre with an income of 1,000,000 francs, in spite of promises that all the royal family would be liberally pensioned, remained silent and gloomy. Napoleon was not pleased by this behavior, and in commending him to the hospitality of Talleyrand, at his splendid castle in Valençay, declared that his whole

character could be summed up in a single word—sullen. Poor Talleyrand! he saw himself condemned to the «honorable mission» of turnkey to a dispossessed monarch whose guard of honor was a troop of eighty mounted police. By the Emperor's grace the young culprit was not to be committed to jail, for he had voluntarily surrendered himself; but Talleyrand was to watch and amuse him, and to discover, if possible, some charming and marriageable girl to entangle his affections, so that in her society he might forget the delights of power, while time should weaken the promptings of ambition and revenge. In a few days Charles, Louisa, and Godoy were comfortably installed at Compiègne, while Ferdinand, with his brother, went sullenly away to «visit» at Valençay. His contemptible character was soon displayed. The day of his arrival at his destination he wrote a cringing letter to Napoleon, and soon after not only congratulated the Emperor on the accession of the King of Naples to the throne he had claimed for his own, but even felicitated Joseph himself on his coronation as Catholic Majesty.

UPRISING AND SUCCESSES OF THE SPANISH PEOPLE.

NAPOLEON knew the mysterious power throughout Europe of that charmed word «legitimacy.» He despised the concept that it expressed, while he meant to make the most of its power. Having misunderstood the strength of Spanish patriotism, he now made the blunder of supposing that the Spaniards would receive as a legitimate prince whomsoever he chose to appoint as heir to the «legitimacy» which the Spanish Bourbons had just put into his hands. Louis, moreover, had but recently illustrated the force of a new environment under the notion of legitimacy. Replying to Napoleon's letter of March 25, he had flatly refused the Spanish crown, on the ground that he had sworn a solemn oath to the Dutch. Joseph was immediately restored to favor and ordered to Bayonne. He came with apparent alacrity, due, as he claimed, to his desire to free his beloved brother Napoleon from embarrassment. Soon all was apparently ready for his inauguration.

The treaty of Fontainebleau had produced unexpected complications and disastrous results on its political side; the apparently insignificant military clauses had so far been successfully executed. One Spanish army was far away on the Baltic, held under curb by Bernadotte; another had been despatched to western Spain, and had remained there; in the mean while the north and the center of the country were occupied by the French. General Solano had made some movement to lead back his troops into the occupied territory, but was checked in his advance by instructions from the ministers of Charles IV. at Madrid. Uncertain as to their powers in a revolutionary crisis, he rendered only a half-obedience; but it was sufficient for Napoleon's object, and there was no body of Spanish troops within striking distance of the capital. Accordingly, when the Spanish notables were summoned to Bayonne, they could not well refuse, and a hundred and fifty of them responded. On June 6, 1808, the crown was offered to Joseph by the Cortes, and he accepted it. At the same time the new constitution, destined by Napoleon to regenerate Spain, was laid before the same body, which discussed and adopted it.

In the following month his Catholic Majesty presented himself, with this document and a cabinet of able ministers, to the people of Madrid. Charles IV. and his followers found Compiègne too cold, and soon moved first to Marseilles, then to Italy. Murat became King of Naples. Ferdinand remained contentedly in France, licking the hand which had struck him down. Napoleon returned to Paris, uneasy at the attitude of the Spanish nation, but hoping that local discontent could be smothered by the strong hand, as he had seen it smothered in France, Italy, and the Orient. In this, however, he was sadly mistaken.

The history of Spain had long been a record of shame. The despicable character of their rulers had almost quenched the innate nobility of the Spanish people, while the aristocracy had sunk into a proud lethargy. In the story of national degradation at its worst two names must stand together as partners in political crime—those of Godoy and Escoiquiz, who sought to mask their own base ambitions behind the acts of their feeble creatures, the King and Ferdinand. Throughout the whole vile complot moves also a female figure—that of the Queen—whose counterpart must be sought in the annals of witches, furies, and hetæræ. But there were still left uncontaminated eleven millions of the Spanish people. They were indolent by nature, had been fettered both by tradition and by worn-out institutions, and had long groaned in the bondage of corrupt administration. With the removal of the Bourbons all these servile paraphernalia were swept

away. The brothers Napoleon believed, and no doubt honestly, that pure and capable administration under a modern system would soon produce order, industry, prosperity, and peace, and that a grateful nation would before long acclaim its preservers and enroll itself as a devoted ally against the perfidious and tyrannical government of England. It is useless to speculate how far this dream would have been realized but for the utter rottenness of the instruments with which the reformers worked: the King's senility, the Queen's lust, Godoy's greed, Escoiquiz's self-seeking, Ferdinand's unreliability, Murat's ambition, made a poor armory of qualities wherewith to accomplish a beneficent revolution. But the one vital blunder was, after all, not in the use of such tools: it was in the contempt for nationality shown first in making the treaty of Fontainebleau, then in its violation by the subsequent seizure of Portugal, and finally by the occupation of Spain by French troops. Declaring that more had been lost than gained by the events which occurred at Bayonne, Talleyrand says that on one occasion he icily observed to Napoleon that society would pardon much to a man of the world, but cheating at cards never. If this be true, it was a stinging rebuke and one which touched the heart of the whole matter.

To the bloody butchery and broken faith of May 2, the day of the Madrid riots, may be attributed the turn of Napoleon's fortunes. How far he was responsible for each of Murat's successive acts cannot be known. With exaggerated conceptions of the Emperor's ubiquity, some attribute every detail in every step to the direct intervention of the master. This is unproved and highly improbable; but the spirit was his, and the use he made of each occasion as it arose is matter of history. The fires of rebellion were lighted thenceforth on every Spanish hearth. Madrid itself was dangerous enough, but Madrid was not Spain, as Paris is France, and the fine local enthusiasm of uncorrupted Spanish blood in every district was awakened into vigorous activity by the news of how perfidious had been the French treatment, not only of the royal house, but of the citizens—men and women who were themselves true Spaniards, brothers and sisters of every other Spaniard. This possibility Napoleon had not foreseen, and he did not grasp the fact until long afterward, when years of bitter experience had rolled over his head. The Madrid riots, suppressed by Murat with such terrible bloodshed, were at the time, in Napoleon's mind, only a welcome leverage for moving Ferdinand to compliance, and that was all.

But the city had been full of provincials attracted from all parts of the country to swell the triumph of their idol Ferdinand on his accession to the throne. They returned to their homes inspired with hatred for the French and with bitter scorn for the pretexts on which Spain and Portugal had been torn from a commercial system that brought them both some prosperity and many comforts, in order that they might be incorporated, under foreign princes, into another system which not only required serious self-denial, but brought stagnation, disorganization, and the presence of an armed soldiery. One weakness of the Spanish monarchy had always been the absence of centralization, but that very fact had been the national strength in fostering local attachments. Into every city, town, and hamlet, each nourishing its own local pride by local patriotism, came the news from Madrid of how the invaders were trampling not merely upon Spanish rights, but upon every consideration of humanity and good faith. The national will was stirred as never before or since; its expression grew louder every day, until at last the conflagration of devotion to a national cause was kindled far and near. Every community formed its committees, and these organized such neighborhood resistance as was possible, while communicating with other juntas of the same sort to unite their little wars, or guerrillas, into a great combined and vigorous effort wherever the opportunity offered. Under the surface throughout all Spain was the crackling of kindling resistance; it could be heard even while the assembly at Bayonne was adopting the new constitution.

Thus far in the history of Europe all politics had been in the main dynastic. There were nations, yes, long before, but they had been consolidated under powerful houses. It was therefore the reigning family which largely constituted the national entity, not the existence among its subjects of common institutions, common speech, common faith, common territory, common aims, and common destiny. Spain, like Italy, had a clearly marked national territory, and, in spite of striking differences, a most homogeneous population. It was fitting and natural that the land of the Inquisition, the land of ignorance, the land of intolerance, the land, in short, which had sunk the lowest under absolutism, should begin the counter-revolution which, checking the excesses of the French Revolution as represented by Napoleon, in its

disregard of nationality, ushered into the world's forum the nation and national sentiment as the strongest force of the nineteenth century.

This was exactly what happened in Spain. The Napoleonic strategy had laughed at the military formation of Frederick the Great's system; the guerrillas of Spain laughed at the formations of regular warfare in any shape. They rose to fight, and dispersed for safety, leaving their smarting foe unable to strike for lack of a billet. The occasional successes of the Spanish regulars showed, moreover, that the generals were not entirely ignorant of Napoleon's own system. When Joseph entered Madrid the whole land was already in open rebellion, except where French force compelled a sullen acquiescence in French rule. The long inactive, sluggish ecclesiastics suddenly seemed to feel the vigor to resist and the power to lead. They joined the insurgents, and recalled the orthodoxy of the nation to inflame the passions against the persecutor of the Pope. Irregular and undefined as were the elements of the uprising, it was nevertheless essentially a popular movement; as Napoleon himself later admitted, it was the people themselves who refused to ratify his new institutions, and who declared for Ferdinand VII. The sequel furnished ample illustration: the mountaineers of Asturias rose in united rebellion; the inhabitants of Cartagena threw open her arsenals to the volunteers of the neighborhood; the citizens of Saragossa beat off their besiegers; while those of Valencia first massacred the French who took refuge in their citadel, and then repulsed Moncey in a desperate conflict. When the Spanish leaders ventured into an open battle-field they were defeated; on the other hand, when they kept the hills and fought like bandits they were victorious.

So quick and general was the Spanish rising that the various French army divisions shut themselves up for safety in whatever towns they could hold: pretending to defy the national guards, who seemed to spring from the ground without, they were in reality awe-stricken before the wrath of the armed citizens within. A quick burst of Spanish anger, a sharp stab of the Spanish poniard—the frequency of such incidents began to create a panic among the French boy-soldiers. The seizure and sack of a city had for years been a traditional amusement of the grand army, accompanied in Italy and Germany with little or no loss of life, and by the acquisition of enormous booty. The young conscripts, who had heard the oft-told tale from their fathers' lips, found to their bitter disappointment that in Spain a sack meant much bloodshed and little, if any, booty. Sometimes the tables were more than turned. A French squadron put in at Cadiz to coöperate with the force despatched by Napoleon, under the pretense of resisting an invasion threatened by the English, but really for the purpose of terrorizing southern Spain. The arrival of the troops having been delayed by the outbreak of rebellion farther north, the townsfolk of that ancient city rose and seized the fleet. The corpses of French soldiers, wherever found throughout the country, were mutilated by the furious Spaniards, and the wounded received no quarter.

At the end of May, Murat was in Madrid as commander-in-chief, with Moncey as his lieutenant; he had 30,000 troops. Junot was in Portugal with 25,000. Bessières had 25,000 more, half in Old Castile under himself, half in Aragon under Verdier. Duhesme commanded the 13,000 who were in Catalonia; Dupont stood on the Tagus near Toledo with 24,000 more. In the first weeks of June four different skirmishes occurred between the French regulars and the insurgents in different parts of the country. Verdier at Logroño on the 6th, Frère in Segovia on the 7th, Lefebvre at Tudela on the 8th, and Lasalle near Valladolid on the 12th, had all dispersed the hordes opposed to them. By the middle of the month a regular advance was ordered. It took the form of dispersion for the sake of complete occupation. While Lefebvre laid siege to Saragossa, Moncey started for Valencia with 10,000 soldiers, Dupont for Andalusia with 9000, and Bessières's division was distributed throughout Castile up to the walls of Santander, which closed its gates and prepared for resistance. Owing to the defiant attitude and desperate courage of the people, every one of these movements was unsuccessful, each failing in its own special purpose. Cordova was captured, but it had almost instantly to be abandoned. At once Napoleon changed his carefully studied but futile strategy, and determined to concentrate the scattered columns on the critical point, whatever it might be. By this time Palafox and others of the Spanish leaders had shown great ability as generals. The danger now was that a Spanish army would seize Madrid, and thither the French army must betake itself. On July 14 Bessières successfully overwhelmed the opposition made by the Spaniards under La Cuesta and the Irish general Blake at Medina de Rio Seco; the only corps left exposed

was that of Dupont. Reinforcements had been promptly despatched, but the Spaniards under Castaños caught his army, now 25,000 strong, in the mountain pass of La Carolina, among the Sierra Morena mountains, and on July 21 forced him to the capitulation of Baylen, where his whole corps laid down their arms.

This was an awful blow, for Madrid was thereby rendered untenable. The Emperor gave orders to retreat behind the Duero, and directed Bessières to keep open the connection with Junot by way of Valladolid. In fact, he began to appreciate his task, for he warned his generals against any system of cordons in dealing with such an enemy, useful as a string of posts might be in checking smugglers; and besides this change of plan, there were indications that he would himself soon take charge in Spain. There was need of this, for his generals and boy-soldiers did not stop to hold the Duero; evacuating Madrid, they never halted until they were behind the Ebro, in what they considered a kind of French borderland. The siege of Saragossa was abandoned, and Duhesme evacuated Catalonia.

Junot's situation was thus rendered most precarious, for when Wellesley landed early in August with 14,000 English troops, and found that the junta of Corunna had no need of him, he promptly advanced directly against the invaders of Portugal. Having driven in the French outposts on the 17th, four days later he attacked and defeated Junot at Vimeiro. At the very height of the contest, when victory was already secure, Burrard, a superior officer, arrived to assume command. This reduced Wellesley to the rank of an adviser, and, his advice not being taken, Junot escaped to the strong position of Cintra, whence, although entirely cut off from his base in Spain, he was able to dictate his own terms of surrender. He and all his troops had a free return by sea to France, but Portugal was to be evacuated.

Napoleon was at St. Cloud, near Paris, when the news of this disaster arrived. His temper on receipt of it can easily be imagined. To some extent he was aware of the situation. He knew that the Spaniards would not keep any stipulations they made, claiming that no faith was due to a hostile army which had entered their country under the guise of allies —an army, moreover, which stole the sacred vessels from the sanctuaries of their churches, and would not keep its promise to restore them. The letters of Joseph, who was now bitterly disenchanted, had for some time been but one string of bitter complaints. He had asked the Emperor whether an end could not be made to the organized pillage of the churches, and had told him that the movement in Spain was as irrepressible as that of the French Revolution, emphasizing his hopelessness by the suggestion that if France had raised a million soldiers, Spain could probably raise at least half as many. He said, too, that men talked openly of assassinating him; that he had no friends but the scoundrels, the honest men and patriots being on the other side.

«My generals,» was the Emperor's comment on this querulousness, «are a parcel of post-inspectors; the Ebro is nothing but a line; we must resume the offensive at Tudela.» «I have a spot there,» he said, pointing with his finger at his uniform. To calm his brother's fears, he replied that the whole Spanish matter had been arranged long before with Russia; that Europe recognized the change as an accomplished fact; and that the priests and monks were at the bottom of all the trouble, stirring up sedition, and acting for the greedy Inquisition. «There is no question of death, but of life and victory; you shall have both. . . . I may find in Spain the Pillars of Hercules, but not the limits of my power.» True to his old principles, Napoleon refused to «call off the thieves,» as Joseph besought him, and declared that, according to the laws of war, when a town was captured under arms pillage was justifiable.

These were all brave words, but their writer was in the last stage of exasperation. The letters he wrote at the time betray something of the unutterable pain he felt. No one but himself could really know the difference to him: his glory was smirched, his Oriental plans and his scheme for peace with England were indefinitely postponed, his impatient ally was again put off, while Austria and Prussia were encouraged to revolt. Was the vast structure he had so laboriously erected now to fall in one crash at his feet? The news of Junot's surrender was further embittered by the receipt of information that the Spanish troops under General La Romana, which had been slyly posted first in Hamburg, and then sent to Denmark as Bernadotte's advance guard, had at last revolted, and were embarking on English ships for home in order to join the movement of national redemption. By this disaster the demonstration against Sweden promised to the Czar was made impossible.

THE REGENERATION OF GERMANY THROUGH PRUSSIA.

THIS accumulation of misfortunes: defeat before Valencia, defeat before Saragossa, dis-

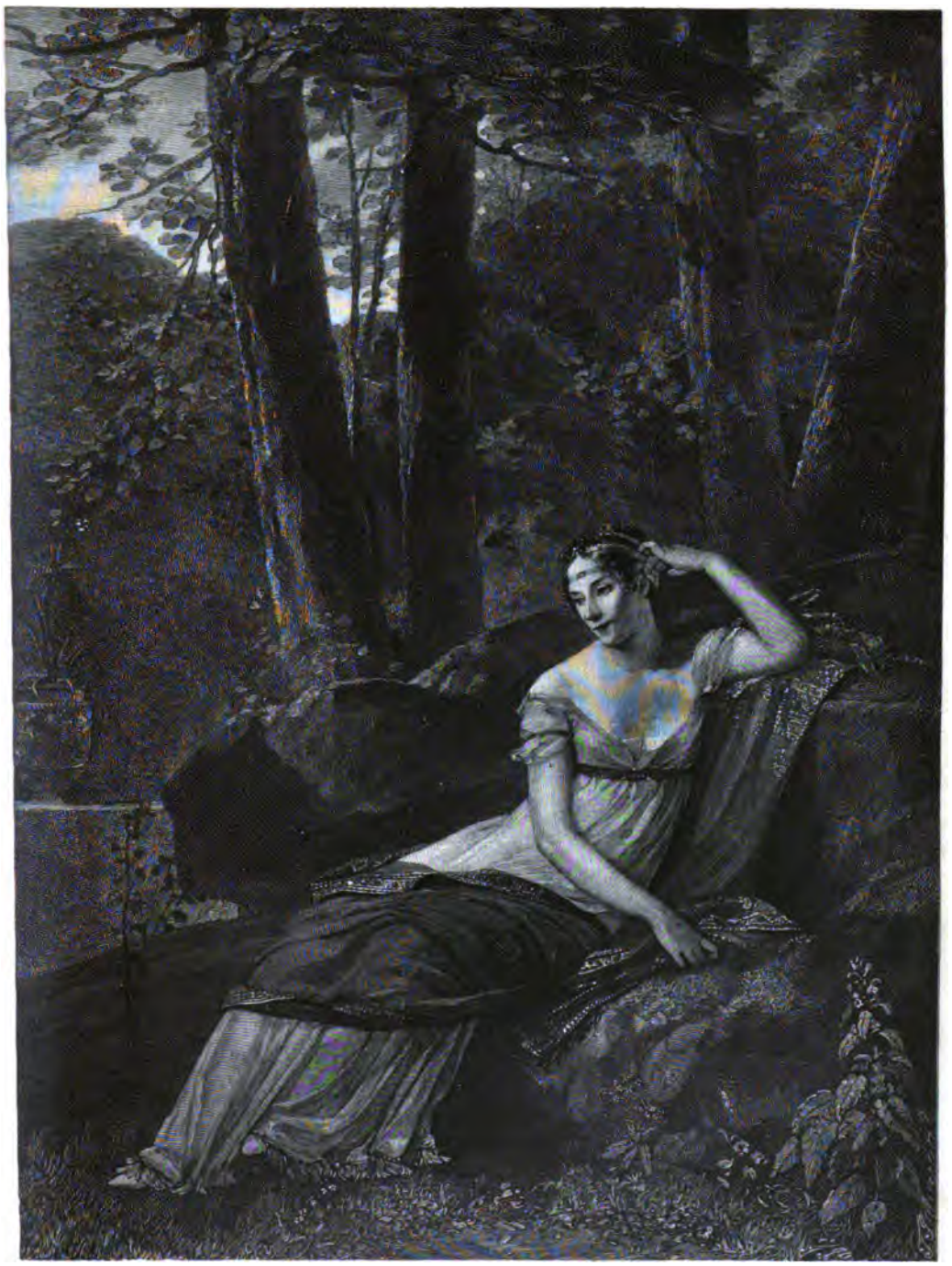
aster and surrender at Baylen, disaster and disgrace at Vimeiro, retreat from Madrid, desertion of the Duero as a line of defense, exchange of the offensive for a weak defensive, and loss of the whole Iberian peninsula except the strip behind the Ebro—all this was shameful and hard to bear. Nevertheless, under favorable conditions the situation might have been retrieved. The conditions, however, were most unfavorable. The example and success of Spain were daily giving new comfort to Napoleon's enemies both in France and abroad.

For the present, however, France might be trusted. The people as a whole had become imperial to the core. The republicans and royalists were so diminished in numbers and so silenced by the censorship that they were virtually impotent. The real ability of the country was no longer in retreat, but in the public service; the administration, both financial and judicial, had every appearance of solidity, and the industrial conditions were so steadily improving that the most enterprising and intelligent merchants began to have faith in the ultimate success of the Continental system as a means of securing a European monopoly to French manufactures and commerce. The perfect centralization of France kept the provinces in such close touch with Paris that there was no open expression of discontent in any part of the country. The people were not well informed as to the facts, and they were slow to apprehend the significance of what they learned. By this time the Emperor was France, and whatever he did must be well done. The gradual infusion of the military spirit into the masses had made them passive and obedient. There had been, they knew, some unpleasant troubles beyond the Pyrenees, but the season was not over, and before winter the Emperor's discipline would no doubt be successful. The grand army now pouring out of Germany across France into Spain evidently meant serious business, but there could be no doubt of the result.

The court remained solemn and dull in its weary round of ceremony. The moving spirit was now occupied elsewhere, and his absence of mind or of body, or of both, made the whole structure meaningless; for it was an open secret that the soft grace and beseeching eyes, the noble and willowy form, the exquisite taste and winning ways of Josephine would avail her no longer. The little nephew, Hortense's son and Napoleon's darling, his intended heir, was dead; Joseph had only daughters, and there being no male heir to the throne, reasons of state made a divorce inevitable. The deference of others to the Empress and her condescension to them were but a mockery, the reality of her power having vanished. In this vain show the Emperor moved more dark and mysterious than ever. It was his will that nothing should be changed, and every courtier played his part as well as possible, the two chief personages playing theirs to the very end. There was an outward show of confidence and kindness, which sometimes might have been real; there were quarrels, explanations, and reconciliations—a momentary return at times to old affection: but the resultant of the conflicting forces was such as to destroy conjugal trust and create general disquietude.

When Napoleon looked abroad he saw nothing to reassure him, and everything to create alarm. In Prussia there was a regeneration such as was comparable only to a new birth. The old military monarchy of Frederick the Great, under which the land had been repressed like an armed camp by its sovereigns, was gone forever. The Tugendbund, that «band of virtue» already mentioned, had ramified to the borders of Prussia; partizan warfare was abandoned; and under the influence of moral forces, piety, dignity, purity, courage, and the power of organization were filling the land. The presence of the French could not quench the new spirit, but poured oil on the flames of national hatred. Patriotic conventicles and every other form of secret meeting were held. Scharnhorst went steadily on with the training and reform of the army, while Stein, with a noble devotion, and under an unsympathetic master, was working to perfect his new administrative system. The churches were filled, and the hearers understood every allusion in the glowing sermons addressed to them by a devoted and patriotic clergy; schools, colleges, and universities swarmed with students, whose youthful zeal found every encouragement in the instruction of their teachers, which combined two qualities not always found united in teaching, being at the same time thoroughly scientific and highly stimulating.

At last, in August, Napoleon, who had looked and listened with deep interest, read with his own eye in one of Stein's intercepted letters that he and his colleagues were aiming at a national uprising, not of Prussia alone, but of all Germany. The illustrious statesman, having emancipated the Prussian people, and having seen the reform of the whole political organism in his native land, was proceeding to extend his beneficent influence



FROM THE PAINTING BY PIERRE-PAUL PRUD'HON, IN THE LOUVRE. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE IN THE PARK OF MALMAISON.

throughout all Germany. In September Napoleon demanded Stein's dismissal, and enforced the demand by sequestrating Frederick William's Westphalian estates, threatening at the same time to continue his occupation of Prussia indefinitely. There was apparently no alternative, for the country, rejuvenated as it was, had no allies, and could not fight alone. Stein therefore resigned after an eventful ministry of about a year, in which he had prepared the way for every one of the changes which ultimately reconstructed Prussia.

The two movements which in Spain and Germany menaced Napoleon's prestige were national; there were two others, which by a stretch of definition may be called dynastic. The first was a revolution in Constantinople. The Sultan Mustapha IV. had been from the beginning a feeble creature of the soldiers, who, after overthrowing Selim, had set him on the throne. Before long he became the contemptible tool of a clique of soldiers, an irresponsible robber gang known as the «yamacks,» who, under the guise of militia, held the Turkish capital in terror. The situation in Constantinople had finally grown unendurable even to the Turks, and the Pasha of Rustchuk appeared at the gates of the city to restore Selim III., who was still a captive in the Seraglio. When the doors of that sacred inclosure were forced open, the first object seen was the body of the murdered sovereign, killed by Mustapha in the belief that he himself was now the sole available survivor of Othman's line. But the soldiers ransacked the palace, and dragged from his concealment the young prince Mahmud, second of the name, and destined to be a great reformer. Him they proclaimed Sultan and set upon the throne, appointing their leader grand vizir.

The new government was devoted to reform, contemptuous of French influence, and determined to repress the evils which seemed to have ruined its predecessor. This severity was more than the licentious capital would endure. At once every element of discontent burst forth again,—the Janizaries, the Ulema, or doctors of the sacred law, and the people,—some mistrusting one thing, others another, all alike unwilling to obey any master but their own will. Disintegration of what little administrative organization there still was seemed imminent. The Turkish generals on the Danube began to make light of the armistice or truce of Slobozia, Napoleon's one reliance in his Eastern designs; they actually set in motion their troops, and prepared to take the offensive against Russia. This was in the hope that, before asking a separate peace from the Czar or returning to seize the leadership at Constantinople, they might secure some military prestige as a working capital. The whole outlook seemed to foretell the extinction of French influence with the Porte and a crash in the Orient before Napoleon was ready to take advantage of it.

But the events of Bayonne had been productive of greater alarm to the house of Austria than to any other power. In the humiliation of the Hohenzollerns, Napoleon had the sanction of conquest, though, in view of Prussia's rising strength, it was now commonly said that he had done too much or too little. Though in weakening that nation he had rudely lopped the strength of an old French ally, he still had not destroyed it, and he had exercised what all Europe still admitted to be a right—that of superior force. Austria, on the other hand, had been an old and inveterate rival of France in the race for territorial extension. Napoleon's treatment after Austerlitz had been bitter, but the Hapsburgs could not plead former friendship. Here, however, was a new development in Napoleonic ambition. The successive announcements that minor ruling dynasties had ceased to reign had all been made with the partial justification of either conquest or general expediency, or, as in most cases, of both. The Spanish Bourbons had been the Emperor's most obsequious and useful ally, obeying his behests without a question: for their degradation there was no plea either of expediency or of a conquered right. The extinction of what still ranked as a great royal house was accomplished by chicane, was due to a boundless ambition, and was rendered utterly abhorrent to all divine-right dynasties by the specious pretext of reform under which it was accomplished. This gave Francis food for reflection.

In the territorial expansion of Rome her victims were first conquered, then made dependent allies, then at last destroyed, and their lands turned into Roman provinces. It appeared as if this, too, were, in general, Napoleon's policy; but in some cases he showed himself quite willing to dispense with any intermediary stage and marched direct to his goal. Austria, already irritated by the disposition made of Etruria and the treatment of the Pope, could endure the suspense as to her own fate no longer. Her new military system was complete, her armies were reorganized and reëquipped, her administration was well ordered, her generals and statesmen were alike confident. The Emperor of the French

DRAWN BY LUCIUS ROSSI.

ENTRY OF FERDINAND INTO MADRID.

(SEE PAGE 848.)

had shown quite the same impatience with Austria in July as with Prussia in September, admonishing both to observe the Continental system with strictness; but his warning produced no effect at Vienna. On the contrary, the Viennese newspapers took a belligerent tone, and called for war; English goods poured in through the harbor of Triest; communications between the ministry at London and the cabinet at Vienna became more frequent and regular; the nation supported its monarch and assumed a warlike attitude. The disasters in Spain tied Napoleon's hands, and he did nothing in a military way except to call Davout from Poland into Silesia, and to strengthen Mortier in Franconia.

With the inconsistency of the highest greatness, Napoleon changed his whole political campaign in the twinkling of an eye, as he so often did his military ones. During the long months since the interview at Tilsit, Alexander had been kept in an agony of uncertainty, deprived of real French coöperation in regard either to Sweden or to Turkey, and actually menaced by the continued occupation of Prussia and the fortification of the strategic points in the duchy of Warsaw. Caulaincourt had found his task of dissimulation and procrastination most difficult, partly by reason of Pozzo di Borgo's influence, partly because the conquest of Muscovite society was a task hitherto unknown to French arts, and experience had to be dearly bought. In the latter task his success was very moderate, but he became unconsciously an intimate friend and adviser of the Czar. This displeased Napoleon, who promptly recalled him to his senses by a warning that he must not forget that he was a Frenchman. Caulaincourt bravely repelled the insinuation, but the correspondence of Napoleon both with him and with the Czar became so voluminous that the Emperor was virtually his own ambassador.

The contents of these letters were partly personal and friendly; partly promissory, in preparation for what was about to be done at Bayonne; partly preliminary to the second personal interview between the two emperors, which had been mentioned at Tilsit and since often discussed. But so far there was not the slightest change of front, no substantial fulfilment of the vague promises, no coöperation; the world was still under the system of Tilsit in the union of Russia and France—a union so far represented by the will of Napoleon. The events at Bayonne deeply affected Alexander. His ally knew they would, and on July 10 he wrote a long letter to St. Petersburg, lamely justifying his conduct. But, after all, the Czar cared little for ancient European dynasties, and, recovering from the first shock, he began to make sport of a king «who had nothing further to live for than his Louise and his Emmanuel,» and then took a firm stand in approval of his ally's course. The French and Russian ministers had now completed their scheme for the partition of Turkey, and the Czar finally and unconditionally assented to the second meeting with the Emperor.

But before the details of the all-important interview could be arranged there was much to be done; in particular, Austria must be held in check. An English vessel had arrived at Triest with a deputation of Spanish insurgents who offered the throne of their country to the Archduke Charles. The armaments of Francis grew stronger day by day. No one could hold the Hapsburg empire in check except the Czar. Even amid the exhausting labors of Bayonne, Napoleon remembered this, and thought of the East, ordering and reorganizing the fleet in preparation for coöperating with that of Russia, and commanding reports to be made on the geography and military history of Persia. After the loss of Baylen, of which he learned in the first days of August, his ingenuity did not desert him, in spite of his heavy heart. A swift courier was despatched on the 5th, with a letter dated back to July 21, and written as if in ignorance of events in Spain. He was enjoined to outrun the ordinary news-carriers, in order that, reaching St. Petersburg before them, he might present as an offering of friendship to Alexander the promise of a virtual evacuation of Prussia—even, in certain contingencies, of Warsaw. Twenty-four hours later another messenger was despatched, conveying the bad news in the mildest form, and expressing as the Emperor's greatest concern a hope that the Russian squadron which had been sent to Lisbon would escape, as he had reassuring news from its commander. It mattered not to him that this was untrue; the end was gained, and the real significance of Baylen was thereby largely concealed from the Czar, or at least the impression made on him by the news was weakened.

Waiting for these communications to produce their effect, the Emperor forwarded a formal remonstrance to Vienna in his own name against Austria's warlike attitude, and two weeks later categorically demanded a similar step from the Czar, opening out once more the vista of indefinite aggrandizement

DRAWN BY F. DE MYRBACH.

CHARLES AND FERDINAND AT BAYONNE.

(SEE PAGE 851.)

for Russia in the East if only the European conflagration were not rekindled. The Czar was charmed by the promises of Napoleon, but when it came to a menacing remonstrance against Austria he hesitated. The anti-French party in Russia were now repeating, like parrots, first, Spain is annihilated, then Austria, then we ourselves. Moreover, as Alexander himself felt, arrangements like those of Tilsit are but too easily overset by unforeseen circumstances, and in such an event what would Europe be without the Hapsburgs? In the end a feeble hint, backed up by a weak menace, was sent to Vienna. Peace, wrote the Czar, is the best policy for Austria. «May not the peace of Tilsit, which I made, carry some obligations with it?» The warning produced a momentary impression in the city on the Danube.

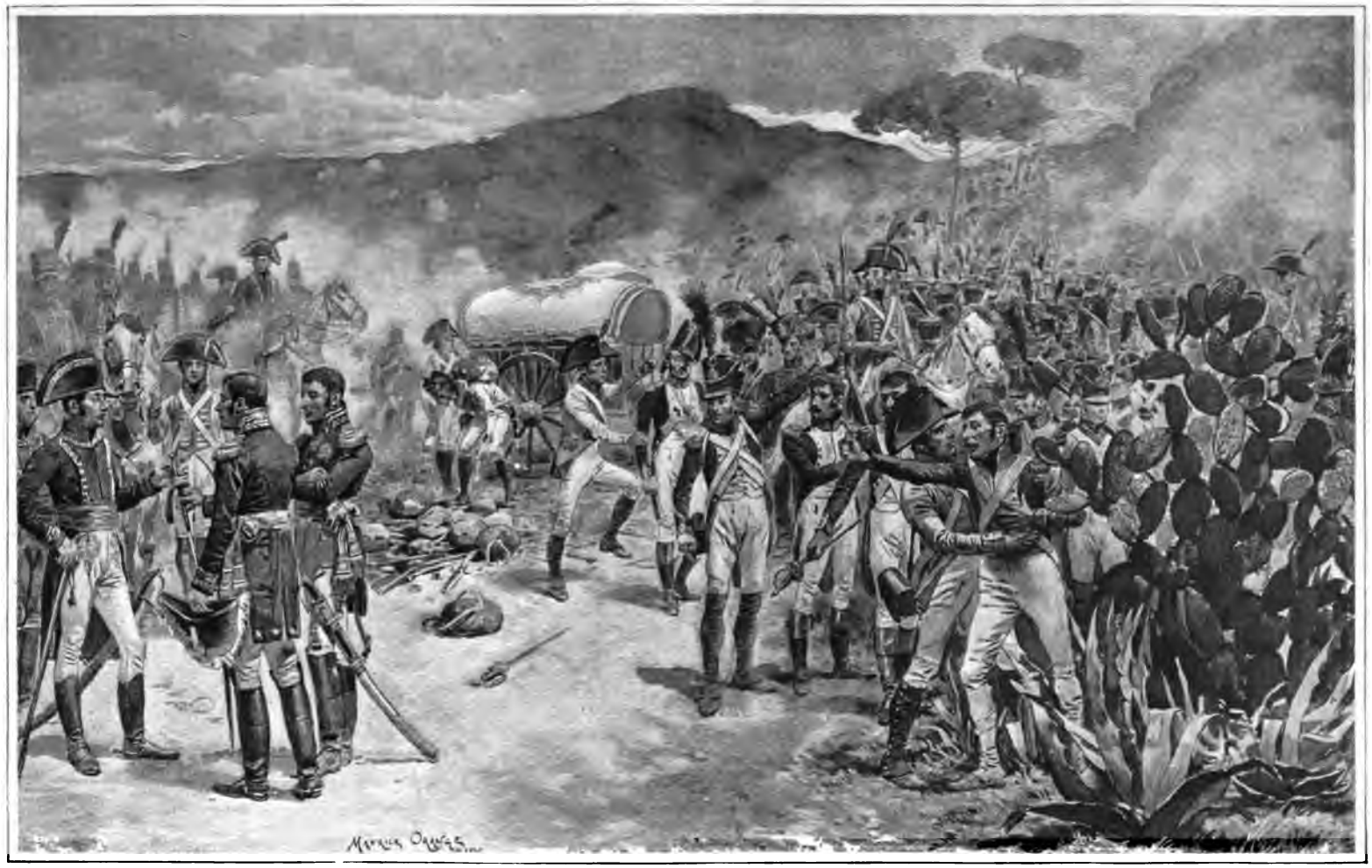
In this short interval every preparation was hastened for the interview which had now become indispensable to both parties. Napoleon had only one object—to draw the alliance closer in the eyes of all Europe for the conservation of his prestige. Alexander had several—the mitigation of Prussia's bondage, the successful occupation of Finland, and, what was the real bond of the alliance, the partition of Turkey. This was substantially what the Czar had been promised at Tilsit, but he had not yet obtained a single item of the list then agreed upon. In spite of Caulaincourt's caresses and Napoleon's cajoling, he was now in a determined humor, and meant to demand the fulfilment of his ally's engagement, not from his good will, but from his necessity.

Talleyrand, wearied to distraction by the dull life of Valençay and the charge of the Spanish princes, had determined to regain his diplomatic power, and now began, by the agency of his many devoted friends in Paris, an extensive course of preparation for a return to public life and to influence. Through semi-official channels the Czar was informed that France, drunk with victory and conquest, now looked to his wisdom for protection from the further ambitions of her fiery ruler. Before long Alexander's own agents began to confirm this statement. The French nation, at least the reasonable portion of it, they said, was weary of Napoleon's imperial policy. If this were true, Spain and Austria might be used to hold France in check while Russia should work her will on the Danube. No matter now if her ally were faithless, compliance could be forced from his weakness.

The disposition of his ally had been foreseen by Napoleon; he was informed by Caulaincourt how steadily it was crystallizing into a fixed determination. To the observer the moment seemed critical, but the great adventurer was still able to ride the storm. Whence the impulse came is not easily determined, but he turned to Talleyrand as an agent likely to be useful in such complications; probably the suggestion was made by some admirer at court. The intriguer came forward promptly, and, receiving the Caulaincourt despatches, together with a verbal explanation from the Emperor, was quickly in readiness for the duty of counselor, to which he was called. Napoleon himself assumed a lofty tone. On August 15 he held a levee at St. Cloud to which all the representatives of foreign powers were summoned; those of Russia and Austria stood near together. Again, as on the famous occasion before the rupture of the peace of Amiens, he uttered a public allocution in the form of a conversation with Metternich, the Austrian ambassador, but this time he was calmer and more courtly. Reproaching the Emperor of Austria with ingratitude, he announced his political policy; to wit, that Russia would hold Austria in check, while he and Alexander divided the East between them without reference to Francis, unless the latter would disarm and recognize Joseph as king of Spain. Tolstoi remained frigid throughout the long harangue. It was he who had declared and repeated that eventually Napoleon, having humbled Austria, would attack Russia. In an interview with the stern old Russian a fortnight earlier, the Emperor had asseverated the contrary, but to no effect: Tolstoi had shown no symptoms of faith or conviction. The address to Metternich was, therefore, a second string to Napoleon's bow in case he should fail at Erfurt to win Alexander. His general mien was undaunted and his tone loftier than ever. The tenor of his private conversation with Metternich and others was that he would be content with what he had. Spain would no longer be a danger in the rear, Austria and Russia would be his allies, sharing in the mastery of the world, and England, the irreconcilable enemy of them all, would be finally reduced to ignominious surrender by the loss of her means of subsistence.

NAPOLEON AND ALEXANDER AT ERFURT.

THE famous interview of the two most powerful monarchs then living occurred at Erfurt on September 27, and lasted eighteen days. It was Napoleon's greatest diplomatic engagement, and he was the victor. The town



DRAWN BY MAURICE ORANGE.

THE CAPITULATION OF BAYLEN.

(SEE PAGE 855.)

was his, and he was, of course, the host. Such splendid hospitality as he lavished would have touched a harder heart than Alexander's. The luxury and military display were barbaric on the one hand, while, on the other, Germany's greatest scholars and men of letters were summoned to flatter the Czar's intellectual pretensions. There was the same exhibition, too, of frank personal confidence and of royal magnanimity as at Tilsit. Talleyrand and the Russian chancellor, Rumianzoff, held protracted conferences, the former plotting, as he confesses in his memoirs, against his master's interests, in order to see that Austria should suffer no harm. Day after day Napoleon and Alexander paced the floor of the great room in the palace which had been fitted as an office, examining details and bringing matters to a conclusion. There was intoxication in the very air. The kings of Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Westphalia were present with their consorts and attendant courtiers; so, too, were the Prince Primate and the minor rulers of Germany. The drawing-rooms, streets, and theaters of Erfurt were filled with the splendors of their gorgeous apparel and that of their bedizened attendants. On October 4 the «Œdipe» of Voltaire was given at the playhouse before the assembled courts. At the words, «A great man's friendship is a boon from the gods,» Alexander rose, and, grasping Napoleon's hand, stood for a moment in an attitude that typified a renewed alliance. The house thundered with applause.

More memorable still was the appearance on the scene of Germany's most transcendent genius, who came to lay the homage of his intellect at the feet of him whom he considered at the moment, and long after, not only to be the greatest power, but the greatest idealist, in the world. Goethe and Napoleon met twice —once in Erfurt, once in Weimar. On both occasions it was the man of arms who sought out the man of letters—*par nobile fratrum*. They talked of Werther and his sorrows; the Emperor appreciatively, and with a knowledge of detail. It is said that he took exception to some one passage in particular; to which, it is not known. The poet had probably just risen from penning the «Elective Affinities,» and seemed to recognize in his dazzling host a creature familiar with such ties, transcending the bounds of nations, the trammels of commonplace human limitations, the confines of ordinary thought and speech. «A great man can be recognized only by his peers,» is one of Goethe's own sentences. What to him were common men and the chains of political bondage, what nations and their ambitions, in comparison with a society where mind and morals had the glorious license of Olympians and could follow the unobstructed paths of their inclination in realms controlled only by fancy! Napoleon's greeting was laconic, «Vous êtes un homme.» This flattered Goethe, who called it the inverse ecce homo, and felt its allusion to citizenship, not of Germany, but of the world.

The nineteenth-century Cæsar urged the great writer to carry out an already-formed design and compose a drama on the life of the Roman whom he believed to be his own great prototype, which would be altogether worthier of the theme than Voltaire's effort. At St. Cloud Napoleon had once paid a glowing eulogy to the power of tragic dramas, and, speaking of Corneille, declared that to his inspiration the French nation owed many of its finest impulses and its most brilliant deeds. «If he were here, I would make him a prince.» To Goethe he now said that in art, as in politics, there should be rule and ordered beauty; apropos of the drama imitated from Shakspere, which mingles tragedy and comedy, the terrible with the burlesque, he expressed surprise that a great mind like Goethe's did not take clean-cut models—«N'aime pas les genres tranchés.» These two judgments, taken together, give a valuable picture of Napoleon's mind.

Amid the brilliant scenes arranged for the entertainment of Napoleon in the stately little town of Weimar, and when surrounded by that German aristocracy which he had humbled, the Emperor also summoned to his presence the man who in the two periods of his career personified first the strength and then the weakness of the German folk—the aged Wieland. Indeed, Napoleon's conversation throughout that excursion to Weimar was chiefly of learning, as if he bowed before German knowledge. German science, German letters. He had studied much, he said, in the barracks, «when I was a young lieutenant of artillery,» and his cold, piercing glance seemed to search the very hearts of the proud princes and dukes who crowded around and literally stood at his chair in domestic service. It was at the ball given by the Grand Duchess that he asked for Wieland.

During the evening this gentle and now temperate old man had heard the actors of the French comedy, brought among other decorative trappings from Paris, declaim the «Death of Cæsar» from the stage of the ducal theater; he had listened to Talma's significant utterance of the words, «Rule without vio-

DRAWN BY F. DE MYRBACH.

NAPOLEON AND ALEXANDER AT ERFURT.

lence over a conquered universe,» and then, wearied by the excitement of these strange experiences, had withdrawn from further revelry. The Grand Duchess of Weimar, anxious to gratify her great guest, sent her carriage to fetch the author of «Oberon»; and rather than detain the illustrious dictator, the poet started as he was, in his ordinary garments, with unpowdered hair, wearing his little skull-cap and felt shoes. The meeting was therefore most dramatic. The dancing almost ceased when Napoleon advanced to meet his visitor, for the company crowded in a wide circle to look on and catch what they might hear. But the conversation was in a low tone.

Wieland would never tell or write what was said, and we know only enough to feel that the great soldier's words were worthy both of his genius and of the occasion. He had treated the German nobility with haughtiness; this plain scholar he treated as an equal. Speaking of the ancients, and defending the Cæsars against Tacitus, he discussed the rise of Christianity and emphasized the value of all religions in conserving morals. The poet replied, when needful, in broken French, but soon felt at his ease, for the Emperor seemed disposed to engross the conversation. In the manner of the times he proposed questions. «Which of your works do you prefer?» Wieland disclaimed merit for any, but, under urgency, confessed that he liked best his «Agathon» and «Oberon.»

Then Napoleon asked the stock question which he so often put to scholars and men of letters: «Which has been the happiest age of humanity?» «Impossible to give a reply,» said the poet; «good and evil, virtue and vice, continually alternate; philosophy must emphasize the good and make the evil tolerable.» «Admirable! admirable!» said Napoleon. «It is not just to paint everything dark, like Tacitus. He is certainly a skilful artist, a bold, seductive colorist, but above all he aims at effect. History wants no illusions; it should illuminate and instruct, not merely give descriptions and narratives which impress us. Tacitus did not sufficiently develop the causes and inner springs of events. He did not sufficiently study the mystery of facts and thoughts, did not sufficiently investigate and scrutinize their connection, to give posterity a just and impartial opinion. History, as I understand it, should know how to catch men and peoples as they would appear in the midst of their epoch. It should take account of external circumstances which would necessarily exercise an important influence on their actions, and clearly see within what limits that influence wrought. The Roman emperors were not so bad as Tacitus describes them. Therefore I am forced to prefer Montesquieu; he is more just, and his criticism is closer to the truth.»

In discussing Christianity Napoleon said: «Philosophers seek in vain a better doctrine than one which has reconciled man with himself, and guaranteed the peace and public order of peoples, as well as the happiness and hope of individuals.» The talk lasted for two hours, and the interview ended by a movement, not of Napoleon, but of Wieland himself, who seemed weary with standing. «Go, go,» said the Emperor, gently. «Good-night.»

Such were the scenes which unrolled themselves before the eyes of Europe. Festival succeeded festival—plays, processions, parades, hunts, balls, and dinners. Onlookers sent broadcast to every quarter accounts of the millennial harmony which presided over all. Emperors, kings, princes, nobles, marshals, generals and soldiers, scholars, poets, players, diplomatists,—the most brilliant actors on the world's great stage,—were combined at Erfurt in a picture not often equaled anywhere. The stars of Russian decorations, the ribbons of the Legion of Honor, glittered for the first time on breasts like those of Goethe and Wieland, which were not accustomed to such distinctions. The dual league of emperors appeared to the world stronger and more illustrious than before.

In a sense this was true, for at the close Alexander had obtained much, if not all, that he had demanded. The two empires were still to act in unity for the reëstablishment of a general peace on terms which would guarantee to France her conquests made in the south since Tilsit, and to Russia what she had secured in the east and north. Things were looking brighter for the Czar in Finland, and of the Eastern acquisitions which he so ardently desired, Wallachia and Moldavia were already within his grasp. In other words, England was to be forced into acknowledging the new order of things established by France in Spain, and into acquiescing in Russia's seizure of Finland, Wallachia, and Moldavia. If Austria should ally herself with the Turks to defeat Russia's aims, France would intervene for her ally, and, reciprocally, Russia would do the same in case the cabinet of Vienna should declare war against France. In any case, Francis was to be compelled to recognize the new kings of Spain and Naples under the virtual compulsion of a united summons by Russia and France. If England should again prove intractable, the

FROM THE PAINTING BY EUGÈNE-ERNEST HILLEMACHER. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

NAPOLEON, GOETHE, AND WIELAND.

two monarchs would meet a third time, and within a year, to concert further measures. These were very substantial gains for Russia, and for the time being the Franco-Russian alliance was, as it appeared to the world, mightier and firmer than it had been.

But, on the other hand, it contained now what was wanting before—active germs of dissolution. In the first place, Alexander and his ministers had shown themselves so firm that more than once there had been hot words even between the emperors, and the memories of these were a source of the increased suspicions which Alexander carried back to the Neva. The Czar had, moreover, been compelled to yield a very important point. The treaty, as a whole, was to remain secret for at least ten years. He might occupy and consider as his own the two coveted provinces, but even they were not to be openly annexed until England's answer was received. An Anglo-Turkish alliance, Napoleon reasoned, would be disastrous, while a Russo-Turkish alliance, in case of Russian victory, would give the ministers at St. James too much insight into the agreement of Erfurt, and perhaps bring on some such calamity as that which the suspicions entertained at London concerning Tilsit had precipitated. The ultimate aim of the treaty was to be indefinitely concealed.

Another dangerous element in the affairs of Erfurt was that contained in the additional provocation given to Prussia and Austria. It is generally believed that Napoleon urged Alexander to send troops and occupy not only Warsaw, but parts of both Austria and Prussia. This would embroil him with his neighbors, and make central Europe secure while France was fighting Spain. If this be true, it explains two facts. Prussia in her despair had sent one agent after another to Paris in order to secure some mitigation of Napoleon's demands. The last had been Prince William, the King's brother, who early in September had agreed that his country should pay one hundred and forty millions of francs, surrender to France the forts on the Oder, and reduce her army to 42,000 men, in return for the withdrawal of Napoleon's troops and a reduction of the indemnity by fourteen and a half millions of francs. On October 9, three weeks afterward, the prince was invited by Napoleon to hunt hares on the battle-field of Jena! This incident, taken in connection with the demand for Stein's dismissal, seemed very significant of Napoleon's attitude to Prussia.

General Vincent had been despatched from Vienna nominally to explain away at Erfurt the Austrian armaments; in reality, to observe what was going on. Although he found no difficulty in winning the versatile Talleyrand to his cause, he was treated with scant courtesy by Napoleon, and sent back with a letter from him to Francis containing bitter reproaches and menaces. Stein, after his withdrawal, found, like Hardenberg, a refuge in Vienna. There he formed one of an influential coterie composed of Alexander's envoy, Pozzo di Borgo, and others of like mind, who were steadily consolidating the war sentiment. The activity of these men explained a phrase in the letter to Francis,—«The last rising in mass would infallibly have brought on war if I could have supposed that that levy and those preparations had been arranged with Russia,»—which hinted at Russia's possible interest in the military preparations: and one day at Erfurt, as Napoleon's grenadiers were marching by, the Czar had to listen while their general vaunted the courage they had displayed at Pultusk and Friedland. Apropos of Napoleon's lack of delicacy, it is said that once in the Tuileries the Emperor addressed one of his court ladies, not renowned for purity, with the words, «You are fond of men, I understand.» «Yes; when they are polite,» was the rejoinder. At Erfurt Talleyrand gave the same explanation of his master's vagaries. «We French are more civilized than our monarch,» he said to Montgelas, the Bavarian minister of state; «his is only the civilization of Roman history.»

But there was another incident at Erfurt more pregnant of ultimate change than any of these. Thanks to Fouché's Mephistophelian insinuations, and the details which leaked out concerning the quarrels between Queen Hortense, representing her mother, and the Grand Duchess of Berg, representing the Bonapartes, the subject of Napoleon's divorce had become common talk. The new position at Tilsit as the recognized head of Europe's kingly hierarchy seems to have tempted the Emperor as early as that to a course distasteful to the man; but what occurred there is uncertain, and did not commit him. At Fontainebleau, in the following autumn, his harsh and distant treatment of Josephine gave color to the suspicion that he was again under temptation. Whom would he choose? asked the gossips. Sometime during that year a list of marriageable princesses was prepared by the Emperor's orders. It included Marie Louise of Austria, aged sixteen; Marie Amélie, niece of the King of Saxony; and the two sisters of the Czar, the younger of whom was not quite thirteen. The general opinion seemed to fix on one or the other of

FROM THE PAINTING BY H. J. G. CHARTIER. PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

FRENCH SOLDIERS IN SPAIN: THE PASSAGE OF THE FORD.

the Czar's unmarried sisters. This rumor soon reached St. Petersburg, and the serpent-tongued scandal-mongers of that capital promptly designated the Grand Duchess Catherine, for she was of marriageable age, and they said she was learning French country dances. Alexander and his minister were in consternation; the Russian party would be aghast if the Czar should consent, while a refusal might endanger the alliance on which hung all his ambitions.

Some months previously, Fouché, aware of the conflict in Napoleon's mind, had actually suggested to the Empress, and probably with her husband's knowledge, that she should take the initiative. In reply she ran with disheveled hair and streaming eyes to ask an explanation from her lord in person. He consoled her with many protestations, but he left for Italy without having entirely reassured her. On his return from Milan he roundly abused his minister of police, who had still continued plotting, and forbade it. Nevertheless, the daring functionary continued to disobey, and by the month of March, 1808, the air of Paris was thick with embittered and ardent pleas on one side or the other. One evening the court was to attend a gala performance to be given in the Tuileries. Their Majesties did not appear. Napoleon, in fact, had not made ready; instead he had retired to his chamber and sent for Josephine. She entered her husband's chamber in full array of evening costume, to find him in bed, pale, worn, and weary. At once he began the recital of his perplexities, pouring out, as it were, his whole heart, and, though not uttering the request, he seemed as if beseeching in dumb despair the decisive word from her. The Empress, however, was inflexible. Was he, he said in fierce disappointment, to be compelled to adopt his bastard children? Surprised and touched by her signs of assent, the Emperor vowed never to desert her, and there matters had remained.

At Erfurt the same vacillation overmastered Napoleon as that with which he had been tormented since Tilsit. At his instigation Talleyrand and Caulaincourt were to drop the remark before Alexander that the matter of the divorce was a European question; he wished to test, he said, the temper of his ally. They suggested that a contemplated match between the daughter of Paul I. and the King of Sweden had fallen through because of the confessional difficulties, the latter being a Protestant, the former of the Greek Church. The Emperor shrugged his shoulders in displeasure, and they discharged their task. The Czar was not apparently shocked, and, opening the subject himself, told Napoleon that not only his truest subjects, but his best friends, looked with anxiety to see him consolidate his work and his dynasty by a second marriage.

This of course led to a confidential talk, in which the possibility of a matrimonial as well as a political alliance was mentioned. If Napoleon had demanded on the spot the hand of the Czar's marriageable sister, Catherine, it is doubtful if Alexander would have refused. But he still vacillated, for he had not taken the irrevocable step; a hesitating mention was made of the younger sister, Anne, who was still a child, as an eventual possibility, and nothing more was said. To stamp the success of the meeting in binding more firmly the tie between France and Russia, a joint letter was sent to George III., asking for peace on the principle of «uti possidetis.» The two monarchs parted with every manifestation of personal devotion; but on Alexander's return to his capital the elder sister was married with indecent haste to the Duke of Oldenburg, and thereupon the Czar seemed to breathe more easily.

THE FAILURE OF THE SPANISH CAMPAIGN.

In the mean while Napoleon was hurrying toward Spain, whither, too, the legions of his grand army, released by the evacuation of Prussia, had already been ordered. Baylen and Cintra must be retrieved at any cost. As the splendid array of soldiers passed through France they were received like men who had already conquered. The civil authorities spread banquets for them, compliments rained from the honeyed lips of chosen orators, poets sang their sweetest strains on the theme of their glories. This appeared a spontaneous outburst to the troops, and they marched with the elasticity of enthusiasm to their task. The curious may read to-day what the army could not know—that by Napoleon's personal decree the ministry of war had prepared every detail of that triumph, that the prefects acted under stringent orders, that three sets of warlike songs were written by commission in Paris, and forwarded each one to various points, so that, as the Emperor wrote, «the soldier may not hear the same thing twice.» His success was complete, and the jubilations had every appearance of being genuine.

It was therefore not a tired and disheartened army which was gathered under the walls of Burgos early in November, but a body

FROM THE PAINTING BY MARIE-NICOLAS PONCE-CAMUS, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. ENGRAVED BY E. HEINEMANN.

ÉDOUARD-ADOLPHE-CASIMIR-JOSEPH MORTIER, DUKE OF TREVISO.

MAP OF THE SPANISH CAMPAIGN.

of picked and energetic veterans. Joseph, to be sure, had done little in the interval to take advantage of the foolish and careless tumult into which the joy of victory had thrown the Spanish people. In reality he had done nothing, for in spite of the minute directions which he had received almost daily from Napoleon, he and Jourdan, who had been his military adviser in Naples, and had come in the same capacity to Spain, gradually lost every advantage of position. But the French boys who had fought in the summer were older and more experienced. The defensive attitude of their leader had given them the training of camp life, and had secured the recuperation of their strength. When, therefore, they were mingled with the newcomers, they might be considered almost as good soldiers as those who had arrived from Germany.

Moreover, the best generals were now in command: Victor was at Amurrio, Bessières at Miranda on the Ebro, Moncey at Tafalla, Lefebvre near Bilbao, Ney at Logroño on the Ebro, Saint-Cyr at La Junquera, each with a corps, the smallest of 20,000, the largest of 30,000 men. Duhesme was shut up in Barcelona with 10,000. There was a reserve of 35,000, the Guard and cavalry, at Tolosa and Vitoria. Mortier's corps of 24,000 was in the rear, and Junot, who had been better received in Paris than he expected, was coming up with 19,000 more. In all, there were about 240,000 troops. Napoleon, reaching Bayonne on November 3, had it announced that there were between 300,000 and 400,000! Still, it was a powerful fighting force, and there was no need of exaggeration. To oppose it Blake had 32,000 Spaniards at Valmaseda as the left wing of the Spanish army, and La Romana, having disembarked at Santander, soon arrived with 8000 more; the center, 25,000 strong, lay between Calahorra and Tudela under Castaños; the right, 17,000 in number, was at and near Saragossa under Palafox. Before Barcelona was Vives, with 20,000 more, and near Burgos was a reserve of 18,000 under Belvedere—about 120,000 men, all told. In addition to this regular army, there was another irregular one of vast but vague dimensions, consisting of the entire nation.

Amid the exciting cares of Erfurt Napoleon had still found time to study the military situation in Spain with minute care, and he finally wrote to Joseph that he was coming in person to end the war by one skilful stroke. This hope was founded on the position held by

SKETCH BY ERIC PAPE, AFTER THE PORTRAIT IN THE COLLECTION OF BARON DE CREUTZER.

FRANÇOIS-JOSEPH LEFEBVRE, DUKE OF DANTZIC.

AUTOGRAPH OF LEFEBVRE.

Blake, advanced as it was beyond the Spanish line, and remote enough to be exposed. By a swift blow he might therefore be cut off from his support, and annihilated; the center and right would successively meet the same fate. This plan had been jeopardized by the rashness of Lefebvre. On October 31 Blake had advanced from Durango for an attack. He had not only been routed, but in the heat of victory had been thrown far back to Valmaseda by the overzealous French general. Although the Emperor had hoped for something quite different, having given orders to draw him forward toward Biscay and Navarre, he still did not abandon his strategic plan. The Spaniards had grown warlike in a day, but their victories had intoxicated them, and of military science they had only what they had learned by experience. There was no harmony among the generals—not even a preconcerted plan of operation. Accordingly the mass of the French army was directed toward Burgos to cut off and overwhelm Blake, while two corps under Soult were directed to intercept his retreat.

Burgos fell almost without opposition on November 10; Blake was defeated the next day at Espinosa, and his scattered columns, turned, but not captured by Soult, fled into Asturias, where they joined the force of La Romana. Without a moment's hesitation Ney was now despatched to the southeast in order to fall on Castaños's rear, while Lannes was to unite Moncey's corps with Lagrange's division and attack his front. The Spanish general was posted, as has been said, on the Ebro between Calahorra and Tudela. Before the 20th the two moves had been executed and all was in readiness. The Spaniards fled before Lannes's attack on the 23d, but Ney with his cavalry remained inexplicably stationary, and did not cut off their retreat. They were therefore able to reassemble at Siguenza, while Palafox withdrew to Saragossa. This was seemingly an easy triumph for Napoleon's matchless strategy; it worked without real resistance, for his self-sufficient and ignorant enemy was scattered. Nevertheless, it will be observed that the execution was deficient and the result disproportionate. Neither Soult on the right nor Ney on the left showed such vigor or promptness as of old; there was no general surrender by the Spaniards, nor was any portion of their force annihilated. All that was gained—and for a common general it would have been much—was the ability to take another step.

The capitulation at Cintra, the affair at Bayonne, and the uprising of the Spaniards, had combined to intensify rebellion in Portugal. She was now in full sympathy with Spain, and her people were scarcely less bitter or less active than the Spaniards. The easy terms secured by Junot had infuriated England, and not only Dalrymple and Burrard, but Wellesley himself, had been recalled to give an account of their conduct. The last was triumphantly vindicated; but while the others were not convicted of dereliction in duty, they were virtually withdrawn from active life. Sir John Moore was now in command of the English troops in the Peninsula. He had been reinforced with 10,000 men, and feeling sure of Portugal, had advanced into Spain. To Napoleon it seemed evident that his intention was to seize Madrid.

This was a mistake. The jubilant Spaniards, expecting to treat Napoleon as they had treated Dupont, had summoned the English to join them. Moore's orders were to assist them, and he prepared to obey, although he well knew what would be the consequences of Spanish hallucination. With one column he reached Salamanca on November 13; the head of the other was at Astorga. His own division numbered only 15,000 men; the other was even smaller—10,000 at the most. It was on that date that he learned of Napoleon's victories. Accordingly he halted to await the next move of the French. That move was against Madrid. Saragossa was besieged by Moncey, Lefebvre was thrown out to guard the right flank, and Ney to protect the left of the marching columns, and the march began on November 28.

The first obstacle was the mountain-range of Guadarrama, which had to be crossed by the pass of Somosierra. The defile was found to be strongly guarded; there were not only infantry stationed on the heights, but artillery also, sixteen guns being below the turn of the pass in a most advantageous position. In the early morning of the 30th the French infantry began to climb the cliffs on each side of the narrow gorge, and as the mists were heavy their movements were successfully concealed until the Spanish bivouacs were reached; surprised, and dislodged. Simultaneously a regiment of Polish light horse was launched against the battery. Their charge was magnificent, and the gunners could fire only a single round before they were overpowered. By the ordinary breakfast hour the pass was free. On the evening of December 2 the whole army—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—was united on the heights of Chamartin before the gates of Madrid. Two days later, after a gallant resistance by its

FROM THE PAINTING BY JULES GIRARDET.

AN EPISODE OF THE SIEGE OF SARAGOSSA.

PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

little garrison and the undaunted inhabitants, the city yielded to the superior strength of Napoleon, and proposed terms. After some parley they were accepted, but under the circumstances the Emperor felt that mildness must be seasoned by menace. There were disorders in the streets, incident to the new occupation by the French, and these he used as a plea to declare the capitulation null and the Spanish officers prisoners of war. Their men had escaped the day before.

The military operations of the campaign were of course not yet ended, for Moore had not appeared in the valley of the Tagus, marching, as it was believed he would, toward Madrid. The first task was to find him. The different corps were sent out in all directions, but it was not until the middle of the month that the British position was even approximately ascertained. Napoleon was surprised by what he learned, and concluded that the English were about to abandon Portugal in order to secure Ferrol as a base of supplies. His first impulse was to march out himself and prevent the disaster; on the 20th half of the army at Madrid set forth, and on the 22d he led them through the snows of the Guadarrama.

Meanwhile Moore had made his decision. It was to attract the attention of the French, draw them toward him, and then slowly retreat toward the north, thus leaving Andalusia free from interference, and giving the southern Spaniards time to organize once more and equip themselves for a second Baylen. To this end he prepared on the 23d to attack Soult, but learning of Napoleon's rapid advance, he promptly changed his plan and began his retreat; three days later he led his troops safely across the Esla. Then began a famous chase. The Emperor hurried forward, marching on foot through cold and snow to encourage his tired men, and to strike a blow at his enemy's rear before he should get too far, while Soult pressed onward to Mansilla, to flank the retreating column. On the 29th the French cavalry reached the Esla and were driven back by the English rear-guard, while Moore stopped only long enough to destroy the magazines at Benevento, and then hurried on to Astorga.

For two days longer the retreat continued. Moore, after many successful skirmishes, reached Corunna, where he hoped to embark. Soult crossed the Esla at last, and on New Year's day, 1809, the Emperor found himself at Astorga. He believed there was an English fleet at Ferrol; the weather was bitter, and his health was jeopardized by the severity of the cold; moreover, disquieting letters arrived, and he determined that this game was not worth the candle. Soult was intrusted with the pursuit, Ney was stationed at Astorga as a reserve, and Napoleon, putting himself at the head of his Guards, set out for Valladolid, which he reached on the 6th. After a rest of ten days, new and more disquieting despatches made clear the urgent need for h' nce in Paris, though his task in Spa ar from ended. On Janary 23 he r he Tuileries.

The tale 's splendid retreat, of his courage an ess in loss and disaster, of his superb of his men in their disappointment ' orunna was reached and no fleet was f ere, of his brave fight with Soult on J 16, of the mortal wound which stru lown in the hour of victory, and of the rgetfulness which enabled him in the s of death to make all necessary ar ents for his men to embark on the be ips—all this is a brilliant page of F history, perhaps the finest record in se of glory won in retreat, of patien eration, and success in the very hour rest disappointment. It was the spirit ample of Moore which made possible t ries of Wellington.

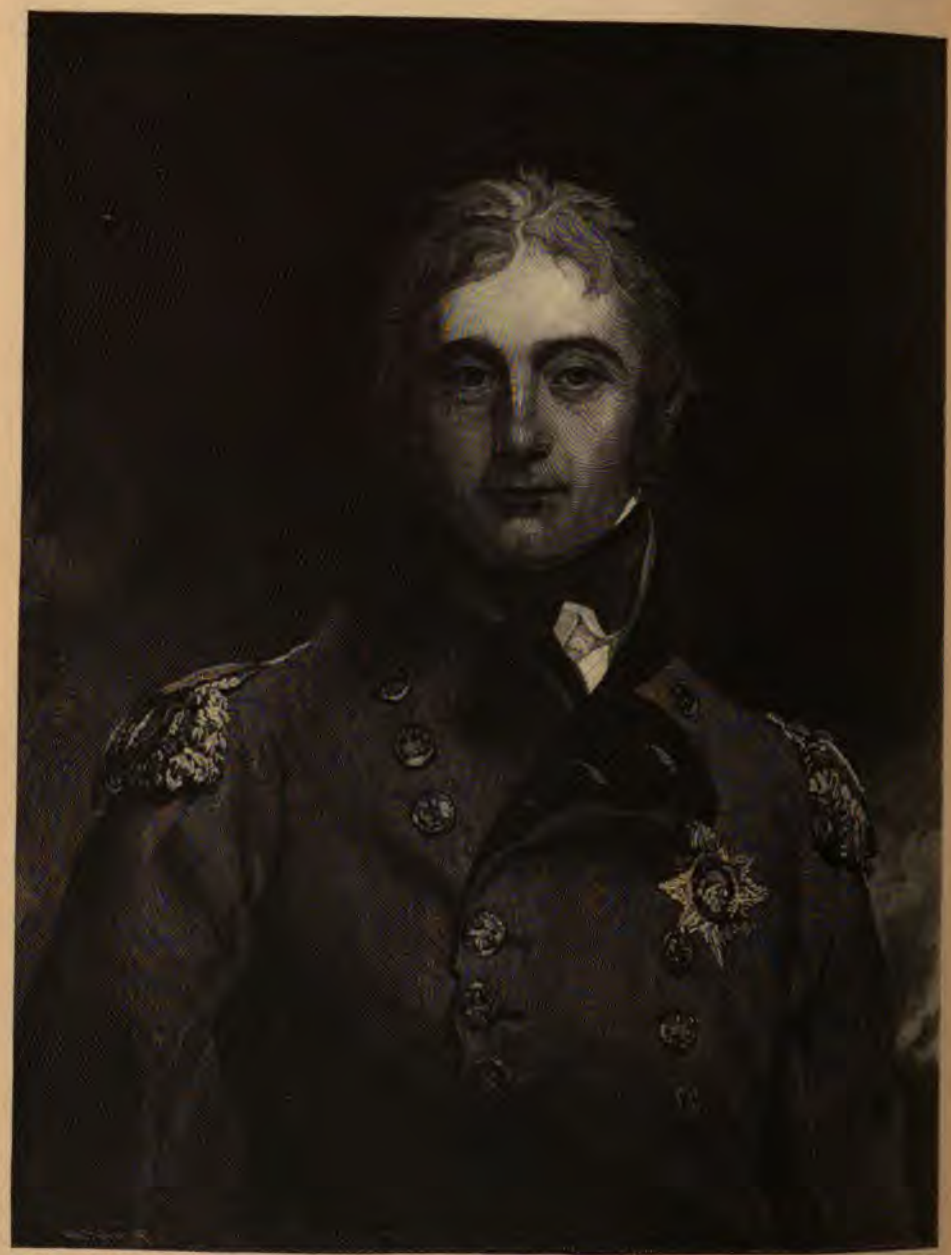
The Fr erests in Spain were left in a most d e condition. The populace of Madri d the hero of the age with coldness, it themselves up in their houses t orming a crowd or creating any enth n the streets. They would not even t to see the gorgeous mili- tary par h was arranged for their benefit. ry and nobility were alike distant . It was clear that Spain could ne heedled, cajoled, nor threatened int assive acquiescence in the new con was essential, therefore, that an urse should be tried. On Decembe poleon, in the rôle of re- former-s n, pronounced and issued from Ch a series of the most thoroughgoi s. All feudal privileges, all interpro customs dues, were swept away; th ition was abolished, and the number nts was reduced to a third. These m were in themselves most salutary, uck at the very root of the upas-tree he baneful shade of which Spain had owly perishing. But to do good they enforced; there must be a complete conquest of the country, and a cap inistration.

There w er. The Spanish army had been defe , severe as had been its

DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

NAPOLEON AND THE FRENCH TROOPS REACHING THE CONVENT AT THE SUMMIT OF THE GUADARRAMA MOUNTAINS.

(SEE PAGE 874.)



FROM A MEZZOTINT ENGRAVING. ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

SIR JOHN MOORE.

punishment, its resistance was not destroyed; the occupation of the country was also sadly incomplete, and it made no difference whither French soldiers marched, or what strategic points they held, some kind of Spanish fighting force, no matter how irregular, sprang up behind them and on their sides. The complete military centralization of Prussia had made Jena decisive for the whole loose-jointed territory of that kingdom; the compact territory of Spain and the local independence of her peoples made regular victories utterly fruitless so far as the open country was concerned.

Moreover, Joseph, although he had been driven from his capital, and had enjoyed neither power nor consequence except as the general of Napoleon's armies, now asserted that he, and not his brother, was the king of Spain. He was hurt by the Emperor's assumption of superior sovereignty, and angry. He was the one, he felt, who could best deal with the Spaniards, win their affection, and consolidate his power. To be shouldered off

«TO-DAY FOR ME, TO-MORROW DEATH FOR YOU.»

(AT THE OPENING OF THE STRATFORD CHARNEL-HOUSE, IN 1880, A SKULL WAS THROWN OUT, BEARING THE INSCRIPTION «HODIE MIHI, CRAS TIBI.»)*

«TO-DAY for me, to-morrow death for you.»
As if through Yorick's lips dead Shakspere spoke
Again, there rise the sickening words that choke
Our aspiration and our wills subdue.
But still the Stratford meadows shine with dew;
The swan of Avon glides with unseen stroke;
The listening sky the elm-tops still invoke;
The rooks are flying, just as once they flew.
Still Nature richly gives, and calmly brave
Asserts to life her immemorial right;
And still from out the poet's stone-bound grave
The hope of life arises, and the light
Of every dawn that floods through choir and nave
Brings radiant immortality from night.

Horace Spencer Fiske.

* The letter which follows explains the circumstances here referred to:

RED HORSE HOTEL, STRATFORD-ON-AVON, December 22, 1894.

MY DEAR SIR: I have now the pleasure to reply more fully to your inquiries respecting the opening of the ancient charnel-house of Stratford church.

On the morning of December 4, 1880, I was in the company of my friend Alderman James Cox, J. P., then Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon, when we were informed that the charnel-house had been opened; we at once walked together to the churchyard to see what was going on there, and witnessed what we considered an extraordinary proceeding. The vault had been opened, and appeared to be filled with a solid mass of human bones, through which a man was engaged in cutting a channel and throwing out the bones, which were being removed by another man for burial in another part of the churchyard. We had not stood there many minutes before a skull much whiter than the others was thrown out at our feet. This was picked up by Mr. Cox, and we at once noticed the inscription painted across the forehead: «Hodie mihi, cras tibi.» The skull was taken home by Mr. Cox and sent to the vicar, and remained in the church for a long time afterward; and this can be vouched for by our parish clerk, Mr. William Butcher, with whom I have talked the matter over within the last few days.

This charnel-house was the vault beneath the ancient sacristy of a more ancient church than the present one, and when the chancel, or choir, was rebuilt by Dean Balshall in the year 1465 the sacristy was allowed to remain in connection with the church until it was pulled down in the year 1800, with the exception of the vault, which was arched over below the level of the churchyard; and this vault extends to the chancel wall, which I think alone separates it from the Shakspere vault. As soon as the churchwardens heard that the charnel-house had been opened they at once ordered it to be closed, so that it really was not uncovered many hours; it was, however, seen by many Stratfordians, and I find that Mr. R. Savage, the secretary and librarian of the Birthplace, has a memorandum of the event in his private diary, and he was one who saw it open, like myself. Moreover, the newspapers of the time recorded the event fully, and I have a distinct recollection of a notice in the «Stratford-on-Avon Herald»; and Mr. Savage tells me that he sent a copy of the «Birmingham Gazette» to a friend at the time, which contained an account of Stratford church and the finding of the bones.

There can be no doubt that the skull I have referred to was removed from one of the altars in the church at the Reformation, and was then thrown into the charnel-house, which at that time had an opening into the church. I find it was customary for skulls with similar inscriptions to be placed on altars prior to that period.

I trust I have been sufficiently explicit in my remarks, for I assure you that it gives me much pleasure to record an event so interesting to my native town; and if it is necessary to strengthen my assertions, I may mention that I am now an alderman and have been twice mayor of this ancient borough.

Yours faithfully,

W. G. COLBOURNE.

HORACE S. FISKE, Esq., Chicago.

FOUR LINCOLN CONSPIRACIES.

INCLUDING NEW PARTICULARS OF THE FLIGHT AND CAPTURE OF THE ASSASSIN.

THERE are recorded no fewer than four conspiracies against President Abraham Lincoln—three to murder and one to kidnap. And in each instance not only was the plot conceived, but execution was attempted: the first immediately before his inauguration in 1861; the other three during the period beginning August, 1864, and ending April 14, 1865, the date of the assassination.

Much of the evidence in reference to the fourth plot to assassinate was brought out in the trial of the conspirators, and subsequently in the trial of John H. Surratt. The lapse of thirty years has made possible a dispassionate consideration of the facts associated with this most historic murder in the annals of history; and many persons, particularly those who were connected with the flight, whom fear of prosecution has prevented from telling all they knew, are now willing to talk more freely. The history of the conspiracies themselves is full of interest and instruction; but the interest in the plots wanes before an account of the misery suffered by the innocent as well as the guilty who came in contact with the assassin before and after the execution of the conspiracy; for the murderer left everywhere a trail of unhappiness.

I.

As the first attempt on the life of Mr. Lincoln has been recently related in full, I will give only the main facts.

In the latter part of February, 1861, the President-elect was advertised to appear publicly, among other places, in Philadelphia, Harrisburg, and Baltimore, en route to Washington for his inauguration. He reached Philadelphia on the evening of the second day previous to his expected arrival in Baltimore, and it was there that he first received knowledge of the plot to assassinate him while in the latter city. The information was positive and reliable, as it came from Allan Pinkerton, who had been in Baltimore himself, with his corps of detectives, on other business, and had been careful to verify the rumored plot, which he first learned of there, before taking steps to warn Mr. Lincoln. Information of a like character was communicated to General Winfield Scott and Senator Seward, both of whom were then in Washington, by a New York detective on duty in Baltimore; and the intention of the conspirators was made known from a third source, equally reliable.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE PROSCENIUM BOX ON THE RIGHT OF THE STAGE OF FORD'S THEATER, AS DECORATED FOR THE PRESIDENT'S PARTY, APRIL 14, 1865.

Mr. Lincoln and his friends were so impressed with the three warnings, which reached them within a few hours of one another, and from such varying sources, that they decided to yield to the advice of Mr. Pinkerton, and leave for Washington, if not immediately, at a time much earlier than publicly advertised. Mr. Pinkerton suggested that they depart at once; but the President-elect, having pledged himself to be present the next day at two ceremonious functions,—one in Harrisburg and the other in Philadelphia,—positively declined.

Mr. Lincoln reached Washington in safety in

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

the early hours of the morning of the day that the would-be assassins awaited the «hated abolitionist» at the Baltimore railway station; but that he did so is due only to the cautious foresight of Allan Pinkerton, who made all the arrangements for the safe conduct of his charge, and staked his life on the result; cutting telegraph lines, chartering trains, stationing men along the railroad between Philadelphia and Baltimore to watch bridges, and attending to other minute details.

II.

THE evidence in relation to the second plot against the President, in the summer of 1864, is almost entirely circumstantial, but is nevertheless of such a nature as to leave little room for doubt as to its existence.

On August 13, 1864, John Wilkes Booth was playing a dramatic engagement in Meadville, Pennsylvania. Upon his arrival in the city that day, he registered at the McHenry House, then kept by a Mr. R. M. U. Taylor, and after the performance in the evening retired alone to his room. When the servant entered his room the next morning, after Booth had left the hotel and city, an inscription was discovered scratched in a large hand on one of the window-panes: «*Abe Lincoln departed this life Aug. 13th, 1864, by the effects of poison.*» Little attention was paid to the writing on the glass at the time; but as soon as it was learned that Booth had killed the President, the circumstances connected with the window inscription were recalled, the glass was removed from its sash, framed in a plain black wooden frame, a piece of dark velvet being placed at its back to facilitate reading, and the signature of Booth entered on the register on August 13 was cut from the book and attached to the window-glass. The photograph on the opposite page was made from the original pane, now in the possession of the War Department, to which it was presented by the daughter of the owner of the hotel, Miss Mary McHenry, some time after the assassination of the President. All of the circumstances in connection with the glass are certified to by Miss McHenry and by other residents of Meadville.

At this same time David E. Herold—the silly, frivolous, shallow-minded Herold, who attempted to guide Booth in his flight through Maryland—was a drug clerk in the establishment of Mr. William S. Thompson, Fifteenth street and Pennsylvania Avenue, near the White House, where the President was in the habit of having his prescriptions compounded. Herold was an easy tool in Booth's hands; for, although a man in years and stature, he was a mere boy in judgment and reason; and his courage appeared only as a reflex of the enthusiasm of Booth.

Further evidence in this connection, showing that such a plot did exist, is given by Mrs. Mary Hudspeth. While this lady was riding with her young daughter in one of the street cars in New York city during the month of November, 1864, she observed two men opposite

her engaged in low but earnest conversation. One of them in particular attracted her attention for the reason that, although dressed in the garb of a workingman, he had the smooth, white hand of a gentleman. Upon further observation she discovered that the beard of this man was false, and noticed also that the skin under the beard was much lighter than that of the other portions of his face, which were apparently stained. A pistol was also detected at his side.

These men exchanged letters in the car, and left before Mrs. Hudspeth. After their departure, her daughter found an envelop containing two letters on the floor of the car beneath the seats occupied by the men. The first of these letters, although in a disguised hand, was identified by an expert chirographer at the trial of John H. Surratt as the writing of Booth; and at the same trial Mrs. Hudspeth testified that the photograph of Booth exhibited to her was, to the best of her belief, that of the disguised man. It was proved also that Booth was in New York on the date of the finding of the papers.

The letter was as follows:

FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

FACSIMILE (REDUCED) OF THE WRITING ON THE WINDOW-PANE OF THE MEADVILLE HOTEL, AND BOOTH'S SIGNATURE CUT FROM THE HOTEL REGISTER.

DEAR LEWIS: The time has at last come that we have all so wished for, and upon you everything depends. As it was decided before you left, we were to cast lots. Accordingly we did so, and you are to be the Charlotte Corday of the nineteenth century. When you remember the fearful solemn vow that was taken by us, you will feel there is no drawback—Abe must die, and now. You can choose your weapons. The cup, the knife, the bullet. *The cup failed us once*, and might again. Johnson, who will give this, has been like an enraged demon since the meeting, because it has not fallen upon him to rid the world of the monster. He says the blood of his gray-haired father and his noble brother call upon him for revenge, and revenge he will have; if he cannot wreak it upon the fountainhead, he will upon some of the bloodthirsty Generals. Butler would suit him. As our plans were all concocted and well arranged, we separated, and as I am writing—on my way to Detroit—I will only say that all rests upon you. You know where to find your friends. Your disguises are so perfect and complete that without one knew your face no police telegraphic dispatch would catch you. The English gentleman Harcourt must not act rashly. Remember he has ten days. Strike for your home, strike for your country; bide your time, but strike sure. Get introduced, congratulate him, listen to his stories—not many more will the brute tell to earthly friends. Do anything but fail, and meet us at the appointed place within the fortnight. Inclose this note, together with one of poor Leenea. I will give the reasons for this when we meet. Return by Johnson. I wish I could go to you, but duty calls me to the West; you will probably hear from me in Washington. Sanders is doing us no good in Canada.

Believe me, your brother in love,

CHARLES SELBY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

JOHN H. SURRATT IN THE UNIFORM OF THE PAPAL ZOUAVES.

This letter was intended for Lewis Payne, who afterward attempted the assassination of Secretary Seward. The following, from his wife, which accompanied it, while not exactly relevant, is interesting. It served to prove, however, that the above letter was for Payne, an ardent satellite of Booth, possessed of much brute courage and strength.

ST. LOUIS, October 23, 1864.

DEAREST HUSBAND: Why do you not come home? You left me for ten days only, and now you have been from home more than two weeks. In that long time, only sent me one short note—a few cold words—and a check for money, which I did not require. What has come over you? Have you forgotten your wife and child? Baby calls for papa until my heart aches. We are so lonely without you. I have written you again and again, and, as a last resource, yesterday wrote to Charlie, begging him to see you and tell you to come home. I am so ill, not able to leave my room; if I was, I would go to you wherever you were, if in this world. Mamma says I must not write any more, as I am too weak. Lewis, darling, do not stay away any longer from your heartbroken wife

LEENEA.

The cause of the unsuccessful culmination of this plot is not known, and perhaps never will be; but its failure is in all likelihood due to lack of courage on the part of Herold, who probably weakened when the time arrived for him to act.

III.

BOOTH was the moving spirit in the plot to poison, and probably the originator, and undoubtedly the leader, of the two subsequent conspiracies—to abduct and to assassinate.

At this time John Wilkes Booth was twenty-seven years old, a man of striking presence, handsome face, and very winning manners, and yet withal given to the most violent excesses of every description. As an actor he gave promise of being the equal, if not the superior, of his elder brother, and, if his own statements are to be credited, his income from his profession alone amounted to twenty thousand dollars a year. Up to the date of the failure of the plot to poison he had played quite regularly, invariably before large audiences, with whom he enjoyed much favor. He appears now to have devoted all his energies to the furtherance of the matter nearest his heart—the plots against the President. John Wilkes was the only member of the Booth family who espoused the Southern cause.

During the month of October, 1864, Booth

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GARDNER.

SAMUEL ARNOLD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

MRS. MARY E. SURRATT.

paid a visit to Prince George and Charles counties, Maryland, for the ostensible purpose of buying lands and purchasing a riding-horse; and, armed with a letter of introduction to Dr. Queen, a prominent resident in the upper part of the latter county, he soon became acquainted with most of the residents in that neighborhood who were Southern sympathizers. He felt his way cautiously, and when he deemed it safe to do so, the abduction plot was broached, and the particulars of the proposed plan were explained. It was considered a legitimate undertaking in time of war, and many respectable gentlemen, Southern sympathizers, in these two counties pledged themselves to take an active interest in the scheme; that is, to see that the necessary horses were furnished for the relays —about the only part they could perform other than to report constantly the condition of the roads and that the coast was clear.

The road over which it was proposed to conduct the distinguished captive was known in the secret service of the Confederacy as the «underground route»; that is, a route not generally known between Richmond and Washington, and used by spies and contrabandists in the employ of the South. It ran a roundabout course through southern Maryland, across the Potomac in the vicinity of Port Tobacco Creek, or Pope's Creek, and thence to Richmond, crossing the Rappahannock at Port Conway and Port Royal. It was the only overland route, in fact, that could be taken to Richmond, as all communication north from that city was cut off in Virginia, and even it was guarded with more or less care by the Federal authorities, so that travel thereby was attended with no little danger. Over this course, too, the Confederate mail passed daily on its way to Richmond or Montreal; and such was the secrecy with which the «underground mail» service was maintained, that a man might be engaged in it during the entire war without the knowledge of his family.

Booth had learned of this route probably while in Canada, and also that John H. Surratt was in the habit of making frequent trips over it between Richmond and Montreal. The underground route on the Maryland side ended at Port Tobacco Creek, and it was at Port Tobacco, at the head of the creek, that Booth met George A. Atzerodt, a German-American of little intelligence and less morality. Atzerodt had been, up to the opening of the war, a coach-painter, but was now engaged in conveying passengers and contraband goods to the Virginia side, a less laborious and more lucrative occupation. Booth's offers of gold made Atzerodt enthusiastic. He constructed a boat capable of carrying the

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GARDNER.

MICHAEL O'LAUGHLIN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GARDNER.

LEWIS PAYNE.

entire abduction party,—estimated at fifteen,—a large, flat-bottomed bateau, painted lead-color in order that it might the more easily escape detection in its passage across the Potomac in the gray of the morning, when the attempt was to be made. The Potomac at that time was patrolled by Federal gunboats.

During Booth's second visit to Charles County, in November, 1864, one Sunday while at church he made the acquaintance of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd. As Booth stated in the doctor's presence that he desired to purchase land, and the doctor remarked that his own was for sale, Booth took supper at Dr. Mudd's that evening to inspect the property. He spent only two or three hours there, and left the same night. While at Dr. Mudd's house he was inquisitive concerning the political sentiments of the people, inquired about the contraband trade that existed between the North and the South, and wished to be informed about the country and the roads bordering on the Potomac. He desired Dr. Mudd to give him a letter of introduction to some of his friends on the Potomac, which the latter declined to do, knowing nothing about Booth. From the nature of Booth's interrogatives, Dr. Mudd believed him to be a Federal spy; and John H. Surratt, according to his own statement, came to the same conclusion when he first met Booth.

Booth now returned to Washington, and secured the coöperation in the plot to abduct of Michael O'Laughlin and Samuel Arnold, both ex-Confederate soldiers and residents of his native city, Baltimore.

On December 23, Dr. Mudd and two friends came to Washington for the purpose of meeting relatives from Baltimore who were to spend the Christmas holidays with the doctor's family. While in Washington, on the afternoon of that day, Dr. Mudd met Booth by accident at the National Hotel, and the latter immediately asked the doctor if he knew John H. Surratt, and if he would introduce him. At first the doctor declined, having met Booth on only one occasion, and not knowing either his sympathies or his purposes; but Booth persisted, stating that it would require but a few minutes, and that he had the address of Surratt's house, which was but a short walk from the hotel. The doctor reluctantly consented, and while on their way to Mrs. Surratt's house, guided by Booth, Surratt and Lewis J. Weichmann were passed on the street. This was the first meeting between Booth and Surratt, the second and last between Dr. Mudd and Booth until the arrival of the latter at the doctor's house on the morning after the assassination, nearly four months later.

During the fall of 1864 Herold had been visiting relatives in the vicinity of Port Tobacco, undoubtedly in Booth's employ, studying the roads; and all this time, too, Payne, who was in close touch with Booth, was probably regularly employed by him to perform such functions, in connection with the plots, as might be assigned to him by the chief conspirator.

As Surratt was the only one living permanently in Washington, his mother's house naturally became the rendezvous of the conspirators; and it was here they repeatedly met as a body and individually, according to the testi-

mony of Lewis J. Weichmann, Surratt's bedfellow, the most important government witness at the trial of the assassin conspirators. He wove the thread of testimony which closed upon Mrs. Surratt, and in doing so escaped the gallows himself. Mrs. Surratt, too, who owned the tavern at Surrattsville, about twelve miles southeast of Washington on the «underground route,» undoubtedly lent her sanction to the plans of Booth, or «Pet,» as she called him. In her house also Atzerodt was known as «Port Tobacco,» and Payne as «the Baptist minister» and as «Wood.»

About the middle of March, 1865, word was received from those along the «underground route» that the roads and the time were propitious for undertaking the abduction, and that the horses would be held in readiness for the relays. Accordingly, at Mrs. Surratt's Booth assembled his assistants, John H. Surratt, Payne, Atzerodt, Herold, O'Laughlin, and Arnold, all mounted for the kidnapping.

Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon they left the house and made for the Seventh Street Road, where it was reported that the President would pass that evening on his way to the Seventh Street Hospital.

Mr. Lincoln would frequently ride out to the Soldiers' Home on the Seventh Street Road, entirely unguarded, or if in a carriage, with only a driver, much against the protestations of his friends, who were fearful for his safety. The coach of the President was to be seized in a secluded spot on the road near the city, and Surratt was to jump on the box (as he was more familiar with the roads) and to make for «T. B.,» a collection of two or three houses and stores on the «underground route,» about twenty-two miles southeast of Washington, and thence to the Potomac. The carriage was to be abandoned as soon as the city limits were passed. Relays of fast horses were in readiness, and the boat at Port Tobacco was prepared to cross the river.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GARDNER.

DAVID E. HEROLD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GARDNER.

GEORGE A. ATZERODT.

As the distance from Washington to Port Tobacco Creek was about forty miles, the intention was to make the entire trip the first night, and crossing the river, to be within the lines of the Confederacy at the expiration of twenty-four hours.

The plan was not so ridiculously absurd as at first glance it appears. It was not a difficult matter at that time to pass the pickets stationed at the Navy Yard bridge, and once in the country, where friends were willing, fresh horses ready, and Federal soldiers few, the chances of reaching the Potomac in safety were not unfavorable.

The plot failed because Mr. Lincoln did not

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GARDNER.

VIEW OF THE SCAFFOLD IN THE OLD ARSENAL PRISON-YARD AS PREPARED FOR THE EXECUTION OF MRS. SURRATT, PAYNE, ATZERODT, AND HEROLD, ON JULY 7, 1865.

go out on the Seventh Street Road on the afternoon expected, Secretary Chase going in his stead. Booth and his companions returned to Mrs. Surratt's disappointed, disgusted, and enraged. Such a favorable opportunity would not likely occur again, and the conspirators disbanded. Surratt went to Richmond, Arnold secured a position at Old Point (near Fort Monroe), and O'Laughlin returned to Baltimore; but Payne, Herold, and Atzerodt still hovered about their leader awaiting further developments, living in Washington at his expense.

IV.

BOOTH now determined upon the assassination. The Confederacy was fast losing ground, and its collapse daily seemed more imminent. Something must be done, and that quickly; and Booth considered himself the Lord's anointed to rid the country of the tyrant whom he deemed responsible for the war. There is little evidence to prove that Booth actually determined upon murder until the day of the assassination, and none to show that he confided his intention to any one until that day.

While in Washington, Booth was to be found about Ford's Theater, in the rear of which his horses were stabled and cared for by Edmund Spangler, the ignorant scene-shifter, who without doubt was unjustly sentenced to six years' imprisonment at hard labor (four of which he served) for his suspected complicity in the plot. Part of the scanty evidence against this man was that witnesses for the prosecution testified to having seen Spangler talking with Booth outside of the theater during the hour immediately preceding the assassination; but they testified further that Spangler wore a mustache. The defendant proved that he did not wear a mustache that night, and that he did not leave the theater during the performance. The Government, however, was not satisfied, and Spangler was convicted of aiding Booth in his escape, and sentenced to six years' imprisonment. It is only now, after the lapse of thirty years, that the man who was in conversation with the assassin for that hour makes his identity known—the costumer of the theater, who states that for three days after the assassination he did not leave his house, fearing that he would be seen and identified, and consequently connected with the assassination in some way, so intensely bitter was the feeling at the time against all who happened to be associated with Booth that day, no matter what the connection.

On the morning of April 14, Booth learned that the President and General Grant,[1] with their wives, were to be at the theater that night to witness the performance of Miss Laura Keene's company in «Our American Cousin.» This was his chance.

Whether Surratt was in the city on that day will probably never be positively known. During his trial he attempted to prove that he

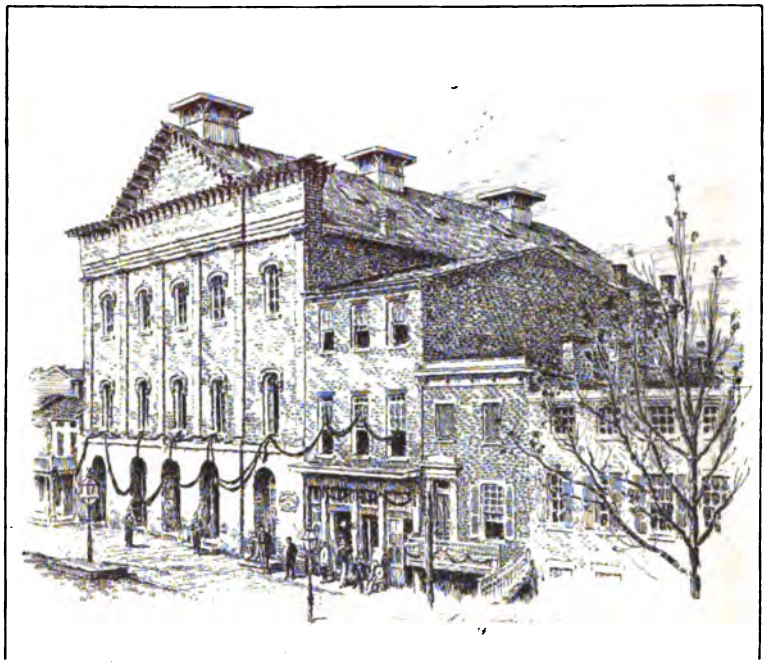
DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

MRS. SURRATT'S HOUSE IN WASHINGTON, 604 H STREET, N. W.

was in Elmira, New York, doing special service for the Confederacy; and the proof which he furnished was sufficient to convince eight out of the twelve jurors that he was not present and took no part in the plot. Surratt claims to have first learned of the murder, on the morning following the assassination, from the newspapers while in Elmira, and on the next morning, while en route to New York city, of his suspected complicity in the plot. He fled immediately to Canada, where he remained concealed by Catholic priests for nearly five months. Leaving Canada, he went to England, thence to Paris, and thence to Rome, where, under the name of Watson, he enlisted in the Zouaves of the Pope. While in the Papal Zouaves he was recognized by a Canadian acquaintance, who betrayed him. On the day following his arrest, while under the guard of six men, he leaped blindly from a rocky precipice over one hundred feet in depth, and alighting by chance on a projecting rock thirty feet below, clambered

[1] General Grant was suddenly called away from the city late that afternoon, and consequently did not go with the President, as he had expected.

quickly down the abyss, escaped, reached Naples in the course of a week, and sailed to Alexandria on the same vessel which carried the instructions to the consul there that led to his capture. He was finally brought back to the United States and tried at Washington by a civil court. The trial extended over a period of two months, and more than two hundred witnesses appeared on the stand. The jury disagreed, as above stated, and the Government did not prosecute the case further.



DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GARDNER, TAKEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE ASSASSINATION.

FORD'S THEATER, DRAPED IN MOURNING.

Before the performance, Booth provided against interruption while in the President's box by preparing a large wooden bar to fit in a corner of the wall and the panel of the door, in which a small peep-hole was bored in order that he might the better take in the relative position of the occupants before entering. During the day he was frequently seen about the theater, laboring under suppressed excitement. He also made two calls on Mrs. Surratt, and had interviews with her on each occasion.

Shortly after his first visit in the forenoon, Mrs. Surratt secured a horse and buggy, and, with Weichmann as driver, set out for Surrattsville, a distance of about fourteen miles from her residence. She carried with her a package containing a field-glass, the property of Booth, which was deposited with the tavern-keeper, John M. Lloyd. Mrs. Surratt told Lloyd to «be sure and have those *shooting-irons* ready for some gentlemen» who would call there that night (meaning two carbines left at the house three or four weeks previously by John H. Surratt), and instructed him also to have at hand the field-glass and two bottles of whisky for the same persons. In view of these instructions, Lloyd took the guns from their hiding-place beneath the boards of the second floor, and placed them, together with the field-glass and the whisky, on his bed. While on her way to Surrattsville a picket of cavalrymen was passed; and when Mrs. Surratt was informed, in reply to her inquiry, that they were not on guard that night, she remarked, «I am glad of that.»

The city of Washington lies in a large basin, the old bed of a greater Potomac in early geological ages; and Good Hope Hill, just outside on the Maryland side, is over two hundred feet above the level of the capital's streets, and commands a sweeping view of the city at its foot. On reaching the top of this hill while returning that night, the tiny, twinkling lights of a torchlight procession, on its way to serenade the President, could be seen. (The city was then rejoicing over the fall of Richmond.) Mrs. Surratt remarked to Weichmann, when informed what the procession was: «All this joy will be turned to sadness, and this proud and licentious people shall be punished.» After her return to the city Booth had the second interview with Mrs. Surratt.

The theater was densely crowded that night, and as the President, Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris, and Major Rathbone entered the building on their way to the upper right-hand tier of boxes, one of the actors, Mr. Harry Hawke, was interpolating, «This reminds me of a story, as Mr. Lincoln says,» and was proceeding to tell the story. The enthusiasm of the audience at the sight of the President

interrupted Mr. Hawke for several minutes, and after Mr. Lincoln was seated the actor was forced by the people to tell his «story» over again.

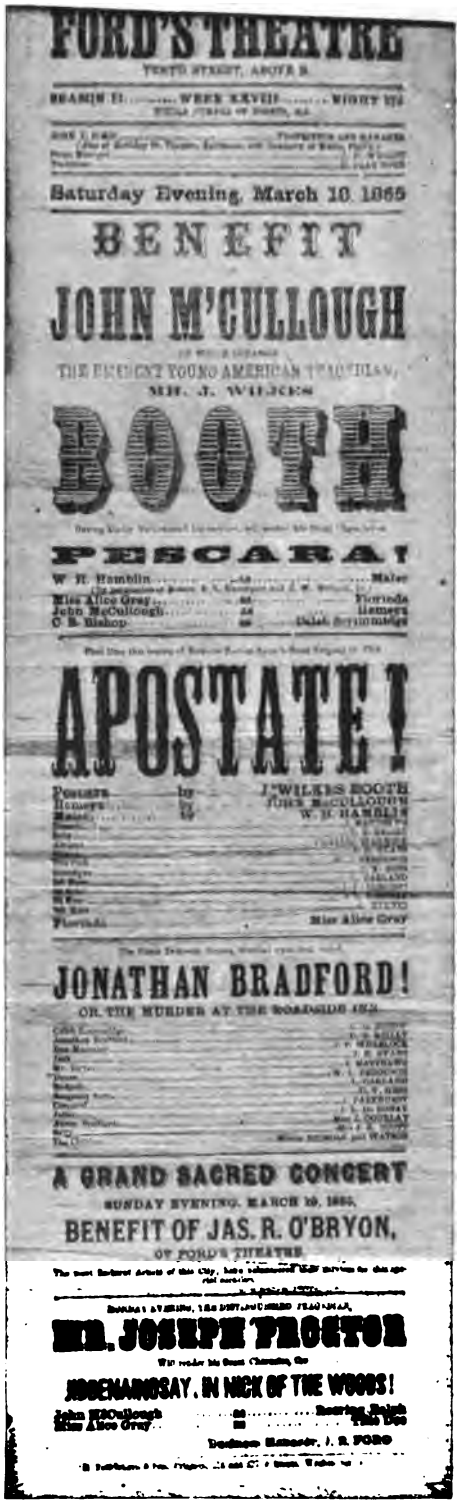
During the third act Booth stealthily entered the President's box, and after silently barring the door inside with the large wooden stick provided for the purpose, advanced within a foot of Mr. Lincoln from the rear, and fired the fatal shot.[1] The head of the President fell forward on his breast, and Booth, emerging from the smoke, cried dramatically at the edge of the box, «*Sic semper tyrannis!*» stabbed Major Rathbone, and vaulted the railing. The spur of the assassin catching in the folds of the American flag forming part of the draperies of the box, he fell heavily to the stage below, a distance of fourteen feet. But he was on his feet in an instant, and strutting across the stage brandishing his bloody knife, shouted tragically, «The South is avenged!» and disappeared behind the scenes. The fall, however, had splintered horizontally the fibula of his right leg.

Two men from the audience followed him in close pursuit—Mr. William Withers, the leader of the orchestra, and Mr. Joseph B. Stewart, a lawyer. The former came so close to the murderer that he turned and, stabbing at Mr. Withers, cut two large gashes in his coat. Mr. Stewart pursued Booth through the flies and into the alley at the back of the theater, where Booth's horse stood in readiness, held by the ignorant boy «Peanuts,» whose reward for holding the horse over an hour was a blow and a kick from the assassin that felled him. Twice Mr. Stewart reached the flank of the horse and grasped for its bridle. Not a word was spoken. The quick breathing of the two men in the dim light of the rising moon, and the nervous stamping of the starting horse, were the only noises that broke the stillness in the alley. But the angry mutterings of the enraged crowd, which burst out into the alley soon after, were heard by Booth before he reached the street.

After passing two miles through the very heart of the city, horse and rider reached the Navy Yard bridge. Booth there gave his true name, and stating that he lived near Beantown in Charles County and had been «detained in the city,» was allowed to pass the picket.

The long roll was beaten all over the city, and every avenue of escape at once guarded; but it was too late, as the assassins had reached

[1] For a detailed account of the tragedy, see THE CENTURY for January, 1890.—EDITOR.


FORD'S THEATRE

Saturday Evening, March 10 1865

BENEFIT

JOHN M'CULLOUGH

MR. J. WILKES

BOOTH

PESCARA!

APOSTATE!

J. WILKES BOOTH

JONATHAN BRADFORD!

A GRAND SACRED CONCERT

BENEFIT OF JAS. R. O'BRYON,

MR. JOSEPH PROCTOR

JUDEAHANOSAY, IN NICK OF THE WOODS!

PLAYBILL OF J. WILKES BOOTH'S LAST APPEARANCE ON THE STAGE.

MAP OF THE ASSASSIN'S FLIGHT.

and crossed the bridge. A daily paper, commenting on that memorable night, said the next morning: «Such a night of horror has seldom darkened any community.»

In the mean time Payne and Herold rode to Secretary Seward's residence. Payne dismounted, leaving Herold to hold both horses, and reaching the house, stated that he had been sent by the doctor to administer an important prescription to the Secretary, who was then confined to his bed with a broken arm and fractured jaw, the result of a runaway accident about ten days before. Upon being denied admittance by the colored servant, Payne pushed him aside and walked heavily up two flights of stairs toward Secretary Seward's room. The noise attracted Mr. Frederick W. Seward to the door; and after a few words with the assassin, in which he was told that the Secretary could not be seen, Payne struck him on the head with his heavy pistol, breaking a portion of the cartridge-extracting apparatus, so heavy was the blow. Mr. Seward continued to grapple with the assassin until he fell in a swoon, from which he did not emerge for many days. Payne rushed into the sick-chamber, slashing right and left with his large knife; and after stabbing Colonel Augustus H. Seward and two male nurses, fell upon the defenseless Secretary in bed, and inflicted three stabs upon his neck. The life of Mr. Seward was saved by the steel frame supporting his fractured jaw, and by the further fact that while the men in the room were trying to drag the fierce murderer off the Secretary's bed, the latter rolled out upon the floor and beneath the bedstead. In the mean time the colored servant had rushed to the door and shouted, «Murder, murder, murder!» This was enough for Herold. He left Payne's horse, and fled down Pennsylvania Avenue to Fourteenth street, where the stabler from whom he and Booth had hired their horses, never to be returned, recognized and pursued him. Herold reached Ford's Theater a few minutes after Booth had fled, and following him to the Navy Yard bridge, was also permitted to cross by the sergeant on duty there. But when the owner of the horses arrived in pursuit of Herold, the good man at the bridge refused entrance to the only honest one of the three.

The Bennings bridge and the Navy Yard bridge, both crossing the Eastern Branch (a small stream forming the southeastern limit of the city), are not over half a mile apart, and the streets leading to each could easily be mistaken by one unfamiliar with the city. Payne fled to the Bennings bridge instead of the Navy Yard bridge, and remained in hiding for three days and nights in the woods near the city.

On the night of Monday, April 17, Mrs. Surratt was arrested. While the officers were searching her house Payne appeared at the door. He was admitted by one of the searching party, and being examined as to his identity, stated that he had been engaged by Mrs. Surratt to dig a gutter for her in the back yard the next morning (he had a pick

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

SURRATT'S TAVERN, SURRATTSVILLE, MARYLAND.

on his shoulder), and had come to receive further instructions as to the work: this at eleven o'clock at night! Mrs. Surratt was summoned, and when asked if she knew the man, said vehemently, raising her hands to heaven: «Before God I do not know this man, and did not engage him to dig a gutter for me.» Payne had spent the night at Mrs. Surratt's on one or two occasions, had visited the house frequently, and she knew him well. At the moment of this statement by Mrs. Surratt, Payne stood in the full light of the gas-jet. The evidence, both circumstantial and direct, is conclusive that Mrs. Surratt was an accessory before the fact.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

HOUSE OF DR. SAMUEL A. MUDD.

The assassination of Vice-President Johnson and Secretary Stanton was not attempted, owing probably to failure of courage on the part of Atzerodt and O'Laughlin, to whom they were respectively assigned.

Herold crossed the bridge a few minutes after Booth, and teamsters, on their way to Washington, met the riders separately on Good Hope Hill, and were asked by each «if a horseman had passed ahead.»

The assassins reached Surratt's Tavern together about twelve o'clock that night, and when Herold demanded «those things» of Lloyd, the carbines, field-glass, and whisky were delivered. Booth declined his carbine on account of his inability to carry it, due to his broken leg. The assassins drank nearly a quart of whisky, and rode on toward T. B. at a rapid pace. The moon was shining brightly.

A short time before daybreak the fugitives met a negro, and on asking to be guided to the nearest doctor, were informed that they had passed the residence of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd half a mile back. Booth and Herold retraced their way, and aroused the doctor, whom Herold informed that «while riding rapidly his companion's horse had fallen on him and broken his leg,» and that he was in sore need of medical assistance. This statement was supported by a fresh scar on the shoulder of Booth's horse. Booth, who appeared to be suffering much, dismounted with the aid of Herold and the doctor, and after entering the house the broken limb was dressed by Dr. Mudd and his helpful wife. The hospitality of the house was offered to the newcomers, and they retired. The fugitives had ridden thirty miles that night.

Doctor and Mrs. Mudd and their household assert that Booth not only did not make himself known, but that he was so disguised by a heavy, long black beard that he was not recognized. The assassin gave the name of Boyd, an alias which he repeatedly used during his flight. He remained in bed in his room until his departure in the afternoon, between three and four o'clock.

Herold appeared at the breakfast-table, and related in detail the circumstances connected with his companion's «accident,» stating that while riding rapidly his horse had slipped under him; and further said that they were on their way to the Potomac, which they were anxious to reach that day. He inquired as to the roads, and particularly requested to be informed of the way to Parson Wilmer's, one of the few Union men in the neighborhood. After breakfast Dr. Mudd took Herold to the rear of the house, and indicated to him the nearest road to this man's residence, which was about half a mile distant by a «short cut» through Zekiah Swamp,

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

BRYANTOWN.

a large marsh about fifteen miles long, which had its head one hundred and fifty yards from the doctor's house.

The doctor visited his patient after breakfast to render him such medical assistance as was in his power. He did not see the assassin afterward. In the course of the day Herold borrowed a razor, soap, etc., and Booth re-

moved his mustache. A rude crutch was also prepared for him by a man on the place.

Booth's breakfast and dinner had been carried to his room by one of the servants, who reported to Mrs. Mudd that he had touched neither. Mrs. Mudd then daintily prepared a salver of oranges, cake, and wine for her guest, and carried them in person to his room. He declined these also; whereupon he was offered some whisky, and refused it, but asked for brandy, which Mrs. Mudd did not have. Booth was still in much pain, and complained of his back, which he informed Mrs. Mudd he had injured in the fall from his horse.

Herold appeared again at dinner, and remarked to Dr. Mudd that they were so anxious to reach the river that day that he would make the effort to secure a conveyance for his friend. As Dr. Mudd was going after the mail to Bryantown that afternoon, a distance of about three and a half miles, he said that Herold might go with him, and he would try to secure a buggy from his father, a wealthy landowner on the road to Bryantown, half a mile from the doctor's house. The carriage, however, could not be spared, as the next day was Easter Sunday, and the family of Mr. Mudd, senior, needed the conveyance for that great church day. Herold continued with the doctor about a quarter of a mile farther, and then, appearing to change his mind, stated that he would go back and endeavor to get his companion off on horseback. He returned to the house, alone, in less than an hour after he had left, and informing Mrs. Mudd that a carriage could not be secured, stated that he would take his friend to his «lady love's, who lives a short distance.» Mrs. Mudd endeavored to persuade Herold not to remove his friend while in his present condition. Herold, however, had the horses saddled, and between 3 and 4 P. M. the two set out in the direction of Zekiah Swamp, where the tracks of their horses, discovered two or three days after, indicated that they floundered about for some time. They were not seen again by any member of Dr. Mudd's family.

Dr. Mudd learned at Bryantown, where a body of soldiers in pursuit had in the mean time arrived, that Mr. Lincoln had been murdered, and also the supposed name of the murderer, which was then given as «Boose.» At that time it was not known that Booth's leg was broken, nor that his companion was Herold. It was thought that his companion was John H. Surratt. Dr. Mudd did not connect his visitors in any way with the horrible murder, and returning home, found that they had left two hours before. The next day at

RELICS IN THE SECRET ARCHIVES OF THE WAR DEP'T.[1]

1 and 3. Revolver and knife found in the room of Atzerodt; 2. Payne's pick; 4. Payne's revolver. This weapon was broken, as shown, by a blow upon the head of Mr. Frederick W. Seward.

RELICS IN THE SECRET ARCHIVES OF THE WAR DEP'T.[1]

1. The Spencer repeating-carbines. The one with the strap was carried by Herold over their entire course; 2. The little pocket compass used by Booth in crossing the Potomac. The white spots represent candle-grease; 3. Booth's riding-boot left at Dr. Mudd's. The long slit at the instep was made by Dr. Mudd when the broken limb was set; 4 and 5. Knife and revolver found upon Booth's body after his death.

[1] These photographs, and those on pages 906 and 907, were made by permission of the Hon. Daniel S. Lamont, Secretary of War.

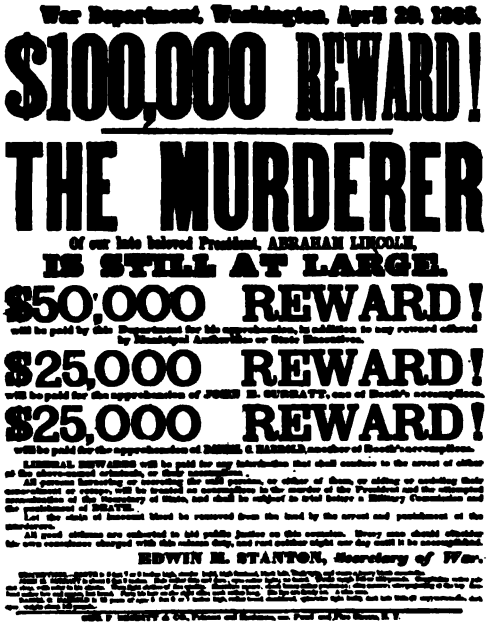
church, while discussing the absorbing topic, he reported to his cousin, Dr. George Mudd, a Union man, that two men had been at his house the day before, and that one of them had removed his mustache while there, a circumstance which looked suspicious.

On the Tuesday following the assassination a searching party of detectives called at Dr. Mudd's house, and were informed, in answer to their inquiries, that two men had been there during the greater part of Saturday; that they had asked to be directed to Parson Wilmer's, and had left, going in the direction of Zekiah Swamp.

The detectives paid a second and a third visit to the Mudds, and on the second visit asked to be given the razor with which the assassin had shaved himself, this incident having been mentioned by Dr. Mudd on the occasion of their first arrival. At the same time the doctor voluntarily stated that the man had also left his boot, which had been found in the room of the conspirators afterward. The boot—a long riding-boot reaching to the hip, commonly worn in those days—was delivered to one of the detectives, who, turning down the edge, discovered the initials «J. W. B.» The circumstance was immediately seized upon as suspicious, and this incident, more probably than any other, led to Dr. Mudd's arrest and subsequent confinement. On the same visit a photograph of Booth was exhibited to Dr. and Mrs. Mudd, and they recognized no similarity between their visitor of three days previous, except in the forehead, which they stated resembled that of the man who had been at their house. Dr. Mudd further described accurately the only one of the horses which he had seen.

On the night of the assassination, less than two hours after the fatal shot was fired, printed circulars were being posted in every direction offering $10,000 for the apprehension of the assassin, and within a week the larger offer of the Secretary of War was spread throughout the Union.

The large reward offered had its baneful as well as its good effects. It is certain that in the case of Dr. Mudd the testimony against him was colored, as it was attempted to prove that he was an accessory before the fact. He was tried by the military commission which tried the conspirators, and was sentenced to hard labor for life in the Dry Tortugas. To this prison also were sentenced Spangler, Arnold, and O'Laughlin. During the fourth year of their confinement yellow fever broke out in the prison. O'Laughlin died during the plague, and as the resident surgeon also fell a victim, Dr. Mudd was called upon to attend the sick, and his skill and zeal in their behalf saved the lives of many. After the recovery of Spangler and Arnold, the doctor himself was seized with the fever, and his recovery was due to the care of Spangler. There was a bond of affinity between the intelligent doctor and the ignorant scene-shifter—both were innocent men. Soon after, Dr. Mudd, Spangler, and Arnold were pardoned by President Johnson. Dr. Mudd returned to his home in Maryland, and there, after the lapse of two years more, poor old Spangler made his way. The affection of this man for the doctor, whom he had never met before their trial, was so strong as to be almost pathetic.


War Department, Washington, April 20, 1865.

$100,000 REWARD!

THE MURDERER

Of our late beloved President, ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

IS STILL AT LARGE.

$50,000 REWARD!

$25,000 REWARD!

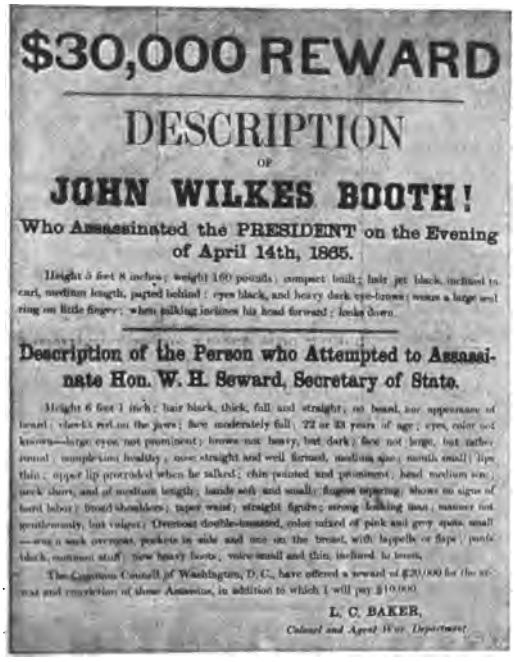
$25,000 REWARD!

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

FACSIMILE (REDUCED) OF THE POSTER ORDERED BY THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

Spangler died there in 1879, and the doctor in 1882; and each left a sworn statement treating fully the circumstances which led to their imprisonment, and each protested his innocence to the last.

On Sunday morning, about four o'clock, Booth and Herold arrived at the residence of Captain Samuel Cox, a wealthy Southern sympathizer living about four miles from the banks of the Potomac, in the southwestern portion of Charles County. The fugitives had consumed twelve hours in traveling about as many miles. As they arrived at Captain Cox's with a pair of blankets, and did not get them at Dr. Mudd's, the presump-



$30,000 REWARD

DESCRIPTION

OF

JOHN WILKES BOOTH!

Who Assassinated the PRESIDENT on the Evening of April 14th, 1865.

Height 5 feet 8 inches; weight 160 pounds; compact built; hair jet black, inclined to curl, medium length, parted behind; eyes black, and heavy dark eye-brows; wears a large seal ring on little finger; when talking inclines his head forward; looks down.

Description of the Person who Attempted to Assassinate Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State.

Height 6 feet 1 inch; hair black, thick, full and straight; no beard, nor appearance of beard; cheeks red on the jaws; face moderately full; 22 or 23 years of age; eyes, color not known—large; eyes not prominent; brows not heavy, but dark; face not large, but rather round; complexion healthy; nose straight and well formed, medium size; mouth small; lips thin; upper lip protruded when he talked; chin pointed and prominent; head medium size; neck short, and of medium length; hands soft and small; fingers tapering; shows no signs of hard labor; broad shoulders; taper waist; straight figure; strong looking man; manner not gentlemanly, but vulgar; Overcoat double-breasted, color mixed of pink and grey spots, small —wore a sack overcoat, pockets in side and one on the breast, with lappells or flaps; pants black, common stuff; new heavy boots; voice small and thin; inclined to lisp.

The Common Council of Washington, D. C., have offered a reward of $20,000 for the arrest and conviction of these Assassins, in addition to which I will pay $10,000.

L. C. BAKER,

Colonel and Agent War Department.

FACSIMILE (REDUCED) OF THE POSTER ORDERED BY COLONEL BAKER OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

tion is warranted that they stopped at some house on the way—where has never yet been made known. Oswald Swan, a negro, guided them from a few miles east of Bryantown, where he met them, to the residence of Captain Cox, whom Herold probably knew by reputation while spending the summer of 1864 in the vicinity of Port Tobacco, about seven miles from Cox's house, Rich Hill.

Herold approached the piazza and aroused Captain Cox, Booth remaining on his horse at the gate. As Herold refused to make their names known, Captain Cox declined to entertain them, whereupon Booth dismounted from his horse and hobbled to the porch. After a brief conversation with Captain Cox, the latter said in a loud voice, «I cannot entertain you, gentlemen whom I know nothing about,» and Swan was dismissed. Booth then made himself known, exhibiting the initials in India ink on his arm. He threw himself upon the mercy of Captain Cox, and appealed to him tragically in the name of his mother not to betray him; stated that he was sick with a broken limb, and that what he had done he thought was for the best interests of the South; and said that all that he asked of the captain was that he assist him in crossing the river. Captain Cox in a general way then directed Booth and Herold to hide in a thicket of pines about a quarter of a mile east of the house, and said that he would do what he could for them later in the day. Captain Cox did not leave the piazza, and neither Booth nor Herold entered the house, although the negro Swan testified that they entered, and that he saw them «drinking champagne at the table.» The entire conversation was heard by Captain Cox's son and a lady of the household, both of whom were at the window over the entrance to the house, and could easily see what took place in the strong light of the full moon then shining, and they testified that neither of them entered the house. A negress on the premises swore to the same effect.

Later in the morning Captain Cox visited Booth and Herold, and guided them through a dense undergrowth of pines to a spot two miles south of his house and about one mile south of the present railway station of Cox's (Bel Alton), not then in existence.

Although that section of the country was then overrun by ten thousand cavalry and one fourth as many detectives, the Government never knew what became of Booth and Herold from early Sunday morning to the next Sunday, a period of eight days, until the publication of Mr. George Alfred Townsend's article in April, 1884, which treats in a very interesting manner of this portion of the flight.[1]

The spot to which Captain Cox led the assassins was an old tobacco-bed covered with broom-sedge in a dense thicket of young pines, which was not near any roadway.

Thomas A. Jones, a foster-brother of Captain Cox, and who had been his overseer, lived within half a mile of the Potomac, on a place called «Huckleberry»; and as he had been regularly engaged in conveying spies and blockade-runners surreptitiously across the Potomac, Cox sent for him and placed Booth and Herold in his charge. Jones daily brought food covered with corn in a basket to the fugitives, and called lustily to his hogs as he paid his visit. Each day he found Booth suffering much from his leg, and usually on the ground rolled in his blanket. He was eager for the papers giving an account of the murder, and seemed to be much distressed that his foul deed met with little approbation in the South. Jones watched his opportunity to take his dangerous charge to the river, about two and a half miles distant; and nearly a week—a gloomy, cloudy week of chilly mist—passed before the favorable opportunity came.

On the third or fourth day after Booth reached the pines, it was decided to dispose

[1] «How Wilkes Booth Crossed the Potomac,» in THE CENTURY for April, 1884.—EDITOR.

of their horses, which had become restless from lack of food and proper stabling, as it was feared that their neighing would betray them. Accordingly, Herold and Franklin A. Roby, Captain Cox's overseer at that time, led the horses about two miles distant into Zekiah Swamp, where it makes a junction with Clarke's Run, and here they were shot. As the place was boggy, the bodies of the dead horses disappeared from view in the course of a week, and were never seen afterward.

The carcasses of these animals, however, came near betraying Captain Cox. A large

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

«HUCKLEBERRY.»

troop of colored cavalrymen came to his residence for the purpose of securing information as to the route taken by the assassins after they left Rich Hill. Captain Cox showed them the general direction of their course early Sunday morning, which was toward Zekiah Swamp. The troopers started for the swamp, and Captain Cox and his son retired to a knoll about one fourth of a mile in the rear of his house, which commanded an extensive view of the entrance to the swamp in the valley below. They could easily see the buzzards hovering over the spot where the horses had been killed a few days before, their bodies not having yet sunk in the bog. Captain Cox and his son anxiously watched the cavalrymen approach the swamp. Would they or would they not enter below the dead horses? Captain Cox nervously questioned. «My son,» said he, «if those men enter below the spot where the bodies of the horses are, I shall hang for it.»

The colored cavalry entered but a short distance above where the horses lay, and deploying at intervals of fifty feet, beat the swamp from Captain Cox's to Dr. Mudd's, nearly fifteen miles.

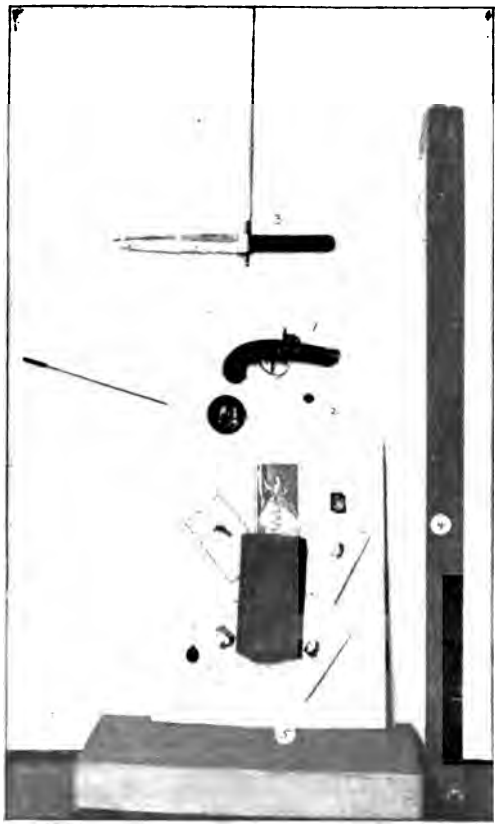
The night of Friday, April 21, 1865, closed in dark, dreary, and drizzly, and Jones thought the weather and conditions favorable to lead Booth to the river. The assassin was lifted on Jones's horse, and the perilous and tedious journey of over two miles was begun. On their way to the river Jones stopped at his home to get supper and to bring some food out to Booth and Herold. It was then that Booth, standing under an old pear-tree not over seventy-five yards from the house, pleadingly asked to be allowed to enter «just to get a hot cup of coffee,» which caused great alarm to Jones. On reaching the river, Jones found his boat waiting for him. It had been left in a secluded spot by his faithful negro and former slave, Henry Woodland.

Herold took the oars and Booth was placed in the stern. Jones laid down the course they should take in order to reach Upper Machodoc Creek on the Virginia side, where they were to seek Mrs. E. R. Quesenberry's house, the first on the «underground route» across the river. Booth drew from his pocket a small compass, and lighting the stump of a candle provided by Jones, the boat was pushed out into the darkness.

Captain Cox and Jones were both afterward arrested on suspicion, and were confined in the old Capitol prison at Washington for nearly two months. The government detectives learned that Henry Woodland had taken the boat which conveyed Booth and Herold across the river to the spot from which they left the Maryland shore; but he swore so positively that the boat had been sunk there, even going so far as to show the detectives the «exact spot,» that he was believed. Henry Woodland is still living, and although he admits that he perjured himself, he states that in doing so he saved the life of his master and his master's best friend, Captain Cox.

The intense darkness, Herold's inexperience as an oarsman, and a heavy flood-tide that night, all assisted to carry the assassins far out of their course. The light of morning found them ten miles north of Machodoc Creek, and still on the Maryland side. Booth told Mrs. Quesenberry on Sunday morning that twice that night they were within an oar's length of the Federal gunboats then patrolling the river, and that the voices of those on board were distinctly heard.

The fugitives landed near Nanjemoy Stores, in the cove of that name. During the day (Saturday) Herold called at the residence of Colonel John J. Hughes, and asked for food, which was given. Moreover, he informed Colonel Hughes who he was, and stated what Booth had done, which he did on three subsequent occasions when the latter was not in hearing.



RELICS IN THE SECRET ARCHIVES OF THE WAR DEP'T.

1. The little derringer used by the assassin; 2. The fatal bullet; 3. The dagger with which he wounded Major Rathbone. This knife bore the inscription "AMERICA—Liberty and independence—THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE." 4. The wooden bar used to prevent admittance to the box after the assassin had entered. 5. The exterior of Booth's diary, and photographs found in it.

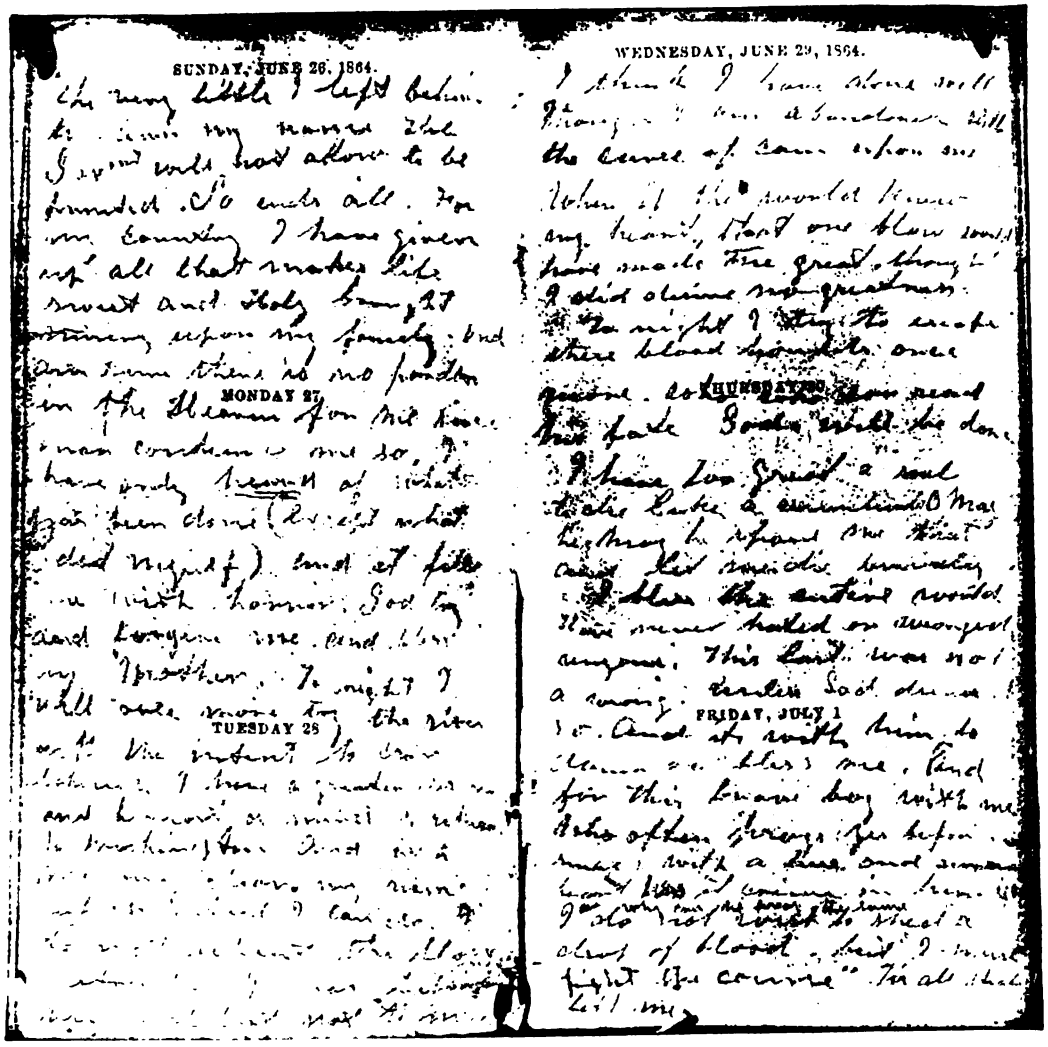
While hiding in the marshes of Nanjemoy Cove, Booth probably wrote the diary found upon his person when shot, which, in addition to being full of interest, is full of errors:

April 14, Friday the Ides.—Until to-day nothing was ever *thought* of sacrificing to our country's wrongs. For six months we had worked to capture. But, our cause being almost lost, something decisive and great must be done. But its failure was owing to others, who did not strike for their country with a heart. I struck boldly, and not as the papers say. I walked with a firm step through a thousand of his friends, was stopped, but pushed on. A Colonel was at his side. I shouted *sic semper before* I fired. In jumping broke my leg. I passed all his pickets, rode 60 miles that night with the bone of my leg tearing the flesh at every jump. I can never repent it. Though we hated to kill, our country owed all her troubles to him, and God simply made me the instrument of his punishment. The country is not what it was. This forced Union is not what I have loved. I care not what becomes of me. I have no desire to outlive my country. This night (before the deed) I wrote a long article and left it for one of the editors of the "National Intelligencer," in which I fully set forth our reasons for our proceedings. He or the South.

Friday, 21.—After being hunted like a dog through swamps, woods, and last night being chased by gunboats till I was forced to return, wet, cold and starving, with every man's hand against me, I am here in despair. And why? For doing what Brutus was honored for—what made Tell a hero. And yet I, for striking down a greater tyrant than they ever knew, am looked upon as a common cutthroat. My action was purer than either of theirs. One hoped to be great himself; the other had not only his country, but his own wrongs to avenge. I hoped for no gain; I knew no private wrong. I struck for my country, and that alone. A country ground beneath this tyranny, and prayed for this end; and yet behold now the cold hand they extend to me! God *cannot* pardon me if I have done wrong. Yet I cannot see any wrong except in serving a degenerate people. The little—the very little I left behind to clear my name, the Gov'mt will not allow to be printed. So ends all. For my country I have given up all that makes life sweet and Holy, brought misery upon my family, and am sure there is no pardon in the Heaven for me since man condemns me so. I have only *heard* of what has been done (except what I did myself), and it fills me with horror. God! try and forgive me and bless my mother. To-night I will once more try the river with the intent to cross, although I have a greater desire and almost a mind to return to Washington, and in a measure clear my name, which I feel I can do. I do not repent the blow I struck. I may before my God, but not to men. I think I have done well, though I am abandoned with the curse of Cain upon me, when, if the world knew my heart, *that one* blow would have made me great, though I did desire no greatness. To-night I try to escape these blood hounds once more. Who, who can read his fate? God's will be done. I have too great a soul to die like a criminal. O may he, may he spare me that, and let me die bravely! I bless the entire world. Have never hated or wronged anyone. This last was not a wrong unless God deems it so. And it 's with him to damn or bless me. And for this brave boy with me, who often prays (yes, before and since) with a true and sincere heart, was it crime in him? If so, why can he pray the same? I do not wish to shed a drop of blood, but «I must fight the course.» 'T is all that 's left me.[1]

Sometime during Saturday they were discovered by a negro, who reported what he had seen to one of the detectives of Colonel Baker, who was in charge of the Federal secret service. The negro's testimony was regarded as so important that he was taken

[1] Proof corrected by comparison with the original.



FACSIMILE OF THE LAST TWO PAGES OF BOOTH'S DIARY. (IN THE SECRET ARCHIVES OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT.)

immediately to Washington to appear before Colonel Baker in person, who, after examining him closely, became satisfied that he had seen the fugitives, and despatched the body of cavalry to Virginia which ultimately overtook the assassins.

Saturday night Booth and Herold again attempted to reach Machodoc Creek, but the light of morning came upon them before they could do so, and they were forced to enter Gambo Creek, a small inlet on Machodoc Point, about one mile from Mrs. Quesenberry's, up Machodoc Creek.

Eleven o'clock Sunday morning Herold appeared at the house of Mrs. Quesenberry, stated that he had been directed to call upon her for assistance by Mr. Thomas A. Jones, and informed her that «the man who killed Abe Lincoln is within a mile of the house.» Mrs. Quesenberry and Mr. Thomas Harbin, a guest at her house at the time, accompanied Herold to the hiding-place of Booth, in a secluded spot up Gambo Creek, where they found him stretched on the ground, suffering much from his leg. Booth talked little, but stated that he thought the worst of his trip was over, and that while his journey thus far had been attended with much danger, he anticipated little difficulty over the remainder of the course, as he soon expected to be among friends. He desired Mrs. Quesenberry to secure a conveyance in order that he might reach the residence of the nearest physician, Dr. Richard Stuart, about eight miles distant.

Mrs. Quesenberry sent dinner to Booth and Herold, and later in the afternoon made ar-

rangements with a neighbor, Mr. William Bryan, to take them to the doctor's. She also prepared a luncheon for the party while en route to Dr. Stuart's country home, «Cleydyle.» In appreciation of Mrs. Quesenberry's kindness, Booth presented her with the boat which he had bought from Jones. The boat was removed to her house, and about ten days later, when her premises were searched, it was taken to Washington; it has been on exhibition in the National Museum for many years. Mrs. Quesenberry was arrested and

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

«CLEYDYLE,» THE SUMMER HOME OF DR. STUART.

confined at Washington; but as nothing could be proved against her, she was finally released.

During the day Booth was assisted to the house of Mr. Bryan, and remained on one of the beds there until the horses for the party arrived.

Sunday afternoon, between five and six o'clock, Booth, Herold, and Mr. Bryan arrived at the summer home of Dr. Stuart, the entire party much under the influence of intoxicants. Bryan brought the men up to the house and left them without further delay. Dr. Stuart informed the men that they could not be accommodated that night, as the house was full of guests; and that as the murderer of President Lincoln was still at large, he could not afford to shelter any one whom he did not know. He, however, offered the fugitives supper, which was served in the dining-room by the ladies of the house. Herold said, «Doctor, we have a secret to tell you.» The doctor turned on him sternly, and replied, «Young man, if you have any secrets, keep them. I do not want to know your secret, and if you are going South you had better go immediately.»

Dr. Stuart's and Mrs. Quesenberry's were both regular stopping-places on the «underground road»; and while the house of the former was somewhat off the direct road to Port Conway, the ferry across the Rappahannock, his unbounded hospitality and his sympathy for the Southern cause made it a rendezvous for those engaged in the secret service of the Confederacy. His hospitality and frankness had twice caused him to be arrested and confined, on one occasion in Washington, and later in a prison-ship near his residence on the Potomac. When Booth and Herold reached his house he had just returned from his second imprisonment, and was little inclined to run the risk again of entertaining any one whom he did not know well. Moreover, he was much displeased to find on his premises two unknown men under the influence of liquor, whose actions were suspicious, while the assassin of Mr. Lincoln was at large.

A free-born negro named William Lucas, living within a quarter of a mile of the doctor's house, and on the latter's premises, was regularly engaged in conveying guests at Dr. Stuart's to the Rappahannock River, a distance of about fifteen miles, and it was to this man's house that Booth and Herold were directed to go that evening.

Booth was keenly stung by the treatment he received at Dr. Stuart's, and that evening, when he arrived at the house of Lucas, whom he frightened much by the announcement that he had killed «that damned old tyrant, Abe Lincoln,» the negro implored Booth and Herold not to stay at his house; but the assassin was inexorable, and forced the negro to secure more whisky for him. Herold and Booth spent the night at Lucas's in a drunken debauch.

The next morning (Monday), before starting for the Rappahannock, Booth sent to Dr. Stuart the following letter by one of Lucas's children:

My dea—[piece torn out] forgive me, but I have some little pride. I cannot blame you for your want of hospitality. You know your own affairs. I was sick, tired, with a broken limb, and in need of medical advice. I would not have turned a dog from my door in such a plight. However, you were kind enough to give us something to eat, for which I not only thank you, but on account of the rebuke and manner in which to [piece torn out]. It is not the substance but the way in which kindness is extended that makes one happy in the acceptance thereof. The sauce to meat is ceremony. Meeting were bare without it. Be kind enough

to accept the enclosed $5 (although hard to spare) for what I have rec'd.

Most respectfully your obedient servant,
[No signature.]

Dr. Stuart was afterward again arrested, and was confined for a short period in the old Capitol prison.

On the way to the river Booth and Herold

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

FRONT VIEW OF THE GARRETT FARM-HOUSE.

stopped that noon at Office Hall, the home of Mr. William McDaniell, where they took dinner; and about three o'clock that afternoon they reached Port Conway, the northern terminus of the ferry across the Rappahannock. Lucas left his troublesome guests at the ferry, and returned home without delay.

Herold here approached a fisherman named William Rollins, and asked him to take them across. Rollins stated that he would ferry them over in two or three hours, but could not row them across then, as he wanted to set his gill-nets; besides, as the ferry-boat was aground, they would have to wait for higher tide before it could be floated.

In the mean time three Confederate soldiers, returning home from the war, rode up; and after introducing himself, Herold, pointing toward Booth, who was sitting at some distance on the door-step of a deserted house, despondently nursing his chin, said, «There 's the man who killed Abe Lincoln!» The party consisted of William Jett, a young man of about nineteen or twenty, Lieutenant Bainbridge, and Major Ruggles.[1] Jett offered to assist Booth, and forced the ferryman to take them all across the river immediately. On reaching Port Royal, at the other side of the river, which is here about three hundred yards wide, Booth mounted behind Jett, and Herold behind Ruggles.

Three miles farther, on the road to Bowling Green, Jett and Booth rode up to the residence of Mr. Garrett, whose house was situated about one eighth of a mile off the road,—Bainbridge, Ruggles, and Herold being left at the gate. Booth was introduced to Mr. Garrett by Jett, the son of an old friend of his, as «James William Boyd.» The good farmer was asked to take care of Jett's friend, who was described as having been wounded in the Confederate cause, until Wednesday morning, when Jett would return for him.

Jett, Bainbridge, Ruggles, and Herold rode five miles farther on toward Bowling Green, and all, except Jett, spent that night and the greater portion of the next day (Tuesday) at Mrs. Clarke's, a short distance from a famous old tavern called the Old Trap, where the men of the neighborhood sometimes assembled to see cock-fights, dog-fights, and other less innocent amusements. Jett proceeded on alone to Bowling Green, and stopped at the Goldman House, then kept by Mr. Goldman, the father of his sweetheart.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

SIDE VIEW OF THE GARRETT FARM-HOUSE.

Booth slept Monday night at Mr. Garrett's, in a room with his two sons Jack and Willie, young men who had just returned from the war. Tuesday was spent in lounging about the lawn playing with the children on the place, where he made himself very agreeable. The news of the assassination had not yet reached this section of the country, as there were no telegraph lines in the neighborhood

[1] For the narrative of Major Ruggles and that of Captain Doherty, who led the pursuing cavalry, see THE CENTURY for January, 1890.—EDITOR.

and no mail service at that time, and consequently Mr. Garrett's family knew nothing of the murder.

During the afternoon of Tuesday, Booth asked little Rob Garrett, then a boy of ten, to take down a large map of the United States that hung on the wall in his father's house. The map was spread upon the floor, and Booth and little Garrett then knelt upon it, and the assassin traced with a pencil several routes, all leading to Mexico. One was to Norfolk, thence by water to Savannah; another touched at New Orleans and Galveston. He studied the map for a long time, and made some notes on a slip of paper, which he must have destroyed subsequently, as it was not found upon his person. Herold came to Mr. Garrett's during the day, and later made the significant remark, «When we get our fortune in Spain we 'll be all right.» (At that time no extradition treaty existed between Spain and this country.)

In the mean time the troop of cavalry sent from Washington on Monday reached Port Conway. About 5 P. M. on Tuesday the officer in charge met Rollins, asked him if he had seen a lame man in citizen's clothes cross the river, and showed him a photograph of Booth. Rollins said the photograph resembled the man who had been there on the day previous, whom he described accurately (of course he had no knowledge of Booth's identity), and was pressed to guide the troopers to Bowling Green, whither, he stated, Jett, who seemed to be the guide of the assassins, had gone.

Poor Rollins has lived a hermit's life ever since. His neighbors charge him with the betrayal of Booth, and have consequently ostracized him completely during a period of thirty years. The claim was also made that he received money for his part in the transaction, which Rollins stanchly denies; and the records at the Treasury Department do not substantiate the charge.

As the body of cavalrymen passed the gate leading to Mr. Garrett's residence, on their way to Bowling Green, Booth plainly saw them from the porch, but exhibited no emotion whatever; and Herold, who at this time was in the lane leading from the road to the house, saw the soldiers and was seen by them.

As soon as they disappeared from view, Booth left the porch of the house, where he had been sitting, and went to meet Herold; and in his conversation with him, at a short distance from the house, exhibited the only excitement which he displayed while there.

That night the assassin attempted to leave Mr. Garrett's. Jack Garrett was offered one hundred and fifty dollars for his horse, which he refused to sell, but agreed to take the two the next morning to Guinea's Station, a distance of about eighteen miles, for which Booth paid him ten dollars in advance. Booth explained to Mr. Garrett's family that he had had «a little brush with the Yankees over in Maryland» to account for his excitement after the cavalry rode by, and stated that he and Herold would like to sleep in the barn that night. The actions of the fugitives had already aroused the suspicions of Jack Garrett and his brother Willie, and they interpreted the wish of the assassins to sleep in the barn as a ruse to secure their horses during the night. After Booth and Herold went to the barn, therefore, the horses were secretly led into the woods half a mile distant, and Jack and Willie Garrett, after quietly locking Booth and Herold in the barn, slept on their arms in the corn-crib near by.[1]

The cavalry, guided by Rollins, who was not informed of the name of the man whom they were pursuing, rode on to Bowling Green, which they reached about one o'clock Wednesday morning. Jett awoke to see by the dim light of a candle four men at his bedside, each of whom held a large cocked pistol leveled at his head. A voice gruffly demanded, «Where did you leave those men? Tell us quickly, or we 'll blow out your brains.» Only half awake, and much frightened by the sight before him, Jett stated that he had left them at Garrett's. Under the threat of death he was forced to lead the soldiers back about twelve miles to Garrett's, which was reached between three and four o'clock Wednesday morning. For Jett's connection with this affair he was jilted by his sweetheart, ostracized by his friends, outlawed by his family, and finally obliged to leave the neighborhood. This was not because he guided Booth, but because he «betrayed» him. He died in an insane asylum in Baltimore.

Upon reaching Garrett's farm the cavalry were picketed before each window and door of every building on the place. Jack Garrett, when awakened, without hesitation informed the soldiers where they would find the two men, whose true names of course he did not know; and was directed to go into the barn and tell the men to surrender. He aroused the assassins, who were asleep on the straw; and when he communicated the message as

[1] For this interesting account of the assassin's movements on Tuesday and Wednesday, the writer is indebted to Mr. Jack Garrett, who now lives within a few miles of his father's old home. The old homestead still remains in the hands of the Garrett family.

directed, Booth turned on him angrily and said, «Young man, your life is in danger. Get out of here!» Young Garrett did not waste any time in retreating. Booth was then called upon to surrender, which he refused to do; and when informed that if he did not the barn would be fired, he remarked, «But there is a man in here who does want to surrender pretty bad,» whereupon Herold presented himself at the door.

In the mean time Jack Garrett had been instructed to pile brush about the barn. While doing so he was discovered by Booth, who, putting his mouth to a crack where the young man was, whispered, «I advise you to keep away from here for your own safety.»

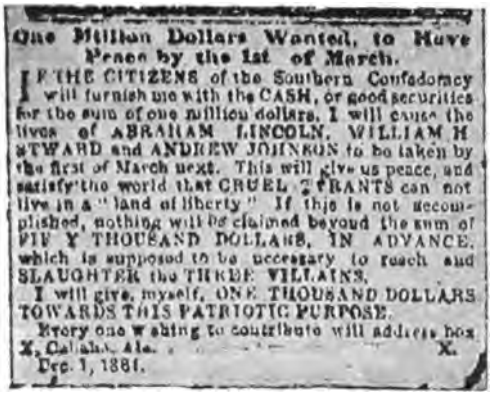
A few minutes afterward the barn was fired by one of the detectives in the party, and a soldier, Boston Corbett, in direct disobedience of orders, shot Booth through one of the cracks in the barn while the assassin was standing in the full light of the flames, which then encircled him completely. The bullet entered in almost the same spot as the shot he had fired two weeks before at the President. Corbett was afterward court-martialed for his insubordination.

The assassin fell forward on his face unconscious, and being seized by the feet by the soldiers, who rushed into the barn, was dragged out quickly through the flames, and carried to the porch of the house, about one hundred and fifty feet distant. Upon Booth's person were found, in addition to the diary and pocket compass, three six-shooting revolvers and a large knife. The newspapers at the time described him as «a walking armory, for upon him were found half a dozen pistols, three large knives, a dagger, and a slungshot»!

Booth died on the porch of Mr. Garrett's house about three hours after he was shot, and among the only words he spoke were, «Tell mother I died for my country. I did what I thought was for the best.» When he attempted to lift his hands, which seemed to be paralyzed, he said, «Useless, useless!»

His body was carried to Washington and secretly buried in the grounds of the Arsenal. Two years afterward it was delivered to his family, and now lies in a cemetery in Baltimore.

During the trial of the conspirators the Government attempted to prove that Jefferson Davis was not only cognizant of the plot, but the instigator of it; and in support of this claim the following advertisement, which appeared in the «Selma Morning Despatch,» Alabama, December 1, 1864, was submitted in evidence:



One Million Dollars Wanted, to Have Peace by the 1st of March.

IF THE CITIZENS of the Southern Confederacy will furnish me with the CASH, or good securities for the sum of one million dollars, I will cause the lives of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, WILLIAM H SEWARD and ANDREW JOHNSON to be taken by the first of March next. This will give us peace, and satisfy the world that CRUEL TYRANTS can not live in a "land of liberty." If this is not accomplished, nothing will be claimed beyond the sum of FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, IN ADVANCE, which is supposed to be necessary to reach and SLAUGHTER the THREE VILLAINS.

I will give, myself, ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS TOWARDS THIS PATRIOTIC PURPOSE.

Every one wishing to contribute will address box X, Cahaba, Ala. X.

Dec. 1, 1864.

But the Government was unable to prove any connection between Booth and the officers of the Southern Confederacy, or, indeed, that Booth's movements were known by any one in the South. It is also interesting to note that a strenuous effort was made later to show that Vice-President Andrew Johnson sanctioned the conspiracy, and was privy to it. It was claimed that Booth was repeatedly seen calling at Mr. Johnson's hotel prior to the assassination, and was in secret communication with the Vice-President. Atzerodt occupied a room in the hotel where the Vice-President stopped, and immediately over his rooms.

Victor Louis Mason.

THE MUTINY ON THE «JINNY AIKEN.»

AN unkempt, hairy, dirty-looking crowd were the starboard watch, as they swayed to and fro on their respective chests in the gloomy, cave-like forecastle. They were at tea, each man wielding a tar- and tobacco-stained sheath-knife, and using it indiscriminately to cut off junks of fat pork from the «kid»[1] on the deck, to smash a «pantile,»[2] or to stir the stuff called tea.

The place was low, with heavy, dark beams overhead, and greasy, damp planking underfoot. Amidships a small scuttle covered the entrance to the forepeak, while above it swung an evil-smelling slush-lamp,[3] from which a wreath of black smoke lazily ascended. It was a stuffy, grimy hole, reeking with wet oilskins, sea-boots, brine, and bilge-water, all blended in one harmonious but abominable odor. On each side the dim light showed a double tier of shelf-like bunks running forward to the «eyes,» while abaft stood the windlass, now the receptacle for wet clothes, coils of rope, and the like.

Outside it was blowing hard. The sharp cry of the mate issuing orders from the poop, the singsong of the hands hauling the braces, the booming of the wind in the foresail, the roar of a green sea tumbling in upon the decks, the shrieking, angry strife of wind and wave at the weather-rail—these and a multitude of kindred sounds filtered their way to the ears of the watch below. But the noises of the storm found little place in the thoughts of the starboard watch, who were hungry and tired out with four hours of stowing sails. That day most of the work had fallen to their lot, and the older hands were growling volubly over the idiocy of the captain in running the ship so far south. «By Chiminny,» Peter the Dutchman was saying in a tone of conviction, «I t'ink he yoost do it for a vork-up yob.»

«Aa doan't see as 'ow that 'u'd do 'im mooch good,» answered a man from Yorkshire. «T' ma way o' thinkin', th' auld man 's got summat more on 'is mind than that. From ma p'int of view, lads, 'e 's a-runnin' on us down into cauld weather t' sell us ‹slops›»[4]

«Wot I harsk is, Wot 's the bloomin' use of it?» chimed in cockney Job in his squeaky voice. «W'y could n't 'e 'ave kep' 'er up in warmer latitoodes an' made just as quick a passage as 'e 's a-doin' of now? An' has fer 'is blarsted slop-chest, I 'd sooner walk roun' on me bleedin' 'ans fer a week o' Sundays than pay ten an' a tanner fer a pair hof 'is flamin' boots.»

At this moment the lee door of the forecastle swung violently open, letting in a gust of cold, damp air, and with it the burly form of the boatswain, clad from head to foot in shining yellow oilskins. Shaking himself like a big dog, he seated himself on the water-cask, and produced a short, black clay pipe, into which he proceeded to suck the flame of the slush-lamp. «Ye 'll want to»—puff—«be ready»—puff—«to come on deck»—puff—«at four bells, bhoys,»—puff, puff,—he said. «The ould man 's give ordhers»—puff, puff—«to shtow the mains'l»—puff, puff, puff.

Curses of the most elaborate and far-reaching nature greeted this statement—curses that not only took in every particular part of the captain's anatomy, but which included four generations of a very respectable family. The boatswain listened to it all with an expressionless face, and when the storm had subsided he spoke again.

«'T is the grea-at lot av saymin you are! Sure, an' ut 's cyap'ens an' commodores an' admirals iv'ry wan av you w'u'd be this minut' if you had your rights! Begad! but ut 's maany 's the owner w'u'd l'ave home an' wife for the likes av you to roon his ships! An' to think that min av your ability is only gettin' two poun' tin a month! Man, man, but ut 's scandalous!»

Mac being one of the after-guard,[5] his sarcastic remarks were overlooked. Most of the men had now finished their meal, and were busy hacking at great plugs of tobacco and loading their pipes. One by one they approached the slush-lamp, and having secured a good light, returned to their chests prepared to smoke and growl to their hearts' content.

«Aye, Mac, me lad,» said Yorky, «it 's all very fine fer ye to be crackin' yer jokes; but can ye gi' us a reason fer it? Aa can see nowt in runnin' a ship down 'ere.»

[1] A deep tin dish. [2] Ship biscuit.

[3] Slush is nautical for grease, it being the skimmings of the «salt-horse» boilers, which in many ships' forecastles is used in lieu of oil for lighting purposes.

[4] Clothes.

[5] A term applied to the officers and all those outside the forecastle.

«Yah, mein friendt, dot is der kevestion,» said Peter, slapping his thigh. And the old sea-lawyers, who dearly loved an argument, turned their faces toward the boatswain, expectantly waiting his answer to this poser.

For a moment the canary-clad giant withdrew his pipe and gazed scornfully about the circle. «Well,» said he, «av all the poor, ignorant, oakum-headed, pork-scoffin', riggin'-shinnin', pier-head-joompin' galoots iver I was shipmates wid, you fellys bate the lot! Do none av you know that the higher the latitude the shorther the longitude, an' that the nearer the poles you are the quicker you can thravel?»

He paused for a moment as he threw down this gauntlet, but no one taking it up, he pressed the tobacco down into the bowl of his pipe with a tarry index finger, took three violent pulls at it, and continued:

«Not wan av you, eh? Begad! I was thinkin' that same.»

«Ye say ye can travel quicker in these latitudes than ye can oop yonder?» said Yorky, pointing northward. «An' 'ow d' ye mek that out, me man? Aa 'm not tekin' on any o' yon stoof.»

«'T is aisy explainin' to thim that is acquaint wid Mercator's Protection an' the nautical almanac,» replied the boatswain; «but as the likes av you w'u'd on'y undhershtand by way av an illusthration, I 'll be afther givin' you a bit av me own expayrience. Does aany av you know the *Jinny Aiken?*»

«Yuss,» said Job; «'ails from Liverpool; howned by McDiarmid & Greenshields; was a 'underd an' seventy dyes comin' 'ome in 'er from Port Pirie—the hold cow.»

«That 's her,» said Mac; «an' 't was the same old thumpin' tub that carried me an' a cyargo av rails from London to Callao tin years ago; an' by the same token, ut was the most exthryordinary passage iver made in the annuals av windjamming.» The boatswain paused a moment to secure a fresh light, and then continued: «An' this was the way av ut. We was forty-wan days out on a Friday mornin', bad cess to ut, fwhin we riz Cape Horn on our starboard bow. The wind was in the sou'west, an' says the cyap'en to the mate, ‹Mr. Duncan,› says he, ‹kape her in middlin' close; for 't is a great slant round we have this mornin', an' we might as well make the most av ut.› So the mate give ordhers to kape her away a couple av p'ints, an' we run in that near the rocks you c'u'd count the fidthers in the tails av the pinguins that shtud there.

«'T was an illigant forenoon, bright an' cold an' clear as ould whisky, an' the whole av us took a good square look at the lay av the land, for 't is not often you have that chanst.

«About eight bells in the mornin' watch we was right abreast av the cape, I mind. All hands was sweatin' up the tops'l halyards before the watch below wint to br'akfast, an' was chantying, ‹Blow the man down,› fwhin the ould man yells, ‹Starboard fore-braces!›

«Before we 'd hardly got the yards fore an' aft, there come quick shouts av ‹Let go your r'yal and t'ga'n's'l halyards! Down jibs! Lower away on your shtays'ls, an' shtan' by your tops'l halyards!›

«An', begad! we did n't have the kites aff her aany too soon; for the next minut' a buster from the west'ard shtruck us, an' she keeled awver to the hatch combin's. Man, but it did howl!

«As I joomps for'ard to furl the jib, I see that we was headin' shtraight for the rocks. 'T was aisy seen that the shkipper was hopin' to weather the cape on that tack. But 't was no use; we was too close inshore, an' before long we had to put her about an' shtan' away to the south'ard.

«Ut kep' blowin' harder and harder all that day. At sundown 't was a whole gale, an' we had the ould hooker snugged down to goose-winged tops'ls and a storm trys'l.

«An' all the time the cyap'en was walkin' the poop at the rate av knots, madder than ould Harry at the way things was goin'. He was a quiet, dacint kyind av a man, was Cyap'en Richardson, fwhin there was a fair wind; but fwhiniver the breeze w'u'd crawl round before the beam, ut was a case of ‹Shtand from undher.› Ut 's mighty little shp'akin' he done wid us min, but he had a shtony eye on him wid a divil at the back av ut that give us to undhershtand he was a detarmined man, an' a bad wan to cross. Howiver, 't was small thought we had for thim things joost thin.

«That night, as luck w'u'd have ut, 't was my eight hours out, an' fwhin I wint aft for my thrick at the wheel from eight to ten, the ould man was shtill on deck, shtanding undher the lee av the weather cloth, cursin' in four languidges. ‹Kape the weather leech shakin', me man,› says he as I passed.

«‹Aye, aye, sorr,› says I, an' I relieved the wheel.

«The mate in the mane time was on the main deck tightenin' up the battens av the hatches, an' as soon as he come up the cyap'en an' him has a great palaver, an' I c'u'd see by the way they was thumpin' the

rail wid their fishts that they was havin' quite an argymint, though for the life av me I c'u'd n't hear wan worrd av ut.

«Afther a while they walks aft to look at the compass, an' I hears the ould man say: ‹'T is no use, Mr. Duncan; shtrong westherly winds prevail here now for the next six months, there 's a heavy shwell ag'in' us, an' the current besides. If the wind don't change durin' the next twinty-four hours, I 'll take me chanst—I will, by ——!›

«‹Very well, sorr,› says the mate; ‹I 'll say no more.›

«An' wid that they wint for'ard, l'avin' me wondherin' fwhat the divil was in the wind, aanyhow. 'T was not more than tin minut's later fwhin the cyap'en comes back ag'in.

«‹How 's her head now?› says he.

«‹Sou'-sou'west, sorr,› says I.

«‹Well, kape her full,› he says. ‹In fact,› he says, ‹ye can make the coorse south.›

«‹South ut is, sorr,' says I, puttin' me hellum up; an' that was the way she ran for the rist av the night.»

«Py Chiminny!» said Peter, «dot skibber moost haf peen a pigger fool as dis von. Vat he run so far south for, anyhow?»

«An' is n't that fwhat I 'm thryin' to tell you, you Zuyder Zee farmer?» said the boatswain. «If you 'll howld your whisht a bit, you 'll be as wise as your betthers.

«Yes, an' we kep' on shteerin' south for three days,» he continued, «ontil the bergs got that thick ut was dangerous sailin'. An' cowld! Mother av Moses! but 't w'u'd freeze the hair av a polar bear.

«I think ut was about two bells in the afthernoon watch on the third day afther we left the cape, fwhin a grea-at high wall av ice loomed up dead ahead.

«‹Thank God!› says I to mesilf, as soon as I see ut; ‹he 'll have to tack to the nor'ard now, anyway.›

«The watch below turned out wid their blankets aroun' thim to see the sight, an' all han's was anxiously waitin' for the ordher to 'bout ship. At lasht the ould man shtumps up on the poop, and luks aroun' him as cyalm as ye plaze.

«‹Ah,› says he to the mate, who was shtandin' beside him, ‹I see we 've made Palmer's Land, Mr. Duncan. I think,› says he, ‹you may square the main yard.› An' in less than five minut's the *Jinny Aiken*, wid the howlin' gale on her quarther, was tearin' through the grane say like a mad thing, shteerin' due aist.»

«East!» cried Peter at this juncture. «Millioen donnerwetter! Vat in plazes vas you headin' east for, ven you vas pound for Callao?»

«An' bedad! that 's joost fwhat we wanted to know,» replied the boatswain; «but for the love of Hiven, Pether, shtow your jaw till I put a knot in the ind av me yarrn.

«The next ordher was to set the foresl. an' thin we worrked the rest av the watch clappin' sail on the ould wagon till she fair buried hersilf. Niver in all me mortal days did I see aany vessel, sht'amer or sailer, thravel as quick as did the *Jinny Aiken* on that thrip. Talk about ‹carryin' on›! Be the powers! but Richardson was the bhoy for that, you 'd bether bel'ave. Sure, 't is the greatest wondher av me life he did not run her undher altogether.

«We hove the log wanst, and that was enough; for before the apprentice that was houldin' the glass cried, ‹Shtop,› the log-line reel, an' the naygur on the ind av ut, was awver the shtarn. On'y for the mate grabbin' the man's heel as he wint across the rail the starboard watch w'u'd have been wan hand short.

«‹How many?› axes the cyap'en, from the weather side.

«‹Eighteen an' a naygur, sorr,› says the mate. An' that, mind you, was a fair sample av the way we was sailin'.

«That night, in the dog-watch, the fo'c's'le wint roarin' crazy awver the cyap'en's shtrange condooct. Wan half av us w'u'd have ut that the man was clane out av his mind, an' the other half come to the conclusion that there was some undherhand business about the voyage, an' that below the iron in the hould our rale cyargo was shtowed. Maybe 't was firearms an' ammunition for some foreign rebellion, maybe ut was opium; but aanyway, we all agreed that somethin' was wrong.

«There was some pretty woild worrds there for a while, now, I 'm tellin' ye; an' if the young wans had had their way, 't would have been opin mutiny from that minut'. Afther a bit, howiver, a few av us that was more expayrienced got our heads togither, an' held a council av war; an' the upshot av ut was, we decided to turrn to, as ushil, ontil we 'd see whether the ould man had anything to say.

«Well, we waited wid gintlemanly patience for a wake; but niver a worrd did he shpake, nor divil a thing c'u'd we dishcover regyardin' his intentions; an' be that time we was gittin' tired av ut, for the wind was blowin' wid the foorce av siveral gales lashed togither all the time, an' the cowld was crule.

«Thin, wan good Sunday mornin', the crowd

av us musthered aft at the break av the poop, and the cyap'en was walkin' up an' down above, wid a face on him as harrd as a marlinshpike.

«‹Fwhat do you min want?› says he, shtandin' shtill, an' lookin' down at us wid a black scowl.

«‹Axin' your pardon, cyap'en,› says I, shteppin' for'ard, ‹but w'u'd you kindly inforrm us where this ship is bound to?›

«‹Where did you sign for?› says he.

«‹Callao, sorr,› says I.

«‹Thin fwhat are you axin' me fool questions for?› says he.

«‹Because, sorr,› says I, ‹fwhin a vessel is bound to the west'ard 't is not common to shteer her aist.›

«‹Indade!› says he; ‹an' how long is ut since *you* l'arned to navigate, *Mr.* McGuffin?›

«‹That, sorr,› says I, ‹is no matther av navigation, but common sinse.›

«‹Well,› he says, shtampin' his fut, ‹if that 's all you have to say, you 'd betther go for'ard about your worrk.›

«‹Ut 's not all, Cyap'en Richardson,› I says. ‹We 're wantin' an explanation, an' if you have none to give us, we refuse to obey ordhers, an' you can worrk the ship yoursilf.›

«I was lukkin' to see him get woild fwhin I w'u'd say this, but divil a bit av ut. All he does is to shtick his hands in his pockuts an' laugh.

«‹I have no doubt that you 're a pack av fools,› he says; ‹but there 's small fear you 'll be quite such ijuts as that.› An' wid that he walks away an' l'aves us.

«Thin the gyang av us throops for'ard, swearin' bloody murdher that niver another han's turrn w'u'd we do aboord the *Jinny Aiken*.

«Before night, howiver, we had to give in that the ould man had the best av ut. We c'u'd n't let wan man shtay at the wheel till he froze, an' we had to keep a han' on the lookout for to protect oursilves. An' thin in the afthernoon watch ut blowed that heavy the shticks w'u'd have gone clane out av her on'y we tuk in sail. So, afther all, we turrned to, the same as before, but there was a dale more wickudness in our hearts.

«Afther that 't was the divil's own time we had. What wid furlin' an' reefin' an' bendin' aloft, what wid worrkin' up to our middles in wather below, the pump goin' two hours in every watch, the fo'c's'le l'akin' like a sieve, half av the crew laid up, an' the remaindher on duty night an' day, begad! 't was no picnic. Ut kep' up for awver two weeks, an' all the time the ould barky was runnin' before ut like a race-horse, the high wall av ice shtill on our starboard beam, an' her head shtill p'intin' aist.

«At the ind av that time the whole av us was that played out we did n't care whether the shkipper sailed her to the bottom or not, an' iv'ry wan uv us took to our bunks wid our minds made up that we 'd not touch another rope till ould *Jinny's* nose was turned north.

«Well, bhoys, fwhat does the ould man do but shorten our 'lowance av rations to hardtack an' wather. Thin he puts the cook, steward, carpenter, and sailmaker on deck, takes a watch himsilf, an' betune the mates, apprentices, an' the rest, he kapes her goin' as hard as iver. Sayser! but 't was the stubborn man he was!

«Livin' on weevilly biscuits an' bad wather is not good for the health av a man, ayther in body or mind, an' 't was not long before we was ripe for any diviltry afloat. Finally we lays plans to seize the cyap'en an' the mates, take charge av the vessel oursilves, and sail her into warmer latitudes.

«For two or three days the weather had been a thrifle betther, and the night we had set for the attack come off that thick ye c'u'd n't see the lingth av your nose away. At eight bells the mate comes for'ard, as ushil, an' sings out, ‹Muster!› An', as ushil, not a man goes aft; but an hour later ‹Sails,›[1] who was on watch outside the fo'c's'le door, was knocked on the head wid a han'shpike, and the crowd av us creeps aft by way of the weather shcupper, aich man wid a knife in his teeth an' a belayin'-pin in his fisht. My ordhers to the bhoys—for they 'lected me cyap'en—was not to use the knives onless things was goin' ag'in' us.

«'T was the mate's watch on deck, with the docthor[2] at the wheel; an' thanks to the fog an' us bein' barefutted, we had the two av thim down and lashed widout the breakin' av a head. The second mate was not so aisy. For all he was in his bunk, he fought like a tiger, an' wan av the fellys had lead in his arrum before we secured him. The apprentices and ‹Chips,›[3] seein' the way av things, give in to wanst an' was locked up in the galley, an' the on'y wan that was missin' was the ould man. All av a suddint we hears him comin'; an' he was takin' the companionway shteps four at a joomp.

«‹Shtan' clear, bhoys!› I yells; an' the next minut' he bounces onto the poop-deck wid his eyes flashin' an' his hair flyin', an' a revolver in iv'ry han' blazin' away like a

[1] The sailmaker. [2] The cook. [3] The carpenter.

Maxim. On'y for the blessed fog I 'm thinkin' there w'u'd have been light on maany a subject fwhere no light was before. An', be the powers! he had the whole afther ind av the ship to himsilf in short ordher! Away for'ard we c'u'd hear the roarin' av him, for all the worrld like a woild baste fwhin rations is scarce.

«Av coorse there was niver a shootin'-iron among the gyang, an' there was nothin' for ut but to lie low till mornin'. So we lowered the mates an' the afther-gyard down the forepeak for to kape thim out av harrum's way, an' for the rest av the night we kep' watch an' watch.

«Joost before daylight all han's av us was called, an' 't was settled that we 'd rush the cabin as soon as the sun come up. An' all the time the fog was that thick you c'u'd hang your hat on ut.

«At lasht the shky got light. ‹Shtan' by, bhoys!› I says in a whisper. An' in another minut' there w'u'd have been bloody worrk aboord the *Jinny Aiken* on'y for wan thing. Joost thin I catched a glint av the sun on the main thruck, an' before you w'u'd draw breath the fog lifted.

«For full two minut's the whole av us shtud lukkin' aft widout a worrd, for there, shtandin' at the wheel, tall an' grand, wid his feet an' head bare, an' his pyjamas blown into tatthers, was the ould man. He had been shteerin' her all night.

«Well, sorrs, I dunno fwhat come awver us all; but I mind falin' a kyind av a loomp in me throat, an' the nex' thing I knew we was cheerin' like mad.

«Afther that the jig was up; for the starch was out av us, an' inshtid av goin' aft we turrns back intil the fo'c's'le wid oncertain minds.

«‹Bhoys,› I says, ‹'t is a brave man an' a detarmined wan we have to dale wid, and I 'm thinkin' 't will be no aisy thing, afther all, to take him; for belayin'-pins is wake argymints alongside av revolvers. Up to the prisint,› I says, ‹our necks is safe; but if the ould man goes awverboord, 't will be a hangin' job. Fwhat do you say, bhoys; will we thry and make terrms wid him?›

«We had some gab about ut, but in the ind ut was agreed on, an' as quick as I c'u'd find a white handkerchief I lashes ut to a cyapstan-bar, an' marches aft, me flag of thruce flyin'.

«All the way along the deck he niver give me wan luk, but fwhiniver I shtrook the poop-laddher he ups wid his han', an' zip! goes a bullet through me clane handkerchief. ‹Hould on, cyap'en!› I says, dookin' me head; ‹'t is p'ace we want.›

«‹P'ace or p'aces,› he says, ‹'t is all wan to me, ye scoundhrels›; an' crash! goes another ounce av lead into the rail above me.

«‹Say the worrd, cyap'en,› I shouts, goin' down the laddher a shtep, ‹an' we 'll turrn to ag'in.›

«‹You 're —— accommodatin' all av a suddint, Mr. McGuffin,› he says, sindin' a third pill whizzin' awver me cran'um.

«An' that was the way we kep' ut up for siveral minut's, me sayin' the softest things I c'u'd think av, an' him answerin' wid the hardest.

«At lasht he shtops firin', an' I hears him swearin' like a lost pirate. ‹Glory be to Pether!› I says to mesilf. ‹I 'm layin' duff to dog's-body[1] his cartridges is gone›; an' wid that I makes wan bould leap up the shteps, clears the distance betune us in a couple av bounces, knocks a revolver an' a handful av cartridges out av his fishts, and thin hugs him. While he was rowlin' on the deck the rest av the crowd run aft, an' 't was not long before we had him sittin' on the skylight, lashed han' an' fut.

«Thin we all gathered aroun' him, an' as soon as I got me breath I says, ‹Cyap'en Richardson,› I says, as perlite as you plaze, ‹now that you 're in our power, w'u'd you be so kyind an' so condescindin' an' so —— obligin' as to put the ship north if we cut the shtrings aff av you an' obey your ordhers?›

«‹No, you mutinous blackgyards!› he thundhers.

«‹Thin, sorr,› I says, ‹maybe you 'll tell us fwhy you run us so far south, an' fwhy you 've been shteerin' aist for the lasht twinty-eight days?›

«‹No, nor that ayther!› he says, sittin' up as proud as a lucifer match. While I was scratchin' me head an' wondherin' fwhat I 'd say next, some wan sings out, ‹Land on the port bow!›

«Fwhin he heard ut, the ould man joomps to his feet as if he 'd been shot, an' the rest av us rushes to the rail, fair woild wid excitement.

«How in the name av all that 's wickud he iver got thim lashin's aff, I 'll niver tell you: but the next thing we knew, the shkipper was shtandin' behind us, examinin' the land through his glass. All to wanst I see him shmile, and thin he says in his ould voice, ‹Bhoys,› he says, ‹we 'll put her north now if you like. That land ahead av us is the cape, an' this time

[1] A baked forecastle dainty (?) composed of pea soup, powdered ship's biscuit, and fat salt pork.

we 're on the right side av ut. McGuffin,› he says, winkin' at me, ‹call the officers, an' thin man the starboard fore-braces.›

«At first we c'u'd n't rightly undhershtand ut, but fwhin we dishcovered that sooner than be three or four weeks thryin' to round the Horn ag'in' a head wind, the ould man had made a fair wind av ut an' sailed aroun' the other way, circumferizing the worrld in twinty-eight days, we joost cheered him till our teeth ached. Widin half an hour we had the *Jinny* braced up on the port tack an' shteerin' a shtraight coorse for Callao.

«Afther that we had plum-duff an' two tots av grog iv'ry day. The cyap'en was presinted wid a gold medal by the Society for the Previntion of Cruelty to Dootchmin fwhin he got home, an' niver wan worrd about the mutiny was said from that day to this.

«An' now,» said the boatswain, as he finished his yarn, «maybe you 'll undhershtand fwhy ut is that cyap'ens run their ships so far south. Betther get your oilshkins on, bhoys,» he added, as he stepped to the door.

A moment later his voice was heard roaring orders on deck, and the watch below put on their soul and body lashings, preparatory to going aloft, with a grim smile upon their weather-beaten faces.

H. Phelps Whitmarsh.

RAINY TWILIGHT.

OH, put thy hand in mine, and we 'll take the road together:
With gold the west is dappled above the rainy hill;
Yet raindrops hiss upon the twigs in token of foul weather;
The twilight is deserted; these haunted ways are still.

But who with love and youth would hesitate to follow
This little cart-track running through sumacs to the sea?
Sweet is the veil the rain has made for love in every hollow;
The gay winds kiss to beauty thy happy face for me.

Each wheel-rut is a pool to glass the leafless thickets;
The dry reeds clash like cymbals, or sway like men at war;
Into the dusk a rabbit darts; in antiphons the crickets
Weave happy songs to shatter the silence they abhor.

Wide, inaccessible, there lies the solemn level
Of darkened meadows stretching unto the ocean's rim,
Seamed with the winding waterways wherein shy creatures revel,
The meadow-hens brood near, the slow tide-waters brim.

The spray from off the sea blows salt across our faces;
Thy brow the cool rains kiss; thine eyes with love-light shine.
What bits of happy song we sing! What laughter haunts these places,
Thrilled with the far surf's thunder, damp with its sweeping brine!

The strong gales buffet us; the rain hosts fight with lances—
With leveled lances set, against us ride in vain:
Far and forgotten now is grief; no care with us advances;
Our gay gods haunt alike the sunshine and the rain.

L. Frank Tooker.

THE CHURCHES OF PÉRIGUEUX AND ANGOULÊME.

TOWER OF ST. FRONT, PÉRIGUEUX.

I HAVE tried to show why Provence, lying close to Italy, is the first French province one should see when trying to understand how Romanesque developed from ancient Roman art.[1] Now we must turn to Périgord, in the western part of central France; for here, in the town of Périgueux, stands one of the oldest and most remarkable of all French churches—one that was built under peculiar local conditions, but strongly influenced the subsequent course of architecture far beyond the boundaries of its own town and province.

I.

DURING the fifth century the semi-civilized Visigoths spread themselves over those Gallic lands which the Romans called Aquitania, established a splendid court at Toulouse, and extended their dominion into Spain. But when Clovis, early in the sixth century, drove them out of the greater part of Aquitania, his Franks held their new domain merely by force of arms. They did not settle upon it and make themselves at home as they had done in the regions north of the Loire, and therefore the Romanized Gallic blood of its people was much less strongly tinged by barbarian strains.

The consequences of this fact have never been outlived; even to-day the southern differs from the northern Frenchman in character and temperament, in aspect, manner, aptitudes, and tastes. But for centuries the racial difference meant actual antagonisms of the keenest sort. All the provinces south of the Loire resisted the scepter of the Frankish kings, and later of the French kings, with peculiar persistence and passion, and religious and social antipathies aided political rivalries to perpetuate warfare even as late as the seventeenth century. The southerners spoke the *langue d'oc*, which we now call Provençal, while the northerners spoke the *langue d'oil*, which we call French; and southern types of medieval art were distinctive in the strength and the long persistence of the Byzantine, as well as of the classic, impress which they had received at their birth.

Of course Charlemagne thoroughly possessed Aquitaine, as he did almost all other parts of western Europe. But the hold of his descendants upon it soon waxed weak; the counts whom he had everywhere set as governors in his towns quickly made their power hereditary in Périgueux; and local defiance of northern authority grew still more bold when, late in the tenth century, the Capetian dynasty succeeded the Carolingian. Then, in Périgord, public acts were dated, «In the reign of God until there shall be a king»; and a count of Périgueux is the hero of an oft-told tale which, whether literally veracious or not, truthfully typifies the temper of the time. When Hugh Capet demanded his surrender, saying, «Who made you a count?» this bold rebel replied, «Who made you a king?»

The railroad between Toulouse and Périgueux is a cross-country route unknown to the tourist, and speedy progress is the last thing it considers. But just for these reasons it is a delightful road to travel. It runs through districts beautiful with those bold rock formations and those floods of cloudless light and opalescent color which the South so confidently offers in compensation for the richer verdure of the North. In many parts the contours of the landscape are picturesquely broken, and I remember no journey which shows a more persistent panorama of oddly attractive architectural bits. Large towns are very few, but villages whose names one never heard before are many. Each looks as though neither man nor thing of modern

[1] See «The Churches of Provence,» in THE CENTURY for November, 1894.

make could ever have entered it. All are accentuated by quaintly effective ruined walls, feudal castles, or time-worn churches, and many cling to high points of cliff as though they were details from Albert Dürer's backgrounds. When I tried, from the train, to note down the delightful diversities of the ubiquitous little towers, I soon abandoned the attempt—they were so numerous and so oddly diverse. And, as a whole, it seemed an entrancing country for a pedestrian tour, offering the full flavor of an ancient, an untraveled, and an untouched land, with something certainly curious and probably charming to enliven each successive hour.

At the end of such a journey Périgueux itself is rather disappointing. It is a small town and, for France, a dull one, and commonplace-looking despite its station on hilly ground beside the river Isle, and despite its pretty gardens and riverside promenades, its Roman ruins, and its early medieval churches. The hills are not imposing, the ruins are very badly ruined, and the churches make little showing in a general view; medieval and Renaissance structures of other sorts—military, civic, or domestic—seem few and tame after the riches of Provençal places, and the modern architect has seldom been ambitious.

But we know that every town in France was picturesque in medieval days, while religious enthusiasm joined to unceasing warfare kept it always lively. And we may believe that Périgueux was an attractive place even in Renaissance days, after it had drunk its share of the bitter cup on which the west of France was nourished during the long struggle between the Capetian monarchs and their English vassals, and the still more bitter one which the whole land imbibed during the Hundred Years' War, when these vassals were trying to make themselves the actual kings of France. We may believe this, for Montaigne was a gentleman of taste, and unlikely to be swayed by provincial prejudice; and he has a monument in Périgueux which bears these quoted words: «*M'aimerois à l'aventure mieulx deuxiesme ou troisiesme à Périgueux que premier à Paris.*»

To-day, however, Périgueux is preëminent in but a small and carnal way. Its most noted natural product is the truffle, and its finest works of art are its truffled *pâtés*.

II.

CLOSE by Périgueux to the southward are some scant remains of the Gallic fortress of pre-Roman days. The part of the town which is called the Cité stands on the site of the Roman Vesuna, and across the river from this is the Bourg Puy-de-Saint-Front, which grew up around an oratory built in the sixth century over the tomb of the first bringer of the Christian gospel. These two parts of Périgueux long existed as separate burghs, each with its own fortifications; they were not united until the year 1269.

A monastic house was soon established in connection with the oratory of St. Front, and, perhaps before the close of the sixth century, a basilican church was built above three underground chapels which still exist. Of this Early Christian church (or, as the French would say, this Latin church) enough likewise exists to tell us pretty clearly what it was. Its nave was five bays in length and was covered by an open wooden ceiling, while the lower, narrower aisles were vaulted with stone. The façade, now much mutilated and partly concealed by other structures, was crowned by a little pilastered arcade, above which rose a crude version of the classic pediment, adorned with pilasters, with small rude figures, and with inlays in coarse reticulated patterns—barbaric imitations of Roman mosaic work. In front of the façade stood a covered porch, and this must have been one of the very earliest of those true porches which, because they gave fuller protection from the weather, or because they were more easily built when the art of shaping columns had been forgotten, soon replaced the open portico of the basilica, and were gradually developed into the beautiful structures that tempted Romanesque and Gothic sculptors to reveal the richest capabilities of their chisels. This covered porch at Périgueux was built several centuries before the very classical one which we saw at Avignon; yet it must have been quite Romanesque in expression, for it was entered through a round-arched arcade.

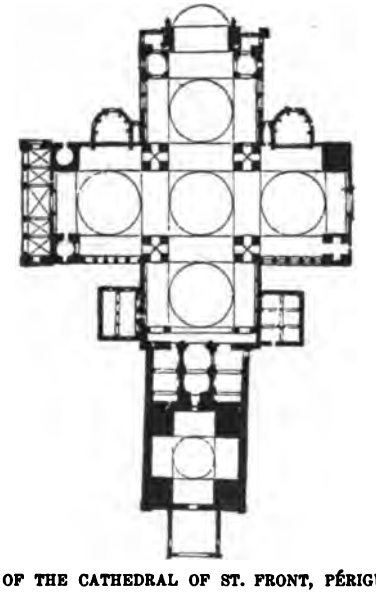
Three bays of the nave to which it gave admittance (greatly altered, of course) now form a sort of ante-church, and beyond them stands the later church for whose special sake the traveler visits Périgueux. Nothing could be more unlike its Early Christian predecessor than this church of St. Front, and nothing more unlike the churches of its own date in other parts of France. The basilican plan is frankly and wholly abandoned. In plan, and consequently in design, St. Front is a Byzantine church, although, most probably, it was begun before the year 1000—some years before the classicizing porch at Avignon, and more than a century before those Provençal portals which proclaim Byzantine

influence. St. Front at Périgueux lacks the rich decoration of St. Mark's in Venice, its broad façade and stately doorways, and its interior colonnades; yet if these two famous churches are not actually twins, nevertheless they are «two sisters of one race,» and their birth-dates fell very close together.

III.

TRIUMPHANT Rome spread her monuments over the East as over the West, and they formed the basis of Byzantine as of Romanesque art. Like the Romanesque builder, the Byzantine builder took arch and pier and column, rejecting the entablature, and developed a pure system of arched construction in place of the Roman mixture of the arched and trabeated systems. But he did not accept the basilican ground-plan, and he did perpetuate the dome, neglected and forgotten in the West.

This was undoubtedly because he labored and experimented first in Syria, for the dome was indigenous on Asian soil; ages before the time of the Romans the Assyrians had used it with their barrel-vaults. But the main triumph of the Byzantine builder was an innovation of his own: it was the discovery



PLAN OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. FRONT, PÉRIGUEUX.

Within its walls, the diameter of St. Front, exclusive of the remains of the Early Christian church, is 176 feet, and the height of its central dome is 84 feet.

of more plastic ways of building domical ceilings. The Romans had raised these arched and circular ceilings only upon circular substructures; but now they were fitted to substructures of other shapes by throwing their weight upon special points of support, the transition from the square or octagon below to the circle above being made by means of pendentives.[1] Basilican churches occur in Syria, and in some of them, where the aisles are as lofty as the nave, we may probably read the origin of those very tall aisles which, as we have seen, were characteristic of Provençal Romanesque. But square ground-plans, or cruciform plans with arms of equal or of nearly equal length, became the rule in the East; the central dome was often flanked by smaller ones, or, as at St. Sophia in Constantinople, by semi-domes; and of course a different scheme of design for the walls of the church was thus required.

But other than modified Roman elements entered into the composition of Byzantine architecture. Large parts of Asia Minor had been Greek in very early times, and, much later, the successors of Alexander Hellenized Syria. Here Roman work was itself affected by Greek traditions, and likewise by that indigenous art which we call Phenician and which had largely devoted itself to working in metals; and the Early Christian style still more clearly took the impress of these antecedent arts, while distinctly Oriental influences also touched it. New methods and types of decoration were evolved. Late Roman profiles and carvings had been in very high relief, but soft and lax in execution; now they were very much flattened (the carvings often actually in intaglio), but were wrought with a sharp, crisp touch; and their flatness and their sharpness alike recalled the ideals of the metal-worker. Greek inventiveness showed in new forms for bases and capitals, Greek taste in their grace and beauty. Foliage was freely designed after Greek acanthus types, or with vine-leaves and grape-bunches that were characteristically Phenician. Interlacing patterns of straight and circular lines were borrowed from the Orient, and were mixed with the new symbols and monograms of Christianity. The Oriental love for color and richness spoke through the decorative use of varied marbles, of metals, of gildings, and of inlays, and through the more sumptuous aspect given the mosaic pictures borrowed from the Romans. Painting was also largely employed; but—probably owing to the influence of Hebrew prejudice—figure-sculpture was never much in favor

[1] Pendentives are the curving fields of wall which, filling the spaces between the supporting arches, spread and unite above in a continuous wall of the shape desired for the base of the dome. They are clearly shown in our picture of the interior of St. Front.

INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. FRONT, PÉRIGUEUX.

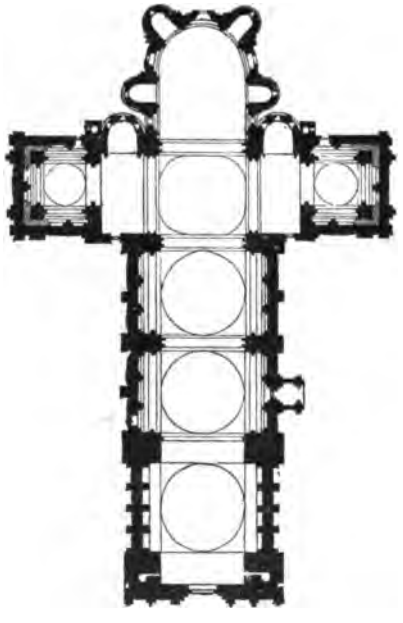
with the Eastern Church, and eventually it wholly disappeared before the cry of idolatry raised by the famous sect called the Iconoclasts.

Rome and the Orient thus furnished the basis for Byzantine art, but Greek intelligence developed its constructional elements, the Greek sense for balance, harmony, and grace blended its diverse decorative motives, and to Greek skill of hand was due their exquisite execution. When we want to characterize early Byzantine work we must call it Greco-Roman work of a novel kind. Nor should we forget that the crowning monument of this branch of architecture, the Church of the Holy Wisdom in Constantinople, was built by Greek architects of Syrian birth.

Of course the magnificence compassed in St. Sophia was not developed all at once. Many of the churches, chapels, and monasteries built in Syria between the third and the seventh century, and still existing in great numbers, are relatively simple and plain; and Oriental features are not conspicuous until we approach Constantinople, where all the products of all the East were gathered, and where her artists crowded to

a court much more Oriental than Greek or Roman in spirit and in customs. Yet without a knowledge of the early churches of Syria it would be impossible to understand how St. Sophia, built in the sixth century, came to differ so entirely—in plan, form, feature, and decoration—from the basilican churches which Constantine, in his newer as in his older capital, had erected two centuries before. And until we compare the sureness in design and the technical skill these Asiatic works display with the awkwardness, the roughness, the crudeness of the Early Christian buildings of the West, we cannot realize the value of an unbroken heritage of Hellenic knowledge and taste.

Not only hundreds of admirable Syrian churches, but St. Sophia itself, had been completed before the Early Christian basilica at Périgueux was begun. When we think what this must have been, with its wooden ceiling and scant, barbaric attempts at ornament, and what St. Sophia is, with the most beautiful dome that has ever yet been constructed, and a richness of finely devised and perfectly wrought adornment that has never yet been equaled, can we marvel that any



PLAN OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER, ANGOULÊME.

The length of St. Peter's, outside the walls, is 266 feet, and its breadth across the transept 165 feet.

kind or degree of contact with Byzantine art deeply impressed Western eyes and often guided Western hands? Can we wonder that the churches of Constantinople were copied at Ravenna, or that Charlemagne copied Ravenna at Aix-la-Chapelle, and sedulously encouraged the immigration of Byzantine artists? Or is it surprising that, in the tenth century, the Venetians, perpetually in commercial contact with every Eastern port, imitated a Constantinopolitan church amid their own lagoons? Between the sixth and the eleventh century Western art—Romanesque art—was not even sure what it wanted to try to do, while in the sixth century Eastern art—Byzantine art—had already conceived and perfected some of the most marvelous monuments of human intelligence and taste.

IV.

BEFORE crusading times the Venetians monopolized the carrying-trade between East and West, and it is easy to see how the small and precious wares of which their cargoes chiefly consisted—stuffs and jewels, ivory, metal, and wooden carvings, and ecclesiastical ornaments—gave lessons in decorative design even to the far north of Europe. But how, in the time of Hugh Capet, a century before the first crusade, was the remote inland city of Périgueux brought into such relationship with Eastern art that it could actually build a great church after a Byzantine model?

Probably through these same Venetian agencies. The Norman pirate was then abroad, and, with a valuable cargo, no one dared to force a passage through the Pillars of Hercules and the Biscayan Gulf. So the Venetians landed their wares at the ports of Provence, and thence carried them across country to Limoges, where, in the latter part of the tenth century, they established a colony with an abbey-church of their own. From Limoges their goods were distributed, again by land, or by sea from the ports of Nantes and Rochelle, through the British Islands and the northern parts of the Continent. Périgueux lay on the Venetian track, southward some sixty miles from Limoges. A Venetian or a Byzantine architect turned trader for the nonce, or a monkish architect from Périgord itself who had visited Venice or Constantinople under the traders' wing—who can say which it was that conceived the wish to build a Byzantine church so far to the westward of Byzantine lands, or directed its designing? We cannot even be sure whether St. Front was copied from St. Mark's, or directly from an Eastern structure. But the former theory is usually held, and the years between 984 and 1047, quickly following the years which saw the building of St.

FAÇADE OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER, ANGOULÊME.

Mark's, are usually named as those which witnessed the building of St. Front.

Compare the plan of St. Front on page 920 and Mr. Pennell's sketch of its interior with a plan and a picture of St. Mark's, and you will see how similar they are, and how utterly they differ from any Western type of church. They are characteristically Byzantine, alike in the equal length of their four arms and in the domical character of their ceilings. But, on the other hand, they differ from all other Byzantine churches in the position and the massiveness of their four great piers, in the fashioning of these piers into hollowed spaces, and in the enormous size of the arches they bear as supports for the five low domes. On the strength of a description by Procopius it is believed that St. Mark's was imitated from a peculiar Byzantine building, the Church of the Apostles in Constantinople, long ago destroyed. Even if we did not know of any close connection between Venice and Périgord, it

would be easier to believe that the Venetian copy of this church was recopied in the farther West than that two Western architects should have chanced to choose the same exceptional Eastern structure as their model. Moreover, St. Front and St. Mark's are almost precisely alike in their dimensions, while the recorded importance of the Church of the Apostles, in a city of magnificent temples, seems to imply that it was a good deal larger.

When the original construction of St. Front is understood, one fact seems very plainly proved: whoever designed the church, it was actually built by local, provincial hands. Its pendentives were constructed in a fashion which showed that the geometrical reasons for Byzantine expedients had not been clearly understood. The colonnades which, running from pier to pier, form aisles in St. Mark's, were replaced by tall arcades attached to the walls—features less difficult to construct and more suitable to the plain materials here employed; the decorative details were largely local—that is, Gallo-Roman—in character; and the huge pier-arches were slightly pointed.

Of course in St. Mark's, as in all Eastern churches, only round arches were employed. But we have seen that the nave-vaults of Provençal churches were given a pointed shape as early as the year 1100, although the Provençal style as such remained thoroughly Romanesque. At Périgueux the case was similar, and the reason for it was the same. Here again the use of the pointed arch was «a method of construction rather than an architectural characteristic.» It merely meant that, a century before Provençal architects learned the lesson, this far Western builder knew that, on a large scale and by inexperienced hands, a broken curve might more easily be managed than a semicircular one.

The exterior of St. Front differed more from St. Mark's than the interior. Its domes appeared as cupolas, the central one supporting a lantern, and the others large ornaments shaped like pine-cones such as the Romans had frequently employed. The Greek cross ground-plan was not confused by the addition of a wide façade. The circles of windows at the base of the domes which so mysteriously illumine St. Mark's were not reproduced; but, instead, the walls of all the four arms were pierced by tall round-headed lights. Each arm was finished, on each of its three faces, with a low pediment, and at each of the outer angles of the structure, between these pediments, rose a low, square turret with a pyramidal roof. All the roofs were of stone, and they were laid, as in Provençal churches, directly upon the exterior curves of the ceiling.

Patient examination of a much-injured fabric, aided by the evidence of old prints and descriptions, thus portrays the church of St. Front as it stood when first completed. But it was often injured, and in part renewed with conspicuous alterations; and then, some thirty years ago, it was almost entirely reconstructed. Of course this reconstruction professed to be a restoration, but its faithfulness may be estimated from a single fact. In no way was the church more interesting, significant, or individual than in the pointed shape of its huge arches. But the «restorer»—the noted architect Abadie—rebuilt these arches in a semicircular shape. Of course an innovation of so radical a kind throws doubt upon all the other portions of his work, and especially upon the design of the apse which had been destroyed and replaced in a Gothic period.

The great white interior of St. Front now looks bald and bare indeed if one remembers the gorgeousness of St. Mark's. But we cannot believe that it was ever as gorgeous as St. Mark's. There exists no trace and no tradition of marble overlays or mosaics; we can fancy nothing more than paint as the original covering of the walls; and the sculptured decoration was always as sparse as it is today. Yet, white and plain as it now stands, and reconstructed none too faithfully although we know it to be, this great interior makes a powerful impression upon eye and mind. It is imposingly stern of aspect, but not gloomy or oppressive. It has the interest of something unfamiliar, unexpected. It has the merit of a vigorous architectural idea unfalteringly expressed without dependence upon ornament. It has the beauty of great and very simple massiveness and of harmonious proportions. And above all it has the peaceful dignity, the large serenity, the soaring and yet brooding strength, which only wide spaces covered by domical ceilings can possess.

V.

AFTER this second church of St. Front was finished, three bays of the nave of the original Early Christian edifice remained, as I have said, forming an ante-church at its western end. One of them, next to the crudely adorned ancient façade, was transformed into a sort of vestibule and covered by a small dome, and above the other two a tower was

CENTRAL LANTERN AND TOWER ABOVE THE NORTHERN TRANSEPT-ARM, CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER, ANGOULÊME.

carried to a height of nearly two hundred feet.

When I was in Périgueux in the year 1889, and when Mr. Pennell was there, the tower of St. Front was taking its turn amid the perils of reconstruction. It was wholly invisible behind a network of scaffolding, and I have always been afraid to inquire whether it was really being reconstructed or in some way «improved.» However, there are plenty of pictures to show its ancient estate, and one of them is reproduced as our initial letter. It is the very oldest of all the old church-towers in France, and it is as interesting for its individuality as for its age.

Neither classic Rome nor Byzantium constructed lofty towers, but when Early Christian builders wanted them, Roman art furnished more adaptable motives than Byzantine. The tower of St. Front speaks of Byzantium only in its domical roof; all its other features are distinctly Roman. Yet these Roman features are not adapted as they were in other districts. The tower of St. Front differs radically from the early Italian campanile type which we saw in the tower of St. Trophime at Arles; and it differs quite as much from more strictly French types developed nearer at hand, as may be seen by comparing it with the Angoulême tower illus-

ONE BAY OF THE NAVE, CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER, ANGOULÊME.

trated on page 925. When we remember that, although it was built a little later than the Byzantinesque church to which it was attached, it was itself a work of local inspiration; and when we see that it is not even Romanesque, but merely Early Christian in style, then, indeed, it is interesting to find that it recalls most forcibly, not any work of its own or of contiguous periods, but the work of Renaissance architects, returning afresh, after the rise and fall of Romanesque and of Gothic architecture, to the precedents of classic Rome, and not so much the designs of the earliest Renaissance architects as of those who, in the sixteenth century, were led by Palladio. I do not mean that Palladio or his followers ever built a tower like this; only that its features and their treatment resemble the features and the treatment which they turned to other ends.

Naturally the men of the eleventh century were not Palladios in experience, skill, or taste, and the tower of St. Front is much too naïve in idea and too crude in execution ever to be mistaken for a piece of their work. Nevertheless, it is fine in idea and imposingly dignified in effect, and the inexperience of its builders was much more plainly revealed by their constructional than by their artistic devices. They set the successive stages of their tower in retreat, so that the weight of the upper ones did not fall fully on the walls beneath; and although most of the windows were blocked for the sake of greater firmness when the structure was repaired after a fire in the twelfth century, it is a marvel that it did not need an entire rebuilding long before our day. The circular upper stage was surrounded by a ring of closely set columns, varying in size and form,—evidently

stolen spoils from classic buildings,—and the roof was finished with a pine-cone, to correspond with the finish of the lateral domes of the church.

St. Front was not made the cathedral-church of Périgueux until the seventeenth century. St. Stephen's, in the Cité, now called the Old Cathedral, held the bishop's chair. It was built, or rebuilt, at nearly the same time as St. Front, and the influence of the latter is clearly apparent. We do not find again the Greek-cross ground-plan; nor, indeed, was this ground-plan ever again employed in France. But the plan was as the plan of St. Front would be if shorn of three of its arms. There were no aisles, as in basilican churches: the Old Cathedral had merely a very broad nave of two bays, each covered by a dome, and probably a semicircular apse; the taller choir with the larger dome which we see to-day was added in the twelfth century.

The novel success of St. Front was appreciated quite as quickly in other towns as in Périgueux itself. Not only elsewhere in Périgord, but in Auvergne toward the east, and in the districts called Angoumois and Saintonge toward the west, churches similar in plan to the Old Cathedral of Périgueux were built before the end of the eleventh century —without aisles, and with domes and external cupolas. And then, in the twelfth century, in Saintonge and Angoumois, in Poitou toward the north, and still farther north in Anjou, beyond the river Loire, many other domical churches large and small arose, showing the influence of St. Front in more modified but still very manifest ways. One of the earliest and most interesting among the buildings of this class is the Cathedral of St. Peter in Angoulême, at which, in a moment, I shall ask you to look.

The Romanesque styles of France were too vigorously developing from local roots, as expressions of local needs and tastes, to be radically transformed by any external force. The style of Périgord did not become Byzantine, nor did the styles of neighboring provinces docilely follow the example of Périgord. Nevertheless, all were deeply affected by the lessons learned from the East by the builders of St. Front, and the best, the most important, of these lessons was the one most eagerly and widely accepted. This was the lesson how to build ceilings of stone which should preserve a church from the fires so constantly encouraged by ceilings of wood. No one taught this lesson to the more northerly provinces of France. They developed their own methods of stone vaulting. Naturally their success was tardier, and meanwhile the demon of fire was busy. Therefore large Early Romanesque churches are rare in the North, while they abound in the provinces I have named, often almost perfectly preserved to our own late day.

VI.

A BROAD, isolated hill about two hundred feet in height, with two winding rivers near its base; a hill with almost perpendicular sides and a plateau-like top, covered closely with buildings and edged with trees—this is Angoulême. In Roman days it lay within a triangle formed by the three chief highways of these western districts, left aside when, with their customary directness, the great road-builders of antiquity connected Périgueux, Saintes, Limoges, and Poitiers. For this reason Ausonius wrote of it, «*Iculisma . . . devio ac solo loco*»; and to-day we cannot suspect that Rome ever valued it unless we look underground or within museum walls. But the relics here preserved prove that it was an important place to the Romans, and its strong position kept it important through all the warring centuries which stretched between the collapse of their power and the firm consolidation of the modern kingdom of France.

During the fifth century Angoulême, like Périgueux, was included in the Visigothic kingdom; in later times—Merovingian, Carolingian, early Capetian—it had its full share of the troubles caused by internecine strife and by Saracenic and Norman invasions; and still later, rather more than its full share of those due to the strife between England and France. During a period of three hundred years few other foreign towns are so constantly cited in histories of England; and Isabel, the second wife of King John, was daughter and heiress of Aymar Taillefer, Count of Angoulême.

After the Taillefers, the Lusignans—whose name rings very loudly but not very nobly in crusading tales—were the counts of Angoulême. When the last of them died, in 1303, their heritage was attached to the crown of France; and down to the time of the Revolution the duchy of Angoulême was usually the appanage of some prince or princess of the blood. But as long as the English wars continued, all places in this region were really owned by him who could take and keep them. After Angoulême had passed more than once from hand to hand, they were all ceded to England by the treaty of Brétigny in 1360,

BENEATH THE TRANSEPT TOWER, CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER, ANGOULÊME.

and not until the year 1451 were they wholly delivered from fear of the foreigner.

In the following century fresh disturbances began. Protestantism took strong hold upon the west of France, and one can hardly wonder at its growth if the bishops of Angoulême were fair samples of their class. For forty years their flocks never once beheld the face of any one of them. They preferred to disport themselves at the court of the pope or

the king. Everywhere in these provinces the wars of religion raged with peculiar virulence, and in Angoulême they were further embittered by the fact that the greatest local family, the family of La Rochefoucauld, was itself divided between the old faith and the new. Reading the story of the sixteenth century in Angoulême, you might easily fancy yourself back in the bloodthirsty days of Visigoths and Franks.

While her father, Charles of Orléans, was Duke of Angoulême, Margaret of Valois was born within its walls—the sister of Francis I., the grandmother of Henry IV., the Margaret of the « Heptameron,» *la Marguerite des Marguerites*. Ravaillac, the assassin of Henry IV., was also born there, and Jean-Louis Balzac—the Balzac of the seventeenth, not of the nineteenth century; and to match Montaigne, the great essay-writer whom Périgueux honors, Angoulême boasts of the great maxim-maker, La Rochefoucauld, whose ancestral castle still exists only a few miles away.

The Visigoths fortified Angoulême with materials taken from its Roman buildings; and for many centuries the edges of its hill were girt with walls and towers, while the taller towers of feudal dwellings rose from its streets and squares. Now nothing military remains except a polygonal keep built by the Lusignans, and a round one built by Valois princes, both rather awkwardly incorporated with the modern town hall. On the site of the ramparts broad tree-set promenades encircle the town, widening on the north into lovely, shady gardens which, in terraced levels, stretch far down the flank of the hill. From these gardens you may look out over a fertile plain watered by the winding Charente, beloved of Henry IV., and from the southern verge of the hill you may trace the smaller stream of the Anguienne by its curving rows of poplars, while rocky plateaus and little arid hills diversify the landscape toward the east. From every point along this charming circuit the view is admirable; and seen from the plain below, the town makes a picturesque effect, especially on its southern side, where, close to the steep brow of the cliff, fronting on a spacious *place*, the cathedral lifts its conical dome, its lofty tower, and its tall and turreted façade.

Angoulême, while not exactly picturesque, is a very attractive town. It is a rich manufacturing town of some 35,000 inhabitants; and so, while you need not fear the rather depressed appearance of Périgueux, you need not expect the romantic ancient look of Avignon or Arles. But, on the other hand, although it has been modernized in almost all its features, Angoulême has not the aspect of a typically modern commercial city, for its great factories and workshops stand down in the plain near the banks of its rivers. If I thought that an American term would be understood with a marked transatlantic difference, I should say that Angoulême has a sort of « colonial » air—a quiet air which does not mean stagnation, a rather remote air which does not mean real antiquity, an air at once placid and alive, leisurely and well-to-do, provincial and well-bred; an air as of a place a little away from the world, a little back of to-day, yet not out of the world, not forgotten by to-day. You will not be astonished or excited, but you will be pleased and content, the moment you enter it; and although it has little to show except its cathedral, its gardens, and the views from its ramparts, you will be sorry when you are obliged to leave it.

VII.

WHERE the Cathedral of St. Peter now stands, on the highest part of the hill, an Early Christian cathedral, probably of wood, was burned in the year 981. A stone church, similar in plan to the Old Cathedral of Périgueux, soon replaced it; and in the twelfth century, when growing episcopal ambition reconstructed so many Northern cathedrals, this one was enlarged and enriched. The work was done by Bishop Gérard,—whose episcopate lasted from 1101 to 1136,—and so thoroughly that the western bay of the nave alone retained its primitive aspect.

It is interesting to examine in how far Gérard was swayed by the example of St. Front, now a hundred years of age, and in how far he returned to old basilican precedents. He revived the Latin-cross ground-plan by the addition of a short transept, but did not revive the basilican pier-arcades and aisles. He adorned his walls with a richer and more vigorous version of the blank arcades of St. Front, and placed his windows above them, opening internally upon narrow galleries. Outside, a continuous slanting wooden roof of old basilican pattern replaced the Byzantine cupolas; but inside, each bay was covered by a domical ceiling, and the great arches were again slightly pointed, although their pendentives were built in a much more skilful manner than at Périgueux. An open lantern of domical character covered the crossing of nave and transept. Over each of the transept-arms—which were treated as

chapels with wide, high galleries—rose a rectangular tower more than a hundred and sixty feet in height, with a domical ceiling at the level of its second stage; and the façade of basilican churches, which had been allowed no place in the scheme of St. Front, appeared again, and achieved its true Romanesque importance.

Few churches have suffered more during eight hundred years of life than Gérard's cathedral, and as we see it to-day it is largely a reconstruction. Gérard himself did not quite complete it. The upper part of the façade above the main arcade and the window was added after his time; and as old prints portray the tower above the southern transept-arm with Gothic features and a slender spire, it was probably being finished in the year 1259, when, as we read in a letter still preserved, Hugh de Lusignan so violently quarreled with his clergy that he forbade materials required for the cathedral to be admitted within the gates of the town. Then the Hundred Years' War meant long periods of utter neglect, and the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries many Gothic alterations; in the sixteenth century the Huguenots pillaged and burned and mutilated the cathedral, it was scarred by the shots of besiegers, and its Gothic tower collapsed; in the first half of the seventeenth century it was sedulously repaired after the Renaissance fashion of that time; and then, like St. Front, it was taken in hand by Abadie, some forty years ago, and practically rebuilt. He might have done worse by it, and also he might have done somewhat better.

The tall Romanesque tower over the northern transept-arm was taken down, and, stone by stone, carefully reconstructed. This, I believe, we may trust as entirely veracious; and comparing it with the tower at Périgueux, we realize the great advance that art had made during a single century, even along a path where Byzantium afforded no assistance. Here there is a clear, logical, fresh conception, a beautiful harmony and balance of parts, a free, perfected use of non-classical types of ornament; in short, a consistent and rich expression of a new and individual style. This is not a tower built up of more or less coherent parts, but a tower vigorously imagined as an entity. Here no one can think of ancient Rome except as the mother of a child who has outgrown all need for tutelage, and whose ideals and expedients are entirely different from her own.

The façade would probably please us better could we see it as Bishop Gérard meant that we should. The sculptures on the portion which he built represent scenes from the Day of Judgment—scenes perpetually portrayed in medieval art, but never, perhaps, on another page as large as this; and they all lead up to the figure of Christ in Glory which fills the great central arch. Above this crowning, completing feature other sculptured scenes can hardly have been planned, nor conspicuous ornamentation of any kind; and the unpleasing proportions of the façade as it now stands lead us to imagine the intended one much lower and with smaller angle-towers.

The domes of the nave were originally covered, as I have said, by a slanting roof which concealed their exteriors, and this the restorer has retained; but he seems to have gone outside his documents in raising a cupola rather than a low tower over the central dome at the crossing of nave and transept; he was hardly justified in introducing a sculptured tympanum in the main doorway of the façade, for the Romanesque portals of Saintonge are usually without it;[1] and he certainly was not justified in altering the western bay of the nave so that it no longer clearly shows the aspect of the eleventh-century church which elsewhere Bishop Gérard had transformed. This is one of those crimes—committed for the sake of a mendacious architectural uniformity while the innovator is professing to be simply a restorer—which, if you are a true lover of ancient art, you find it impossible to forgive.

VIII.

NEVERTHELESS, when you enter the cathedral of Angoulême, and submit yourself to the impression which it produces as a whole, your indignation at this modern crime or that, and your doubts in regard to this or that historical question, will disappear, and also your craving for the picturesque in architecture, and even your dislike for new-looking old interiors. Angoulême is new-looking from end to end, not picturesque in effect, and very clean and white. Yet it has not that mechanical look, that raw and chilly, bald and staring look, which must have afflicted you sorely in many an ancient church less radically restored.

This, I think, is because the scheme is both strictly architectural and very simple. It depends for its effect upon its constructional

[1] The district about Angoulême was Angoumois, while Saintonge lay farther to the west, with Saintes as its principal town. But the Romanesque styles of the two districts are similar, and illustrate what is usually called the *école de la Saintonge*.

beauty, very little indeed upon its adornment. The sculptor has decorated only the capitals of the great piers and of the arcades, and all the arch-members show plain square sections. Beautiful proportions, beautiful, strong, and simple lines, beautiful, broad spaces of wall and pier and dome, give this church its character; and so, of course, it is radically unlike those columned and galleried and many-windowed churches which, whether they were built early or late in medieval times, whether they are heavily solemn or delicately exuberant in effect, always appeal more or less to the sense for the romantic, the picturesque. In no form or feature except its ceilings is Angoulême like a classical structure of any kind, yet we admire it with the same side of our enthusiasm that classic art awakens. And we must choose the same words to describe it. It is soberly yet gracefully dignified. It is reserved, refined, aristocratic, and elegant in a very noble sense. It is stately, it is serene, it has a wonderful air of distinction. And it wins all these qualities by virtue of its harmonious, its admirably conceived and finished simplicity. Therefore it produces a vaguely classical impression such as I have recognized in no other medieval church; and therefore it is not injured, to our modern taste, by the clean whiteness of its modern color. Probably all parts of classic buildings, and all parts of this cathedral also, were originally brilliant with many hues; but accustomed to their absence, you do not miss these hues from a Grecian temple, and I think you will not miss them in Angoulême. The naked beauty of the architectural idea will perfectly content you.

As you might expect, a certain classic impress does survive in the decorative details, but it is much less pronounced than at Périgueux. Here there are no true Gallo-Roman motives; the old elements have been mingled with new ones, learned from Byzantium or from the North, and have been bent to the realization of new general ideals, new special types of beauty.

Much of the impressiveness of this serene and pure interior comes from the quality of the illumination. Not the richest splendor of colored rays cast by the Gothic windows of the North is more poetic than the clear, softly tempered glow that falls, from far above our heads, through the high-placed windows of the nave—clear, yet softly tempered even when a summer sun is shining at its brightest outside; and with this mild and pearly light contrast effectively a greenish light from the *grisaille* windows in the dome, and a stronger, whiter flood pouring into the chapel beneath the transept-tower.

The interior of Angoulême cathedral is characteristically Southern, and the façade is Southern too, but in a different way. Here you will find exuberance, lavishness, ornamental richness of detail, and symbolical richness of meaning—a decorator's rather than an architect's triumph. By contrast it seems as though the soul of some dead Greek had entered into the Romanesque artist who designed Angoulême's nave, the soul of some Oriental into his brother who built the western front. Then, taking the point of view indicated in the picture on page 925, you may again forget the luxuriance of the façade, and find delight in simpler, more truly architectural lines. Abadie's cupola is beautiful whether it is veraciously historical or not; the tall tower is so boldly regal that you cannot wish that its supremacy had been impaired by the reconstruction of its mate above the other transept-arm; and against the creamy stones of the apse the branches of the foreground trees paint an exquisite network of emerald green.

Pray that the sun may shine while you look at the exterior of this church. And after you have seen it well, and have learned by heart the views from the balustraded edge of the square which stretches up the hill in front of it, and those from all other portions of the ramparts, and after you have seen all else that Angoulême has to show, and have rested in its silent, shadowy, terraced gardens, be sure to return within the cathedral doors. Let the last picture you carry away from Angoulême be a picture of the stately, gracious space beneath its broadly, gently sweeping domes. Note once more how calm is its dignity, how noble its elegance, and how refreshing its cool quietude and purity to an eye that is wearied by the blaze of Southern sunlight. Then, perhaps, you may imagine upon how many human souls, during its eight cycles of a hundred years, it must have laid a touch like that of the soothing hand of the Mother of Christ.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

WHO ARE OUR BRETHREN?

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

I.

PERHAPS one reason why people dislike the notion of human brotherhood so much is because the ties of kindred are often made so irksome. Society holds you to account for your brother's behavior, and even for his character, as if you had invented it, or at least favored it; and his children can bring your children to shame by their misconduct, though they may never have seen one another.

It is hardly enough, on the other hand, that you receive a sort of reflected glory from your brother's excellence or celebrity; you are then expected to live up to him, and that may be another hardship if you have not his talent or temperament.

You feel that you are fitly answerable for your son, in a measure, though his great-grandfather on the other side, if he could be got at, might sometimes be much more justly made to suffer; but you do not feel that you are fitly answerable for your brother, and you feel that it is cruel of society to hold you so. If he is stupid or tiresome, people will shrink from you, as if you partook of his character because you partake of his origin. Often you do partake of his character. Brothers are often alike; but often they are intensely unlike in tastes, habits, manners, dispositions, temperaments. Often you shall be truly the brother of a man whom you have met rather late in life, and whom you like because he is of kindred nature, while in your heart you may fail to like the brother who is merely of kindred origin. Yet if one allowed the brother of one's blood to come to want or disgrace, society would hold one infamous. If it were the brother of one's soul, society would have nothing to say.

This is because society finds it convenient to shirk its own obligations in the matter, and put the burden upon the individual, whom it is supposed to honor in proportion to the weight of the load it lays upon him. But it is society which ought to take care of the involuntary or natural brotherhood, for the voluntary or human brotherhood can always take care of itself.

The wrong has gone on from generation to generation, and kinship has been exalted as something sacred, and of a claim too high to be questioned, though Christ so explicitly denied its claim. «Who are my brethren? . . . Whosoever shall do the will of my Father. . . . the same is my brother.» We have never risen to a conception of fraternity such as Christ meant. Our only notion of fraternity is through a confused and rebellious sense of natural brotherhood, with its factitious duties enforced by society, so that when fraternity is proposed to us as the ideal state, we shrink from it in dismay at the thought of any more brothers.

II.

IF we look at the facts without preoccupation, it would seem that fatherhood has natural duties and motherhood has natural duties, but brotherhood and sonhood have social duties. A common tenderness, a reciprocal affection, grows up between parents and children and brothers and sisters through the daily use of life and the exchange of constant help; but there can be quite as much love from adoptive children to their adoptive parents, and between adoptive brothers and sisters, as among those of the same blood, and this love can hardly be shown to be different in quality. Parents must love their children. It is their natural duty; they longed for them and brought them here; but the children did not long for their parents, and they did not ask to come. Brothers and sisters have only a social duty to one another, for they did not choose to be of the same blood. Society, however, attributes the same natural obligation to all, and this is unreasonable. A man must not let his parents or brethren suffer. He must, in fact, not let any one suffer, and then he will not let his kindred suffer; but society distinguishes, and hardly censures the comfort which lives on amidst the misery of all the world outside of the family.

A man will honor his father and his mother because their love for him will have bred in him a love for them which he cannot betray

without atrocity. He must obey while young, and be subject to his parents' wisdom, or their authority if they have no wisdom; and as long as he lives he must be faithful and helpful to them for love's sake. But anything more than this in the old law Christ seems to have interpreted in a new sense; he said that those who did the will of the Father of all were his mother and his brethren, and he refused to honor his natural kindred otherwise.

The whole teaching of his life, indeed, is to leave us free and to make us reasonable, and the supreme lesson of his life is voluntary brotherhood, fraternity. If you will do something for another, if you will help him or serve him, you will at once begin to love him. I know there are some casuists who distinguish here, and say that you may love such an one, and that, in fact, you must love every one, and if you are good you will love every one; but that you are not expected to like every one. This, however, seems to be a distinction without a difference. If you do not like a person you do not love him, and if you do not love him you loathe him. The curious thing in doing kindness is that it makes you love people even in this sublimated sense of liking. When you love another you have made him your brother; and by the same means you can be a brother to all men.

When the free man, in the manifestation of that power which constitutes liberty, sacrifices himself to the community, or gives up his personal advantage for the sake of others, and accepts a common right for it, he not only ceases to be wholly savage and begins to be civilized, but he begins to be truly domesticated, to partake of the family life which Christ said was community in doing the will of God. He makes himself the equal of men who had not his advantages before, and becomes in this sense their brother.

III.

As the image of equality is now to be found only in good society where all are theoretically peers, so the image of fraternity is to be found only in the family which, so far as it is united, is really bound together, not by blood, but by love and help and gratitude. The family, like society, is always trying unconsciously to impart itself to the whole of humanity. But it would not and could not do this if its ties were merely natural. That which holds it together is something supernatural: the love that grows up between intelligent beings from custom and the comfort of mutual understanding. We are the only animals that have this love, and it did not come to us from nature. Among other animals there is quite as much love of offspring as there is among men; the old ones cherish their young, and will come to their help when they are in danger; but it is doubtful if there is any filial love. There seems to be, because the young fly to the old ones when they find themselves in danger, and pine and die if they are taken away. But this is probably from a selfish fear; and as for fraternal love, it is unknown in nature; it is purely supernatural; it is altogether social. Brothers and sisters among the lower animals are wholly indifferent to one another; it is only among men that they show the fraternal feeling which we call the fraternal instinct. It is possible that there may be some instinctive love between brothers from that prenatal love which the mother bears to all her children; but beyond this fraternity is a social feeling and not an instinct. It is chiefly among the most civilized men that this feeling shows itself in all its heavenly beauty as something voluntary. With the savages and the barbarians the involuntary ties of kindred are vastly stronger. If the brother of a savage is killed, he must kill the slayer, or if he cannot kill him, then the next of kin, or, failing that, then some tribesman. In a low state of society kindred binds to the last degree; in the higher stages it grows weaker after the first degree. Clanship and cousinship have disappeared, except among the ruder tribes and the less enlightened peoples. Shall I care for one of my name merely because he is so, or for the grandson of my grandfather, more than for another man whom I have reason to love for his goodness, or my kindness to him?

What is precious in fraternity is the supernatural, and not the natural. «Whosoever shall do the will of my Father, . . . the same is my brother.» This supernatural quality is purely social, the love between people of like wills and hopes and ideals; a love which ignores all sense of duty. Brothers by blood, if they are congenial, love each other because they understand each other; because they are alike, and of the same traditions and conditions. But two persons not at all alike may love each other quite as tenderly for the same reasons.

Liberty is of no value in itself, but is valuable only as a means to equality; and equality that did not eventuate in fraternity would perish. Equality will enlarge itself to the bounds of humanity as fast as people learn that in likeness there is the only rest and comfort and pleasure that men can know; and

fraternity will come as the result of the same conviction.

IV.

BUT to the average civilized man the notion of human brotherhood is not only dismaying; it is repulsive, as the physical contact of a stranger would be. We are all, by our difference of traditions and conditions, more or less aliens to one another—«infinitely repellent particles,» like the sentences of Emerson. When we meet an unknown fellow-man our instinct, if not to «heave half a brick» at him, is to have nothing to do with him because we do not know him; we wish to shun and to shirk him. But if we meet an unknown fellow-man in good society, we behave decently to him, because the ideal of society is equality among guests and between hosts and guests. We have to suppose that he is something like ourselves or he would not be in good society; and so we consent to endure him, and when we have been civil to him we find that we like him a little; we like him greatly if it appears that he is of like aspirations and endeavors with ourselves. In any case we make a show of liking him, for any show of disliking him would be vulgar. But the only terms of great liking are parity of aspiration and endeavor.

Without this we cannot have fraternity, and when we have this we shall have a brotherhood liberated from those irksome burdens and galling ties which society now inflicts upon natural brotherhood. Society does this ignorantly, of course, in a conception of the family which is a survival of the times when one family was adverse to another, when each was the germ of an unfriendly gens, tribe, clan, and each of its embattled members might not so unjustly be made to answer for all the others. But in civilization the individual, not the family, has been found to be the social unit; he is precious, and it is he who is regarded. He is regarded in and for himself, and not because he is akin to this, that, or the other one. If he does wrong, he is punished, and none of his kin are made to suffer through the state, as they are in barbarous countries, where the innocent kindred of a public enemy have their eyes put out when he is put to death. In this the state shows itself more humane than society, which still regards the family as the unit so far as to defame a man if his brother errs, and to defame all his brethren if the man himself goes wrong. Society still recognizes fraternity only in the natural sense, and has yet to learn that any love between brothers is altogether supernatural, and not an instinct, like the love of offspring.

Fraternity is supernatural, as all civility is. The man was an animal and natural; now he is a citizen and supernatural, so far as he is civilized. What we may do, is to civilize him so thoroughly that this fraternal feeling will impart itself to all humanity. At present the most of men do not wish to share in the blessings of supernatural fraternity, because they dread in them some latent quality of the annoyance they find in natural fraternity. From the brotherhood of blood, which they did not choose or seek, they often break away as soon as they can, and treat their brothers on a business footing. They buy and sell with them; they lend and borrow, and take and give usury, or if, for shame's sake, they do not, they secretly feel defrauded. They live apart from one another, and keep their families separate. If one brother prospers beyond the others, they are suspicious of him, and justly, for at the bottom of his heart he knows that they are no longer his equals, and fears that they will sometime put him to shame before his equals. We all thought it very droll when the new rich man ceased to ask his brother to dinner, and said, «One must draw the line somewhere.» But we all felt the joke the more because in our secret souls we had the potentiality of the same meanness.

Perhaps, however, it was not meanness. Perhaps it was the simpler or franker expression of the revolt in human nature against injustice. The man who drew the line at his brother knew that if his brother were present and ate with his knife all his guests would laugh in their sleeves, not at his brother alone, but at him too, and would hold him responsible for his brother's bad manners. The escape from such an odious situation from this injustice of society, is not by the way of greater inequality, as the victim imagines, but by the way of greater equality. You must not, you cannot, deny the natural brotherhood without pangs of remorse and shame; but if you could be enlarged to the supernatural brotherhood you would have a refuge from all your woes. Then your brother would be the brother of every other man; you would not have to disown him or ignore him, for you would not be personally responsible for him if his manners, or even his morals, were bad. Society would be responsible for him, and you would have to answer for him only as every member of society would. There ought to be consolation in this notion for a community like ours, where so many people are getting up that it

is quite impossible for every one to pull his brother up with him.

V.

AFTER all, we *are* our brother's keepers, though a Cainic society has been denying it ever since the first murder. We are put into one another's custody in this world; here, where so many things are in doubt, this is unquestionable. Up to the present time our notion of a custodian has been some sort of jailer. Society really provides no other for the weaker brethren. We imprison people whom we find wandering about without a home; we imprison utter poverty; we imprison hopeless misfortune. We may not all of us think that a very fine thing; but we have to draw the line somewhere, and if we are brought to book about it, we shrug and ask, What are we to do? Are we to give tramps a decent lodging? Are we to secure to poverty the means of livelihood? Are we to succor misfortune without shutting it up and putting it to shame?

These questions, which are of our own asking, must be of our own answering. It is not that misery is growing, but that it is growing intolerable, if not to the sufferer, then to the witness. We have come a certain way toward humanity, and it seems to be the parting of the ways. One path will lead us onward to the light; the other will take us roundabout, and back to the darkness we came out of. In this age a man denies the claim of humanity with much greater risk to himself than formerly. He is in danger of truly becoming a devil; not the sort with horns and hoofs and forked tails, who were poor harmless fellows at the worst, but the sort of devil who *acts* upon the belief that every man must take care of himself.

That is the belief which society, as a whole, acts upon now, as far as it can; but personally we are each more or less ashamed of it, and reject it more or less openly. It is the rule of business, but it is not the rule of life; because it is in the experience of every living soul that men *cannot* take care of themselves.

It is not yet so apparent to us all that men must take care of one another; but in the history of the race that is the most obvious lesson. The stronger man must take care of the weaker, as his jailer, on the old lines, and in conformity to the ideals of the stone age in political economy; or else he must take care of him as his brother.

Jailer or brother, which shall it be? There is no middle choice, and there never was; and if we do not choose brother, jailer will choose itself. There is something terribly active in evil; it is positive, full of initiative. The weed comes, and flourishes against the hoe; the useful plant must be coaxed to come, and must be carefully tended; the flower must be cherished. All morality, all civility, is the effect of *trying* to be good.

VI.

WE shall not have fraternity, human brotherhood, without trying for it. From nature it did not come; it came from the heart of man, who in the midst of nature is above it.

Where there is love between brothers, it is of the very same quality as love between friends. It comes of the interchange of kindnesses, or from early association and a community of tender memories, or from hardships borne together, from pleasures enjoyed in common. But these, even, will not lastingly suffice, unless there is sympathy of purpose for good. Sympathy of purpose for evil will not do; that will unite men through interest, but it will not unite them in love, for evil is full of hate, and men cannot seek it in trust of each other. We speak of honor among thieves, but there is no such thing.

« Whosoever shall do the will of my Father, . . . the same is my brother.» We can have all the brotherhood of this kind that we will, and we can really have no other. But if a commonwealth is ever to be founded upon this truth, nothing of hate for any class or kind of men will hasten its day. People are apt to forget this simple fact in their passionate desire for a better state of things. They fancy that if they could destroy certain other people, whose greed and selfishness delay fraternity, they would have fraternity; but they would have only enmity, which springs up from every drop of blood shed upon the earth. If the destruction of its enemies would have availed, we should not still be waiting for the millennium, now nearly nine hundred years overdue.

VII.

THE millennium, the reign of Christliness on earth, will be nothing mystical or strange. It will be the application of a very simple rule to life, which we find in no wise difficult or surprising where the economic conditions do not hinder its operation. The members of a family live for one another as unconsciously as they live upon all others. There is no effort, no friction, in their perpetual surrender of their several interests to the common good; and in the state there need really

be none, if once the means of livelihood were assured to each citizen. Without this there can be only chance good in life—the good of accident, of impulse, of risk. There can properly be no self-sacrifice without it, for a man can sacrifice himself only when others do not suffer by his act; if they do, his act is not self-sacrifice, however pure and high his motive may be. But with it we should have liberty, which now we do not have; we should have the power of self-sacrifice, the ability to achieve the highest happiness which liberty can bestow, the universal peace of equality. Till we have this we are restless and miserable; and without equality in its widest and thoroughest sense we cannot have the love for one another which springs from common experience and mutual knowledge, from common aspiration and endeavor, and which is the love that unites brothers of the same blood. When the voluntary bond of sympathy, the tie of the same feelings, purposes, wills, shall unite the commonwealth, fraternity will have nothing of that painful obligation which very good people dread now, and shrink from. The natural, involuntary brotherhood is often onerous and even odious; but the supernatural fraternity will not be the compression of society to what is slavish in that relation: it will be the extension of all that is sweet and real and free in brotherhood to society, to civility, to humanity.

W. D. Howells.

JAPANESE WAR POSTERS.

FOUR or five years ago I stopped for the night at a little tea-house far up in the mountains of Japan. Nowhere were to be seen any railroads, European cast-off clothing, or other «modern improvements»; and in a walk through the village, after a dinner of rice and fish, I was led to believe that at last a spot had been found where things were to be as they always had been. But on returning to the village last summer, there stood at the door a little maiden with a delightful smile of rejoicing, as she proudly showed in one hand an unmistakable nickel-plated American alarm-clock, and in the other an unbroken tin-foiled stick of chewing-gum. Verily our civilization had arrived. The next day, however, in a village even more remote, a still greater surprise awaited me: for, displayed prominently on a blank wall, with an admiring crowd about it, was a veritable poster; and a few more days showed that this innovation in art, if it may be so called, was common and highly popular. Every tea-house had its series, and all the shops in the bazaars were full of them; and wherever a poster was in sight an admiring throng was sure to be seen. A new style of drawing seemed to go hand in hand with the new idea, and even an understanding of our perspective was appreciable.

The interest of the people in the war then in progress was, of course, unbounded, and these cartoons served to heighten it. The subjects of the caricatures, together with the reading-matter, were of a kind to impress the reader with an idea of the superiority of the Japanese in mind and body over their enemies: and yet in very few cases could the charge of vainglory or coarse insult be brought against them. In these war posters, as in the every-day affairs of life, the Japanese are to be commended for their behavior.

There were many Chinese in Japan during the war, especially in the open ports; and it has been stated on good authority that outside of some few unavoidable annoyances, such as guying in the streets by small boys, they were treated with great consideration and courtesy as long as they showed a proper spirit.

The subjects used for illustration are in strong contrast with those taken by our cartoonists, some trifling occurrence, or even a purely imaginative incident, being more often used than a direct caricature of prominent persons, or the typifying of the two nations, as in Uncle Sam and John Bull.

In drawings of such a necessarily rough and superficial sort it is interesting to note certain characteristics. The accuracy of detail in the uniforms of both Japanese and Chinese soldiers, the care given to all anatomical points, as in the boatman of the «River of the Three Roads,» show very favorably in comparison with much of the same sort of work seen here. In color light tones are used, and there is very little sharp contrast. In printing almost the same care and finish are shown as in the long line of more carefully executed woodcuts, which, from early in the seventeenth century, have maintained a standard seldom equaled by other

nations, and never excelled. Compared with prints of the old régime, it must be confessed that the new work does not show the same beautiful line, the same perfect blending of color, or the «artistic something» that goes to make up the delight and charm of the old work.

The poster called «The Confusion at the River of the Three Roads» resembles more closely the old work than any other of the series. In the figure of the demon pilot we see almost a study of the gods of darkness which to-day stand at the entrance to many of the old Buddhist temples. Nevertheless, the boat, the crowds of Chinese on the bank, and the use of perspective lines, show a tendency to the new style of drawing.

This print is a clever adaptation of an old legend that the souls of the dead muster on the bank of a river called the River of the Three Roads, where an old woman, Sodsu Baba, the guardian of the ferry, awaits them, and indicates which boat each shall enter to be ferried over to the road which it must follow to its final resting-place.

Of these three roads one leads to heaven, or Nirvana, another to purgatory, and the third to hell, on which wide and smooth path the cartoonist, without the slightest hesitancy, puts the entire company of Chinese souls. If any one of the spirits crowding on the bank has been so unfortunate as to forget its wealth, Sodsu Baba promptly strips it of its death-clothes, and appropriates them in lieu of the three *rin* due for ferriage.

In this print we see hosts of Chinese spirits pouring down to the river-bank after some disastrous battle, and in their eagerness to cross, the ferry-boat has become overcrowded and is foundering, despite the efforts of the demon pilot, who shouts, «Don't overcrowd my boat, for I don't want you to have the same experience in being ferried over to hell that you had in your other world, where I hear you were packed away in transports like salted pigs in a barrel.» To this the passengers reply: «Don't alarm yourself, sendo [boatman]. No matter how strong the Japanese soldiers may be, they can't follow us here, so that, even though we are being carried over to hell, we are happy.» There is a Japanese festival, when the souls of the dead are supposed to cross the Ocean of Existence to Nirvana, at which time each household sets afloat on the nearest river, or on the sea, a little pyramidal lantern, with a burning taper inside, which is supposed to light the souls of the family on their way. In the print the three-cornered white patches on the foreheads of the Chinese represent these lanterns, although, unfortunately, they are lighting the way in the wrong direction.

There was a great deal of comment during the war about the inefficient officering of the Chinese army, and the Japanese made the most of the rumors. The «Trembling General» is one of the most comic drawings of all the posters that came in my way. The ridiculous fright of the officer's charger, and the «shivering and shaking» from the horse's tail up to the general's pigtail, are finely shown in the wavering lines of the print. In this cartoon, as in most of the others, the reading-matter hardly keeps pace with the drawing; but no doubt to a Japanese the text contains much more fun than a translation can give us. The reading-matter in this case leads off with a general attack on the methods and morals of some commanding officer. «This is a general whose sole aim seems to be to squander the war money under a system of fraud and dishonesty. When he addresses his troops he proudly says, ‹My soldiers, fear not the Japanese, for while I command no harm can befall you.› But all the time he is giving the order to march he shivers in great fear; and his soldiers, seeing this, reply: ‹Pray, let us

«THE CONFUSION AT THE RIVER OF THE THREE ROADS.»

say a few words. You are exceptionally clever at making all sorts of slighting remarks about the enemy, but at the same time you appear to be in great dread yourself.› Then the general cries, ‹My trembling is nothing but a nervous eagerness to meet the foe.›»

In the print of «The Fright at the Bird-Scare,» both the idea and the drawing are so good that they would appeal to us even without the accompanying text. All over the country, when the rice is ripening, Japanese farmers set up these scares to keep away the great flocks of sparrows which swarm over the paddy-fields. The scarccrow is generally a rude representation of a farmer dressed in his straw rain-coat; an old coolie hat is put on a dried melon for the head, and a straight arm with a pointing finger is joined to the body by a pivot at the shoulder. The small boy in charge jerks this arm energetically up and down by a string, drawling out in a monotonous treble, «*Suzume! suzume!*» («Sparrow! sparrow!») These bird-scares and the cry «*Suzume!*» are among the commonest sights and sounds of the autumn country-side.

The inscription on the post in the middle of the picture says, «Here the new territory of Japan begins,» and the story told is that in the country near the Chinese ports taken by the Japanese during the war the peasants

«THE TREMBLING GENERAL.»

«THE FRIGHT AT THE BIRD-SCARE.»

were so afraid of the invaders that they felt sure the very birds must feel the same way, and so made their bird-scares after Japanese models, and gave the Japanese cry of warning.

One evening, just as dusk was coming on, a Chinese spy, walking through the dry paddy-fields, sees against the sky-line what he takes to be a Japanese soldier with gun aimed in his direction. Greatly terrified, he drops his rifle, and rushes back to his comrades, shouting that he has seen an outpost of a large body of the enemy. The captain, instead of making defensive preparations, at once gives orders to his men to flee; but one brave soldier, stepping to the front, ventures to ask the captain to investigate the matter a little before retreating, as the solitary figure, which they can all see, does not seem to move. The terrified captain refuses to listen to this, saying that he is quite positive the object must be a Japanese soldier, for before he was even in sight he distinctly heard him sing the war-cry, «*Suzume! suzume!*»

In the beginning of this sketch it was stated that direct caricatures were uncommon; but Li Hung Chang had the doubtful honor of being the subject of more personal notice than any other prominent man of the time. The various occurrences connected with his career readily lent themselves to the imagination of the cartoonist, and in the poster

called «His Skin Will Go Next» this subject is treated from a Japanese standpoint.

An envoy from the emperor is taking away, one by one, his decorations, and three coolies are seen walking off with the various garments, while from each hangs an inscription saying, «This decoration is withdrawn on account of the defeat at the Yalu River,» and so on, for each of the Chinese reverses. Not content with this, the envoy is browbeating the old statesman on his own account, the translation beginning with a speech from him, as follows: «You visionary old fraud, blowing your own trumpet by airing your titles of viceroy, learned professor, etc., just see what crushing disasters you have brought upon your country, and yet wearing as you do all sorts of decorations and dignified robes. I am ordered by my master to take away in turn all of these, to pay up for these disasters.» To which Li is made meekly to reply: «I don't blame you in the least for your anger, and I am getting used by this time to having my robes taken away; only don't be too hard on me, and let me keep at least my skin, for I could n't get on very well without that.»

«HIS SKIN WILL GO NEXT.»

Of course these are only a few of the immense number of war posters issued, but they are enough to show that even in art the Japanese are reaching out toward European methods. It is a question, in many minds at least, if we may wish them success in this; for much of the dearly prized, ineffable Japanese feeling would disappear with the change.

D. P. B. Conkling.

[The writer is indebted to Mr. Tozo Takayanagi for the translation of the text of the posters.]

THE ONE DESIRE.

OF all the threads of rhyme which I have spun,
I shall be glad if Time save only one.

And I would have each word to joy belong—
A lyric like a bird whose soul is song.

There is enough of grief to mar the years;
Be mine a sunny leaf, untouched by tears,

To bring unto the heart delight, and make
All sorrows to depart, and joy to wake.

No sermon mine to preach, save happiness;
No lesson mine to teach, save joy to bless.

Joy, 't is the one best thing below, above—
The lute's divinest string, whose note is love.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

PAINTED BY J. G. VIBERT.

THE DELIGHTS OF ART.

THE DELIGHTS OF ART.

ONE day a beam of sunlight, passing through the slats of the blinds, came at its accustomed hour and rested in its usual place on the edge of an old tapestry.

«Good-day, friend Sunbeam,» said the Tapestry, brightened up by this visit. «What news do you bring?»

«You know the proverb, ‹There is nothing new under the sun.› But what do I see—Monseigneur painting? He is an artist, then? It is the first time I have noticed it.»

«That is because he usually works in a salon facing the north, where you never enter. It is only this morning that he has established himself in this gallery.»

«And what is he doing?»

«He is copying the sea and the rocks. Are they so badly painted that you do not recognize them?»

«I cannot tell. From here I cannot see his study. It is hidden from me by one of your folds. Lady of high quality, be proud! You eclipse the Sun!»

«I ask pardon of your Majesty, but you must deign advance a little, for, alas! I cannot move myself. I am motionless; 't is my fate.»

«No worse than I, Phœbus, who cannot hasten my course. Thus it is that the gods themselves must submit to laws which rule the universe. But patience! I may move slowly, but I shall reach there in time, and presently I shall be able to contemplate that *chef d'œuvre* of the master. Meanwhile, I can see him. He appears well satisfied.»

«Say rather that he is in triumphal bliss. See, his bonnet pushed back, his cape all awry, his head on one side, his eyes blinking, his beatific smile. Art must really afford untold delights thus to transform a man ordinarily so cold and so reserved. I have never seen him so completely happy.»

«Ah, you excite my curiosity,» replied the Sunbeam, still hidden in the folds of the Tapestry. «Is what he does really so superb?»

«I own that I am not competent to judge a painting. First, I am only a piece of tapestry, and, moreover, I am very old, very much worn. My colors are so faded that I am apt to find others too harsh. Then, tastes have changed so much since the days of my youth, when I used to cut a figure in Flanders. For centuries the arts have advanced. I cannot say whether it is forward or backward; but one thing is certain, the younger schools no longer respect what was idolized in my time. Now, Monseigneur belongs to the very latest school, the ‹éclatistes,› who paint only with intense colors and without shading any of the tones.»

«Ah, yes; I have heard of them. It appears that the head of that school is suffering from an attack of ophthalmia contracted through looking at his own pictures. I understand how your delicate sense of shading must be offended by this new style; still, there are perhaps some good points in it.»

«That is why I am not sorry that Apollo himself, the god of arts, should give me his opinion on the artistic merit of his Eminence. In an instant you will have got beyond this unfortunate fold, and you can then see. At any rate, *you* will not be easily dazzled.»

After a short silence, «I see!» cried the Sunbeam, suddenly. «Great gods!» And he disappeared like lightning.

J. G. Vibert.

COQUELIN AS «MASCARILLE.»

COQUELIN (called Molière) created a character he named *Mascarille*, of whom he was doubly the father, as author and as actor. Now, two centuries later, another actor, bearing almost the same name,—Coquelin,—has so identified himself with the character that one might almost think Molière, in producing *Mascarille*, had foreseen Coquelin.

Thus it is, in sketching to-day the portrait of Coquelin, that *Mascarille* must also be included if both are to be faithful likenesses.

Mascarille is the most complete type of the courtier-valets who figured so often on the stage in times past. He is a many-sided character, changing his form and language at every turn, whose very rôle is to play a comedy part in comedy; that is why his traits are not easily defined unless you pro-

PAINTED BY J. G. VIBERT.

COQUELIN AS «MASCARILLE.»

ceed in proper order. To do this the analytical method is still the best.

How is *Mascarille* physically?

He is of medium height, neither fat nor thin, supple, wiry, agile, a fleet runner, with the feet of an equilibrist and the hands of a juggler, well able to represent a mountebank, and, if need be, a grand seigneur, but without elegance.

There is nothing extraordinary in the head, neither the high forehead of the poet, the darkly veiled eyes of the thinker, nor the eagle nose of distinguished captains. Still, the mouth is interesting, well drawn, opening wide on white, hungry teeth; it is essentially mocking and spirituelle. The features, extremely mobile, lend themselves to any grimace; they can render all expressions, from the silliest to the most cunning, from the saddest to the most joyous; and assume all physiognomies, that of the most honest-hearted man as well as that of the most hypocritical sycophant.

The voice is harmonious, of a sympathetic key, with trumpet-sounding notes. This does not mean to say that he speaks through his nose, although the shape of the latter might lead to such a malicious thought

To all these gifts of nature must be added, besides, the finest sense of hearing, the most delicate smell, and the most piercing sight; but yet, if the look is bold, you can read there, as in an open book, licentiousness, deceit, and a total absence of all shame.

Here are the physical traits of our man. What, now, is the moral side of *Mascarille* like?

Aha! aha! that is a little more complicated.

Has he any qualities?

He has none, or at least he employs the faculties of his mind that might pass for such only to carry out successful intrigues, for which he has recourse to nothing but dishonest means, although at times the object may be a laudable one. As a matter of fact, he is adroit, skilful, and more crafty than any one in allaying the jealousy of a husband, deceiving the watchfulness of a guardian, mystifying a tutor, extracting the dollars from a miser, or feeding the false hopes of a love-sick dotard.

If he require to win over a woman, be she duenna or soubrette, he is in turn seductive, gracious, honeyed, obsequious; he is the most perfect wheedler that you could meet with.

Does he wish to baffle the plans of an adversary, none could know better than he how to go about it. This antechamber Machiavelli has treasures of diplomacy and rich resource of imagination. He is one of those sly old foxes who have more than one trick in their bag, and can never be caught napping. In fact, he has not his equal in preparing a stratagem, setting up an ambush, or laying a trap by putting the bait which bests suits the game to be caught; and like the angler, he knows how to wait patiently until his victim has swallowed the hook. Withal, a fine talker, knowing how to cajole people, somewhat of a lawyer, conversant with the whole chapter of deceptory and frustratory tricks, a great entertainer, punster, tall-story teller, a charlatan abusing the credulity of innocent persons, making them see stars in broad daylight, and laughing at the thought that he has beguiled them into believing the moon is made of green cheese.

If all these qualities, badly employed, do not constitute a very honorable stock-in-trade, must we at least acknowledge that *Mascarille* is faithful?

Yes and no. That is to say, while flattering the vices of his master, and serving his passions, he meddles in all his business, and follows up its success with as much zeal as if it were his own. And even should the master, discouraged, abandon an intrigue once begun, the valet, more tenacious, would continue it on his own account. Although he does not disdain a purse of gold in reward for his services, it is not, however, the enticement of gain that makes him act, nor is it his attachment for a master whom he threatens to leave every minute.

Then why does he give himself so much concern?

He answers, «For glory.» And what glory? That of being everywhere praised as a sublime cheat; so that under his portrait there may be inscribed in letters of gold, «Vivat Mascarillus, fourborum imperator!»

What, now, are the faults of this vainglorious oddity?

He has them all, but not in a permanent form. He acquires them according to the wants of his cause, and does not shrink from any bad action to gain his ends. He will be a liar, a forger, a thief even, without the slightest remorse. Yet he would not go so far as to shed blood, being at heart more boastful than brave, and fearing the arm of the law, with which he is familiar.

In short, *Mascarille*, physically endowed with all the attributes which go to make up a man of action, is as well off regarding intelligence. He is a person who, had he been well brought up, educated, and in contact with honest people, might have become a

PAINTED BY J. G. VIBERT.

THE SICK DOCTOR.

useful and distinguished man, capable of making his mark in a diplomatic career, without, however, being a transcendent genius, and who has succeeded in becoming only a shameless knave.

Why?

Is it perhaps through the very ambition of becoming a genius? The synthesis of the character of *Mascarille* would then be an excessive arrogance; so at least Molière, who knows him well, having created him, would lead us to think when he tells us, in his comedy of «Les Précieuses Ridicules,» that «he is an extravagant character who has taken it into his head to assume that of a man of rank.»

J. G. Vibert.

THE SICK DOCTOR.

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

Characters { ARGAN, ... Hypochondriac.
THOMAS DIAFOIRUS, ... Doctor.

The stage represents a bourgeois salon. Gray woodwork and tapestries. The door to the left partly hidden by a leather-covered screen. At the back, a table upon which a wig already dressed is set on a wooden block. In front a high-backed arm-chair; to the left, another arm-chair; between them, a small table with a cup and tea-pot. In the foreground a brazier, upon which a small kettle is boiling.

SCENE I.

ARGAN. DIAFOIRUS.

[*When the curtain rises* ARGAN *is asleep in the large arm-chair. He wears a flowered dressing-gown, a muslin neckerchief, fur-lined slippers, and a linen cap with yellow ribbons; his feet are resting on a high stool and his head is supported by a large pillow. In the other arm-chair* DIAFOIRUS *is seated. He wears the costume of his profession, a long black robe and pointed hat.*]

DIAFOIRUS. [*Pouring himself out a cup of herb-tea.*] I do not know whether it is the melon or the lobster. [*He drinks, and sets down the cup.*]

ARGAN. [*Awakening at the noise.*] Eh! what is it?

D. Nothing. Wake up slowly; you must not excite the digestion so soon after a meal, especially when it has been copious.

A. Oh, a very simple one.

D. As host you may find it such, but I declare, as a guest, that the dinner you have just regaled me with was abundant, and, as a doctor, I might even say rather too substantial. How do you feel?

A. [*In a feeble voice.*] Not too bad. I am digesting now.

D. I can see it; the face is flushed.

A. Am I red?

D. You have eaten too much lobster.

A. Not half as much as you, without reproach.

D. Yes; but you are the patient and I am the doctor. I must give you a strong dose to-night.

A. Again?

D. If you could only see yourself! You are purple.

A. [*With anxiety.*] Do you fear an attack?

D. No. Still, I think a little bleeding will be in order for to-morrow.

A. I have no blood left, doctor.

D. Ah! Ah! No blood! There is always too much, and you have more than your share; enough to keep the entire faculty busy, if I were not able to attend to it myself. Ah! I do not wish to boast, but, without me, without my constant care, you would have left that arm-chair long ago.

A. [*Greatly affected.*] You will never desert me?

D. [*With effusion.*] Never, dear M. Argan! Never! If not alone for the friendship I bear you, I would stay for the love of science. A case like yours! Think of it! An unknown disease, that does not attack any organ, discover any symptom, and which, under a form of plethora, seizes and undermines you stealthily without any shock or suffering; for you cannot tell where your pain is.

A. [*Unsuspecting.*] No.

D. Not in the head, the stomach, or the heart?

A. [*As before.*] No.

D. Nor in the limbs or the loins?

A. [*Almost regretfully.*] No.

D. Just so! The *malus incognitus* of the ancients.

A. [*With anxiety.*] Is it incurable?

D. Incurable! What are you saying? Incurable is not French, sir; it is a word that comes from the Latin, and means that a malady is passed being cared for. Say hopeless, perhaps; but not incurable. I shall care for you a long time yet, I trust; and in order to do so more effectually I have decided that hereafter I will visit you regularly twice a day.

A. [*Taking his hand.*] Ah! What a debt of gratitude I shall owe you!

D. [*Aside.*] I hope he will not owe me anything else. [*Aloud.*] How hot your hands are! Let me feel the pulse. [*He takes out his watch.*]

A. [*After a pause, during which he watches the grave expression on the doctor's face.*] Well?

D. Normal. All is normal; the pulse like the rest. Ah, how fortunate that you should be under my care! Do you know what would happen if you had the misfortune to trust yourself, I will not say to an ignoramus,—that would be describing too many of my fellow-doctors,—but to a fool—and they abound? He would say: «Eat, drink, walk, amuse yourself; you are not sick; and one fine day you would pass away quietly, perhaps without knowing it.»

A. [*In terror.*] Ah, my God! my good doctor!

D. It is not sufficient to say my good doctor. You must obey me in all things. By the by, have you taken the last draught I brought you?

A. Not yet.

D. You must do so, and it is of the highest importance that you should tell me afterward what you have felt. [*Aside.*] It is a new drug that I know nothing about. I do not think it is injurious; nevertheless, it is best to try it on a strong patient. [*Aloud.*] You hear? I must be sure that you do not forget it.

A. I will take it in your presence. [*He seizes the tea-pot.*]

D. Eh! what are you doing?

A. [*Interrupted.*] I am pouring out the draught.

D. That is camomile tea.

A. The draught is in it.

D. [*Troubled.*] But then I have just taken some. [*He grows pale.*] Ah, my God! it is I who have taken it. [*He rubs himself.*]

A. [*Laughing.*] You will know better what effect it produces.

D. [*Becoming more and more alarmed.*] Do not laugh, miserable man!

A. It cannot hurt you.

D. [*Passing his hand over his forehead.*] I am quite giddy.

A. It is not unhealthy.

D. What do you know about it?

A. You ordered it for me.

D. But you are sick—I did not require it. Ah, my friend, I am very bad.

A. What do you feel?

D. My head is buzzing, and I am nauseated.

A. You are certainly pale. Let us see the tongue.

D. [*Putting out his tongue.*] Ah!

A. A little coated. It is the melon that does not digest; you ate too much of it.

D. My stomach is all upset. [*He holds his stomach.*]

A. Or the lobster. You must take a strong dose of medicine.

D. No! [*In a faint voice.*] It 's the draught.

A. In any case it is not poisonous.

D. [*Terrified.*] Poisonous! Ah! Oh!

A. He is fainting. Ah, heavens! Some water! Some vinegar! [*He calls out.*] Toinon! Jasmin! Pierre! Is there no one in the house? That is how they take care of me! I might die and no one would come to my help. Toinon! [*He goes out to the right; his voice is heard outside.*] Pierre! Jasmin!

SCENE II.

DIAFOIRUS—*Alone.* [*He speaks without opening his eyes, as if in a dream.*] Venenum, toxicon, toxicodendron, belladonna, vomitus niger, apoplexy, paralysis, hypertrophy—[*The watch slips from his helpless hand and falls to the floor, and the glass breaks with a crash.*] Ah! my heart has just burst.

SCENE III.

ARGAN. DIAFOIRUS still fainting.

A. [*Returning hastily with a water-jug and a vinegar-bottle.*] He is still unconscious! [*Sprinkles him with water, pours some vinegar on his head, and holds the bottle under his nose.*] Is he going to die in my house? That would cap the climax.

D. [*Opening his eyes.*] Enough! Enough!

A. [*Eagerly.*] At last! You are saved. But you must not stay here. You shall be carried home in my sedan-chair. [*He calls.*] Toinon! [*Goes to the door, crying out.*] The carriers, the sedan-chair! Get everything ready. [*He returns to the doctor's side, scared, and throws some water at him.*] Courage! [*Goes to the door again .*] Let the new cushions be taken out. [*Returning to Diafoirus.*] In a moment you will be outside. The air will revive you.

[*At the door again.*] He cannot walk; come up and fetch him. They do not understand. Ah! those servants! [*He goes out.*]

SCENE IV.

DIAFOIRUS—*Alone.* [*He revives by degrees and raises his head.*] So young! A victim of science! [*He feels his head soaked with water from the jug.*] The death sweat! [*He looks at his long legs extended.*] Rigor mortis already! [*He goes through a pantomime act, during which he turns his eyes, opens his jaws, puts out his tongue, and bends all the joints of his limbs.*]

SCENE V.

ARGAN. DIAFOIRUS.

A. [*Entering breathless.*] Diafoirus! Diafoirus! There is no drau—in the camo—[*He chokes.*]

D. [*In a cavernous voice.*] Who speaks in my tomb?

A. [*Recovering his breath.*] There was nothing in the camomile tea. It 's only the lobster.

D. [*Shaking his head sadly.*] You cannot deceive science.

A. But you have taken nothing.

D. [*Casting up his eyes and holding his stomach.*] Venenum!

A. I can assure you that Toinon did not put anything in the herb-tea as I had ordered her to do.

D. [*Incredulous.*] She says so?

A. She has shown me the bottle still full, with the cork sealed by you.

D. [*Returns slowly to life during this recital.*] Is it possible?

A. She will give it back to you presently. Only don't scold her; she is already in tears.

D. Poor girl! Does she love me thus?

A. No. She has just owned to me that she did the same every day. She throws away all the medicine you bring me, and substitutes water.

D. [*Jumps to his feet and seizes from the table a bottle, which he uncorks and smells for an instant; then pours out a drop on his finger and puts it to his lips.*] Aqua pura! Ah, the hussy, thus to deceive Thomas Diafoirus!

A. On the contrary, you owe her your greatest victory; for you have cured me, doctor, and I am now going to tell all the town so.

D. [*Regaining all his energy.*] Ah, that is the way! Because you nearly did for me, you thought you were saved—[*recollecting himself*] out of danger—[*with irony*] cured? You are mad.

A. [*Joyfully.*] I have never been ill. [*He pirouettes on his heels.*] Toinon knows it very well.

D. I know it too, of course. You enjoy splendid health; you eat, drink, and sleep admirably; you have a strong constitution and muscles of iron. I know all that; only—[*solemnly*] one can die with such a constitution, M. Argan,—and that is what you will do.

A. [*Opening his eyes with anxiety.*] I?

D. [*Fascinating him.*] You are crimson.

A. [*Faltering.*] I am crim—ah, heavens! [*He sinks into his arm-chair.*]

D. [*Arranging his pillow.*] We will conjure all that.

A. [*Aghast.*] Do not leave me!

D. Fear not; I will stay. But calm yourself; try to sleep a little.

A. [*In the same faint voice he had at the beginning.*] How quickly it has taken hold of me again!

D. Do not speak. Hush! sleep—sleep—[*with force*] I insist! [*While* ARGAN *dozes he sits down opposite and pours himself out a cup of herb-tea, as he did at the rise of the curtain.*] Those patients! They all have the mania of thinking they are well. If we listened to them, there would be no more need for doctors.

J. G. Vibert.

A WOUND.

WORDS may be shafts that wound with piercing dart
When anger severs heart from yearning heart,
Yet gladly will he bear their pain who knows
How deeper far the hurt of silence goes.

Mary Ainge De Vere.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Possibilities of Permanent Arbitration.

FOR centuries philosophers and statesmen who could look beyond the rivalries and contentions of the moment have hoped for the coming of a time when reason should be substituted for force in the settlement of international differences. As a means to this end, they have suggested the establishment of an international tribunal, to which all disputes that could not otherwise be adjusted should be referred. But to the fulfilment of this aspiration there have been various obstacles, not the least of which were the distrust of new experiments and the various notions comprehended by the term «national honor.»

Nations have felt precisely the same objections to submitting disputes to arbitration that were formerly felt by individuals to submitting their differences to judicial tribunals. In the dawn of civilization we often find, even in judicial processes, an admixture of forcible contention, indicative of the transition from a period when rights were regulated by the strong hand. So, among the early writers on the law of nations we find various measures of force, now practically fallen into desuetude, enumerated among the peaceful methods of redress. While these things show that changes in the conduct of men proceed from changes in their ideas and dispositions, and that changes in their ideas and dispositions for the most part progress slowly, yet they demonstrate the fact that some advance has been made toward the perception of the principle that human reason is capable of solving differences as well as of creating them, and that it is not a mere adjunct to the «fighting and quarreling» propensity. Although the present century was ushered in in the midst of a period of destructive wars, and its history will contain the record of many bloody conflicts, nevertheless it has also witnessed the growth of the practice of international arbitration, and its application to disputes for the adjustment of which it would formerly have been considered entirely inadequate. The method has been shown to be efficacious as well as comprehensive. While in a few instances an award has been voluntarily set aside or left unenforced, in no case have two nations, after having agreed to arbitrate a difference, gone to war about it; and among the controversies submitted to judgment there have been many questions of the greatest delicacy and importance. The possibilities of international arbitration, as well as its beneficent results, have been most conspicuously illustrated in the relations between the United States and Great Britain. In the treaty of 1794, commonly called the «Jay treaty,» which was concluded under the administration of Washington, provision was made for three distinct arbitrations. Of these two related to differences growing out of the treaty of peace of 1783. The third related to claims involving important questions of law, including that of contraband, the rights of neutrals, and the finality of the decisions of prize courts. Since that time all disputes between the United States and England, except those that, springing from the Napoleonic wars, led to the War of 1812, have been adjusted either by direct negotiation or by arbitration. In all there have been between these two great English-speaking nations nearly or quite twenty distinct arbitrations, of which that concerning the Bering Sea dispute is the latest example. It can hardly be considered impracticable to agree to do in the next fifty years what, without agreement, we have uniformly done in the last fifty, and yet it is in this very point of agreement in advance that the highest efficacy of arbitration lies.

Of all the Anglo-American arbitrations that of Geneva in respect to the *Alabama* claims most signally demonstrates the possibilities of the method. Not only were the questions at issue grave and momentous, but they were held to involve the honor of both countries. Yet by persistent, temperate, courteous discussion they were brought at last to a peaceful international judgment, in which, as has justly been said, «two great and powerful nations, gaining in wisdom and self-control, and losing nothing in patriotism or self-respect, taught the world that the magnitude of a controversy need not be a bar to its peaceful solution.»

The real obstacle in the way of international arbitration is not so much a lack of efficacy in the method, as the lack of a disposition to try it. The system of arbitration necessarily presupposes that nations desire an amicable adjustment of their differences. Such an adjustment may be prevented either by a wilful opposition to it, or by the adoption of a style of controversy that renders argument impracticable. Against such obstacles it is difficult to contend, since their direct tendency and effect is to bring about a collision before an arbitrator can intervene. It is obvious that arbitration can no more afford an absolute safeguard against such contingencies than can a system of municipal law absolutely prevent men from attempting to settle their differences by fighting in the street, if they desire thus to revert to primal conditions. Yet severe penalties, strictly enforced, may reduce such chances to a minimum; and it is conceivable that a scheme of international action might be devised so comprehensive as to render a resort to war exceedingly difficult and hazardous.

History affords many examples, now happily becoming less frequent, of aggressive wars or wars of ambition. Against such wars a remedy was suggested in the unratified treaty of arbitration adopted in 1890 by the International American Conference. By this treaty it was proposed to adopt arbitration as a principle of international law, and to make it obligatory not only in controversies concerning diplomatic and consular privileges, boundaries, indemnities, the right of navigation, and the validity, construction, and enforcement of treaties, but also in all other cases, whatever might be their origin, nature, or object, with the single exception

of cases in which, in the judgment of one of the parties, its independence was imperiled. In such cases, for the latter nation arbitration was to be optional, but it was to be obligatory on the adversary power. The object of this provision was to leave to each nation the right of self-defense, while forbidding any to commit aggression. It is sometimes lightly observed that all questions could be settled by arbitration if we could only find a perfect arbitrator. This observation would apply with equal cogency to all judicial proceedings. The question is not whether our judges render perfect judgments, but whether we should obtain better results by abolishing the courts and leaving it to each individual to seek his rights by force. No sane man would advocate the affirmative of such a proposition. Arbitration between nations signifies the same thing as the existence of the ordinary judicial courts. It means the substitution of reason for force as a means of decision. That its possibilities are great has already been demonstrated; that they will grow with the development of a disposition to peace is unquestionable. An indication of this tendency may be found in the abhorrence of war by great commanders. The sentiment of Wellington, «Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won,» was expressed more bluntly by General Sherman: «Do you know what war is? War is hell!» while General Grant, speaking with direct pertinence to the subject of arbitration, said: «Though I have been trained as a soldier, and have participated in many battles, there never was a time when, in my opinion, some way could not have been found of preventing the drawing of the sword. I look forward to an epoch when a court, recognized by all nations, will settle international differences, instead of keeping large standing armies, as they do in Europe.»

Patriotism that Costs.

It was the Rev. Dr. John W. Chadwick, we believe, who said that our modern politicians had improved upon Dr. Johnson; for while he made patriotism the *last* refuge of a scoundrel, they had made it the *first*. Pushing this idea a little further, we think it can be said that many persons far removed from either politicians or scoundrels have found in patriotism an easy and ample refuge both first and last from the arduous duties of citizenship. It is so much easier to denounce foreigners than to work earnestly and persistently for better municipal government, so much easier to get into a furor of patriotism over some alleged insult by a foreign country than to drive bossism from State and national politics and secure for the people wise and beneficent laws, that statesmen and journalists and ambitious politicians choose that as the swiftest and easiest road to popularity. Nobody ever heard of a boss or a spoils politician who was not intensely patriotic. An amusing illustration on this point was furnished by the haste and fury with which Tammany declared war against England at the outbreak of the Venezuelan controversy. This was not interpreted as meaning that Tammany's leaders would enlist and go to the front, but that they saw in the excitement which war would engender an opportunity to slip back into possession of the government of the city of New York. They seized upon patriotism as a shield for their political depravity, in the same way that good citizens have too often seized upon it as a shield for their negligence in not extirpating that depravity. In this way patriotism covers a great multitude of sins which are committed in its name against the country's welfare and honor. The patriots of whom the country stands most in need to-day are those who are willing to take trouble—tedious, patient, unwearying trouble—to give us better government. We need to realize as a people that the way to make our country great and to win for it the respect of mankind is not to shout constantly that we are the greatest nation in the world, but to show that we are capable of self-government. It is folly to brag of our greatness and then have to confess that popular government in our cities is a disgraceful failure, that our State legislatures are growing steadily less competent, and that our Congresses are becoming year by year more of a menace to the well-being of the country. We must awake to the fact that our enemies are not without, but within, our borders. No foreign power is doing us a hundredth part of the harm that our bosses are doing; for they, by their control of nominating conventions and legislative bodies, are, in Lowell's phrase, «slowly but surely filching from us the whole of our country—all, at least, that made it the best to live in and the easiest to die for.» We cannot shake off our responsibility for this condition of affairs; for, as Lowell adds in the same address from which we have quoted, «we are certainly responsible if the door to distinction be made so narrow and so low as to admit only petty and crouching men.»

Why is it that as a nation we are so quick to resent an insult to our flag abroad, and yet are willing to bear without serious remonstrance the disgrace of having ignorant and corrupt bosses as our despots, they having really deprived us of popular government by taking power into their own hands? Is there not something the matter with our patriotism when such a condition of mind as this exists? We are not merely indifferent to our political state, but we are able to treat it as a matter for joking, and are scarcely shocked at all by the daily revelations of our abject subserviency. Indeed, an alarmingly large number of people look upon boss rule as the necessary outcome of our form of government, and say that with universal suffrage nothing better can be hoped for

Here is a field for true patriotism the like of which can be found nowhere else. The amount of work to be done is sufficient to command the energies of all intelligent Americans. To overthrow the bosses and their methods, to establish in place of the low and narrow door to political distinction a high and broad one, all men who love their country must go into politics, into the primaries and nominating conventions, and insist upon their right to select the candidates. It is said by some, in excuse of the present indifferent character of candidates for legislative and other offices, that first-rate men will not consent to accept nominations; but experience has shown that this is a mistake. It is very seldom that much trouble is found in inducing men of character to stand for public office, provided they can be assured that they will be faithfully supported, and will have to make no compromising pledges in return for the nomination. Politics can be purified if the people will insist upon the purification. The trouble is that while the politicians work every day in the year to keep politics down to their

level, their opponents work only spasmodically, usually a few weeks before election, and during the remainder of the year dismiss the subject from their minds.

It requires great fervor of patriotism to carry on this work, but he must be a very poor American who is willing to admit that there is not enough of saving grace in our people to produce a sufficient body of men to accomplish it. The kind of patriotism required is of the highest order. It must be willing to give time and labor and money, to sacrifice the best that a man has on the altar of his country. It is undoubtedly more prosaic than dying for one's country on the field of battle, but the man who devotes his life to preserving the honor of his country and perpetuating free government is as much a hero as the one who falls upon the field of battle. Happily there is no demand for him to prove his patriotism in war, while there is a great and pressing demand for him to prove it in the peaceful duties of citizenship. He is not the truest or most useful patriot who boasts of his willingness to fight for his country in a war which may never come or ought never to come, but he who gives her his service in a struggle that is already in progress. What our country is in need of to-day is an army of patriots who will enlist for the extermination of an army of political pirates and freebooters who are slowly but surely filching from us all «that made it the best to live in and the easiest to die for.» We need recruits in every town and village and great city, men who will not give up the fight till the victory is won. This is a patriotism which tries men's souls, for it calls for quiet, self-sacrificing, unremitting labor; but it is the only patriotism which will save American institutions from destruction, and make the American name, as the symbol of human progress, honored throughout the world.

Plain Words to Californians.

IT is announced that during the month of May of the present year there will be held in the city of New York a unique and significant exposition consisting entirely of the products of the State of California. But for the short-sighted and unpatriotic policy which has controlled its railway system, California would to-day be as well known in New York as any State of the middle West; and it is in keeping with the commercial enterprise of its people that in spite of such discouragements they boldly undertake to send across a continent a comprehensive exhibit of its imperial resources. It is a scheme in which Americans may well take pride, and to which they will wish the widest publicity and the highest success. From the days of the gold-hunters an air of romance and adventure has been associated with this region as with no other part of the country; and those especially who have visited this wonderful and beautiful State, and whose imagination has been touched by its possibilities of good to the race, can never divest themselves of a personal interest in anything that touches its honor or its prosperity.

Among the exhibits a prominent place will doubtless be given to photographs of the unrivaled scenery of the Yosemite Valley and its environs, as well as of the scarcely less wonderful cañons of the lower Sierra. But it is certain that one of the exhibits will not be a comparative series of views of the floor of the valley, showing it as it was, and in its various stages of deterioration through the disastrous course of «improvements» which have impaired its former beauty—a state of affairs which has come about in part innocently through a lack of knowledge of the proper method of procedure, and in part through a strongly intrenched system of tyranny and greed known as the «Yosemite Ring.»

No traveler will consider this a matter of merely local interest. Mr. John Muir, the Alaska and Sierra explorer, has well called the great gorge «the World's Yosemite Valley,» and its degradation in any respect is as much a matter of general concern as would be the defacement of the Pyramids. In January, 1890, THE CENTURY called general attention to the destructive tendencies at work—a condition of affairs long notorious in the State. At intervals since we have noted the continuance of the amateur system of management. That the wide-spread criticisms in and out of the State have had no deterrent effect is evident from the observations made by Mr. Muir during last summer. In reading his remarks which follow, it must be remembered that the valley itself, which technically is held by California in trust «for public use, resort, and recreation inalienable for all time,» has since 1890 been surrounded by a national park thirty-five times as large, which has been under military control; and that adjoining this park on the south, extending along the range, lies the Sierra Forest Reserve of over four million acres, which, for lack of similar supervision, is being desolated by sheep, by fire, and by the ax, as were the environs of the Yosemite before the establishment of the National Park. Mr. Muir says:

> The care of the national reservation by the military has been a complete success. I was delighted to find that since the cavalry have successfully kept out the sheep and prevented destructive fires, the forests are taking on their old beauty and grandeur. Before the cavalry gave protection the floor of the forest was as naked as a corral and utterly desolate. . . .
>
> On the contrary, the forest reservations are still being overrun with sheep, and are as dusty, bare, and desolate as ever they were, notwithstanding the Government notices posted along the trails forbidding the pasturing of sheep, cattle, etc., under severe penalties, simply because there is no one on the ground to enforce the rules. One soldier armed with a gun and the authority of the Government is more effective than any number of paper warnings.
>
> The only downtrodden, dusty, frowsy-looking part of the Sierra within the boundaries of the National Park, with the exception of a few cattle-ranches, is the Yosemite, which ought to be the gem of the whole, the garden of all the gardens of the park. When I first saw the valley its whole floor, seven miles long by about a half to three quarters of a mile wide, was one charming park, delicately beautiful, divided into groves, meadows, and flower-gardens. The vegetation was exceedingly luxuriant, and had a charmingly delicate quality of bloom that was contrasted with the grandeur of the granite walls.
>
> This beauty, so easily injured, has in great part vanished through lack of appreciative care, through making the finest meadows into hay-fields, and giving up all the rest of the floor of the valley to pastures for the saddle-animals kept for the use of tourists, and also for the animals belonging to campers. . . .
>
> The solution of the whole question, it seems to me, is to re-cede the valley to the Federal Government, and let it form a part of the Yosemite National Park, which naturally it is. It is the heart and gem of it, and should at least receive as much care and protection as the park surrounding. If the valley were returned to the control of the United States Government, it would be under the care of the military department, which would rigidly carry out all rules and regulations, regardless of ever-shifting politics and the small plans of interested parties for private gain. One management is enough,

and management on the Government basis would be better than one ever fluctuating with the political pulse. If that were done, the State would not be called upon for a dollar. Nearly all the members of the Sierra Club with whom I have talked favor putting an end to this political management. Only those people pecuniarily interested in roads, franchises, and other little jobs are opposed to it, as far as I have found out, though even those would be benefited by the change through increase of travel.

Mr. Muir's suggestion of recession is one that should enlist the support of every public-spirited Californian. It is idle to waste time in considering the causes of the valley's deterioration. The scandal of the present situation is well known. The State accepted the trust from the nation in 1864, but its servants have not observed the fundamental condition of the cession. If the suggestion of recession is thought humiliating, it is not half so humiliating as the continuation of the scandal. And why should the suggestion be humiliating? Continually in every State systems of administration which do not work well are being changed. The commission system has not worked well: whereas, side by side, the system of national control has redeemed the National Park—the very sources of the Yosemite waterfalls. Why should not this treasure of nature have the same admirable protection?

One word in conclusion: if recession is to be accomplished at the next meeting of the California legislature, its advocates must organize and bestir themselves now. If Mr. Muir is not cordially supported in this effort to redeem the valley and remove a blot upon the State, let not Californians any longer boast of public spirit or resent the charge of absorption in material progress.

The New Olympic Games.

It is not alone in the United States that a reaction has set in against the excesses of athletics. Other countries recognize that the enthusiasm has gone too far, that too much energy has been thrown into play, that brutality has been fostered, and that honor has often been put at a discount in the worship of mere success. Realizing the true value of sport in its widest extension, and hoping to develop and strengthen an international sentiment in support of fairness and moderation, a number of prominent men of various nationalities have set on foot a series of standard and periodic contests to which all the world may contribute. These have already received the name of the New Olympic Games. The first of the series is to be held at Athens during the Greek Eastertide, from the fifth to the fifteenth of April; and if it shall awaken sufficient interest, others will be held at intervals of four years in Paris, London, and New York successively.

The movement began in France, and was largely due to the initiative of Baron Pierre de Coubertin, general secretary of the French Athletic Union. By his exertions a congress of delegates from the leading nationalities, most of them representing amateur associations of importance, met in the Sorbonne during May, 1894. Germany alone of the great peoples sent no representative, but that was due, we believe, to accident and not to intention. The meeting was held under the presidency of Baron de Courcel, now French ambassador in London, and was approved by men famous in public life from all countries, including Germany. The result of its proceedings was in brief the enactment of stringent regulations for the conduct of those who claim to be amateurs, and the appointment of a committee to inaugurate a series of international contests for such persons in all sports. President Cleveland has expressed his interest by accepting the honorary chairmanship of the American committee.

The leaders of this movement have done well to adopt the name Olympic Games. When Western civilization was confined to Greece the participating nationalities were Greek, but the event was international and made for international harmony; the name is invaluable by its reminiscences, and the great territorial expanse of Western civilization pays a just tribute to the international and democratic sport of ancient times in adopting its nomenclature for the modern counterpart. Here, indeed, lies the real importance of the enterprise. It has been generally remarked that the drift of our democratic age is either international or anti-national. The frequent international contests in sport reflect and typify the tendency. Those who believe that the nation, next to the church and the family, is the most beneficent of social organisms must struggle to substitute international for anti-national in the democratic feeling of our time; and any enterprise, however tentative, which looks in that direction deserves sympathy and support. The members of the international committee are not ashamed to be idealists; and they hope, as M. de Coubertin has said, that a well-regulated, honorable athleticism will be a factor not only in a wholesome muscular development of humanity, but in cultivating the finer sentiments of universal brotherhood and social peace. Ignorance is the mother of suspicion and hate; the better our acquaintance the larger our forbearance.

It is to be regretted that there is no prospect of participation in the coming sports by large numbers of Americans. This is due to the distance, the unwonted season, and our consequent inability to send our best athletes. We are informed, however, that the United States will have a few worthy representatives. Apparently our amateurs have not realized just what they owe to their country, and some have not yet learned that dishonor lies not in being beaten, but in refusing to struggle. The prospects are that there will be a considerable concourse of American spectators. It will awaken strange and important sensations in citizens of almost the newest Western nation to sit where the ancient Athenians sat. The contests in horsemanship will take place in the cavalry school, those in target-shooting at the government range, those in fencing and wrestling in the fine rotunda of the Zappeion, those of a nautical character on the Bay of Phalerum; but the most important, the historical representatives of the old Olympic sports, those which we designate as gymnastic and athletic, will take place in the stadium, hoary with age, and suggestive of all that has been most enduring along the whole central course of secular human history.

The readers of The Century will be interested to learn that these contests will be the subject of a paper in this magazine by M. de Coubertin, with drawings by Mr. Castaigne, which will derive additional attractiveness by comparison with the scenes graphically reconstructed by his pencil in the present number.

OPEN LETTERS

Sarah Austin—A Modern Theodora.

WHEN John Austin died in 1860 even his friends admitted that no life of such talent and promise had ever before seemed more entirely wasted and resultless. Ambitious to be a great lawyer, he had failed completely as a writer, teacher, practitioner, and maker of law. There had been long years of study, but no fruits, so that nothing seemed more certain at his death than that he would remain forever unknown. And yet, before half a score of years had passed, behold, John Austin's name led all the rest! He had suddenly become the greatest figure and the greatest power in the whole history of English jurisprudence. *Dux femina facti.* It was Sarah Austin, his wife, who wrought this change; and it was her industry, intellect, and devotion that made the name of Austin famous throughout the world, and did for English law its greatest service.

Owing to her modest disclaimer of having done anything more than edit her husband's writings, Mrs. Austin has not received the credit or admiration which is rightfully hers. Students of jurisprudence have not suspected it possible that a woman could have done what she did; and it is only since the publication of her letters and of the various memoirs of her contemporaries that her remarkable intellect and the more remarkable use to which she put it have come to be recognized. Gibbon says that many of the laws of Justinian must be attributed to the sage counsels of Theodora, «his most reverent wife, whom he had received as a gift of the Deity.» John Austin was no less blessed, for whatever of note there is in his career is due entirely to the guidance and inspiration of his wife. Immediately upon his death she resolved to devote her remaining years to an attempt to place before the public the scope and result of his juridical studies.

No woman ever essayed a more trying task. Her labors were more than editorial: they were apostolic. All that Austin had left, besides a few old lectures, was a book out of print and out of demand, and a wilderness of marginal annotations in books he had read, together with a multitude of scrawled scraps without order or sequence and for the most part illegible. It was this Serbonian bog that she made blossom as the rose; and what John Austin in the prime of his manhood spent all his strength on in vain, came to pass, as it were, at a touch from the hand of a woman who worked for his sake, not for her own. She knew her husband's views and the value of his notes and memoranda by having discussed them with him, and it was her ambition to put all these together and formulate some rational system of jurisprudence.

That Mrs. Austin, under the circumstances, should have been able to produce the series of volumes known as «Austin's Jurisprudence» proves her possessed of one of the most remarkable intellects known to womankind. The determination of the nature of rights and of positive law and its administration; the analysis of sovereignty, law, sanction, politics; the systematization of English law out of the meaningless elaboration and mass of feudal anomalies and accidents which encumbered it—these were among the problems Austin had set for himself, and the solution of which he left for his wife to complete.

Brougham says that John Austin had the finest legal intellect of his time. But he lacked the qualities that win success; he was gloomy and melancholic in temperament, and in his work was over-refined and wanting in a sense of proportion and completeness. After his failure as a lawyer he prepared a series of lectures on jurisprudence, which had to be given up for want of an audience—a fate that befell a similar series a few years later. Nevertheless, under the influence of his wife, he prosecuted his legal studies for a number of years, although after his earliest lectures she could never prevail upon him to prepare anything for publication. Sickness, poverty, and repeated disappointment had so preyed upon his over-sensitive nature that during the later years of his life he dropped the study of law entirely.

His life failure, however, never discouraged his wife; and perhaps Sarah Austin's strongest claim to distinction lies in her beautiful realization of perfect wifehood. Her career certainly ought to be a living rebuke to those of her latter-day sisters who regard matrimony and motherhood as a bondage for the intellectual, and an obstacle to, the fuller life. For nearly fifty years, in the midst of all manner of adversity and disappointment, she was John Austin's constant inspiration. She cheered him and encouraged him. She did not make Mrs. Carlyle's fatal mistake of refusing to be interested in her husband's studies; on the contrary, she tried to keep him at them, and watched over him with a solicitude that was almost maternal. A few years before her husband's death she complained in a letter to Guizot, the great French statesman, that Austin would not take up those juridical studies on which he had spent the early years of his life. «My husband,» she said, «is to me sometimes as a god, sometimes as a sick and wayward child—an immense, powerful, beautiful machine without the balance-wheel which should keep it going constantly, evenly, and justly»; and she expressed her bitter disappointment that he should not have done what he might have done «for the great cause of law and order, of reason and justice.»

Perhaps she felt even then that she was being prepared to do this work herself, for although her own literary and social labors took up much of her time, her one ambition was to be John Austin's helpmate; and it seems that during all of his later life they lived entirely for each other, spending their days, as she says, in an almost unbroken tête-à-tête. In the preface which she wrote upon the completion of her task she tells her modest story in these words: «I have gathered some courage for this work from the thought that forty years of the most intimate communion could not have left me entirely without the means of following trains of thought which constantly occupied the mind whence my own drew

light and truth as from a living fountain. . . . During all those years he had condescended to accept such small assistance as I could render, and even to read and talk to me on the subjects which engrossed his mind, and which were, for that reason, profoundly interesting to me.» The whole of this preface is a charming revelation of wifely confidence and self-forgetting love. When she wrote it she hardly knew how well her work had been done, for the three volumes which she published attained an immediate and brilliant success. They practically worked a revolution in the study of English law, and although somewhat overshadowed of late by the so-called historical school, their influence on contemporary legal history is still very marked. They have introduced the spirit of precision, exactness, and careful analysis into legal studies, and have swept away nearly all that foolish twaddle of the lawyers which reminded a keen critic of English law of the «gabble of Bushmen in a kraal.»

Sarah Austin was born in 1793, and was the youngest child of John Taylor, a yarn-maker of Norwich, and a grandson of the famous dissenter of the same name. Her parents were eminently superior people, whose home was frequented by the leading men of the day, who loved and admired the «Madame Roland of Norwich,» as Mrs. Taylor was called. Sarah was given a thorough education, but showed no early disposition for intellectual work; and at eighteen she had flirted and danced herself into the exalted position of reigning belle of «England's provincial Athens,» as Norwich proudly called itself. Beautiful, dazzling, imposing, fond of display and flirtation, and devoted to pleasure and society, she was the cynosure of all the beaux of those parts.

Suddenly John Austin crossed her path, and a change came over the handsome, high-spirited girl. «I have just seen Sally Taylor,» says the learned Dr. Fox in a contemporary letter; «and from the extreme of giddiness and display she has become the most demure, reserved, and decorous creature. Mr. Austin has wrought miracles, for which he is blessed by the ladies, cursed by the gentlemen, and wondered at by all. Some abuse the weakness which makes her, they say, the complete slave of her lover; others praise the strength by which he has so totally transformed her manners and habits.» Austin was then a melancholy young law student, habitually grave and despondent, who abjured society and was given only to serious converse. With him she fell violently in love. His intense intellectual yearning at once became hers, and in a faded note-book she has left a summary of her reading during their seven-year courtship. Malthus, Adam Smith, Stewart, Condorcet, Bentham, Bacon, Machiavelli, Hume, and the classic legal authors were studied with great thoroughness. After the manner of Pliny's Calpurnia, she says she tried to keep up with all the studies of her lover; and through all of their long courtship the proud girl's one ambition seems, like *Portia's*, to have been to commit her gentle spirit to her *Bassanio* for guidance.

In 1819 she was married to Austin, and they took a small house next door to James Mill and near Jeremy Bentham. Here Mrs. Austin's special genius at once manifested itself, and her little parlor soon became one of the most famous salons in London. Then and in after years her fireside was frequented by the best men of the time. Bentham, Carlyle, Sydney Smith, Jeffrey, Lewis, Lord Lansdowne, Molesworth, Sir James Stephen, the Mills, Sterlings, Butlers, Romillys, and others,—a mighty host,—were constant visitors, and every one of them has left evidence of his appreciation of her. To Jeffrey she was «my best and brightest»; to Sydney Smith, «the fairest and wisest»; to Sir James Stephen, «my great ally»; to Charles Butler, a «Gross-Mütterchen»; to Heinrich Heine, «Ein liebes Engelkind»; to Carlyle, «Sunlight through waste weltering chaos»; to John Stuart Mill, «Liebes Mütterlein.»

From the very first years of her marriage until her death, nearly fifty years later, Mrs. Austin was one of the best-known women of her day, not only in England, but on the Continent as well. While Austin was pursuing his studies at Bonn and Paris her gatherings there became almost as famous as those of her friend Mme. Récamier; and although she could offer her guests but the barest comforts, she attracted to her home the leading intellects of France and Germany. Niebuhr, Schlegel, Arndt, Heffter, Mackeldey, Comte, Say, Guizot, all paid constant court to «la petite mère du genre humain,» as Chevalier calls her. To have had the intimate confidence of such an array of genius is of itself a sufficient indication of her exceptional character; but Mrs. Austin was not a lion-hunter, Harriet Martineau, who hated her bitterly, to the contrary notwithstanding. These friendships grew out of mutual helpfulness, as the extensive correspondence she kept up with nearly all of these men shows. To Guizot she wrote almost as a mother to her son. He discussed his statecraft freely with her, and appears to have highly valued her shrewd criticisms and suggestions. There are endless letters to and from Bentham, Macaulay, Mill, Southey, Jeffrey, Senior, the Duchesse d'Orléans and the Comte de Paris, Gladstone, and others. All of these admired «den gesunden Menschenverstand» which Humboldt said underlay all her conversation and writings. She kept in intimate touch and sympathy with the life and work of each one of them.

Although Sarah Austin had nothing of the masculine about her, and was, if anything, über-weiblich, nevertheless she did an appalling amount of work. Besides the constant care and companionship she gave her husband and her one child (who afterward became well known as Lady Duff Gordon), Mrs. Austin was always busy at literary work; indeed, until 1849, when the Queen granted her a complimentary pension, she was compelled thus to earn most of the Austin daily bread.

As an author Mrs. Austin does not rank very high; for although she was a genuine literary artist she was by no means a literary genius. Many of her works, like her «Germany from 1760 to 1814,» her «Essays on Education,» and some of her letters to the «Athenæum,» still repay reading; but aside from her matchless work on jurisprudence, most of her energy was spent in translations. There was probably no one in England more familiar with the best literature of the Continent; and next to Carlyle she did more than any one else to introduce German literature into England. An Edinburgh reviewer, with old-fashioned grandiloquence, insisted that he could not properly express his admiration of her German translations «except in language which might be misinterpreted as the diction of indiscreet flattery.» Her translations, he claimed, are reproductions; and with Carlyle's «Wilhelm Meister» and George Eliot's «Jesu»

before him he declared that there was no other translator in England of one tenth her ability.

Her best life was so ungrudgingly given to others, and her modesty was so refreshingly feminine, that Mrs. Austin, either as authoress or as woman, is almost unknown to the new generations. And yet, aside from her peerless juridical labors, she deserves to be well known by her latter-day sisters, if for no other reason than as a possible ideal for the newer womanhood.

Sylvia R. Hershey.

At the Death-bed of Lincoln.

IN THE CENTURY for June, 1890, and February, 1893, were published letters bearing upon the question of who were present at the bedside of President Lincoln when Surgeon-General Barnes, who held the pulse of the dying chief, announced his death at 7:22 A.M. Partly in the interest of the truth and partly as a matter of family pride, I wish to add two names hitherto omitted by THE CENTURY. The names are Richard J. Oglesby, then governor of Illinois, and General Isham N. Haynie, both of Springfield, Illinois, and both warm personal friends of Mr. Lincoln. In a letter written to me by Governor Oglesby he describes the events of that terrible night, and the scene at the bedside as Secretary Stanton broke the silence by saying, «Now he belongs to the ages.»

General Haynie's diary also lies before me, and perhaps I may be justified in quoting a passage which pictures Mr. Lincoln only four hours before his assassination. Under April 14, 1865, General Haynie wrote:

> At five o'clock this afternoon Governor Oglesby and I called at the White House. Mr. Lincoln was not in, but just as we were going away his carriage, with himself, wife, and Tad, drove up. The President called us back. We went up into his reception-room and had a pleasant, humorous hour with him. He read four chapters of Petroleum V. Nasby's book (recently published) to us, and continued reading until he was called to dinner at about six o'clock, when we left him.

The above was written sometime between six and ten o'clock, before General Haynie had heard of the fatal shooting. During that little call Mr. Lincoln was in a specially merry mood. He laughed heartily over Nasby's book, and told his friends of his intention of going to see Laura Keene at the theater that evening. He, in fact, urged Governor Oglesby and General Haynie to accompany him, but a business engagement prevented.

The diary continues:

> At 11 P.M. Governor Oglesby and myself were admitted to the room where the President lay dying. Remained until after the President had passed away. He died at 7.22 A.M. to-day. The excitement baffles description. The horrors of last night have no parallel in memory or history. The cabinet all surrounded the dying chief; General Meigs, General Halleck, General Hardie, Colonel Vincent, Rev. Dr. Gurley — all present. The Secretary of War was busy all night preparing and sending despatches; Surgeon-General Barnes holding the President's arm, feeling his pulse; the cabinet seated around, and some standing; Governor Oglesby at the head of the bed, and myself near the door. The President lay with his feet to the west, his head to the east; insensible; in comatose state; never spoke.

The two friends accompanied the body of the beloved President on its last journey to Illinois. They were a part of the delegation appointed by his native State. General Haynie drafted the resolutions of the citizens of Illinois who met at the National Hotel in Washington to take steps relative to the death of Mr. Lincoln. To Governor Oglesby more than to any other one man is due the fact that the martyred Lincoln sleeps to-day on the green slopes of Oak Ridge in the beautiful city he loved so well. The nation and the national capital claimed his remains, but Governor Oglesby insisted that they belonged by right to Illinois.

Edwin C. Haynie.

«The Century's» American Artists Series.

GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH'S «MOTHER AND CHILD.»

(See frontispiece.)

THE common belief that the aim of portraiture is to present the likeness of an individual is true so far as it goes; but it is only half of the truth. That a portrait should mean to us the likeness of a certain person is a desideratum; otherwise why call it a portrait? That it should look to us something decorative and beautiful is also a necessity; otherwise why call it a picture or a work of art? In all good portraiture the expressive and the decorative are both present, and because they are happily united in Mr. Brush's «Mother and Child» is sufficient reason for declaring it good portraiture.

Evidently the faces in this portrait group absorbed much of Mr. Brush's interest, for the character of each has been well studied and strongly expressed. It is sometimes supposed that «character» in portraiture is a thing imagined or invented by the painter, whereas it is nothing but the perception and expression of subtle truths of physiognomy. The great Italians understood this thoroughly, and it will not escape notice that there is a kinship between the people of Mr. Brush's «Mother and Child» and the people of Italian art. The tenderness of the mother, the infantile shyness of the child, the unconscious interest of the older child at the left, have appeared many times in the Madonna and Child with the infant St. John. The characterization parallels but does not imitate that of the Italians. The picture suggests no Italian school or painter, yet reminds us of the Italian conception. The forms are modern, living people of to-day, while the sympathetic feeling is ancient, common to all lofty art. Local truths of likeness are apparent (the group represents an American family, and the landscape at the side is from Vermont), but above these we feel the universal truths of maternal tenderness and infantile grace. And just there the painter shows his largeness of view. Great art always bases itself upon universal truths.

Decoratively the picture has been very well handled. The composition is exceedingly simple, and the large oval of the group is restfully placed in the square upright of the canvas. The lines of the child's figure, the indicated angles of the knees and the arm, the modeling of the gracefully turned heads, the broad sweep of the flowing robe, the background of bushes with an outlet into distant hills and sky, are all given with truth, force, and charm. Regarded merely for its distribution of light and shade, the picture will be found equally effective. The lower notes of the older child at the left and the sky at the right are quite as necessary to the central high light as the dark thicket is to the dark robe. The color and the handling of the picture are not conspicuous. The painter has not wished to detract from the

interest in the faces by gorgeousness of garment or brilliancy of touch. He rightly regards these latter as the means rather than the end of art. This is not the first fine portrait group that Mr. Brush has shown us. A pupil of Gérôme, he learned from that master technical skill which was at first applied to pictures of the American Indians with some exactness of form. Later he found this exactness incompatible with sentiment and color, and he changed his style. Recently he has painted portraits that show the spirit of the great Dutchmen without their form or handling; and in the present group we have the Italian spirit without the Italian type or method. Such work may be thought assimilative, yet it is less so than the work of Raphael. To accept the point of view of great men in the past is every one's privilege; to copy their forms is quite another thing. Mr. Brush's ideas are changing as his artistic horizon expands, and his progress is being watched with interest by all art lovers. He is one of the leaders among the younger painters in this country who are giving rank to American art.

John C. Van Dyke.

Boy Tramps and Reform Schools.

A REPLY TO MR. FLYNT.

JOSIAH FLYNT, in the October CENTURY, says that «nearly all tramps have, during some part of their lives, been charges of the State in its reformatories,» and that «the present reform-school system directly or indirectly forces boys into trampdom.»

These assertions are so sweeping that the public is deeply interested in knowing if they be true or false.

There are in the United States eighty-one institutions which Mr. Flynt evidently includes in the class reform schools. They are known as reformatories, reform schools, and industrial schools. The public has invested fifteen million dollars in lands and buildings for them, and pays annually more than four million dollars for their maintenance. Most of these institutions are less than twenty years old.

I desire distinctly and emphatically to deny the above assertions of Mr. Flynt, and to say that in his series of six articles on the tramp question published in THE CENTURY he has signally failed to adduce any facts to support such assertions. He bases his conclusions entirely upon an experience of eight months' tramping with tramps. If there is one place on earth that the cosmopolitan knight of the road abhors above all others, it is a reformatory. A good reformatory is a hive of industry. Here he must work, and that is what he circles the globe to avoid. Naturally, and by common consent, he does and says all in his power to bring such institutions into disrepute.

Most of the reformatories, reform schools, and industrial schools are just such places as Mr. Flynt describes in THE CENTURY for September, 1894, in which he says: «There is a crying need for an institution which shall take the place of the reform school, a kind of industrial home and manual training-school, in which the least contaminated may be separated from the viciously trained and criminally inclined boy, and taught useful employment and obedience to authority.» He here very aptly describes just what the good industrial school, reform school, and reformatory are doing.

Take, for example, the school of which the writer is superintendent—the State Industrial School of Colorado. Here we do just the work that Mr. Flynt indicates that we should do. I believe that most of these institutions are doing this work, and doing it well—some of them, no doubt, much better than we. This is a good school; it is a good home; it is a manual training-school. We have a fine department of sloid; we teach obedience, and enforce it; we teach and furnish useful employment. Each boy is constantly in charge of some teacher. He is constantly employed either at work or in school, with proper allowance for healthful exercise and recreation. Our boys make all their own clothes and shoes, and mend them; do all the washing, ironing, baking, cooking, housework, farming, gardening, dairying, stock-raising, carpenter work, engineering, painting, brickmaking, building, and printing: in short, all of the work about the institution, except so far as it is necessary for the teachers in the several departments to lead and instruct in the work. Our boys average four hours a day in school and four at work. In age they are from ten to eighteen years. I think that our school will compare favorably with public schools generally in deportment and progress.

Statistics recently received from the leading reformatories, reform schools, and industrial schools of the country indicate that about one half of the boys committed to these institutions are practically tramps—boy tramps—when committed. One of the oldest, largest, and best-conducted industrial schools places the percentage at seventy-five per cent. upon admission, and twenty-five per cent. after discharge. The average upon admission is about fifty per cent., and upon discharge about five per cent. A prominent superintendent, who has acted in that capacity for fourteen years, says: «During the past five years I have interviewed over one thousand tramps, most of whom have been quite willing to relate a part of their history. Out of this number but five claimed to have been in reform schools.»

It should be remembered that these institutions carefully look up the antecedents of every boy committed to them, and closely follow every one who is paroled or discharged. The statistics thus gathered and kept show that about seventy-five per cent. of those who are committed go forth and continue industrious, law-abiding, useful citizens. No class of institutions in the country, for the same expenditure, are doing so much to promote the public peace and welfare, and to deplete the ranks of trampdom, as the reformatories, reform schools, and industrial schools.

GOLDEN, COLO. *G. A. Garard.*

The Claims of Dr. Horace Wells to the Discovery of Anesthesia.

APROPOS of the signed paper in THE CENTURY for August, 1894, entitled, «Dr. Morton's Discovery of Anesthesia,» we have received a communication for this department setting forth the claims of Dr. Horace Wells of Hartford, Connecticut, to the honor of the discovery. As we find that the publication of this letter would lead to a long controversy in these pages, it is deemed best, in the interest of our readers, not to pursue the subject. It is hardly necessary to say that THE CENTURY is not committed to either side of this controversy.

EDITOR.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Aunt Selina of the Boston «Daily Phonograph.»[1]

THE subscription-list of the Boston «Daily Phonograph» owed several yards of its length to the Woman's Column which appeared in its Saturday issue. There never was anything more complete in its way than this feminine department. It combined, with surprising ease, receipts for muffins and for encouragement toward the attainment of «gracious womanhood,» with an air half mystic, half domestic, as if it were shedding benedictions from a dredging-box. It permitted nothing of the aggressive, heaven-and-man-defying New Woman element; on the contrary, it inculcated those passive virtues of meek endurance and shifting one's personal cares on to Providence, which, according to circumstances, is sometimes ideal heroism, and more frequently nothing but baptized laziness.

The reputed editor of the Woman's Column was one Aunt Selina. She was, however, a personage altogether imaginary. The real editor was a clever, hard-working, happy-go-lucky young woman, who had neither the time nor the disposition to practise the conventionalities which she recommended to correspondents. She had been suddenly called to her native Western city on account of the dangerous illness of a sister. The convalescence would be rather long, and she might have been obliged to resign her place if another of the staff had not volunteered to take her work during her absence. This good comrade was Roger Endicott, a lively scion of an aristocratic house, who had chosen a newspaper career because of its capabilities for assorted and various experiences. He was the literary editor of the «Phonograph»; his regular duties occupied only a part of the time, so that he often gave a hand where it might be needed. It struck him as very great fun to occupy the chair of Feminine Deportment and Handiwork, and he entered upon the task with interest. The boys took to calling him Aunt Selina, to which title he answered cheerfully. They all had sobriquets in the office.

The correspondents frequently begged for a photograph of Aunt Selina, and it occurred to Endicott that she would make a fine figurehead. Therefore the very next Saturday the countenance of a comely old lady beamed above the Woman's Column. This portrait was, in point of fact, the likeness of a German *frau* who kept a cheap restaurant near the newspaper office. Endicott was in the habit of lunching there because the personnel of its custom afforded him plenty of «types» and «stories.» To look at the pictured countenance of Aunt Selina, moon-faced, benevolent, bland, you never would have guessed what first drew Endicott's attention to the original. It was her vigorous, fluent, continuous gift of scolding: it is true that her waitresses and pot-boys would have hardly understood a milder idiom. She would set her stout arms akimbo and fire volleys of criticism of their ways and of prophecy concerning their end; and all the time her features remained unchanged from their calm maternal smile. When she boxed a boy's ears the activity of her muscles stopped exactly at her shoulder-joint: her face was like that of a grandmother crooning a lullaby. Endicott, admiring this image of matronly wisdom and mellowed and reverend age, invited Frau Schmidt to have her photograph taken for him and at his charges.

«Vos you shtuck on my peaudiful face?» she had inquired; and he, with much appreciative pantomime, had owned the soft impeachment. He promptly escorted her to the nearest studio, and in due time she gloried to see herself heading the column of Aunt Selina's counsels. Endicott calculated that the kindly old face would attract confidences and subscriptions, and he judged rightly. Every mail brought numerous letters to «Aunt Selina, care of the Boston 'Daily Phonograph.'» The writers were surprisingly naïve and circumstantial in the statement of their moral dilemmas and their desire to exchange receipts for making angel-cake and for washing flannels.

Among the correspondents one soon distinguished herself by asking for more advice than anybody could possibly take, unless she had a confirmed habit for the drug (good advice is a drug in the market, is it not?). She signed her letters «Mamie A. Sawyer»; she lived

«SHE SIGNED HER LETTERS 'MAMIE A. SAWYER.'»

at South Haddockport. First, Mamie inquired of Aunt Selina whether «in walking with a gentleman I ought to *take his arm*, or *he mine*. We have *quite a discussion* on the subject, and hope that you will *settle* it for us.»

[1] With pictures by F. Boyd Smith.

Replying to which, Endicott, with a shudder, made it clear in the next Saturday's number that man is the oak, woman the ivy, and it is her blessed privilege to cling to his superior strength.

Next, Mamie wished to know whether skirts should be gored, and stiffened with haircloth; and Endicott cited the latest edict of the authorities on the subject.

Then Mamie wrote a confiding letter—you could quite read her blushes between the lines—to inform Aunt Selina «that I am happy in my engagement to Mr. Cyrus Bodge, whose arm *I always take* now, thanks to *your* good advice, instead of *him taking mine*»—this with lavish underlining of words. Upon this Aunt Selina felt bound to make a preachment on the duties of a prospective bride, adding congratulations upon «the new happiness which has come into your life.» Endicott prided himself on that phrase—«a regular earmark of the gracious womanhood brand of femininity,» he called it. Of course Mamie wanted suggestions concerning her bridal outfit. Her ideas of clothes struck Endicott as showy and unrefined; he interviewed an obliging saleswoman in one of the large shops, and was able to steer Miss Sawyer in the direction of plainer and more durable raiment.

But her next letter begged for counsel in an intimate and sentimental difficulty: «What shall I do? My fellow is said to be going a *great deal* with *another girl*. I don't wish to accept *half a heart*. I want the *whole* or *nothing*. Had I better tell him so?» And in a tremulous and tear-blotted postscript she added: «I should just like to *scratch her face!* I expect that I am dreadful *wicked*, dear Aunt Selina.»

Endicott, in his character of Aunt Selina, tried very hard to imagine himself an old lady imagining herself a young girl, and could compare the resultant mental sensation only to turning a double back somersault. But he gently counseled Mamie against saying «my fellow,» and exhorted to dignified forbearance and no finger-nails.

Miss Sawyer's following letter announced that her «gentleman friend»—as she thought it elegant to style him, whereupon Aunt Selina was obliged to correct her more decidedly than before—had been misreported «by those who are *not my well-wishers*, because of *Jealousy*, that green-eyed *monster*.»

But even then troubles were not ended, for the girl soon confided that certain «ungenteel ways of Mr. Bodge grate upon my feelings. He eats with his *knife*, and does not *love poetry*.» Questioned with lofty delicacy by Aunt Selina, Mamie admitted that Cyrus Bodge was a young man of excellent character, the support of his parents, the catcher of the local base-ball nine, leader of the parish choir, and earning a good salary as clerk in the village store. «But I have *thoughts* and *dreams* in which Cyrus cannot follow me,» wrote Mamie A. Sawyer. «Mine is a *lonely soul*. Sometimes I really wish that *that other girl* had taken him.»

This was startling. But before Roger Endicott, alias Aunt Selina, had time to reply, he was sent on an out-of-town assignment in place of a man who was ill. When he returned, after an absence of two days, a formidable heap of letters awaited him on his desk. It was the season of spring cleaning, and the women seemed more than ever in need of receipts for warmed-over cookery and ghostly consolation. «Dear Aunt Selina,» was the general tenor of their epistles, «is there any sure preventive» (some of them spelled it «preventative») «for moths? And how can I keep a peaceful

«(SHE MUST BE STOPPED.)»

spirit when my husband objects to cold mutton and to eating his meals in the pantry?» Endicott had small experience to guide him in replying, but advised: «(1) Repeat a verse of soothing poetry to yourself. (2) Take a stick and beat thoroughly»—he had written so far when he discovered that the moths were No. 1 and the husband was No. 2. So he reversed the prescriptions, adding camphor- or moth-balls for the insects. Then he worked off more of the letters as fast as he could.

«A. B.—Always speak gently to your children. If your rolls show greenish-yellow streaks, you are using too much soda.»

«F. V.—No; we do not pay for poetry.»

«L. W.—It is better to cut the silk on the bias.» («Heaven forgive me! I hope that is so. I always liked the sound of 'cut bias,'» said Aunt Selina to himself.)

«T. D.—Better that your parlor should have an odor of tobacco than that your husband should be obliged to take his pipe elsewhere. Strive to make home happy.» («That is right, anyhow,» Aunt Selina certified.)

«G. J.—Read answers to C. D., R. H., D. M., and B. K. Godet skirts have a narrow facing of haircloth all around, and the back breadths are stiffened to the belt.» («I could do that godet song-and-dance in my sleep,» quoth Aunt Selina.)

The next envelop was addressed in the well-known hand of Mamie A. Sawyer. It looked as if it had been written with a pin, and certain letters were elaborately curled up at the ends. Aunt Selina was informed that the writer was coming to Boston for the purpose of shopping. «It *may be* for my trousseau» (Mamie had taken several tries at the spelling of the word, and the result was somewhat blotted), «or it *may not*. But I need some new clothes, *anyway*. But my *heart*, dear Aunt Selina, is undecided. Do I love Cyrus Bodge enough so that my life with him will be *rapturous?* I shall get samples at the stores, and bring them to the office of your valuable journal—*oh, the help* it has been to me!—and you must give me your taste in choosing *all my dresses*. Does that not sound *grand?* You and I will have a

cozy talk day after to-morrow. You must judge for me whether I *love* Mr. Bodge, or only *esteem him as a friend*. Lovingly yours, MAMIE A. SAWYER.»

If Roger Endicott had really been a nice old lady he would have fainted at the tidings of Mamie's impending visit. Or rather, if he had been Aunt Selina, it would

«I WANTED TO SEE AUNT SELINA.»

not have mattered much. But the whole situation presented itself to him with the vividness of a theater poster. «She must be stopped somehow,» he thought. «The day after to-morrow!» He looked again at the date of the letter, and found that Mamie was due to appear at any moment with her samples and her sentimental perplexities.

He snatched up his hat and was about to flee from the building when he heard a thin, high-pitched voice inquiring of the men in the outer office whether Aunt Selina was in. Those over-amiable, circumflex accents must belong to Mamie A. Sawyer! To her the shipping editor replied that Aunt Selina's room was «this way, to the left.» Miss Sawyer was ushered into the sanctum of Aunt Selina. Endicott, as he bowed to her, could hear through the door, carefully left ajar by the shipping editor, a sort of Greek chorus of suppressed chuckles and broken phrases:

«A jay girl to see Aunt Selina!»

«Always meet him with a smile!»

«Trim it with gentle patience and blue bombazine!»

Then they became silent, in order not to lose the dialogue between Aunt Selina and her neophyte.

«I wanted to see Aunt Selina,» began Mamie A. Sawyer. She looked down with conscious modesty, then raised a pair of round, pale blue eyes to meet the gaze of a tall, dignified young man, who certainly could not be Aunt Selina. Endicott observed that she wore a large hat trimmed with a whole garden of cotton violets and roses. Her dress was of a yellowish gray; her gloves were pearl-color, considerably modified by soil. She carried a red parasol with frills of cheap lace.

«I am sorry to say,» replied Endicott, «that Aunt Selina is out of town. She will be away for some time. She has gone to care for an invalid sister in the West.»

«Oh, dear!» sighed Mamie. There were tears in her eyes, and her snub nose reddened with emotion.

Endicott was quite sorry for her. «I am one of Aunt Selina's nephews.» he added rather foolishly, for this might have consequences. «If I can be of any service to you—»

«He 's her dear nevvy!» breathed the chorus outside.

«Has she read my letter?» asked Mamie A. Sawyer, seeing it open upon the desk.

«No. It came after she left the office. I read it. Aunt Selina intrusted her work to me during her absence. But I should not presume to answer such delicate questions as yours. Of course I can reply suitably enough to many of the correspondents; I am acquainted with dear aunt's ways of thinking.»

«What does she think about me?» urged Mamie.

«I am sure that she sincerely wishes to help you,» returned Endicott, by way of rebuke to the scoffers.

Just then a heavy door closed with a bang, and the tramp of the sporting editor was heard in the main office. «Say, where 's Aunt Selina? Aunt Selina, bets are all off!»

Somebody suppressed him; there were sounds as of a strong man struggling with those who would withhold him. «What 's on, boys?» he demanded.

«Aunt Selina's nephew has a young lady visitor,» said the shipping editor, in gentle warning against possible levity.

«We all come to Aunt Selina with our joys and our sorrows, do we not?» said Mamie A. Sawyer, with an engaging simper.

«I cannot expect this bear-garden to behave itself much longer,» thought the martyred Endicott. He resolved upon a scheme which to his fastidious soul appeared hideously vulgar. But it was necessary to get the girl quickly out of the office, and therefore he ceremoniously invited her to come with him and allow him to offer her some ice-cream. The chorus heard him.

«The summer girl!»

«She comes high, but we must have her!»

«Ice-cream for one, and two spoons!»

«ICE-CREAM FOR ONE, AND TWO SPOONS!»

Amid these graceless murmurs, which ran from desk to desk, the occupants of which were preternaturally busy, Roger Endicott escorted Miss Mamie A. Sawyer out of the newspaper office. The ice-cream might have been obtained at the shop of the prototype of Aunt Selina; but for fear lest Mamie should recognize the likeness

to the portrait, and so cause fresh complications, he crossed the street diagonally, and conducted Miss Sawyer to another restaurant. Unluckily for him, Frau Schmidt was standing in her doorway.

«Say, once, young man,» she hailed him. «You vos too broud for to bring your girl by me to eat?»

Endicott cast an anxious glance at Mamie. She had heard nothing; her eyes, rolled up so that a line of white showed above the lower lid, were fixed with an emotional gaze upon his face. He saw that she needed very little encouragement to undertake the ivy line of conduct. He trotted Miss Sawyer along at a good pace, dreading every moment to meet an acquaintance, and he did not feel safe until they were seated at a hastily wiped marble table in a recondite corner of a confectioner's back shop. Mamie chose a party-colored ice, which she ate with greediness, and at the same time with exasperating attempts at elegance, curving out her little finger as she handled the spoon; her head drooped to one side as she nibbled cakes like a mouse with her small pointed teeth. She talked much between, and even contemporaneously with, mouthfuls.

Endicott instinctively assumed his most correct and impersonal manner. The Boston Brahmanism latent in him asserted itself in presence of this very ill-bred young woman.

«You ain't very fond of conversation, are you?» hinted Mamie.

«I prefer to listen to you, rather than to talk, perhaps,» he said civilly, temporizing.

«And yet I am certain that you must talk beautifully. But there, I will talk to you instead, because I want that you should know all my feelings. I have a great mind to ask for your advice, and not wait for your aunt. You are nearer my age; it seems as though you would be able to understand me better than what she could. I suppose that you have been in love, have n't you? Have you got a best girl now?»

«No, I have not,» Endicott said curtly. He felt a distinct sense of disgust. But he was unprepared for the broad and silly smile which suddenly overspread the features of Mamie A. Sawyer.

«You have n't?» she inquired, with arch disbelief. «You have n't!» she asserted thrillingly. «But I know that you will give me the best of advice. Had I better marry Mr. Bodge?»

«Really, Miss Sawyer, I cannot counsel you. That ought to depend on the state of your sentiments toward him. If you care truly for him—» Endicott began rather magisterially.

«But I have doubted my heart all along. You know that by my letter to your Aunt Selina, don't you? And now I know that I do not love him.» A slight pause after the word «now» was made significant by a look into Endicott's eyes which was so full of sentimental initiative that it gave him an angry desire to get out of the affair as quickly as possible. He felt himself stiffening, morally and physically, more and more every moment.

«I think some of staying awhile here in Boston,» pursued Mamie. «I am boarding with a half-sister of my brother's wife. I guess I can get a place in a store, or something genteel like that, so as to earn my board. I expect that I might find friends here that would appreciate me better than what Cyrus Bodge does. Don't you think I had better stay in the city?» She leaned confidentially toward Endicott. An odor of cheap perfume exhaled from her hair, in untidy curls above her ears. «Don't you think so?» she urged.

Endicott was fairly rigid. He spoke with difficulty, as if he were affected with a sort of moral lockjaw: «You 'd better go back at once to South Haddockport.»

The girl bit her lip. «Is that all you have to say to me?» Her voice quivered. Endicott tried not to see

«HAVE YOU GOT A BEST GIRL NOW?»

her face. There was an instant of quiet. Then Mamie A. Sawyer sprang up from her seat, pushing away her plate; the spoon fell jangling on the floor.

«You are just hateful!» she cried, and flounced through the shop and into the street.

For a moment Roger Endicott sat amazed. Then he started up and followed the girl. His impulse was to try to soothe her wounded self-esteem; he felt annoyed and mortified by the violent turn of the situation. «Miss Sawyer! Miss Sawyer!» he called after her.

He reached the door just in time to behold Mamie run straight into the ample bosom of Frau Schmidt, who was coming ponderously down the street. The old woman was accompanied by a young man, rather rustic in appearance, but well set up, and having a kind and honest face. Mamie A. Sawyer, in the recoil from the concussion, recognized the beaming matronly countenance before her:

«Aunt Selina!» she cried. «Your nephew is just too horrid for anything!» She flung herself again upon that breast like a German feather-bed, and sobbed wildly.

«*Ach himmel!*» gasped Frau Schmidt. «Vot for an Aunt Selina does you take me? See here, Misdher Entdicott, you vos too broud to come mit dot girl to eat by me. Now vot you dinks of yourself? Dis yentleman has somedings to say to you.»

With arms akimbo, she proceeded to berate Endicott unsparingly. He wondered how he ever could have found it amusing when she scolded the pot-boys. He tried to divert the current of events. «Is this Mr. Cyrus Bodge?» he asked in his best manner—that which made him so popular at the Winterset Club.

«Yes, sir.»

Mamie A. Sawyer, who had detached herself from the old woman, and heard with terror her furious tirade, broke in desperately:

«She ain't Aunt Selina! Oh, she ain't Aunt Selina!» Then she turned on Endicott: «And you are nobody!» After which she wept noisily, mopping her face with her handkerchief kneaded into a wet ball.

«Don't, Mamie!» Cyrus entreated her, gently.

«Oh, Cyrus, there ain't anybody real but just you! Take me right away from here!»

«I guess, sir, there 's been some kind of a mistake,» said Cyrus to Endicott. «And you and me will have to

«'I VOS N'T NO AUNT SELINA.'»

try to understand each other. This is my side of it. I am the man that Miss Sawyer has promised to marry. This morning my boss asked me to come up to town to buy a little bill of goods, and I stopped in on my way to see if there was any errand I could do in Boston for Mamie's folks. Her mother told me that Mamie had taken the early train; she wanted to do some shopping, and to see that Aunt Selina that writes for the paper and gives a sight of good advice to the women. So after I had finished my business I went round to the newspaper office, and they told me that Mamie had gone out with Aunt Selina to get ice-cream. They directed me to this lady's store; but she said Mamie had passed by there with a gentleman, and she would come with me to find them. I was some surprised. I thought that Mamie was with Aunt Selina. Then she called this lady Aunt Selina—»

«I vos n't no Aunt Selina. I vos Barbara Schmidt,» asserted the frau, vigorously.

«He said he was Aunt Selina's nephew, and I don't believe it,» declared Mamie A. Sawyer.

«I told Miss Sawyer truly that Aunt Selina is out of town, and asked her to honor me by taking an ice,» said Endicott, uncomfortably.

The girl's weeping had become much quieter; she edged up to Cyrus with a clinging confidence which made him feel master of the situation.

«You don't need to explain no more, sir. I believe that you done what you thought was right. I guess Miss Sawyer better come straight home with me on the next train.»

«Cyrus, you don't blame me any, do you?» she pleaded.

«No, Mamie; I don't never blame you. I know you are a good little girl. But you ain't used to going around alone, and I 'm glad to take care of you.»

All at once it appeared clearly to Mamie A. Sawyer's absurd little soul that Cyrus Bodge, and he only, was able to understand her. What did she care for that stuck-up man and that horrid old woman? She was moving away, hanging correctly and contentedly to the arm of her lover, when an idea occurred to Endicott.

«Pardon me. Wait a moment, Mr. Bodge,» he said. «There 's a very pretty piece on just now at the Tremont Theater. Would you and Miss Sawyer care to see it? I have tickets for to-day's matinée, and should be very glad if you would use them.»

Perhaps Cyrus would have preferred to carry off his Mamie, without delay, to their native village; but she, whose tears were now dried, leaving her face as pink and white and her eyes as blue as before, jogged his arm. He yielded.

«Thank you, sir,» he answered. «We should be real pleased to attend a performance at the theater, if you was n't intending to use the tickets yourself.»

«No, he was n't; because he has n't a best girl. He ain't in love. He told me so,» whispered Mamie A. Sawyer.

Cyrus thought that it had been time for him to interrupt when he did the confidences of the city man with Mamie. But a successful lover can afford to be generous. Cyrus knew that the girl was now his as she never had been before.

«Would it be inconvenient for you to come around to the office? The tickets are there on my desk,» said Endicott.

Frau Schmidt for some time had been silent, with her arms twisted in her apron, which was a sign of returning good humor on her part. To her Endicott turned ingratiatingly: «Is one to have some hot crullers for lunch to-day, Frau Barbara? I hope that Franz has not let them burn this time.»

«'YOU VOS A BAD BOY—GET OUDT!'»

«You vos a bad boy—get oudt!» she told him, with the archness of a hippopotamus. But she waddled amicably at his side, while the lovers from South Haddockport walked blissfully before.

Endicott drew a breath of relief when Cyrus and Mamie, having received the theater tickets, went down the office stairs. But he had reckoned without the chorus.

«The br-r-ride of another!»

«Me hated rival!»

«Coffee and pistols for two!»

«Not three spoons!»

«Aunt Selina is cut out!»

Endicott turned toward them, with a dignified wave of his hand:

«One moment, gentlemen! I move that this meeting now adjourn—to Frau Schmidt's—at my expense. I should like to purchase exemption from further reference to the incident of this morning.»

To which the chorus agreed.

Elisabeth Pullen.

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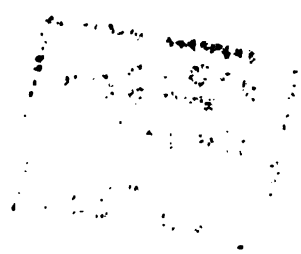

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